Boston Public Library
3 9999 10514 183 0

No. 1821
Y.132 A.
1825
JULY-DEC.

A OCT 26

MAR 10

JOCT 3 1

11/29

JUN 28 1923

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY

1923

Deckers on the Coast. *A Tale of the Unruly Member* . . . . WILLIAM McFEE 1
Unprintable. *When, If Ever, and Why* . . . . . STUART P. SHERMAN 10
My Jungle Table . . . . . WILLIAM BEEBE 21
Europa. *A Poem* . . . . . CHARLES D. CHRISTOPH 29
Maine Coast Philosophy . . . . . RAY MORRIS 30
The Sailmaker. *A Nautical Sketch* . . . . . ARTHUR MASON 36
A Small Boy's Reading . . . . . EARNEST ELMO CALKINS 43
The Physiologist in Industry . . . . . FREDERIC S. LEE 53
Some Labor Problems in Medical Terms
The Tarrier-Man. *A Story* . . . . . L. ALLEN HARKER 65
'Love Has Shining Eyes.' *A Poem* . . . . . FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD 71
Groups . . . . . FRANCES LESTER WARNER 72
Francis James Child. *A Portrait of a Scholar* . . . . GAMALIEL BRADFORD 76
Three Sentinels of the North . . . . . WILLIAM SIDNEY ROSSITER 87
Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont
Lobstering . . . . . ELIZABETH CHOATE 98
The New World:
Progressivism, Old and New . . . . . CHARLES MERZ 102
With a Glance at the Future of the Third Party
Fleming *versus* Walloon. *The Belgian Problem* . . . . . HENRY DE MAN 110
Shock and Religion . . . . . SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND 119
How It Is With Us. *The Hausfrau and the Handbag* . . . . . ELSA SIMM 123
Cross-Currents in Japan . . . . . MARGUERITE E. HARRISON 127
The Contributors' Club 135
A Sail! A Sail!—'Can I Help You, Madam?'—Many Things
The Contributors' Column 141
His Lordship's *Cheek*—Shakespeare and the Deaf—Our Grandmothers' Etiquette—An Answer to Mr. Powers—Unfit and Improper—Do Prisoners Read?—Snakes from Horsehair
The Atlantic's Bookshelf . . . . . *Front Advertising Section*
These United States—Whither France? Whither Europe?—The Decadence of Europe—Damaged Souls—America of Yesterday—His Children's Children—Books in Black or Red

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

Editorial and General Offices: 8 ARLINGTON ST., BOSTON 17, MASS.

Published monthly. Entered at Post Offices, Concord, N.H., and Ottawa, Canada, as second-class matter

Copyright, 1923, by The Atlantic Monthly Company

40 cents a copy *Foreign Postage $1.00, Canadian Postage 50 cents, additional* $4.00 a year

THE FRAGRANCE OF

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

appeals mightily to the keen appetites whetted by the great "out-of-doors." It is a wonderfully satisfactory drink, pure, delicious and of high food value.

Made only by

WALTER BAKER & COMPANY, LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1780 · · DORCHESTER, MASS.

BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

(4)

1892-1
132 A
1923

VOLUME CXXXII

JULY—DECEMBER, 1923

3067
4

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

The Rumford Press, Concord

Aug. 1, 1924
1 copy

COPYRIGHT, 1923
BY THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

Printed by The Rumford Press, Concord, N.H., U.S.A.

CONTENTS

Index by Titles

Prose

PAGE

Advertisement, The day of the, *Edward W. Bok* 533
Army, The, as a Career, *James G. Harbord* 333

Baldwin, Stanley, A. Sketch of, *Ian D. Colvin* 254
Beach-Combing, A Midnight, *William Beebe* 639
Boy's Grief, *W. F. G. Thacher* 633
British Cabinet, The, and Its Implications, *E. T. Raymond* 261

Captain, The, *Arthur Mason* 598
Child, Francis James, *Gamaliel Bradford* . 76
Chinese Bandits, A Week-End With, *Lucy Truman Aldrich* 672
Christian Missions, *Paul Hutchinson* . . 389
Christianity, Adventures in, *Philip Cabot* . 812
Church, Klan and, *Lowell Mellett* 586
Contributors' Column, The . . 141, 285, 429, 573, 717, 861
Conversion of a Sinner, The, *Philip Cabot* . 147

Deafness, The Psychology of, *Margaret Baldwin* 484
Death, Changing Thoughts of, *Sarah N. Cleghorn* 808
Deckers on the Coast, *William McFee* . . 1
Divorce, *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* . . 460
Donkeyman's Christmas, The, *Arthur Mason* 751
Dove and Raven, *Margaret Emerson Bailey* 647

England and France, The Tragedy of the Middle Class in, *Edith Sellers* 556
Europe, Realities and, *Gustav Cassel* . . . 845

Faith, Have We Kept the? *Rose Peabody Parsons* 666
Feminism in Nyasaland, *Hans Condenhove* 186
Fleming *versus* Walloon, *Henry De Man* . . 110
France, England and, The Tragedy of the Middle Class in, *Edith Sellers* 556

Glut of Fruit, A, *H. E. Allen* 343

PAGE

Government at the Crossroads, *Elmer Murphy* 438
Greatest Little Book in the World, The, *A. Edward Newton* 732
Groups, *Frances Lester Warner* 72

His Majesty's Opposition, *E. T. Raymond* 394
History and the Lower Criticism, *James Truslow Adams* 308
Holidays, *Elizabeth Choate* 235
How It Is With Us, *Elsa Simm* 123

Individuality of the States, The, *Archer Wall Douglas* 216
Industry, The Physiologist in, *Frederic S. Lee* 53
Intelligence, What is It? *Henry C. Link* 374
International Coöperation, Three Examples of, *Thomas W. Lamont* 537
International Organization: Its Prospects and Limitations, *Alfred E. Zimmern* . . 410
Invigorating Avocation, An, *William Lawrence* 317
Irish People, The Plain, *Mary E. L. Hennigan* 168
Irish Question, Listening in on the, *Samuel McChord Crothers* 173
Italian-Greek Crisis, The League and the, *Sir Frederic Maurice* 697

Japan, Cross-Currents in, *Marguerite E. Harrison* 127
Journalism, Our Changing, *Bruce Bliven* . 743
Jungle Life, A Chain of, *William Beebe* . . 492
Jungle Table, My, *William Beebe* 21

Klan and Church, *Lowell Mellett* 586

Land of Nod, The, *Harvey Wickham* . . . 241
League, The, and the Italian-Greek Crisis, *Sir Frederic Maurice* 697
Lion's Courage, *G. B. Mackenzie* 790
Literature of Disillusion, The, *Helen McAfee* 225
Lobstering, *Elizabeth Choate* 98
Luxuries and Hardships, Of, *Jean Mackenzie* 329

Magic, Modern, A Lesson in, *M. D. Penrose* 786
Maine Coast Philosophy, *Ray Morris* . . . 30
Manly Virtues, On the, *Griffis Marsden* . . 738
Marriage—A Selective Process, *Richard Boardman* 623
Marriage of the Puppets, The, *Robert Nathan* 501
Marriage, What is it? *A. Maude Royden* 297
Merchant Marine, The, and the Young Fellow, *William McFee* 517
Middle Class, The Tragedy of the, in England and in France, *Edith Sellers* . 556
Molecule, The Mind of the, *Clifford H. Farr* 523
Mr. Everyman, Manager, *Arthur Pound* . 606
Mustapha Kemal in the Saddle, *Mark O. Prentiss* 825

Negro Migration, The—A New South, *E. T. H. Shaffer* 403
Not Eighteen, *Charlotte Kellogg* 797
Nyasaland, Feminism in, *Hans Coudenhove* 186

Ossetia, Ten Days in, *Robert Pierpont Blake* 657
Outlawry of War, The, *Walter Lippman* . 245

Personality, The Curbing of, *Neil Forbes Grant* 759
Physiologist in Industry, The, *Frederic S. Lee* 53
Pilsudski, Józef, Aristocrat-Revolutionary, *Ralph Butler* 269
Poe, Mrs. Whitman and, *Margaret Emerson Bailey* 647
President, The, *Edward Elwell Whiting* . . 577
Prime Minister, The New, *Ian D. Colvin* . 254
Prisons and Common Sense, *Thomas Mott Osborne* 364
Prisons of Despair, The, *Elgin E. Groseclose* 833
Progressivism, Old and New, *Charles Merz* 102
Proud Words, *Joseph Warren Beach* . . . 511

Radio Broadcaster, First Experiences of a, *Ford A. Carpenter* 386
Reading, A Small Boy's, *Ernest Elmo Calkins* 43
Realities and Europe, *Gustav Cassel* . . . 845
Religion, Shock and, *Francis Younghusband* 119
Revolution, The Road away from, *Woodrow Wilson* 145
Ritual and Regalia, *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* 592
Road away from Revolution, The, *Woodrow Wilson* 145
Robe de Boudoir, The, *Catherine Wells* . . 324

Sailmaker, The, *Arthur Mason* 36
Sawing the Air, *Joseph Warren Beach* . . 629
School Conformity, *Edward Yeomans* . . 198
School, The Dissociated, *Cornelia James Cannon* 610
Shakespeare and the 'Old Vic,' *A. Edward Newton* 471
Ship Globe of Nantucket, The Story of the, *Charles Boardman Hawes* 769
Ship, The, *Arthur Mason* 205
Shock and Religion, *Francis Younghusband* 119
Siren, The Story of the, *E. M. Forster* . . . 455
Snow, *Elinore P. Stewart* 780
Sobiesky, John, The Case of, against the People of America, *James Bronson Reynolds* 354
Soliloquy, A Note on the, *Brander Matthews* 211
South, A New—The Negro Migration, *E. T. H. Shaffer* 403
States, The Individuality of the, *Archer Wall Douglas* 216

Tarrier-Man, The, *L. Allen Harker* . . . 65
Three Sentinels of the North, *William Sidney Rossiter* 87
To-day To-morrow, *Margaret Prescott Montague* 159
Turk, The, Comes to Town, *Mark O. Prentiss* 687
Turkey and the East 546
'Twenty-five Years Out,' *Carroll Perry* . . 448

Unprintable, *Stuart P. Sherman* 10
Unions, Labor, at the Danger Line, *F. Lauriston Bullard* 721

Walloon, Fleming *versus*, *Henry De Man* . 110
War, Why It Was Prolonged, *Captain O. H. Daniel* 705
What Shall We Do About It? *John Campbell Haywood* 433
Women and Civilization, *Ramsay Traquair* 289

Poetry

Autumn and Death, *Amy Lowell* 482

College Mirth, *H. Phelps Putnam* 638

Debt, The, *Katharine Lee Bates* 353

Europa, *Charles D. Christoph* 29

'Love Has Shining Eyes,' *Fannie Stearns Gifford* 71

Moment in Florence, A, *Margaret Sherwood* 183

Old Enemy, The, *Sara Teasdale* 215
Oxfordshire, Good-Bye to, *John Jay Chapman* 605

Santa Maria del Fiore, *George Herbert Clarke* 516
Separate, *Archibald MacLeish* 628

Tapestry, *William Douglas* 785
To a Wild Goose over Decoys, *Lew Saretí* . 328

Years Ago, *Archibald MacLeish* 758

Index by Authors

Adams, James Truslow, History and the Lower Criticism 308
Aldrich, Lucy Truman, A Week-End with Chinese Bandits 672
Allen, H. E., A Glut of Fruit 343

Bailey, Margaret Emerson, Dove and Raven 647
Baldwin, Margaret, The Psychology of Deafness 484
Bates, Katharine Lee, The Debt 353
Beach, Joseph Warren
Proud Words 511
Sawing the Air 629
Beebe, William
My Jungle Table 21
A Chain of Jungle Life 492
A Midnight Beach-Combing 639
Blake, Robert Pierpont, Ten Days in Ossetia 657
Bliven, Bruce, Our Changing Journalism . 743
Boardman, Richard, Marriage—A Selective Process 623
Bok, Edward W., The Day of the Advertisement 533
Bradford, Gamaliel, Francis James Child . 76
Bullard, F. Lauriston, Labor Unions at the Danger Line 721
Butler, Ralph, Józef Pilsudski, Aristocrat-Revolutionary 269

Cabot, Philip
The Conversion of a Sinner 147
Adventures in Christianity 812
Calkins, Ernest Elmo, A Small Boy's Reading 43
Cannon, Cornelia James, The Dissociated School 610
Carpenter, Ford A., First Experience of a Radio Broadcaster 386
Cassel, Gustav, Realities and Europe . . . 845
Chapman, John Jay, Good-Bye to Oxfordshire 605
Choate, Elizabeth
Lobstering 98
Holidays 235
Christoph, Charles D., Europa 29
Clarke, George Herbert, Santa Maria del Fiore 516
Cleghorn, Sarah N., Changing Thoughts of Death 808
Colvin, Ian D., The New Prime Minister . 254
Coudenhove, Hans, Feminism in Nyasaland 186
Crothers, Samuel McChord, Listening in on the Irish Question 173

Daniel, Captain O. H., Why the War Was Prolonged 705
De Man, Henry, Fleming *versus* Walloon . 110
Douglas, Archer Wall, The Individuality of the States 216
Douglas, William, Tapestry 785

Farr, Clifford H., The Mind of the Molecule 523
Forster, E. M., The Story of the Siren . . . 455

Gerould, Katharine Fullerton
Divorce 460
Ritual and Regalia 592
Gifford, Fannie Stearns, 'Love Has Shining Eyes' 71
Grant, Neil Forbes, The Curbing of Personality 759
Groseclose, Elgin E., The Prisons of Despair 833

Harbord, James G., The Army as a Career . 333
Harker, L. Allen, The Tarrier-Man . . . 65
Harrison, Marguerite E., Cross-Currents in Japan 127
Hawes, Charles Boardman, The Story of the Ship Globe of Nantucket 769
Haywood, John Campbell, What Shall We Do About It? 433
Hennigan, Mary E. L., The Plain Irish People 168
Hutchinson, Paul, Christian Missions . . . 389

Kellogg, Charlotte, Not Eighteen 797

Lamont, Thomas W., Three Examples of International Coöperation 537

Lawrence, William, An Invigorating Avocation 317
Lee, Frederic S., The Physiologist in Industry 53
Link, Henry C., What is Intelligence? . . . 374
Lippman, Walter, 'The Outlawry of War' 245
Lowell, Amy, Autumn and Death 482

Mackenzie, G. B., Lion's Courage 790
Mackenzie, Jean, Of Luxuries and Hardships 329
MacLeish, Archibald
Separate 628
Years Ago 758
Marsden, Griffis, On the Manly Virtues . 738
Mason, Arthur
The Sailmaker 36
The Ship 205
The Captain 598
The Donkeyman's Christmas 751
Matthews, Brander, A Note on the Soliloquy 211
Maurice, Sir Frederic, The League and the Italian-Greek Crises 697
McAfee, Helen, The Literature of Disillusion 225
McFee, William
Deckers on the Coast 1
The Merchant Marine and the Young Fellow 517
Mellett, Lowell, Klan and Church 586
Merz, Charles, Progressivism, Old and New 102
Montague, Margaret Prescott, To-day To-morrow 159
Morris, Ray, Maine Coast Philosophy . . 30
Murphy, Elmer, Government at the Crossroads 438

Nathan, Robert, The Marriage of the Puppets 501
Newton, A. Edward
Shakespeare and the 'Old Vic' 471
The Greatest Little Book in the World 732

Osborne, Thomas Mott, Prisons and Common Sense 364

Parsons, Rose Peabody, Have We Kept the Faith? 666
Penrose, M. D., A Lesson in Modern Magic 786
Perry, Carroll, 'Twenty-five Years Out' . 448
Pound, Arthur, Mr. Everman, Manager . . 606
Prentiss, Mark O.
The Turk Comes to Town 687
Mustapha Kemal in the Saddle . . . 825
Putnam, H. Phelps, College Mirth . . . 638

Raymond, E. T.
The British Cabinet and Its Implications 261
His Majesty's Opposition 394
Reynolds, James Bronson, The Case of John Sobiesky Against the People of America 354
Rossiter, William Sidney, Three Sentinels of the North 87
Royden, A Maude, What is Marriage? . . 297

Sarett, Lew, To A Wild Goose over Decoys 328
Sellers, Edith, The Tragedy of the Middle Class in England and in France 556
Shaffer, E. T. H., A New South—The Negro Migration 403
Sherman, Stuart P., Unprintable 10
Sherwood, Margaret, A Moment in Florence 183
Simm, Elsa, How It Is With Us 123
Stewart, Elinore P., Snow 780

Teasdale, Sara, The Old Enemy 215
Thacher, W. F. G., Boy's Grief 633
Traquair, Ramsay, Women and Civilization 289

Warner, Frances Lester, Groups 72
Wells, Catherine, The Robe de Boudoir . 324
Whiting, Edward Elwell, The President . 577
Wickham, Harvey, The Land of Nod . . . 241
Wilson, Woodrow, The Road away from Revolution 145

Yeomans, Edward, School Conformity . . 198
Younghushand, Francis, Shock and Religion 119

Zimmern, Alfred E., International Organization: Its Prospects and Limitations 410

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A Sail! A Sail! 135
Art of Sitting Down, The 420

Baby Talk, The Philology of 570
Barber Shops: Nipponese and Manhattan 280
Brownie in the Brain, The 282

'Can I Help You, Madam?' 138

Exile's Garden, An 858

Family Circle, The 424

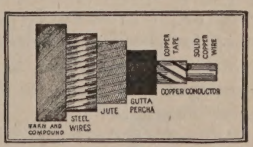
Green-Ribbon Club, The 566
Intensive Flivving 278
Jackson 421
Many Things 139
On Impulse 859
Our Thomas 427
Reflections, The, of a Frivolous Grandmother 855
Summer, The Lowest Stratum of 715
Where the Bookworms Meet 569

The world's greatest cable

THE greatest submarine cable ever manufactured will be in the service of *THE MACKAY SYSTEM* about August 1st, carrying messages between America and Europe.

Its carrying capacity will be in the neighborhood of 1200 letters a minute—600 in each direction simultaneously—nearly twice as fast as any deep-sea cable now in operation anywhere.

THE MACKAY SYSTEM, ever seeking to render better service to the communicating public, is producing this newest and greatest cable that fresh marvels of speed may be accomplished, while highest records for accuracy are maintained.



Section showing one-half actual size and construction of THE MACKAY SYSTEM'S new deep-sea cable.

THE MACKAY SYSTEM
POSTAL TELEGRAPH
COMMERCIAL CABLES
"THE PULSE OF THE WORLD"

POSTAL TELEGRAPH-COMMERCIAL CABLES

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

These United States. A Symposium. Edited by Ernest Gruening. First Series. New York. Boni & Liveright. 1923. 8vo. xii+388 pp. $3.00.

E pluribus unum! But, as its title so aptly suggests, the present book deals with the plurality, and leaves us to find the unity for ourselves. Twenty-seven different states of America are here reflected in twenty-seven different states of mind. There are, in fact, twenty-seven different ways of being one of these United States. Some states, like Nevada and South Dakota, are mere areas created by surveyors; others, like Louisiana are colonial provinces; Delaware is a family seat; Tennessee is a triadic molecule; Vermont is a heroic legend; while California is a country, an earth, a paradise! The writers are not less multiple and varied than their themes. Each writer is happily left free to deliver himself after the manner of his own genius, and the result is twenty-seven different ways of appraising America, ranging from the sociological realism of Clement Wood's Alabama, through the grim irony of Leonard Cline's Michigan, to the poetic fancy of Basil Thompson's Louisiana and the rustic humor of Hayden Carruth's South Dakota. Kansas serves as a text for the wholesome idealism of William Allen White, Wisconsin for the economic collectivism of Zona Gale, and Maryland for the caustic disillusionment of H. L. Mencken.

The most striking difference, characteristic of the book as a whole, is that between the optimists and the pessimists. If we are to judge by these essays, America is sound in ten of its parts, and more or less ailing in seventeen others. The preponderance of pessimism is doubtless due to the fact, remarked by Stuart P. Sherman, that American writers are just at present primarily concerned to avoid anything that might be mistaken for cheerful complacency. This book is written by writers, and its pervading note of discontent is in part, no doubt, an effect of writer's cramp.

Politically and economically, too, these are for the most part advanced thinkers, with a sinister rather than a dexterous cast of mind. Discounting these personal considerations, there remain two broad principles which divide the cheerful from the gloomy states. In the first place the cheerful states are the agricultural states, such as Kansas, Utah, Maine, Vermont, and South Dakota; while the gloomy states are the industrialized states, such as New Jersey, Ohio, Michigan, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. This first principle is, however, crossed by a second, which throws into the gloomy block all of these Southern states, whether agricultural or industrial, in which race-hatred, illiteracy and superstition have sprung from the heritage of slavery.

The picture is thus dark and bright in spots — more dark than bright. There is, furthermore, a sombre tone given to the whole by the quality of modernity and sameness which overspreads both the romance of the past and the individuality of the present. In every corner of these United States there is a coating of the same superficial Americanism. In Maine, for all its forests and sea coasts, one finds 'the *Saturday Evening Post*, the Hearst newspapers, the cinema reels, and the Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.' In South Dakota, 'Frank Bear Running, Charles Kills First, and John Brown Wolf' come to town in an *old* Ford car, steal the engine out of a *new* Ford car, and are pursued across the plains by 'Sheriff Bender' in his Pierce Arrow. In short, in so far as there is any universal Americanism in this book at all, it is the Americanism of Babbitt, of Rotary Clubs, realtors, interchangeable parts, quantity production, and salesmanship.

Hence the unconscious moral of this book is that one should look for America not in the superficial vulgarity in which Americans resemble one another, but in our multiple origins, our colorful legend of conquest and adventure, in our incongruities and our sturdy provincialisms. If we seem for the moment to be poor in that which we have in common, we are rich in our differences. One cannot read this book without reflecting that this is an amazingly interesting nation. What we seem to lack is the power to find ourselves interesting. The value of such a book lies not in its self-criticism, though this is doubtless wholesome enough when it stops short of cynicism and despair; but rather in its accidental revelation of our own inexhaustible natural human and spiritual resources.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Whither France? Whither Europe? by Joseph Caillaux. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1923. Small 8vo. xi+184 pp. $2.50.

The Decadence of Europe, by Francisco Nitti. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1923. 8vo. xlii+302 pp. $3.00.

THESE books, both written by former premiers intimate with the intricacies of European politics, and by men of liberal convictions and constructive minds, naturally present interesting parallels and contrasts. They are pictures of an identical scene by painters of the same school but different individuality and temperament. Caillaux is a

NEW SCRIBNER BOOKS

The Genius of America
By STUART P. SHERMAN, *author of "Americans"*
"The book of the hour."—*New York Evening Post.* $2.00

From McKinley to Harding
By H. H. KOHLSAAT
Personal recollections of five Presidents by one who served them in the capacity of "brutal friend." *Illustrated.* $3.00

Thomas Nelson Page
A MEMOIR OF A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN
The unique personal record of an eminent writer and diplomat, written by his brother, ROSEWELL PAGE. $1.50

The Hope of the Variant
By JOHN GEORGE GEHRING, M.D., Sc.D.
A summary of the methods employed and results obtained throughout thirty years' treatment of persons who in some respect or other vary from the norm. $2.00

Scepticism and Animal Faith
By GEORGE SANTAYANA
The introductory volume in a new system of philosophy. $3.50

Outline of Psychology
By WILLIAM MCDOUGALL, *Professor of Psychology, Harvard University*
An admirable treatment with a wide appeal by a most distinguished authority. $2.50

The Racial History of Man
By ROLAND B. DIXON, *Professor of Anthropology, Harvard University*
An impressive treatment of the whole question of race, fully illustrated with photographs, maps, and diagrams. $6.00

Woman Suffrage and Politics
By CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT *and* NETTIE ROGERS SHULER
The inner story of a great American episode. $3.00

The Drama of Sinn Fein
By SHAW DESMOND, *author of "The Soul of Denmark"*
A dramatic account of hitherto secret history. $4.00

Poems by George Santayana
Containing the poet's own selection from his writings. $1.50

The Poems of Alice Meynell
The complete and definitive edition. $2.00

Conquistador
By KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD
"A perfect little gem. . . . It has the breath of life which comes from an inner reality."—GRANT OVERTON.
"An effect of sheer romance that is singularly captivating."—HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE. $1.50

His Children's Children
By ARTHUR TRAIN
This remarkable story, a best-seller everywhere, has established itself as the outstanding novel of the season. $2.00

The Orissers
By L. H. MYERS
"A novel which quite shatters critical standards. . . . A massive conception, it is the Leviathan of the season's fiction."—*New York Times.* $2.00

The World Crisis
By the RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, *First Lord of the Admiralty, 1911–1915*
"Mr. Churchill has the art of narrative. . . . His volume thrilled us as it no doubt thrilled him to write it. It will endure."—*The Spectator* (London).
With maps and diagrams. $6.50

A Man from Maine
By EDWARD W. BOK, *author of "The Americanization of Edward Bok," now in its 23d edition*
"Reads like a romance. The author at his best."—*Washington Post.* *Third large printing. Illustrated.* $3.00

Through the Wheat
By THOMAS BOYD
"It isn't only that he has written the most normal, sane, impressive, factful record of the war we have read, but that he has written a novel which has at once reality and humor and perspective. You must not miss 'Through the Wheat.'"—*Chicago Tribune.* $1.75

The Vegetable
By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
A play in three acts
"Gorgeously funny. . . . I chortled and guffawed over it; it is utterly mad and ridiculous, irreverent, bubbling, disrespectful, witty, malicious and gay."—BURTON RASCOE, in the *New York Tribune.*

$1.50

These books are on sale at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

master draftsman, whose sureness of line enables him to dispense with all but the simplest accessories; Nitti is a colorist who secures his effects by a multiplicity of shadings. The *ardor certaminis* of a stormy public career still tinges with political passion each author's work. Nitti's emotional fire, even in the pallid medium of a translation, kindles hot indignation at the evils he condemns; Caillaux's clarity of logic bends even the resisting mind to his conclusions. In a word, these are two exceptionally able books, which taken together constitute a crushing indictment of the policies that have brought Europe to her present pass.

The handiwork of the Paris Conference and the deterioration of European civilization under its working are an old story now. Keynes first told it to an incredulous public, since grown as weary as it dares to be of its frequent repetition. Indeed each of the present authors has previously discussed this theme, Caillaux in *Mes Prisons* and Nitti in *Peaceless Europe*. But the subject remains supremely pertinent so long as the world crisis is unsolved, and the new messages of prophets, already on record, receive added authority from the fulfillment of their first predictions.

Despite identity of topic and attitude the two books are not alike. Caillaux's analysis of Europe's distress is directed first to France. He seeks 'to look back over and form a judgment upon the vulgar disputes between ghouls gathered about their prey, the short-lived quarrels between political parties and even between nations — to define the concepts of our civilization and to seek out the meaning and rhythm of its movements — to understand the immense economic forces which act upon it and to show the danger to which they make men submit.' His analysis of financial ills and their causes is worthy of his reputation as the ablest public financier of France. He, like Nitti, thinks that Europe's world leadership is passing to the United States, leaving her 'a tiny appendage to the Asiatic continent, dotted with Babylons and Ninevehs.' He sees her salvation only in a United States of Europe, with a common currency, an approach to free trade, and industries grouped into giant organizations in whose administration labor has a consultative voice.

Nitti, though more diffuse, is also more picturesque and dramatic. He states the grievances of Germany without reserve. The colored troops still upon the Rhine despite insincere denials, the prodigality of unscrupulous Allied Commissions at the cost of impoverished and vanquished countries, the unceasing growth of armaments, the territorial greed, new forms of oppression, and denials of liberty that have followed a crusade to save democracy — the whole story of the wrongs of civilization he tells with more emotional force than any other author since the Armistice. To him even the Holy Alliance and the Treaty of Vienna embody far higher ideals of international morality than the Treaty of Versailles. 'One must go back to the Middle Ages and to the most degenerate forms of feudalism to discover anything which, in violence or cynicism, can be compared with the new forms of international spoliation.' He thinks America wise in rejecting the League, and that our Government and people 'should remit nothing of what is owed them, and extend no further credit . . . even in the form of loans to private individuals, to any country who does not exhibit a definite will to achieve peace.' On the other hand, 'a general cancellation of the debts and reparations of the victors and the vanquished, and an immediate renunciation of all military occupations and of the control of the internal affairs of Germany and of the other defeated States, can speedily transform the situation.' Nitti thinks it our duty actively to promote the latter consummation.

Both authors therefore agree substantially in their diagnosis of the ills of Europe and recommend similar remedies for them. Caillaux's industrial programme, which looks toward erecting an economic state within the political state, sharing or absorbing many of the powers and functions of the latter, is likely to seem fanciful to plodding Anglo-Saxons. Nitti's intense sympathy for the oppressed blinds him to whatever might extenuate the acts of the oppressor. But it is the virtue of positive books like these to invite query and qualification. They cannot be neglected by any American who wishes an insight into the present distress of Europe and its causes. They contain no narcotics to put easy consciences to sleep, and may disturb some lullaby propagandists. But they have this great merit, that they are truly constructive contributions to a world debate, upon the outcome of which the fate of civilization may depend.

VICTOR S. CLARK.

Damaged Souls, by Gamaliel Bradford. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1923. 8vo. xvi+285 pp. $3.00.

THIS book tends to rob us of our fear of the Judgment Day. Most of us have thought that we stand at least as good a chance as Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr and Ben Butler and Mr. Roosevelt's 'filthy little atheist,' Tom Paine. But when the last page of this book is read — and it must be, if the first be read — we find the judge with his arm around the whole group. 'He judges, not as the judge judges, but as the sun, falling round a helpless thing.' And to every man with a heart this book proves that Mr. Bradford's judgment makes its own approach to the ultimate.

One of the infrequent joys of being an American to-day is the expectation of a new volume on Americans by Mr. Bradford. Far and away the most notable biographer in the country, he uncovers more than any living man, perhaps, — more than judges and legislators, — the richness and charm of our American heritage. If only

BORZOI BOOKS

Alfred A. Knopf
220 WEST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK

BORZOI BOOKS

THE BORZOI · ALFRED · A · KNOPF · THE BORZOI · ALFRED · A · KNOPF · THE BORZOI · ALFRED · A · KNOPF ·

every worker in Americanization would take a course in his seven reverent and brilliant volumes. Reverent and brilliant — the combination explains his authority and alas! his uniqueness. For each one of his characters he supplies the background, he superintends the pose and turns on the appropriate lights. But he does n't presume to take the stage. He does n't exclude contemporaries — what they say is duly noted; you even catch a glimpse of an occasional biographer in the wings; but the man himself has the main part and is responsible for the final impression. Under skillful handling, however, much of his talk is muted and most of what he does falls into shadow. As a chiaroscurist, Mr. Bradford excels Plutarch. Out of most thorough reading he plucks the characteristic utterances of each man and puts these jewels into magically harmonious settings. It is not his fault if some of the diamonds are paste. His sketches are not biographies; they are spiritual silhouettes — psychographs, as he correctly insists on calling them. The more one knows of the character depicted, the deeper is apt to be the appreciation; but every imaginative and cultivated reader is able, through Mr. Bradford's fidelity, to enter into intimate companionship with the most notable Americans.

This volume is one of Mr. Bradford's best. With the exception of the shallow Arnold, who should sit again for his picture, each of these 'damaged souls' seems to embody some common human trait. Burr is the image of frivolity, Randolph of opposition, Paine of rebellion, Barnum of the love of notoriety, Brown of fanaticism, Butler of vainglory. The reader may at times enter a caveat. If Brown and Paine are 'damaged souls,' who can or would escape? But who would be indifferent to the sentence if he were allowed audience with this judge who confesses that the surest sign of his own innate depravity was the singular tenderness with which they [damaged souls] inspired him, and who announces, 'I sometimes wish I had the courage and the character to be a rebel myself!'

A. W. Vernon.

America of Yesterday, as Reflected in the Journal of John Davis Long, Governor of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Navy. Edited by Lawrence Shaw Mayo. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press, 1923. 8vo. xiv+250 pp. $3.00.

No other public man in New England in our time has filled the place that was John D. Long's. He was the favorite of the 'sturdy yeomanry,' the people who lived in the rural districts. They accepted and believed in him, in spite of the fact that his education and other training might have led them to look on him as a member of a social class quite different from their own. They felt that he somehow understood them, and they were glad to ride, or walk, to the polling-places when his name was on the ballot. It was commonly said for many years that Mr. Long could have any office 'within the gift of the people' if only he would express a desire for it; but, although he afterwards filled important public posts, the bitter campaign in which he defeated Benjamin F. Butler for the governorship of Massachusetts was all that Mr. Long wanted of that kind of thing. Thereafter the political honors which came to him were unsought; he would not lift a hand for the United States senatorship or for the vice-presidency.

The selections which Mr. Mayo has made from Governor Long's journals — his friends called him by that title until the day of his death — make it plain that the men who lived in the open spaces of New England had formed a correct estimate of the writer of the journal. He belonged to them. Whether he was for the moment a practising lawyer in Boston, Governor of Massachusetts, Representative in Congress, or Secretary of the Navy, he always yearned for the homely scenes of country life. Nothing else satisfied him as they did.

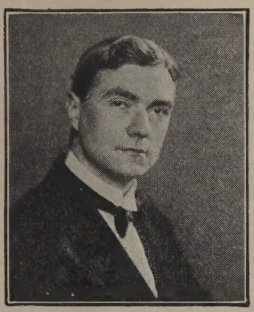
Most readers of Mr. Mayo's book will doubtless pay special attention to the pages of it which were written immediately before and during the Spanish-American war. Those days do not seem now so overwhelmingly momentous, but they were serious indeed for the government in Washington of which Mr. Long, as Secretary of the Navy, was an important part. The test of the new Navy handed down by the preceding administration was about to be made. Would the ships and the men stand up under the trial? Mr. Long's reflections, 'reactions,' and comment in those trying days are most interesting; for instance, there is his good-natured criticism of the characteristic weaknesses of his assistant — soon to be his superior — the alert, strenuous Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Long might have become President of the United States if it had not been for this same Theodore Roosevelt. For it was no secret that Mr. McKinley wanted the Republicans to nominate his Massachusetts friend for second place on the national ticket in 1900; but the President was overruled by the politicians who insisted that Colonel Roosevelt must be taken out of the Governor's office at Albany.

America of Yesterday — a very recent yesterday — is worth reading. Mr. Mayo has made a wise choice of material and filled the gaps with informing, well-written material.

John D. Merrill.

His Children's Children, by Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923. 12mo. vi+391 pp. $2.00.

The younger generation is the subject of much discussion to-day, press and pulpit uniting, not always in condemnation, but in an endeavor to ascertain the causes of current phenomena. In *His Children's Children*, Mr. Train shows that the field of inquiry must be far broader than a limited age-group if an understanding and solu-



Now Ready—

The first volume of a work that summarizes three thousand years of literary achievement in a plain story simply told —

THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE

***Edited by* John Drinkwater**

That clear-cut appreciation of great authors and great books of all ages which never before has been possible for the average reader is now offered in a work that will, itself, mark an epoch in the progress of literature. It will be published in three handsome volumes. The first is now ready and the others will follow at short intervals. Between five and six hundred illustrations. $4.50 per volume

*"In the teaching of Socrates, man became, **to himself**, for the first time since the creation of the world, a living soul."*

SEVEN AGES

By "A Gentleman with a Duster"

is a striking narrative of the human mind and its development through the seven main ages from Socrates to Wesley. A profound work — yet marked with the simplicity of all great writing. It concludes with a definition of the present position of human thought. $2.50

"Wesley roused a great body of persons to be more intent on mending their own lives than brooding over their grievances."

Socrates
Aristotle
Jesus
Augustine
Erasmus
Cromwell
Wesley

Refreshing Novels for Summer Reading

Ponjola
By Cynthia Stockley $2.00

Desolate Splendour
By Michael Sadleir $2.00

Cynthia Stockley

Echo
By Margaret Rivers Larminie $2.00

Mainspring
By V. H. Friedlaender $2.00

The Grays
By Charlotte Bacon $2.00

Suzanne and the Pacific
By Jean Giraudoux $2.00

Margaret Rivers Larminie

North
By James B. Hendryx $1.75

Up and Coming
By Nalbro Bartley $1.90

Georgian Stories—1922
The best of English short stories $2.50

At All Booksellers ***Send for Catalog***

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS ***2 West 45th Street*** **NEW YORK**

tion are to be reached. As the reader follows the ultrarespectable but selfish Rufus Kayne through his financial crisis and his sudden loss of moral stamina, or watches his clever but reckless daughter Diana in her freedom-seeking life, or notes the rapid steps by which the youngest daughter, Sheila, a typical flapper, dances her unconcerned way through the activities of her set, it becomes increasingly evident that the blame for the circumstances in which these persons find themselves does not rest entirely on the individual, but on the lack of sympathy and coöperation between the members of the family, due to the accepted conditions of modern life. The story holds the attention, gives food for thought, and help in solving the grave problems which our day must face.

The theme of the book lies in the fact that the stabilizing truths of religion cannot successfully be replaced by modern ideas which regard 'civilization as only a cloak, a gossamer one at that,' and 'religion as a clever invention to keep miserable people contented,' and 'marriage as a ghastly joke — resulting in jealousy, hatred, or insufferable boredom.' The reader is shown that side of modern life wherein 'young people go into society without having the slightest idea that there is such a thing as a world of retribution and punishment,' wherein many frankly have no faith in the creed which they profess, a generation that does not realize that 'a man's reach should exceed his grasp,' but which is content with ideals summed up in a good time and a false conception of liberty which must lead to disaster.

The volume is not a religious book in the general use of that phrase, but there is in it an increasing proof of the need of a religion — something to take the place of what has been discarded. This is brought out in the finely drawn characters. Strong and self-sufficient in many ways, yet lacking the support which religion alone can give, they are helpless and in jeopardy.

There is a discursiveness in the plot which makes one wish that some of the loose ends of the story had been more fully woven into the web of the picture. There seems to be not only an opportunity but even the necessity of a sequel. As one comes, at the end of the book, to know better the fine character of the aged Peter, Rufus's father, one regrets that he did not come into the action more fully but was reserved for the really fine climax with which the story ends.

LAURENCE F. PIPER.

Books in Black or Red, by Edmund Lester Pearson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1923. 8vo. xii+213 pp. $3.50.

THE author, who is editor of publications in the New York Public Library, has long been known by readers of weekly and daily journals as an informing and — what is rarer — amusing writer on 'books in general.' Twelve of his essays he has collected here, and they present sufficient variety of topic for readers of all tastes.

Readers who, like Mr. Pearson, were born in 1880 or thereabouts, will find his book particularly appealing; for one would have to have been a child in the eighteen-eighties fully to enter into some of his enthusiasms. The essay, 'Wizards and Enchanters,' for example, deals mostly with the early volumes of *St. Nicholas*, and the work of artists like J. G. Francis and A. B. Frost and stories like *The Floating Prince, Tinkham Brothers' Tide Mill*, and, best of all, *Davy and the Goblin*. Can any man who as a boy read these stories in monthly parts and pored over the pictures help being sentimental about them? Or can any such man fail to chuckle contentedly over the contrast presented in 'The Cary Girls' (not Alice and Phœbe, but Hattie and Ellen), between a neighborhood library of the eighteen-eighties and 'The Purple Pagan,' a radical bookshop of 1923? Or, finally, can anyone who as a boy sat behind the barn or lay on the roof of a shed and read *Double Van the Dastard, or the Pirates of the Pecos*, and *Deadwood Dick on Deck, or Calamity Jane, the Heroine of Whoop Up*, and other classics of the period, fail to grow enthusiastic over the essay, 'With, Ho! Such Bugs and Goblins!' which is a manly defense of the dime novel.

It is comforting, also, to find that the author is brazenly fond of mystery stories, especially those that deal with murders of a pleasant intricacy. I am grateful for his list of some particularly good ones that I have not read. The two essays, on literary hoaxes are full of curious information, of which the account of Mr. Pearson's own innocent deception, *The Old Librarian's Almanac*, is the freshest. And we must not forget the two excellent little stories, 'The Bird' and 'The Lost First Folio' — the one about a parrot who looked like Deacon Pettingill, who took up the collection in the First Unitarian Church, and the other about Agamemnon Jackson, a book-collector, who just missed owning the first folio of Shakespeare; or the two long articles on the search for curious books, which are a kind of omnibus bill of everything bookish not included elsewhere in the book.

'There must be a lot of poor birds,' says an anonymous speaker in the Preface, 'who cannot buy rarities at hundreds of dollars apiece, but like to acquire books at seventy-five cents or a dollar or three. These fellows might like a book written expressly for them.' *Books in Black or Red* is at least the beginning of such a compilation.

R. M. GAY.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1923

DECKERS ON THE COAST

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

Down on the after-deck, shielded from sun and rain and the idle stare of the promenade, they were spread in a sprawling heap on Number Three hatch. Sixty, counting the children, as the ship left Colon. Nine hours later, what with the motion of the vessel and money troubles, the great negress in the purple kimono set up a roaring, and she was got out of the crowd somehow; and then there were sixty-one.

In that congested microcosm, however, this was no more than an ephemeral inconvenience. It was more or less perplexing to a spectator how so many of them, with their diversities of sleeping paraphernalia, had contrived to embed themselves in a species of human mosaic, upon a thirty by twenty-five hatch. Nevertheless, it was not adequate. They overflowed on all four sides, spilling from camp-bedsteads set solidly athwart the gangways, snoring on bags of dunnage draped upon the winches (which were still hot, and caused occasional squeals as some small darky clutched the pipes and cylinders), and dispersing upon the bulwarks, where several were holding secret communication with the heaving waters.

As it grew dark, a huge wired bowl was suddenly turned on, and the assembled voyagers were flooded with yellow rays. It was easy to see that some of these people were accustomed to this method of traveling and had grown expert in dealing with the minor problems of existence in such circumstances. There was a girl, for instance, on the port side, who had brought her own narrow iron bed, with sheets, and who revealed the skill of a quick-change artist in divesting herself of her shore finery and appearing, as if by magic, in a scarlet peignoir, her hair cascading over brown shoulders, and between her lips a cigarette offered by an appreciative saloon-waiter, who, with one eye cocked to watch the long port alley for the second steward's approach, was laying the foundations of, let us hope, an enduring friendship.

There was the aged negro, so grizzled that he seemed incredible and out of place save in an advertisement, who sat on a basket suitcase on the deck and read slowly, and with devastating enunciation, from the Old Testament.

There was the perennial and solitary vagabond, in dire need of a shave, his feet thrust into soiled rope-soled canvas shoes, his head bound in a calico underskirt borrowed from a neighbor, already sound asleep.

Others were less easy. Again and again they rose from their chairs and beds, and settled themselves in supposedly more comfortable attitudes. A mother, with her three, all on one strip of canvas and laid out as if for interment, was periodically aroused by her offspring in monotonous rotation. Fed, their dark little faces still moist from the suckling, they fell back and slept instantly, lying in utter and innocent nakedness like statues of polished chalcedony. A couple, man and woman, perplexing enough to the European unversed in the life of the Coast, fondled one another and chuckled at intervals at their own whispered remarks. Perplexing, since he was a heavy blond young man with a silky beard concealing a weak chin, while she was a vigorous and beautiful quadroon, the wedding ring conspicuous on her finger as she lolled in her chair, alert, intelligent, bright as a new penny when she leveled her gaze upon an appraising saloon-waiter or scullion who meditated an advance. Less easy, these, since they were just married, and the future in Calomar, whither he was bound as a clerk, was uncertain.

Beyond them, and engaged in rapid converse with some of the crew, stood a man of uncertain age. His cap was of some furry fabric spotted to resemble the skin of a leopard, and his soiled linen suit hung loosely upon him. His face was drawn into vertical lines, into harsh furrows, and the expression of his irascible and bloodshot eyes was that of a man engaged in secret warfare with Fate. At times he turned, and the light from the cargo-cluster illumined that ravaged countenance with dreadful fidelity. There was an air of excitement about him, too, since he talked with the rapidity and gestures of one who lacked time to complete his story; and he looked around into the glare of the light as if he saw someone in the distance, overtaking him.

And he had competitors: from the recumbent forms arose a murmurous cacophony of diverse organs. Children whimpered and squalled; four Negroes snarled and gabbled as they shot craps; a piratical creature strummed on a banjo and hummed; while on the starboard side, a furious uproar raged around a gray-haired virago, fit model for the Eumenides herself, who was accusing a smiling youth of stealing a bottle of eau-de-cologne from her bag. This was the most popular show of the evening. The dame sat there on her bed, her chemise sliding from her incredible shoulders, her bony arms and jaws moving in a convulsive synchronism. Men stood over her, with folded arms, and watched every movement, as if she were some monotonous automaton they had wound up and set going. This impression, that she was not human, but a clockwork affair, gained force when, of a sudden, without warning, as she foamed and choked, and lunged toward her adversary to strike him down to death, some word spoken amid the din made her stop and, collapsing upon her pallet, she shrieked with laughter. She seemed to have run down, her spring broken, her interior mechanism gone derelict.

But the man on the other side of the hatch took no notice of these distractions. He was driven by something more than a mere momentary gust of animal passion. His incessant watchfulness, as he turned his head again and again toward the light, reminded one of a wild animal devouring his prey in an alien jungle. Like a wild animal, too, he took no notice of the snapping jackals near him, or of the natural noises — the booming of the wind now rising, the rattle and flap of the awning, the sough and spit of the sea along the side. He held the three men in white jackets in subjection to his

vibrating finger and swift impetuous speech. They made no sign, save to spit and flick ash from cigarettes, but they remained. Here was necromancy, since they knew the steward was already searching angrily for them. They remained. The dinner-gong thrummed musically along the corridors as the bell-hop moved to and fro. They remained. The figure of the second steward, spick and span, shaven to pink perfection, emerged smartly from the port alley. They saw him and moved, yet dominated by the cadaverous being in his dirty linen suit, who was offering them, so to speak, the kingdoms of the world. And then the steward saw them, and they rushed into the starboard alley toward the kitchen, leaving the necromancer to sink down on a yellow leatherette suitcase and fumble in his pocket for a cigarette.

All his life he had been an imaginative man. There had come to him, with the romantic tales of childhood, a shameful yet alluring conviction that he would be able to know those desperate doings in reality, be able to rip away the baffling veils hung between himself and the things he desired. There was a dark significance in the way he sat there, his chin on his clenched hands, recalling the vivid moments of his life. He surveyed with stoical courage his boyhood dreams, which were always of material import — dreams of gold and silver, or slaves, and houses of barbaric solidity. What he wanted had always to die, and when it was dead he no longer wanted it. So, as he grew older, he thought more and more of wealth, hard minted bullion, never finding that mysterious idealism which is the key to the riches of the world. Now, on the eve of success, he was poor.

He looked back. The soilure of the deck at which he stared through his unwashed fingers became transmuted into a dark mirror, in which he saw his life in a series of episodes. Yet were they episodes? Were they not rather a series of sudden irretrievable crashes to lower levels of industrious resignation? For he had been industrious. He had been a clever boy at school, and the scholarship which had sent him to the University was easy to him. Yet it was the first stage in his unlucky career. He saw that now. It had started him up the rickety ladder of learning. While his real self, his imagination, was concerned with the things you could get hold of, money and its transmutations. That was the first drop, when he found himself a bookmaker's clerk at Newmarket, instead of student in cap and gown at Cambridge, a dozen miles away. He had not regretted the change at the time; he had defiantly enjoyed it, and it might have been his career. But the favorites won day after day, and he had been forced to beg a ride to London.

He recalled all the succeeding years, and saw no flaw in himself. Bad luck. He had asked no more than some of the wealth in the world, yet people got the habit of regarding him with contempt and disdain, as if he suffered from some moral lesion. And he was sometimes a little bitter with the gentry who preached that a man, to succeed, should concentrate upon his ambition. Had he not done just that? Yet he had failed very badly indeed.

And it came to him, as he sat on his poor and inadequate valise, staring at the deck, that his struggle had been very much with simple circumstances, and not with people. Neither he nor they had been evil. And also there was this fatal gift of his, of talking with terrible facility. Why was that? Always he had suffered from it. Give him a listener, and he was 'away to the races,' as they used to say at home. Even when he had got a business posi-

tion, this gift of tongues, as one might say, was no asset. Once, when he had been admitted to an interview, and he was tearing along, thinking that he was doing finely, his client had shot half out of his chair thundering, '*Shut up!*' There had been a silence, a moment of paralysis, and then a mutter from the man: 'What d' you think you 're doing? — Drive a man crazy,' and such-like comments.

Why was that? Never got anywhere, in spite of his education and fecundity of speech. Even this evening, when he confronted the ship's doctor in the surgery, and was identified on the list of deck-passengers, he had somehow launched into an uncalled-for loquacity, and had found the man, his eyeglass screwed into his experienced blue eye, examining him critically. And had there not been a faint sound like '*cacoëthes loquendi*' as he went out? The doctor thought himself safe, no doubt, in talking Latin to a decker. But had he really gabbler's itch?

He stared at the deck and wondered. Even as he did so, he found his lips forming the words that he had 'no animus, no animus whatever.' There it was — *cacoëthes loquendi* — gabbler's itch. He frowned. It was a grave disadvantage, this lack of animus. Because a simple fellow had no consideration in the world, if he talked. They shouted, 'Shut Up!' or just stared and moved out of earshot. His wife, for example, had simply cleared out, left him for good. Of course he had failed to support her. Ah! but there was another side to that. He had never been successful with women. Nobody could hold it against him that he had done them any harm. It was true that he ought to have supported his wife. But he had a humorous conviction that she would have gone — anyway. Saw it in her eye, one day, while he was talking very fast.

There was something about him, he was well aware. He made a momentary comparison of himself with that doctor, for instance, with his finely wrinkled yet healthy-looking parchment skin, his alert poise, his superior, monocled scrutiny. About the same age. Thirty years ago they might have been contemporaries at the same college. And he, the doctor, had never said a word beyond 'What 's your name?' and that valedictory mutter in Latin. Was that the difference? No. Something else, he felt quite sure.

He was apparently unaware of the turmoil surrounding him, the buzz and chatter that arise always from a huddled mass of humans, who are being carried, like cattle, to their desired havens, and who become garrulous and musical and quarrelsome, merely for lack of responsibility and employment. He did not notice how, in the course of ceaseless rearrangements of baggage and persons, he had become isolated. He sat now on his valise, on the deck, a solitary being, apart. The deck was now like a large chamber walled in by the wind. Above the great bowl of light which poured its rays diagonally upon them and threw immense black shadows into the after-gloom, the canvas awning seemed to be struggling to escape. It bellied out from the halyards in a concave vault of quivering fabric, and then suddenly descended and began to flap viciously in the gusts that came over the bulwarks at intervals. Beyond those bulwarks was darkness and heaving waters, and a wind that gave out great booming sighs as it fled over the sea.

He looked up at last, and found himself as if shunned. And his undisciplined imagination took it as an omen when a wave suddenly reared up over the bulwarks and fled aft, splashing him contemptuously with spray. Nobody touched but him! He shook the

water from his eyes and stood up, glancing round to discover the witnesses of his misfortune. But the occupants of the hatch were preoccupied with the problem of existence. The eddying wind and the beating canvas were giving trouble. Children were crying, and the mothers, reared up from their beds, were looking about for more secluded quarters. Several had already moved stealthily aft, and were lost among the crew.

The ship took a long careening roll, and the sea leapt out of the darkness, sparkled and gleamed in the light, and detonated upon the deck. Murmurs and cries mingled with the sough of the water through the scuppers. The forms of men, safe in the shelter of the alleys, were silhouetted against the far brightness of the kitchens, whence had come great crashes of falling metal. Above the straining canvas, the guy-ropes hummed and tackle squeaked as it was flung about by the wind and the scend of the ship. As she drew out from the horns of the Dark Gulf, she began to wallow on the outer edge of a hurricane.

Yet the fact that no one had seen his discomfiture with that first wave was for him a source of satisfaction. His mind ran swiftly over the situation, as he edged in between two massive bollards under the lee of the bulkhead. He saw one of those to whom he had been confiding his plans peering out upon the deck as if looking for him, and wearing an expression of hard curiosity.

II

He drew back. He must think. His trouble was, of course, money. Money for an adequate boat and tackle. But for that he would not have mentioned a word to these supercilious beings who would be in Sovranilla for a few hours, and then gone, to Curaçoa, to Port-au-Prince, to Havana and New York. No! Much rather would he have depended upon the people he knew in Sovranilla. Perhaps it would have been better if he had never left it. And he would never have heard that conversation, carried on in growls behind the lattice-work where he sat smoking a cigarette after he had washed the dishes for Jovita's Chinese cook.

Jovita was the proprietress of the Love Nest Café for Officers, in a discreet back-street in Colon. The café was upstairs over the street, and was screened all round with romantic greenery trellised over painted lattice. Jovita's two daughters, as big as herself, were the sirens. They danced and looked ponderously languorous at young ensigns from Indiana and Ohio. But the growls came from maturer throats. Captains of ships, he reflected, smoking cautiously, and lowering his ear until it was on a level with the voices. The lattice-work had creaked as the owner of the growl leaned against it. Outside the Love Nest in the arcaded street, the tropical rain was descending in wavering sheets. It poured like a momentary cataract over the corrugated iron roof of the kitchen. So the captains of ships replenished their glasses and growled on.

The word Sovranilla came out. One of the speakers grumbled that 'they could do what they liked with it, once they got it to Sovranilla.' And then 'six hundred thousand dollars. Gold, in little barrels a strong boy could run off with!' The speaker became indignant. 'And nowhere to put it but a cupboard on the boat-deck, with a rotten old ship's-lock on it. Of course,' — here the growl became very thick, and almost inaudible, — 'nobody knowing it, just as safe, eh?' And, 'What the eye don't see the heart don't grieve for'; and a reference to the 'worries of life,' followed by guttural laughter and

contralto badinage from a daughter of Jovita.

The watcher looked critically at her through a crevice in the heavy foliage. That was not his weakness. It exasperated him at times, that men should abandon realities for such ephemeral solace as women afforded. Yet they had their uses, he reflected. They were kind enough. At Sovranilla, when he was so utterly on the beach that he had but one pair of pants, a brown-skinned creature, with soft black eyes and gentle voice, had sewn industriously on his behalf. He had bought her a bottle of perfume when he won eleven dollars on the Commandant's bird at the village cockpit. But for the idolater of tangible riches, there was no lure in feminine softness. Indeed, he had this much feminine about him, — and it may be some explanation, — that he loved the things they loved: the glitter of gems, the seductive feel of amber and ivory, the smooth caresses of silk, and the satisfying solidity of coins. He experienced a sensation almost of vertigo as he imagined those 'little barrels a strong boy could run off with.' The cigarette burned his fingers sharply, as he crouched with closed eyes by the lattice-work, listening to the syncopations of the phonograph.

And they were up there now, a hundred feet away from him, those little barrels. He snuggled down between the bollards and tried to visualize them — clean solid little affairs, with fat scarlet seals, exquisitely portable even for 'a strong boy.' But with a mysterious lack of logic his mind would not be preoccupied with them. He discovered that his vividly imagined fortitude was undermined by a desire to return to Sovranilla. Do what he would, he could not evade a secret conviction that he regretted his departure. Why had he left?

He drew hard on a cigarette as he recalled that unkempt coast town that sprawled along the crumbling edge of a shabby bluff. He liked it. There was no appearance to keep up. The streets were lanes of mud or dust, with steep gullies cut here and there athwart them; and pigs and fowls wandered in and out of the houses. He liked it. They were kind to him. Always, when he had been in low water, there was a meal somewhere for him. He could always get a canoe and paddle round to a sheltered cove, for an afternoon's swimming. And the brown-skinned girl liked him, for she would always iron a shirt when he asked her.

And he had left it all suddenly, without a word of good-bye, because of his fatal facility of speech. There was no doubt that, once started, he could not stop. He told that passenger an astounding tale as he walked up the long jetty carrying the gentleman's valise. And what he realized now, as he sat with his back to the vibrating bulkhead and watched the white water spring upon the bulwarks was that, 'when he got going,' he was not himself, but the person he imagined he was — that alert and efficient image in the rear of his brain! He would have to carry that other magniloquent self upon his back all his days, suffering for the follies of one who seemed to be a fantastic and irresponsible kinsman.

Carrying the gentleman's valise, and carried away himself upon a swift gust of speech, he was aware suddenly that he had been presented with a decker's ticket to Colon. He had shown conclusively and exhaustively that, if he could only get away from Sovranilla, he could regain his position in life. He had invited a college man to consider the agony of spirit another college man suffered in that shaggy dump beside the emerald-green combers of the Caribbean. He saw himself, as he talked, flung down in uttermost misery behind

some convenient wattled hut. He saw life unfolding for him amid the glare and rattle of the night-life in Colon, wealth coming to him in heaps of paper and metal, followed by the respect of his contemporaries. So it had befallen, and he had walked out of the great docks, his own small satchel in his hand, his head high, until he was out of sight. Then he knew he was better off, far better off, in that little town of Sovranilla.

And as he thought it out now from his refuge behind the bollards, he saw himself as the owner of a secret which would make them all rich. He imagined himself walking about among them, able at a word to turn the whole place upside down. But he would never speak it. He saw himself again when he came to die, handing on the secret of the money he had cast into the sea at such and such a place, giving the bearings of the lighthouse and the buoy on the sunken wreck. He even saw in imagination the stir that would arise in Juan Pierella's botega when the news went round. Game cocks and roulette wheels would be forgotten while they discussed it in whispers. Little barrels!

And then, seeing those white-coated men by the door, their glances falling at times in hard curiosity upon him, hiding there between the bollards, he made a determined gesture and turned his mind resolutely from these fancies. And this resolution of his, like a grapnel, caught upon the first thing convenient in his mind. He would have nothing to do with these people on the ship. They had scarcely concealed their amusement while he had sounded them as to their willingness to go into a venture that might be a good thing. He ought to know by now that these people had no ideas above smuggling drugs or egret feathers in their underwear, or perhaps pilfering trinkets from a passenger's trunks. He hated them, when they came ashore in Sovranilla. On one occasion he had risen in a paroxysm of disgust because a crowd of them had walked into the room where he was talking to that brown girl while she ironed. Even they, tough as they were, had seen something ominous in the gestures of the thin, unshaven man in shirt and pants, the cigarette trembling in his fingers as he lashed them with his incomparable tongue. A mistake, they muttered, and withdrew, ashamed. Neither he nor the girl had said a word for a long time, and then he had slipped away into the darkness.

As the evening wore on, it was evident that the people lodged beneath the straining awning, and attacked by the seas that leaped the bulwarks at uncertain intervals, would be in distress. The chief officer, in dirty white uniform and long rubber boots, came down the ladder from the bridge-deck and consulted with the bos'un, a harassed expression on his face as he looked around. The man crouching between bollard and bulkhead watched him with dislike. It was part of his character to hate uniforms; but behind that human trait there lurked the subtler reason that these men could not be induced to talk. They barked, or snarled, or grunted, or were sullenly silent. You could n't get near them. He recalled the doctor, with his monocle, his spotless white and gold regalia, his cool, silent appraisal. They symbolized for him, these men, a world in which he had failed to get a footing. Thinking of them, Sovranilla, with its pigs and fowls walking in and out among the humans in the adobe huts, was, by comparison, home. There everybody talked, interminable rigmaroles in Spanish, about nothing at all — about the pimple on the nose of the conductor just in on the train from

Calomar, or the new white enameled basin Emilia Gurmesindo had ordered from New York through Wong Choy's general store, or the bottle of perfume which the assistant commandant had smuggled for his wife, but which he had given to Vina Muñez, who was not esteemed.

And there was another and subtler reason hiding like a shadow behind all this. He was unable to appreciate their fidelity to an abstraction. He could be inspired by those he knew. As he flinched from a great wave that roared along the rail and vanished without coming inboard, he had a sudden vivid consciousness of his affection for the folk in Sovranilla. But to work all one's life for people one never saw was folly. An idea! A chimera! And no doubt flung aside when they were too old, eh?

He would have plunged into a fresh depth of imaginative reflections had not the whole ship sprung to life before his eyes. The officer stiffened to an alert rigidity as the whistle whined and blared suddenly above them, three long blasts, and then he ran to the side. The sailors followed suit, lining the bulwarks. The sound of men running came to the ears of the man crouching out of sight. He could remain in this position no longer. He rose, and looking earnestly at his little valise, walked to the side.

At first nothing could be seen save the great foam-flecked planes of the sea, a series of enormous and advancing ridges with toppling white crests as they passed; and the glare of the portholes so illuminated them that beyond was a place of vague darkness. But as he gazed, he saw, away on the starboard bow, a slow rising globe of intense light, a globe that exploded into a cascade of distant spangles. As the radiance died out and the ship sloped sharply forward down the weather side of a wave, he saw something else, which evoked from his troubled and weary spirit a sigh of relief. Only for a moment he caught the deep red glow of the wreck-buoy outside Sovranilla, and then it disappeared.

At once, as that rocket ascended into the distant darkness, the officer and his crew abandoned their plans of moving the deckers to some other part of the ship and ran up the ladders to the boat-deck away above them. And it was easy in the confusion for the man who had stood beside them at the bulwarks to follow unobserved. The mere act of ascending was an inspiration to him. For a moment he shrank back as he found himself confronting the long smooth camber of the promenade deck, with its colored lights and recumbent forms; and then he sprang on up the next ladder, and came out upon a place of baffling obscurity and a masterful rushing wind.

For here was no water, only a ceaseless pressure of air. It roared about him as he stumbled over deadeyes and guy-ropes. It tore at the collar of his shirt and flapped the trousers about his knees and ankles. But he gained what he wanted, a high clear view of that ruby light; and he clung to the corner of a deck-house and watched it. All about him were men shouting as they toiled above one of the boats. The wavering beam of a flash-light suddenly threw them into brilliant relief, and their eager faces as they turned gave them the appearance of a party of conspirators. He shrank back into the shadow of the house as the light advanced. No one, as far as he could imagine, had noticed his hurried ascent with the crew. And now, while they were putting the boat out over the water, his mind became clogged with sensations.

He became aware that he was concealed from view by the very thing he had set out to seek. He could no longer see either the men at work or the

ascending rockets from the bark on her beam-ends below the bluff, or the ruby light winking from the wreck-buoy. He was in deep shadow, and sheltered from the roaring wind. And an ecstasy assaulted him, a desire, not so much to do what he had vividly imagined, as to see if for once his imagination had not played him false. And he began to explore, concentrating in a few moments some of those discoveries often spread over years.

For while he was feeling for the door, behind which lay the money that had obsessed him, he was also exploring his own nature. He was conscious of standing beside himself and watching with painful curiosity what he would do. The door, of course, would be locked, but there was a window, a round scuttle opening inward and too small even for the strong boy the captain had sardonically specified. And he saw himself reach an arm into that window, and felt beneath his hand the rough edges of a barrel-head. For an instant he was almost in a swoon as he saw the enterprise crowned with success. A determined struggle with the door, a dozen swift journeys to the deserted lee rail, a quick fixing of position in his mind, and then away down to the raucous uproar of the deckers, stage by stage, emerging from some dark corner where he had been sleeping in innocence through the storm. How could they suspect him? He fondled the smooth perfection of the plan.

For once his imagination had not fooled him. Here it was, at last, the authentic foot of the rainbow. He saw himself in Sovranilla, telling the children, as the passing rain-squall fled over the emerald and silver waves, that there was a cask of gold at the foot of yonder colored arch. He would make an allegory of it, until the time came when they could go out and see how truly he had spoken.

And that thought made him shrink back as if he had been struck suddenly in the darkness. He felt the hot plates of the funnel against his hands and shoulders. There it was again, that devil with the forked tongue as it were, the devil of loquacity. He sprang away and stumbled aft until he came to the rail overlooking the awning. It was going, the wind was ripping it, halyard by halyard, and he could discern the hullabaloo of the helpless folk dodging the ruthless lashings of the canvas. Could he accomplish nothing without this ebullient verbiage? His hands closed desperately on the rail, as if the rushing wind was a fate trying to bear him away.

And as he stood there, fate came to him, in the guise of a man in oilskins who bumped into him in the darkness, who asked him who he was, and without waiting for an answer bade him go forward and man the boat.

He thought, afterward, when he had reached it, had clambered into it as it swayed on the outswung davits, that he must have spoken at length to the man in the oilskins — a man with a voice both furry and hoarse, red-faced and solemn under the sou'wester tied below his chin. Must have done that. The words of that man sang in his ears like harpstrings: For the Lord's sake, shut up — not so much conversation — talk later — see the rockets — get in — ready, bos'un? — then lower away!

The ship had been stopped, and by the time the boat began to descend, all way was gone from her. And it seemed to him, as he sat in the boat among a half-dozen of silent men, that their rapid passing by lighted deck and bright port-holes, row on row, into the darkness below, was a symbol of life. Consecrated to a high purpose, they descended into unknown perils as if from another world; and suddenly they were afloat and the falls unhooked, and

they were pulling with a mystical union of energy toward a cascade of falling stars.

Here, for a stark materialist, the episode would have ended in failure. But for him it was a revelation of his own potential character. Sitting there in the obscurity of the storm, joined with unseen and unknown men in a common beneficent endeavor, he shed the pretentious trappings of an irksome life-habit and comprehended resolutely his true bearings. He saw them as, when he was poised high upon a lofty wave-crest, the ruby light of the wreck-buoy shone across to him. He saw them when, after enormous labor, they had won to the lee side of the great bark, dismasted and careened upon the white-toothed rocks below the bluffs. He saw them as those frightened and weary men tumbled aboard with a shout and a whimper of delight. But he saw them best of all when, after the long, long pull, they gained the little harbor and stood at last upon the jetty below the silent huts of Sovranilla. It was the moment of dawn, and the steamer was standing in toward the anchorage. None of the strangers noted his gesture as he faced the eastern ranges where the sun had touched the snowy summits of the Andes with rose. It was a gesture of surrender and illumination, a symbol of what he now comprehended and believed.

And often, in after days, the children would see him pause in his talk when a rain-squall fled away over the Caribbean, and make that gesture toward the rainbow, watching in silence where the shaft of it sank into the emerald sea.

UNPRINTABLE

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

I

A FEW of our great thinkers have gone out, out — out beyond good and evil. When it comes to definitions and specific cases, the rest of us may differ sharply. But with reference to the abstract principle we are still within shouting distance of one another. We have preserved our 'illusions.' We have not yet learned to look upon words as merely patterns made in a child's game of letters. We still believe that there are important values represented by such symbols as 'good taste' and 'decency.' We may quarrel about standards of decency; but we agree — I hope that I do not generalize from insufficient data — we agree that persons who have 'lost all sense of decency' are undesirable, unfragrant, and perhaps imbecile and unsafe to be abroad in the community.

Our common sense accordingly takes measures to provide against destruction of the sense of decency by perverts who subsist on the propagation of vice, or who, as mere amateurs of depravity, find their delight in corrupting the minds of the young. Our common

sense does not attempt to legislate with reference to highly disputable points of taste, but only with reference to the elements of common decency. For this reason our regulations are not devised by æsthetic experts or professors of ethics or Galahads, but by fairly worldly all-around men, equally competent with respect to railroads, boxing, and tariffs. These representatives whom we have elected to care for our public welfare have declared by law that a certain class of literature is unprintable. In this class falls, according to various Federal and State enactments, every book and picture which is 'obscene,' 'lewd,' 'lascivious,' 'filthy,' 'indecent,' or 'disgusting.'

Under authority of these acts, the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and similar agencies have confiscated, destroyed, and excluded from the mails a great mass of 'demoralizing' matter concerning which our common sense is not in doubt — matter which comes to respectable noses only when some brief newspaper paragraph reminds us that there are monsters among us engaged in the business intimated with shuddering horror in Henry James's 'Turn of the Screw.'

But these moral agencies have also obtained in recent years the temporary suppression of several novels, which 'everyone' has read, written by English and American authors whose other works are 'in every library.' In the circumstances, common sense naturally raises the question whether there has not been a failure of justice. I doubt whether any man versed in letters can read the records of a celebrated literary trial without coming to the conclusion that judges and lawyers are, so far as their professional training is concerned, unequipped for the task undertaken and really as much at sea as they have frequently shown themselves when they have employed their grave wisdoms in settling the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Their self-confidence in such affairs is supported by their certified expertness in handling evidence — of a sort. They think that they understand the law. They have explained it to the jury in just about this fashion and in nearly these words:

'The question before you, gentlemen, is very simple.' (That is their first error: the question before the gentlemen is one of abysmal complexities. But let us not interrupt the Court.) 'The question is not to say how this book affects you, or persons of your seasoned experience and virtue. The question is whether this book tends to deprave the minds of those open to such influences, and into whose hands a publication of this character might come. It is within the law if it would suggest impure and libidinous thoughts in the young and inexperienced. A book to be obscene, need not be obscene throughout the whole of its contents; but if the book is obscene in part, it is an obscene book.'

A schoolboy far below Macaulay's conception of the type can perceive at a glance that any jury which honestly obeyed these instructions could bar from the mails the Bible, Shakespeare, or even an unabridged English Dictionary, which, as there is testimony to prove, is quite capable of suggesting impure and libidinous thoughts in minds 'open to such influences.' In the celebrated, but now remote, case of *Madame Bovary*, the prosecution, indeed, like a prurient schoolboy, selected from that grim and repellent history of illicit relations all the passages descriptive of sensual passion, wove them into a suggestive little narrative of its own, and thus presented its case to the jury. The defense, on the other hand, argued with a good deal of piquancy and cogency that Flaubert had dealt with

sensual passion in the temper of Bossuet, with excerpts from whom the notebooks of the novelist were full; and that to judge a serious work of art without reference to its total intention and effect is not merely unjust but grossly absurd.

II

Each attempt to apply the law in such cases results inevitably in an extension of the legal prosecution and defense into an acrimonious, yet not uninstructive and often diverting, public debate between authors in general and the officers and friends of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Whatever the result of the legal proceedings may be, the cause of 'outraged virtue' is lost the moment that it is carried into the newspapers, where, as Mark Twain might have said, it is as much out of place 'as a Presbyterian in hell-fire.' The cause is lost through the manifested ineptitude, ignorance, and incompetency of those who espouse it. In these cases — if I may be pardoned for employing a vulgar and violent expression — in these cases, a good man, whenever he opens his mouth, puts his foot into it. A country clergyman writes in that he has not read the book in question, but he knows that our modern authors are a 'bad lot,' and he wishes the prosecutor 'more power to his elbow.' An irate judge declares that he and his daughter *have* read the book, and he only wishes that he could 'get it before the public'! An Outraged Parent says that he would like to read it; and in this wish he is joined by the association of Y. M. C. A. secretaries, the Associated Mothers' Club, the Boy Scouts, and the Camp Fire Girls. Members of any or all of these associations are prepared to affirm, after a careful perusal of the objectionable book, that it is not fit for them to read.

By this time, what began as a serious matter of public morals would degenerate into farce, and the case would be lost in the court of common sense, even if the defense did not utter a word. But the defense never lets the prosecution off so easily. The defense is endowed with tongues which it knows how to use effectively, if not always scrupulously. The persuasively articulate part of the public, all the wits of the press, editors and authors of every shade of merit and respectability, habitually unite in condemnation of the law and in derision of those who have attempted to enforce it. It is to be noted that they also, for the most part, think it unnecessary to have read the book in order to protest against the prosecution of its author. They protest 'on general principles' — on a considerable variety of general principles, which I shall summarize.

They protest from a general belief in the 'freedom of the press,' and from a feeling that a free press is on the whole more vital to the public than any law curbing it can be. They protest from a general belief in the 'freedom of art.' A few of them argue that art should be free because all true art is moral. More of them argue that art should be free because it is neither moral nor immoral but unmoral, and its influence æsthetic and, therefore, no concern of the legislator or moralist. They contend that the suppressive statutes were framed against pornography, not against art; and they assert that it is easy to distinguish art from pornography. In conclusion, they characterize the prosecution as illiterate, blackmailing, filthy-minded, impertinent, and meddlesome.

After such an encounter, Militant Morality retires from the scene like a badly punished game-cock, with all the young cockerels of the press bursting forth into derisive crowing. If the legal

prosecution also has failed, the book receives an almost official certificate of innocence; and it may be cried up as a pure, decent, beautiful, and significant work of art. If the prosecution has been successful, the book may be suppressed till every schoolboy's curiosity has been whetted to know why; then it may be released and devoured by thousands of readers enlisted mainly by the publicity work of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The law as applied to books issued by regular publishers through the regular channels is, I think, futile and mischievous.

III

In spite of this belief, the case against the law and against the Society is usually presented so unfairly and with such malice and with such defective arguments that there is little satisfaction in joining the popular demonstration against them. I remember hearing not long ago a conservative Russian nobleman lecturing on the present situation in his native country with a sobriety of speech and a balance of judgment to which, in this matter, our American newspapers have not accustomed us. At the outset of his discussion of the Bolshevist régime, he told us that, in his study of public affairs, he invariably proceeded upon the principle that every movement which commands the enthusiastic adhesion of great numbers of people must have something in it which deserves respectful attention.

If this principle appeals to us, we shall not join the wits of the press in dismissing with derisive laughter the Outraged Parents, the Associated Mothers' Club, the Y. M. C. A., the Catholic Club, the bishops and lesser clergymen, the Lord's Day Alliance, the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, and the various religious organizations which have rallied behind the execrated banner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. We shall strenuously object to the characterization of a cause which such organizations espouse as a blackmailing and filthy-minded enterprise. We shall even admit the possibility that they have a genuine grievance. And, having made that admission, we shall be less concerned to minimize it than to suggest a wiser method of getting it redressed. If we approach the subject in this temper, without recrimination and indiscriminate mud-slinging, we may conceivably persuade them, as well as our own side.

I, for one, believe that they have a grievance. But like most enthusiastic crusading masses, the reformers injure their cause and expose themselves to bitter disappointment and to retarding reactionary movements by asking and expecting too much — by asking and expecting the impossible. They have created the impression that they are actuated by a desire 'to make the world safe for children and adolescents.' It can't be done. It is what an enthusiastic reformer would call a beautiful and inspiring thought; and there is something attractive to the best that is in us even in the most extravagant aspirations toward an ideal good. Yet it is as hopeless to make a morally safe world by wiping out all the germs of moral infection as it is to make a physically safe world by wiping out all the germs of smallpox, typhoid, and influenza.

Since it can't be done, the hope of doing it is, to sober consideration, not really beautiful and truly inspiring, but fantastic and dangerous. It deflects and absorbs to no purpose attention which might and should be directed toward that which can be done. We may stamp out centres of infection here and there; but operating on the world with a view to making it safe is a task

beyond human instrumentalities (and the Dean of St. Paul's believes that God himself has given it up). The world is an old rake, a hoary incurable, and will always be breaking out in one place or another. That which experience proves can be done with some effect toward protecting the young from moral as well as physical diseases is to vaccinate against them — to put inside children and adolescents something capable of resisting and combating the morbid elements which, though the influence of the 'world' be avoided and excluded, still malignly germinate in the cloister, in the cell, in the dusky isolation of the heart.

The law which the reformers seek to enforce against authors is an attempt to make the world safe by exterminating one out of billions of possible sources of infection. If it could be enforced, it would be as effective as 'swatting' a fly in an African jungle, except that a well-swatted fly does 'stay dead.' Those who defend it, I suspect, conceive that this law is the same sort of law as the Volstead Act; and *that*, they are convinced, is going to be in the interest of public welfare. Those who oppose the law designed to suppress indecent literature are also, I think, generally under the impression that it is the same sort of law as the Volstead Act, and that it should, for essentially the same reason, be abolished. In a vital respect it is not of the same sort. It differs from the Volstead Act in a fashion which may permit a man of sense to applaud the one and yet to condemn the other.

The point is this: the legal definition of 'intoxicating liquor' is, though perhaps unscientific and absurd, perfectly fixed and objective. Whether a variety of liquor is intoxicating under the law can be accurately determined by scientific methods. Since this is true, there is nothing essentially impracticable in the task given to officers when they are ordered to confiscate and destroy 'intoxicating liquor.' But the legal definition of indecent literature is not fixed and objective; it is fluent and highly subjective. It differs from decade to decade, from year to year, from nation to nation, from town to town, from class to class, from age to age, from one person to the next. And there is this salient difference in the application of the two definitions: the presence of alcohol is sought in the liquor, but the presence of indecency is not sought in the book. It is sought in the mind of the reader of the book.

That is, indeed, the ultimate place in which to seek it, for there is nothing decent or indecent but thinking makes it so. It is notorious that even a renowned piece of sculptured marble which produces in one person a kind of religious tranquillity and philosophic contemplation, with a sense of the eternity of form and the transience of passion, may at the same instant excite in another beholder such shamefastness that he will cry out for fig leaves, or such unruly emotions as, unchecked, may disrupt society.

Or, to take another case: I myself recently pictured, with what I thought were chaste strokes and in what I thought was a pure æsthetic mood, our *jeune fille*. But I could not conjecture the effect that it was destined to produce in the minds of the young, the innocent, the inexperienced: I find that Mr. H. L. Mencken speaks of this picture as 'lascivious.' What responsibility such facts impose upon the artist!

It is, furthermore, a puzzling paradox in the moral world that, as one progresses toward decency, one discovers that the number of objects which the sense of decency has to operate upon diminishes rather than multiplies, while to a person who has

lost his sense of decency the universe bristles with indecent suggestion.

In recognition of these facts, jurymen who are to determine the quality of a disputable book are instructed in no scientific method, not even in a rule of thumb. No: they are instructed to conjecture whether a book is indecent by first conjecturing how it will affect young minds which are, conjecturally, open to the conjecturable influences of such a book. But jurymen and officers of the law, bold and enterprising as some of the latter are, cannot penetrate into minds to collect the evidence requisite for conviction under the law; and it is merely absurd to send them there.

IV

Yet it is entirely possible to condemn the law in its application to authors without for a moment denying the reality of the problem with which it is intended to cope. It is also quite possible to condemn the law without accepting more than a fraction of the case which the guild of authors have attempted to establish in their own behalf. In my opinion, the authors have taken up positions quite as untenable as those occupied by the reformers — positions from which, in the interest both of literature and of public morals, it is important that they should be dislodged.

It has perhaps never been true in Europe, it is no longer true in America, that it is 'easy to distinguish art from pornography.' It was true in America as long as our literature was mainly written by scholars and gentlemen with an adequate sense of the powers of their profession and of their responsibility to society for the exercise of it. It was true in America as long as our literature was written by members of a class to whom the life of the senses was an interest quite inferior and subordinate to the life of the mind and the imagination. It was true as long as artists did not concern themselves with pornography. And till this present generation, pornographic writing would have appeared to our chief American authors, with hardly an exception, as an interest perhaps of other lands, other times, other types of culture, but as an interest from them and their land and their type of culture inconceivably remote.

Pornography is defined as a 'treatise on prostitutes,' or as 'obscene or licentious writing.'

When our literature passed from the hands of scholars and gentlemen into the hands of our barbarian artists of what Emerson called the 'Jacksonian rabble,' it lost much of the high seriousness, the decorum, and the impeccable decency characteristic of the New England school. It eventually enlisted the pens of numerous writers who repudiate responsibility to society, and who are far more interested in the life of the senses than in the life of the mind and the imagination. Among these have appeared several authors to whom the sexual life is the all-absorbing centre of interest, and who have devoted no inconsiderable skill to familiarizing us with the life of the prostitute, and to domesticating her, with her amateur sisters, in our literature.

Now, the life of these interesting creatures who are beginning, as it were, to swarm about our firesides and to 'homestead' the vacant territory of our imaginations may or may not be written in an obscene or licentious fashion. If these words are ever applicable to literature, they are plainly, in my opinion, applicable to some of the most praised and prosecuted books of recent years. But the question whether they are applicable does not depend in the least upon the artistic

skill with which the books are written. It depends upon the effect which they are designed to produce. Art, strictly speaking, is nothing but the means employed to produce a desired effect, and is not to be confused with beauty, which is the effect upon fine minds of fine art employed by fine artists. The difference between a filthy story told by a coal-heaver and a filthy story told by an artist is only the difference between expert pornography and inexpert pornography, when, as is often the case, the effect sought is the same. There is undeniably a streak of salacity in human nature, and some very eminent men of letters have from time to time, in the intervals of more noble occupation, permitted themselves to express it.

Certain critics and authors who are quite willing to have the coal-heaver's filthy story debarred from the mails, because it can be understood by coal-heavers, protest against debarring the filthy story of the artist, because only the highly sophisticated can understand it. I object to the discrimination, on democratic principles! I avow that it affects me, an 'equalitarian' of a sort, like a proposal to forbid the coal-heaver beer, because he can get drunk on it, but to allow the comfortable bond-holder champagne — not because he cannot get drunk on it, but because the coal-heaver cannot afford to get drunk on it. The 'morality' implicit in the discrimination reminds one of Falstaff's penitent resolution never to get drunk again except among gentlemen and such as fear God, and not among drunken knaves. In the presence of such moral subtleties, I become an old-fashioned angry upholder of the 'rights of man.' I declare that, if the sophisticated possess a right to have their delight in the salacious gratified by a piece of expert pornography, then my poor coal-heaver has a right to have his delight in the salacious gratified by a piece of inexpert pornography.

But the warier critics avoid this ticklish position. They prefer a quicksand of a more plausible surface. Those who argue for the 'freedom of art' on high æsthetic grounds contend that the moral influence of works of art is vastly exaggerated. The influence of works of art, they declare, is artistic. Æsthetic experience, they assert, is unique in kind.

When one discusses the matter in this fashion, one is soon lost in a metaphysical mist; so let us return to our coal-heaver. What they contend is that the effect of the coal-heaver's inartistic filthy story may be degrading, because it operates in the moral consciousness and may have practical consequences; but that the effect of the author's artistic filthy story may be disregarded, because it operates in the æsthetic consciousness and has no practical consequences.

Has anyone remarked how at variance this æsthetic theory is with the theory upon which a great part of the French, Russian, and English fiction of the last seventy-five years has been constructed? 'What is man?' ask the novelists from Flaubert and Zola and Bourget to Thomas Hardy and Gissing and George Moore. 'A hoop rolled by a whimsical boy,' 'clay on the potter's wheel,' 'a figure of wax under the modeler's thumb.' With such images, they have expressed their constant sense that he is the 'victim of circumstances,' the 'product of environment'; and more than one of them — for examples, Flaubert in *Madame Bovary* and Bourget in *Le Disciple* — have tellingly expressed their belief that literature is a decisive element of the environment, a potent factor in the circumstances.

The distinction between the moral

and the æsthetic consciousness, so vehemently insisted upon by many contemporary critics, — with a suspicion that the 'freedom of art' depends upon maintaining it, — has, so far as I can discover, but slender support from modern psychology, and it is constantly belied by common experience. We find no independent bureaus in man for dealing separately with moral and with æsthetic facts. The entire psychophysical organism receives them as a unit. Every image presented to the mind makes its record in the nerves, and tends to produce an appropriate 'motor response.'

We are all by inheritance mimetic monkeys; we tend, like the untutored members of the A.E.F. in France, to imitate everything that we see and hear. There is tension of the vocal organs, even in silent reading; and our chests vibrate to the sounds of a symphony. The face of an impressionable coach involuntarily mirrors the actor speaking his lines at a rehearsal. Children, after reading the Gospels, play at crucifying their playmates.

As we grow older, we learn to check the overt expression of these spontaneous responses of the nervous organism; but what we call an 'æsthetic response' appears to be only a practical response checked at a certain, or rather at a quite uncertain, point. The spontaneous response is still frequently recorded in dreams. A man to whom every kind of cruelty is abhorrent, having speculated in a waking hour with a kind of curious horror upon the kind of person who could have obeyed that injunction: 'Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone,' dreams in the following night that he and another are engaged in casting stones upon some person in a pit; and wakes himself by the intensity of his aversion from the spontaneous and merely mimetic cruelty of his imagination.

In our waking hours, the check on the imagination, which prevents it from stimulating the nerves to a visible 'motor response,' is sometimes in this form: 'This is not real — I am in a theatre.' Often it takes the form of a moral consideration: 'I shall make a fool of myself.' 'What would people think of me?' The indeterminate moving line between practical conduct and so-called æsthetic experience depends upon moral and kindred 'inhibitions'; so that we may almost assert that our æsthetic experience is determined and, in a sense, created by our moral discipline.

But common experience proves that, in impressionable persons, the activity of nerves and imagination stimulated by works of art has the possessive and unopposable force of a dream, and controls the physical organism, sometimes with quite inæsthetic consequences. Samuel Pepys records that the ravishing music, at a performance of 'The Virgin Martyr,' 'did wrap up my soul, in pure æsthetic delight, *and* 'made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife.' The following passage from Wordsworth's *Excursion* is pure enough art, and should therefore be 'without consequences,' as the Croceans would say, 'in the practical sphere': —

> Jehovah, — with his thunder and the choir
> Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones, —
> I pass them unalarmed.

But Crabb Robinson tells us that reading this passage brought on a fit of illness in William Blake — a 'stomach complaint which nearly killed him.' Wordsworth was a contemporary of Blake's; and I myself have been similarly affected by the works of some of my own contemporaries. One of the works of art which has most excited the suppressive agents puts me to sleep; but all the others which have

come to my notice affect me somewhat like a glass of warm water and mustard. These violent effects may, however, also be produced by pieces of 'fossil literature' taken out of what Mr. Untermeyer calls 'the lifeless and literary storehouse' of the past. I have seen a sufficiently unemotional man, of fifty and upwards, driven from the theatre in blinding tears by the presentation of a dramatic work nearly twenty-five hundred years old — *The Trojan Women.* And Professor Hatfield has recently argued, in the Publications of the Modern Language Association, that Scott's novel, *Anne of Geierstein,* had practical consequences in certain features of that very practical body, the Ku Klux Klan.

The Greek dramatists let their audience know that much rough and lustful business goes on in this world. The reason why they did not actually present on the stage Clytemnestra with her axe braining Agamemnon in his bath was, I suppose, that with their customary clearness of insight into human nature they perceived that æsthetic experience is seldom or never pure. The effect of that violent stimulus to the nerves and imagination would be incalculable. Some spectator with the image working in his brain might mimic that dreadful action in a waking dream. There is little reason for assuming that the moral check which prevents æsthetic experience from overflowing into practical conduct is more highly developed in us than it was in the Athenians. Our reading public is not so free from Barbarians and Helots that we can afford wholly to disregard the psychological facts which appear to have convinced the most 'æsthetic' of peoples that the publishers of works of art are among the chief makers of public morals.

On the contrary, we have still, and are likely to have for a long time to come, an immense reading public of extraordinary naïveté. I think it is a fact at the present time that the average American of considerable general intelligence and education still, in the simplicity of his heart, looks upon authors as a superior class, with a quasi-priestly function and responsibility. By the average man I mean, in this connection, the man or woman who habitually reads the 'best sellers' and the periodicals with a circulation of a million or so.

Incredible as it may seem to the 'blasé literati,' this average man ordinarily reads a book or magazine with the idea that it will shed some light on the problems of his inner or outer life, that it will instruct his emotions, and show him what to approve, and how to act. If the author's apparent likes and dislikes with reference to things in general harmonize pretty well with his own, he feels fortified and encouraged, and declares that it is a 'good book.'

He makes little distinction between an expository article and a work of fiction. He is so direct and simple in his responses that, if he praises a novel, he usually means that he likes the sort of people and the sort of society that the author has pictured. Ironical and satirical implications, unless they are terribly obvious, escape him. When in these pages, not long ago, I mentioned 'Mr. Hergesheimer's admirable *Cytherea,*' — thinking of the mordant expression he had given to the feverish boredom which now affects a certain stratum of our 'citizenry,' — a really very well-read lady, nourished on 'good old English fiction,' flew at me in wrath, exclaiming: 'How dared you call that sort of society "admirable"?' It is astonishing how general such reactions are. On another occasion, when I permitted myself in public to praise Mr. Bennett's picture of The Five Towns, it was one of our distinguished

women writers of fiction who, wishing to destroy me, asked the public to consider what my judgment was worth after praise of such disgusting towns.

V

In these circumstances, — and these are the circumstances of American authorship, — literature is a part and a tremendously impressive part of the environment of the mind. Its influence, though incalculable, is not in the slightest danger of being exaggerated. Its influence is immense. It is daily increasing. It is rapidly becoming 'the effective voice of the social government.' Just in proportion to its effectiveness as art, it takes possession of the emotions and the imagination of men, and thus controls the dynamic part of the public mind.

Now, to modify the controllable part of environment in the interest of public welfare is one of the noblest enterprises of statecraft. To attempt it is not an 'impertinence,' when it is attempted by men who understand the materials they are working with: it is a duty. Speculative writers, from Plato to Tolstoy, clearly perceiving the intimate connection between literature and public welfare, have, in jest or in earnest, proposed it as the duty of statecraft to control with a rigor far beyond the wildest dreams of the late Mr. Comstock the publication and circulation of books.

I have argued that they, and our own Platos and Tolstoys, propose the impossible. They have resorted to an improper and an ineffective instrument.

Must we then wholly abandon the attempt to modify this potent element of our environment, as quite uncontrollable? Other instruments of control have been suggested. Mr. Bennett thinks that if suppressive societies were suppressed, and if prosecutions were left to the police, then — *authors* would be reasonably safe! But what about the Public? A revival of the informal censorship once managed by publishers themselves might be proposed; possibly that informal censorship is still faintly in operation; yet the old-style publishers are giving way before authors of the new style; in the last analysis, few publishers are 'in business for the fun of it'; and the supreme question asked of the average submitted manuscript must be: 'Will it sell?' A body which exists for 'the furtherance of literature and the Fine Arts,' the American Academy, might be asked to designate a committee of men of letters to pass official judgment upon questionable books; and if that body desired to diminish its popularity, this would perhaps be an effective step in that direction.

I am sure that I shall be charged with coming to a very feeble conclusion, perhaps to an impotent and hopeless conclusion, when I express my belief that the only proper instrument for undertaking the modification of the temper and character of our literature is an independent and dispassionate criticism. But if anyone declares that this instrument is more inadequate than the law, I shall retort, as Mr. Chesterton retorts to those who declare that Christianity has failed: 'It has never been tried.' Of course, the statement is not quite true, yet it is true enough to bear consideration. It is true that independent and dispassionate criticism of the so-called 'unprintable' books, criticism in the common interest of publishers, authors, and readers, is now almost nonexistent. Instead, we have violent partisan combats between champions of literature who express their contempt for public morals, and champions of public morals who express their contempt for literature.

The confusion of these conflicts, in

which no principle is established, will never end until a conception of public welfare that includes the interests of both literature and morality is restored and reintroduced as a mediative and conciliatory agency between the contending parties. Criticism's need of fixing that conception is as elementary as navigation's need of the North Star.

The next elementary step is to establish on firm grounds the intricate interrelationship of so-called æsthetic and so-called moral experience — to establish what one is tempted to call the essential unity of experience in the psychophysical organism. This is not a task for the police. It is not a task for suppressive societies.

After that difficulty has been disposed of, criticism, thinking of public morals, may propose to itself some such questions as these: Granting that literature has a profound influence upon conduct, are you prepared to say, with reference to any considerable number of definite cases, precisely what the nature of that influence is? Have you made, for example, any accurate discrimination between the effects produced in the psychophysical organism by the various sorts of literature in which the sex life and sexual emotion are more or less freely displayed? Are you sure that 'shocking' books are always harmful to public morals, or do public morals occasionally require to be shocked? Is it conceivable that candor, so 'brutal' that it employs words which are 'obscene,' and relates facts which are 'disgusting,' may be prophylactic — may provide, indeed, that vaccine against moral infection which reformers are seeking? Is it clear, for example, that it is less evilly inciting to young minds to refer to a prostitute as a 'daughter of joy,' as delicate euphemists refer to her, than to speak of her as a 'whore,' as Shakespeare speaks of her?

After endeavoring for a time in these matters to see 'the thing as in itself it really is,' criticism, thinking directly of the interests of literature, and only indirectly of public morals, may propose to itself some such questions as these: Assuming that the exhibition of sex and the treatment of illicit passion are innocuous to public morals, is it in the interest of literature for authors to enter into rivalry with one another for honors in the field of pornographic art? Is it wise to create a situation in which no novel will sell which does not pungently depict illicit passion? Is there not a danger that American authors who now specialize in this subject will, as they grow older, find themselves obliged, like certain of their European colleagues, to present a 'salacious' scene at the end of every chapter, in order to hold the attention of overstimulated and jaded readers? Is it not true that, if you turn too high a light upon passages of this sort, you kill the interest of everything else in your book, so that readers will pass over your beautiful writing with such blurred and dull vision as men turn on the loveliest landscape, after staring with naked eyes at the sun? If you habitually present what you call 'sex' as sensual passion or as disgusting animalism, are you not imprisoning yourself in an hallucination and speaking infamously of that power, which Spenser, contemplating it from another point of view, spoke of as

> lord of truth and loyalty,
> Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
> On golden plumes up to the purest sky.

All these questions, I suspect, are a little over the head of the New York policeman. They are problems for an independent and dispassionate criticism. Unless we are prepared to answer them, we are not yet properly prepared to say what books are 'unprintable.'

MY JUNGLE TABLE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

MANY, many, many years ago, in some distant place, among trees or rocks, perhaps on the banks of a river, certainly in the warm light of the sun, one of your ancestors and mine became tired of squatting on a branch or on the ground, and sat himself — or herself — on a fallen log. If it was himself, then he must soon have felt the need of a lap on which to rest things — his hands if nothing else. And from that day to this, his male descendants still feel that lack, down to the last unfortunate who is handed a cup of tea or three-legged eggshell of cocoa, a serviette, and a cake, with no support other than wholly inadequate knees.

Of the first table I can relate nothing with certainty, but of the last I could gossip endlessly, limited only by writer's cramp and my supply of adjectives. For I am at this moment sitting at the last table ever made — last because it is not quite finished. I am forever tacking on a little shelf or an annex at one side, and so I feel a right to place it at the opposite end of our distant forbear's piece of bark, or stiff frond, or whatever it was that he balanced on his hairy, bowed knees. And yet his table and mine are much more alike than the mahogany roll-top, with swinging telephone and octave of assistants' push-buttons, to which our more sophisticated, but less happy, bank presidents sit down.

That reminds me, however, that my laboratory table is also of mahogany; because here in the jungle of British Guiana it is the cheapest material in the form of boards.

The crabwood top grew in this very jungle, its first, rich red-brown cells fashioned from the water and earth and sun at least a century and a half ago. It is possible to detach the double character of the rings, indicating the two annual rainy seasons — the two springs which quickened the sap and leafage — and two periods of drought when the life of the tree slowed down. Close to the heart of the great board is a strange ring, or rather node between rings — a wide, even space, which my reckoning places about 1776; about the time when our forefathers were fighting for freedom, whose memory we may not now toast even in wine; they had just penned a Declaration of Independence, whereas we are considering passing a law to keep monkeys in their proper place.

I pause in my table-talk long enough to thank Heaven that we are still allowed to believe in the rotundity of the earth, that the Indians' gift of tobacco is still permitted us, and that tea is not yet thrown overboard!

The year 1776 at Kartabo was one of almost continual rain, — so much my broad crabwood space shows, — with no slack-growth period for this slender sapling. And imagination helps us still further when we recall something of the human history of the place. Ever since 1600 the Dutch had striven to make

this region habitable. The little fort on the island off shore had bravely pointed its guns down river, had fired its bell-mouthed cannon in victory, and had silenced them in defeat to English and French privateers (often an old-fashioned way of pronouncing pirate!). Hundreds of Indian slaves had worked on the four plantations near here; and only in 1772 had the settlers admitted that this region was fit only for the jungle, wild animals, and future enthusiastic scientists with tables.

And now I realized that my table-top had sprouted in the very year that the Dutch had left for the coast — one of the first wild things to spring up in their retreating footsteps, a pioneer in 'letting in the jungle.'

The magic of my jungle table is always apparent in one way or another. No thoughts which it generates, no happenings on its surface, are aught but vivid, vital, memorable: it is an event to hurry out to in early morning; it is a regret to leave for jungle-tramps and for meals; it is only exhaustion which excuses its midnight abandonment. A magic carpet transports one's body from place to place; whereas my table impels mental gamuts from quiet meditation to dire tragedy, from righteous anger to wonder at the marvelous sights it vouchsafes me, and despair at thought of their interpretation. Only once have I ever become impatient with my artificial lap, when an injury to my foot compelled me to remain indoors for a time. Then, indeed, the jungle called and *les affaires de ma table* palled — a commentary on my lack of philosophy.

II

The first magic that my table made was to prove to be alive. The top was undeniably dead, well seasoned and inert, but my black boy Sam had cut the legs from jungle saplings. I put my hand down one day and felt a soft tissue something, halfway to the floor. It seemed a moth's wings or a tangle of dense cobweb; but to my surprise I saw that my table was sprouting leaves — rather pale and dwarfed, limp and flabby, to be sure, but of rapid growth; and besides there were four other buds just started. I had put cans of water on the floor beneath the legs to discourage ants, and the sap of the new-cut poles had greedily sucked this up, and even in the dimness of the laboratory light had begun to spread into foliage.

It was proving a real jungle table, and I was rather thrilled to see that the warfare of the wilderness had already begun at arm's reach — a tiny caterpillar had crawled from somewhere to the new-blown leaves and had eaten out a bit. I pictured my table as sprouting, growing higher and higher, until, in lieu of Alice's toadstool, I cut jungle saplings for my chair-legs too, and mounted with the table! The Indian summer of my table-legs soon passed, however; the sap dried, the leaves wilted, and from saplings they became furniture.

But the magic continued. If the crabwood boards of the top were not quickened into even passing vitality, they could do equally surprising things, the first of which was to become vocal. Day after day there arose a low grating throb, lasting for a few seconds, and sometimes increasing in rapidity and pitch until it assumed a true musical quality. Its direction eluded me, until I happened to have my ear close to the table, when the vibrations seemed to sound at my very eardrum. Then one day I noticed a tiny pile of sawdust on the floor, and traced it to a rounded hole from which at intervals came the sound. For three months my musical

table continued its monotone, day and night, until even in the quiet of midnight it became part of the silence, and I was aware of it only with effort. Then it ceased, and its cessation held my attention more than its occurrence had done.

Months later, when the last of my small table-furnishings had been packed, I tipped up the table to carry it away, and there, in the hole from which the monotone and the sawdust had flowed, hung suspended a gorgeous, mummified beetle, its long antennæ of salmon and black curved up and over its back, while its fluted cuirass shone through dust and dim light, deep forest-green, framed with a delicate border of primuline yellow.

My table-top had furnished nourishment, sanctuary, sounding-board, through all the long period of immaturity; but at the climax of this little life the hardened vegetable fibres had held firm, despite all the efforts of the green beetle, and cruelly withheld freedom by some slight, needless entanglement of its hind legs. So passed two tragedies of my table — the first vegetable, the second animal.

Usually my table is littered with beautiful, mysterious things, which to a casual onlooker could have absolutely no meaning. There is a small, exquisitely moulded bony cup, or vase, partly covered at the top, and with a long, daintily curved handle, which I keep suspended as a receptacle for pins. It might well be a delicate *netsuke*, carved in pre-democratic Japan by some craftsman who wrought for love; it might be almost anything but a music box. And now my reverie was interrupted by a sound from the neighboring jungle — a sound common but never old. As the bony box might have been far other than it was, so the deep vibrations could well be elemental — a distant wind, sinister as if it came straight from blowing across terrible fields after battle, or through cities wracked with pestilence; the eaves round which it had howled must have been very evil, roofing ancient castles that sheltered thoughts of treachery and deeds of unfair violence. But I knew that the rich primeval resonances came echoing from big, bony boxes exactly like my pin-holder, in the throats of a tree-top circle of beings like aged, thick-necked dwarfs, dwarfs squatting high on swaying branches, looking out toward me over the expanse of quicksilver water.

At the climax, when it seemed impossible that any one animal could produce such an appalling volume of sound, a blur swiftly feathered the surface of the river, as if the impinging ululations of monkey voices had actually been translated into visibility, as liquid in a glass is troubled in sympathy with certain chords of music. My ear changed focus, and like a searchlight shifting from distant cloud to airplane attended a sound at my very elbow, throbbing, muffled — and again my table sang.

Amazing things, things apparently well within the realm of black magic, occur and recur on my table. Late this evening a windless tropical rain fell so evenly and steadily that the monotone on the bamboos seemed intended for some other sense than the ear. I sat describing the delicate arrangement of the tiny bones and muscles of the syrinx of a flycatcher, striving to understand how there could emanate from this instrument such an intricate vocabulary of screams and whistles, trills and octaves, as this bird and its fellows uttered every day in the laboratory compound.

Suddenly something flew swiftly past my face and alighted clumsily among my vials and instruments. I saw a giant wood-roach, all browns and grays

with marbled wings, strange as to pigment and size, but with the unmistakable head and poise and personality of a New York 'Archy.'

The insect had flown through the rain and into the window; but a glance showed that it was in dire extremity, being in the grasp of a two-inch ctenid spider. The eight long legs held firmly but had not been able to prevent the roach from flying. At the moment of alighting, the arachnid shifted its grip, and secured the wings so that further escape was impossible. Both were desirable specimens, and I instantly slipped a deep stender dish over them and again lost myself in my binocular microscope.

Fifteen minutes later, I looked up and saw a sight so strange that Sime himself would hesitate to delineate it. The spider still clung tenaciously to its victim, but the wood-roach had her revenge. She was barely alive, yet in a quarter of an hour she had changed from a strong, virile creature to an empty husk, dry and hollow, while over her and the spider, over glass and table-top, scurried fifty active roachlets. They had burst from their mother fully equipped and ready for life, leaving her but a vacant, gaping shell, a maternal film, the ghost of a roach; tiny green, transparent, fleet, they raced back and forth over the spider. He grasped in vain at their diminutive forms, at the same time still clutching the dying, flavorless shred of a mother roach, holding fast as if he hoped that this unnatural miracle might reverse itself at any moment, and his victim again become fat and toothsome.

I knew that some of the fish swimming in the aquarium close by lay thousands of eggs, and that other insects leave myriads of offspring; yet this magic of the wood-roach, this resolution of one into fifty, made wonderfully vivid the reproductive powers of tropical creatures. When, in a moment of time, relatively speaking, a single insect can be broken up into half a hundred active, functioning duplicates of herself, the chance for variation, for new adjustments, for survival of the more delicately adapted, is faintly understood. Here was spontaneous generation with a vengeance.

III

To hark back again to sounds and voices: I could fashion a whole essay on the calls and songs and noises which come to me at my table, from river, compound, and jungle. On very still days I can hear the giant catfish thrumming deep beneath the water, and the cry of hawk-eagles high in the heavens; at hot, high noon, Attila, the brain-fever Cotinga, calls and calls and calls; while through the hush of midnight there comes the hopeless cadence of the poor-me-one; I know from a sudden babel of hummingbird squeaks and frenzied shrieks of flycatchers that a tree-snake has been discovered in the bamboos; I am certain without looking that it is very close to five o'clock, when the first old witch cuckoo begins 'whaleeping' on its regular evening excursion for a drink in the river.

Probably by virtue of my table's magic, I have learned, like Chubu and Sheemish, to work a little miracle all by myself. My principal technical work just now is the study of the syrinx of birds — their remarkable, complex organ of voice, placed far down beyond the throat, in the very body itself — and the correlation of its structure with the actual voice of the bird.

At present I try to solve some knotty problems of tinamous, — strange, bobtailed gamebirds, related both to fowls and to ostriches, — which live on the jungle floor, lay eggs like bur-

nished turquoise and age-purpled jade, and call to one another with sweet, liquid whistles. My Indians bring in numbers of these birds for the mess, so I have an abundance of material for study.

I try an experiment on my table, which has already been successful in other cases. I decapitate a bird before it is plucked for the pot, and holding it firmly on its back I strike a sharp blow on the muscles of the breast. Nothing results, so I shift the position and try again. This time a short, high note is produced. I draw out the neck a little, and obtain a lower note; still farther, and strike a half-tone lower in the scale. If I could prolong these, I could reconstruct the whole plaintive evening call of the variegated tinamou, here on my very table-top.

Then I take the windpipe, and carefully work out the wonderful architecture of the whole organ, the delicate adaptation and adjustment of each part fulfilling its special function, the whole working together as no man-made machine ever could. From throat to syrinx the windpipe extends, composed of thin membranous tissue, kept open by a series of a hundred and twenty-five perfect rings. Here we have assurance of an entrance for air forever clear and open, so mobile that it bends back double, yet with no chance of closure through any contortion of the neck.

The throat end is guarded by a slit, which opens and closes at the slightest need; the opposite end marks the top of the syrinx and the division into two tubes, each leading to a lung. For twenty rings above this point, the windpipe is slightly enlarged and almost solid, forming a bony sounding-board, which acts, in a less degree, like the throat-box of the red howling monkeys, giving resonance and carrying-power to the voice.

The syrinx itself is boxed in by four pairs of large rings and semi-rings, which protect two pairs of cartilage pads. The pads of each pair touch one another along their inner sides; and when the windpipe is relaxed the seam between them is closed tight. A slight tug, as in my decapitated bird, corresponding to a raising of the head and neck in a live individual, and the pads revolve slightly, bringing a constricted part of each into the seam, forming a tiny gap. Through this the air from the lungs and air sacs rushes, and we have the mechanism of the first, high, clear note of the call, a superlatively sweet whistle on G sharp above middle C, carrying a mile through the thick jungle.

Although it is quite another story, my mind rushes on, away from the technical anatomical problem, to the realization that this sound is a summons from the very advanced female of this species to any unattached male bird, an announcement that she is ready to lay an egg for him, provided he will incubate it, hatch it, and assume entire charge of the young bird. And I do not know whether to cheer or blush for my sex when I state that the woods hereabouts are full of amiable, domestically inclined males, who are eager and willing to agree to this rather one-sided contract. Their syringes are almost identical, but the loud evening calls are invariably those of the idler sex. *Notes for Women!* must have been the slogan of the long-since successful tinamou suffragists.

It is amusing to trace a circular gamut of human interest in animal sounds. Aroused by various screams, warbles, whistles, roars, chirps, trills, and twitters in the jungle, an intelligent interest impels us to desire to know the author; having accomplished this by patient stalking and watching, and, if need be, shooting, the wish is

aroused to discover the accompanying emotion, the incentive; and then the fascinating problem presents itself of the answer — whether in terms of action, or vocal; whether filial, amorous, pugnacious, or merely companionable. This is more difficult, but in many cases possible. Almost always this ends the quest, while it is still incomplete. The method, the physical mechanism, is after all the foundation of the phenomenon; and when we have secured a specimen, and taken it to our table, — a tinamou in the present instance, — then we may produce the call artificially, and by tireless and detailed dissection detect air-channel, resonance chamber, syrinx mechanism, vocal chords, controlling muscles, and envy the enormous bodily reservoir of air — lungs, sacs, the very hollow bones themselves. Leaning back and listening to a living wild tinamou calling in the neighboring forest, feeling rich in the possession of its *Who! Why!* and *How!* we realize the fullest joy of intimacy with the furtive beings of earth.

IV

After a long jungle tramp, I was leaving Hacka Trail for the Station clearing, when I caught sight of a group of small objects on the underside of a gigantic bromeliad leaf. If the leaf had been fifty feet up, they might have been great fruit-bats, if twenty feet, their size would have equaled that of vampires; but as they were only out of arm's reach above my head they could not be more than an inch in length.

When I had hacked off the leaf and dodged its fall, I found nine little chrysalids clustered together; and even on close scrutiny their resemblance to a group of diminutive bats was still absurdly real. This intimate association of chrysalids is as rare as the nocturnal gathering of butterflies to sleep close together in a jungle glade.

I carried off the leaf curved into a great emerald arch, and fastened it over my table, where it dried into a fluted dome of green tissue. Three days passed, with no sign of change from the chrysalids swinging from their silken pendants, when my eye caught a glint of silver far down the underside of this same leaf, near the tip. Another glance made me think them inexplicable dewdrops; a third crystallized them into pearl-like consistency; while a fourth careful scrutiny showed me that they were two eggs of a scarlet and black heliconid butterfly, the kind that fluttered fearlessly ahead of me along the jungle paths. Here was a splendid example of oblique discovery, of scientific second sight.

I wondered what sculpture the surface would show — these two isolated spheres, shining like the third zodiacal sign against a dark-green heaven. At the first look through the microscope, I forgot all about the surface and possible spines or hexagonal lattice-work; it was the contents which drew and held my attention.

A butterfly egg, in due course of time, should yield a caterpillar, which, before it emerges, is wound into a curve to fit its minute spherical home. But here was a new cosmos — a planetful of slowly moving creatures, which had nothing in common with a heliconid caterpillar. Slowly they milled around their little world, living, like some Gulliverian organisms, on the inside, looking out. The egg was an opalescent sphere, a twelfth of an inch across, and in my microscope field it seemed really suspended in space — in a dark chlorophyll ether.

More than once, as my eye tired in watching, I seemed to see the whole egg revolving, while the inmates remained stationary. Now and then one

of the egg-beings turned and went against the current, setting up a traffic whirlpool which caused all to cross and recross in confusion.

The film of eggshell was translucent and clear immediately beneath my eye, clouding into exquisite purplish pearl at the periphery. One of the inmates came to rest directly beneath the surface, and I saw that it was a tiny grub, legless, searching about blindly, feeling, sensing, living, after whatsoever manner grubs live who find themselves prisoned in a butterfly's egg. The grub hastened on, fell into wriggle with its companions, and soon slipped from view below the edge of its world. Doubtless in a few seconds it completed its internal orbit and again crossed my field of view; but like a circulating Roman army on the stage, or the sequence of ideas in some spheres not attached to jungle leaves, all seemed identical. I could never tell when the same one appeared again; indeed, while they moved I could make no estimate even of their numbers. I only knew that some minute hymenopteron, doubtless a member of the wonderful tribe of Chalcids, had a few days before thrust her ovipositor through this translucent pearl and left within as many eggs as there now were grubs; then had flown on to the next egg. I once was fortunate enough to observe this fairy egg-laying,[1] and now I was trembling with excitement at the unexpected treasure trove I had unwittingly brought to my table.

Closest examination from every side, with a high-power lens, revealed to me no hint of the place of entrance. Once, when I crawled from the heart of great Cheops out through the robbers' tunnel, and finally scraped and squeezed through the narrow crevice through which they had broken in, I thought it small indeed. But here was a phenomenon far more wonderful than a full-rigged ship in a bottle, a snowstorm in a paper weight, or the thieving Arabs' entrance into the Pyramid.

Four days passed; the wonderful globes lay before me, and then I examined them again. A remarkable change had been wrought; a living planet had devolved into a dead satellite; the egg had become a sarcophagus, with a dozen mummies. The little cases were arranged around a central core of débris, some standing on end, as in the Egyptian room of a museum, a group of three facing one another, as if some wordless gossip passed from one sealed mouth to the next. A single mummy-doll rested against the opal shell, with eyes pressed close to the translucent pane — eyes which at present existed only in outward form as insensitive tissue. This one individual had chosen for his final pupal change a position where the first nerve-tingles of sight would reflect the mysteries of the world beyond that sphere of food and fellows which had heretofore bounded his existence; my masculine pronouns are adumbrative, not casual.

So passed a week, with the little silent mummies still unchanged; seven days — sufficient time, biblically speaking, for the creation of the world. But, just as all the glorious truth and beauty of evolution is concealed within the metaphor of Genesis, so, hidden from our groping senses, miracles of change were being wrought within the butterfly's egg.

The following morning the spell had broken, and the sphere again seethed with life, resurrected, reincarnated. On the central compost-heap were piled twelve suits of second-hand pupal skins, tissue-paper cartoons of their wearers, glimmering weirdly through the shell. The tiny wasps were emerged and active, and already there

[1] See *Edge of the Jungle*, pp. 38–40, and *Atlantic Monthly*, 'A Jungle Clearing,' January 1920.

was a hole bitten through, with chips of splintered opal scattered outside.

As I watched, a wasp midget shoved aside a group of idlers, pushed his way to the door, and began to gnaw with all his might. His great bulging scarlet eyes blocked the way, as he tried time after time to press through. The whole eggful knew that something of great import was happening, and the outside air must have carried exciting tidings, for all moved about as quickly as their crowded quarters permitted. Twice the Gnawer left his labors and walked about nervously, once making the entire circuit of the egg. His leadership, his pioneer daring, was marked not only by action: I found that I could readily distinguish him from the others. He was a shade smaller, his lines were trimmer, and upon his back was a round insigne of gold.

Several others came to the opening, tried to pass, and turned aside; none made attempt to aid in the escape from prison. Back came the ambitious one, and fell to with all his strength. He lacked leverage, and only when three of his companions came up at one time was he able, by pressing his hind legs against their faces and bodies, to break off an unusually large bit of the horny shell. This made a splendid gap; and after two smaller bits had been chewed off, the little insect wriggled through the jagged hole, and stood upon the summit of his world.

Tiny though he was, needing thirty-five of him to cover an inch of space, his coloring was exquisite; eyes dull scarlet, sparsely covered with golden hair; body armor of glistening black from head to tip of abdomen, with badge of yellow gold shining from between his wings. These wings were small, paddle-shaped, and almost free of veining, while the scales on their surface glowed with iridescent play of lilac, yellow, and pale green.

Now ensued an elaborate cleaning of every part of his body, and then he ran off at top speed. Several quick turns near by on the leaf, and back he came, gave a final wipe to his forelegs, climbed up, antennæd the hole, and took his stand a wasp's length away. This action came as a complete surprise; I never expected him to return after such a laborious escape.

Soon a second wasp came to the breach and squeezed through. Hardly had its combing and scraping been completed when, to my astonishment, the Gnawer rushed forward, roughly seized the second wasp, and began to bang its head most unmercifully. At every push the head of the unfortunate insect wobbled as if about to fall off. Suddenly it rose to its feet, and the first wasp mated with it. I then realized that, instead of assault and battery, this was courtship; that, in place of horrible fratricide, this was the nuptials of brother and sister.

The mating lasted but a second, when the first wasp returned to its watchful waiting, and the other spun its paddle-shaped wings and flew off as far as the confines of the covered glass dish permitted. I never took my eye from the lens as the miracle continued. One after another the sister wasps emerged, to the number of eleven, and in each case the male enacted his rough courtship and mated for not longer than two seconds. In each case, without a moment's hesitation, the female flew swiftly away. Once, when three emerged quickly one after the other, they did not leave the egg, but waited quietly for the male.

The whole thing began and ended so quickly that it was some time before I could review the wonderful performance, from the conjectured laying of the eggs, through the grub, pupa, and now the adult stage. I looked again at these midgets, only a thirty-fifth of an

inch in length, and considered their necessities in life — food, mate, and a butterfly's egg; and I realized the enormous advantage of this simplification of the mating problem. But the most astonishing thing of all was the thought of the anticipation, of the perfect adjustment of sex in the unformed organisms, the prenatal compulsory affiancing, together with the apparently satisfactory disregard of inbreeding adumbrated in the very eggs themselves of the original mother wasplet.

No matter how imperfectly I have translated this event, disregarding my futile phrases and in spite of my inadequate description, it was a most wonderful happening. In delicate achievement, astounding unexpectedness, and magical matter-of-factness, it left the onlooker with a supreme realization of ignorance and a dominant sense of awe.

And so, as I sit at my table, my little cosmos of space and time presents deaths by violence, and lives of quiet, unperturbed peace; acrid, burning odors and smashing, sweeping brilliancy of color; living skin, soft and smooth as clay, or fretted like shagreen; voices almost high enough to become visible; comedy so delicate that appreciation never reaches laughter, and tragedy so cruel and needless that it stirs doubts of the very roots of things. All these, and many more, begin, occur, and pass before me — things which go to make up a world.

EUROPA

BY CHARLES D. CHRISTOPH

THEN when the bull lifts his white head,
My glorious girl, do you think you reign?
Do you not cringe, you who were so powerful?

We who stand firm, we brothers of the Minotaur,
We can tell you all the steep hoarse songs
Sung on an ancient continent now long sunk.

You cannot shield your breasts from the hooves of the bull.
There is a bellow sounding out of far old skies;
Lie down in the bloody grass and weep for the
great eyes of cattle.

MAINE COAST PHILOSOPHY

BY RAY MORRIS

I

LET us take our location and background well east, where the fog is always ready to drift in from the sea, against the spruce trees that rise in ragged outline above the granite shore. The day has five requirements to be met and dealt with, each with its own ceremonial: food, water, wood, ice, and garbage! These are very ancient necessities, but the city, by intensive organization, has taken away from many of us the curious pleasure of dealing with them directly. The city makes us forget what our grandfathers knew; how much more diverting it can be to keep the machinery of life running than it is to provide conscious amusement for one's self.

The camp usually starts the day with the water problem, which is wholly in the hands of a minor but capable gasolene engine; an engine of infinite personality, ready to perform its whole duty with a merry heart if, and only if, it is dealt with in a spirit of sympathy and understanding. There are, I believe, mechanical souls, born that way, to whom the care of a temperamental engine presents neither problem nor amusement; of them I speak not. This record is the record of the thoroughly non-mechanical city man, who has these things done for him at home, either by John, or by somebody who is telephoned to in the village.

But the camp has neither John, nor telephone; if we ourselves cannot make the engine run, the penalty is immediate, and the camp must go without water, at least in quantity. This bald statement of fact is not intended to be a threat, however; we can make the engine run, most of the time, and we take the special pleasure in dry cells, igniters, and gaskets that comes with the partial attainment of any unfamiliar handicraft. When the engine is running sweetly, with the proper number of explosions to the minute, we wipe our hands on our khaki trousers, with a profound sense of satisfaction and accomplishment. The morning pipe tastes best then, and there is nothing but friendly comradeship in the passing comment of the gulls watching over the pump-house cove.

The charm of getting in the ice is more obscure; it arises, I think, from determined and successful dealing with a rather unscrupulous adversary; cold, wet, slippery, and intensely heavy by nature, with no thought of meeting you halfway. What the ice would best like to do is to remain frozen in the floor of the house in the woods, where it has been spending the summer; it would also like immensely to wet you thoroughly with enormously cold water, and then slip off on your foot. But you circumvent it and defeat it at every turn. Your first weapon is a very mighty one — the crowbar. Then, the piece of ice being fairly ejected, torn loose from its stronghold by superior intelligence, aided by the mechanical principle of the lever, you turn its own

natural attributes against it. It wants to slip; it shall slip, therefore, into the wheelbarrow. It is inordinately heavy, but the camp is down hill from the ice-house, so we need merely restrain it in its natural instinct to go down hill.

To get it into the ice-box requires a lift, and various fittings and chippings. We used to lift the ice against our bosom, strainingly, wetly, and coldly; we did not know any better, because we were raised in the city. Now, however, we use ice-tackle, with the mechanical aid of two double blocks, and we play again on an unsuspected weakness in ice character. Ice can never resist the driven sharp point, that is, the ice-tongs; but, the point once in, it applies all its massive, silly stubbornness against any tearing-out process which would so easily release it. And so the 'piece' is tonged and swung up on the block tackle, all without effort or struggle. We have learned what the country all around us always knew; we have relearned what our grandfathers knew. Not only have we got the ice in, but we have not exerted ourselves!

The infinite range and variety of things which the Maine native can cause to happen without exerting himself, is worthy a separate study. Take, for example, the setting of my mooring: a native boulder weighing some fifteen hundred pounds, which was induced to leave its chosen resting-place at the head of the cove, and moved a quarter of a mile into position. And nobody exerted himself!

The manner of it was this. On a rising tide, a stout dory was floated over the boulder, and chains, with a device to trip them, were passed under the boulder and around the comfortable waist of the dory. It was time, then, for the attendants to smoke their pipes and watch the tide rise. Two hours later, the dory, a little flushed, but triumphant, floated away with the boulder under it. In the proper part of the cove the chain was tripped and the mooring set — and nobody had exerted himself; nobody, that is, except the tide and the dory.

But we are gossiping when we ought to be at work. At this time of day, it would be better if we were to go for a row with the garbage, intending, quite frankly, to come back alone! Should this seem too definite a yielding to poor company, let us hasten to assure you that this is one of our best overtures to nature, always ready to provide amusement in these latitudes. The point of the adventure being, not the garbage, but the sea gulls, who go so far out of their way to show what basely material souls may be hidden beneath a snowy exterior.

There is only one gull about when we issue the invitation to the banquet, and that one is far overhead, aloof, and rather coldly majestic. He comes down immediately, however; finds, to his regret, that he is not as courageous in our presence as he supposed he would be; and circles away again, rather anxiously. Then there is a rush of wings as two other gulls arrive, at great speed, out of nowhere, bank against the breeze, and alight.

Our first guest rather feared that this would happen. He returns, nervously; finds a great sense of security in the society of others; and joins the party with eager haste and a certain laying aside of dignity.

Somebody has to squawk, now. I am sure it is unintentional, or at least not intended to arouse the neighbors, because there is nothing ostensibly cooperative in sea-gull nature. But somebody squawks.

And now the Folly Island squad arrives, skimming very close to the water. A gull does this when he is in a special hurry; optical illusion, perhaps, because the sense of progress,

twelve inches above the water, must be tremendous.[1]

Now forty gulls have accepted our invitation; now seventy; now a hundred, and it is not yet five minutes since the table, so to speak, was set. Looking at this matter purely from the gulls' standpoint, and disregarding entirely any question of personal taste in viands, we cannot get away from the feeling that this mad competition, this dreadful urgency to arrive ahead of one's neighbor, and the consequent necessity of bolting one's food, mars an existence that might otherwise be almost idyllic. The gull has a singularly beautiful person; he enjoys admirable health and vigor, lives to an advanced age, and carries himself on his solitary watches with the pride and dignity of the elder Cato. How sad, therefore, that his true life, lying so near the surface, should be intensely acrimonious, bitter, and greedy.

Taste, we know, is not debatable; there are certain refinements which seem important to us and do not seem important to the gull, and that is all there is to it. But to feel obliged to bolt whole a thorny sea-perch a foot long, afterward shaking the tail convulsively, to register success and satisfaction — this does not go with the demeanor and bearing of a Cato; it makes life less worth while, somehow. A hundred gulls, living together on a reef in a state of suspended hostility, seem all to keep fit and to get plenty to eat between these mad and rather unproductive rushes after the boat that is cleaning fish, or the other sudden and unexpected banquets that get provided from time to time. It may be, then, that we are dealing merely with the pleasure of the chase, which often assumes strange forms. But if it is socially and athletically important to arrive instantly at every fish-cleaning, every garbage party, the nervous strain must indeed be great, and ever present. No wonder that dispositions get tense and crabbed and that the vocabulary of the sport is rude and hasty.

[1] We have discussed this point with Mr. Orville Wright who says the gull is right and we are wrong. By flying close to the water, the gull brings about a sort of air-compression beneath his wings, and increases his pace. — The Author.

II

In discussing the camp's food-supply, let us touch lightly on the semi-weekly trip to town in the car, and the effort, on the return trip, to separate and keep separate the children, the kerosene, the leg of lamb, the sugar, and the bread. We buy meats and groceries, but the charm of the general store, down by the fish-wharf, with its tempting cod-lines, hooks, and sinkers, marine hardware, and, of course, gasolene, dry cells, and 'Fig Newtons,' is less than the special joys attendant upon the direct pursuit of fish and berries. These the camp provides for itself, with much organization and ritual.

Nobody wants to eat a sea-perch, for example, although he abounds in our waterways. But the cod; his red cousin the rock cod; the pollock, the haddock, and the flounder, — disgraceful in his personal tastes but objectively delicious, — all these are eagerly sought, and each is a highly specialized character, with habits and customs that may be odd, but must be respected.

Consider this matter of catching a big cod. The supper-table size is rather plentiful; but the forty-pounders require organization — something akin really to folk-lore. The local marine characters, and their fathers and grandfathers before them, take and have taken the same 'ranges' to get the big fellows. You get the spindle in line

with Schoodic Point; then you bisect with a line from the church-steeple to the outer corner of the Ducks. At the intersection is a famous feeding ground — or a sanitarium, perhaps — for stout, elderly cod. To induce them on board the launch is no matter of dainty casts, light rods, and carefully selected flies. The elderly cod are seventy-five feet or so below the surface, and have made all their arrangements to stay there. Two enormous hooks, clam-baited and attached to a sort of clothes-line, weighted down with a couple of pounds of lead, constitute an almost undeclinable invitation, however.

The big cod takes your bait in a leisurely way; he does not hurry, nor does he want to be hurried, and landing him is something like frisking a trunk out of the hold of a steamer. But the thrill is there! Your passenger, as he approaches the surface of the water, is enormous, — unbelievably enormous; and your personal satisfaction goes back, no doubt, to old barbarous beginnings. This thing is huge; it did not want to be caught, and you have caught it and intend to eat it — or a pound or two of it! Do not inquire whether the point of view is so particularly different from that of the sea gull triumphantly bolting a perch two sizes too big for the obvious limitations of comfort and digestion. Perhaps the strong sea air makes us alike barbaric; we do not know, nor do we care; we have caught a big cod, and would very likely swallow it whole, if our mouths were not so absurdly small.

For a touch of sporting gayety, the plunging, rearing, dashing kind of fish, either the pollock or the haddock, will satisfy. The pollock is a silvery, lavender-shaded fish, built along speed lines. The haddock is much the same shape, but has decorated himself in a grotesque, court-beauty manner: a 'stream line' on each side, and one great foolish spot of purple, quite unconnected with the general design, but very fetching, nevertheless. Either of these fast-moving gentlemen knows how to impersonate a salmon; and if you get two at once, as you often do,— one on each hook, and splitting tacks on the way up, — you have no doubt that you have caught something. The cod rests ponderously on or near the bottom; the pollock and the haddock are always going somewhere, or coming from somewhere, in a great hurry, and half-way to the surface.

I am a little ashamed to talk about flounder-fishing, but let us be frank with each other. The way to catch flounder, breakfast size, is to have a flounder garden to catch them out of; the way to plant a flounder garden is always to clean your fish off the float. But let us not examine this subject further. You do not wonder what the flounder finds to eat one half as dainty as he is himself; you know what he finds to eat, because you put it there for him. Although we have had more personal experience with the care and feeding of flounders than with the care and feeding of pigs, our country background prompts the impression that we admire bacon in spite of, rather than because of, the varied and somewhat hasty diet of the pig.

III

There is so much to Maine coast deep-sea fishing, besides the culinary and sporting aspects, however, that we must not dwell too long on these. The foundation of it all is the launch; and the foundation of launch navigation is dry cells and gasolene, those prime staples of marine life east of Rockland. We speak not of mahogany speedabouts: we mean the native launch — one cylinder, make-and-break; and you mix your lubricating oil with

your gasolene in the tank forward. We do not operate with a captain; why should we delegate to another the thrilling satisfaction of training that one-cylinder engine to heel; of making it go when you want to, and of diagnosing and remedying its absurd complaints? Enslaved, illogical, elate, we greet the embarrassed marine gods. Much of navigating, much of marine engineering, we do wrong; but we have left untouched all the principal reefs, and, as we write, we are safely at home, after dealing with fog, smoky southwesters, and carbon on the igniter. *Gaudeamus, igitur, juvenes dum sumus!*

The best time of day on the Maine coast, is early in the morning. It is also by far the most fashionable time of day to begin launch operations. Lie at anchor in Burnt Coat Harbor, and note the time of day when the line fishermen get under way for their day's work. About dawn the *put-put-putter* out of the harbor begins. Some of the boats syncopate, while cold in the morning. Others are loud, clear, and amazingly punctual in their explosions. One we named the Peter Piper, because it dealt so accurately with the line about the peck of pickled peppers.

Dawn is too early for us, however; but about seven o'clock the sea air is wonderfully fragrant; the early morning mists are rising, and the gray, unpainted wharf, with the gray, unpainted sheds on it and around it, and the quick, stirring boat-life all about, is a charming thing. In common with the camp dog, we like the smell of the Maine coast as well as anything else about it, and it is at its very best in these early hours.

Nor is the enjoyment lessened by the thrilling fact that we may have a little fog navigating to do. Our compass is of the best; but a launch is a very receptacle of iron, in all shapes and forms, from the engine to the anchor, and launcn compasses are given to listening to strange voices of attraction. Do not suppose, therefore, that you can parallel-rule your course on the chart and steer it by compass; you will get somewhere, no doubt, but your landfalls will be a bit sketchy. Open-and-shut, or glimpse, navigating in the fog, is easy, safe, and thrilling, however. You know pretty well the direction from your own harbor to Moose Island, and so you set for Moose, observing what course the compass pleases to call it with the anchor where it is. That course you hold, through the fog, and fetch Moose Island squarely. Then you get an approximate bearing; edge in to the shore, and eventually pick up Goose Cove Rock, identifying it readily by its scaffolding for tarring weir-nets. And so on, down the coast, proceeding from the known to the unknown, and anchoring in cases of extreme doubt. If you have judged your day shrewdly, the sun has burned the fog off before you get to the fishing-ground; meanwhile, the only traffic to look out for are the lobstermen, examining their traps and picking them up out of the murk, one after the other, with an unerring, compassless certainty which suggests the carrier pigeon.

A lobster, gridiron-cooked on a rocky island over a driftwood fire, is one of the very good things of this coast; but the lobsterman does other things, too, for your pleasure. During the fall and winter he digs and 'shucks' enormous quantities of clams beside his little workshop on a sheltered, diminutive cove. The piles of shells furnish a marvelous fertilizer, and wild raspberries, of great size and lusciousness, grow in profusion beside the shells. The pursuit of berries sounds a bit maiden-auntly for a camping party; but set out some early morning in the launch, with the lobster workshop coves and the shell-piles as your object-

ive, and you will spend your time with much satisfaction.

Among the daily camp responsibilities, we have not spoken, nor do we intend to speak, of 'wooding,' except to observe that it is one of the best of sports for a week-end, and easily the worst for a month. Driftwood plays a fascinating part, while it lasts; but the chopping and bucksawing of trees, afterward splitting the billets to stove size, is one of those clinging, obdurate jobs, which eventually embitters the soul.

There is another reason, too, for buying wood. This country of the east Maine coast abounds in shy, friendly characters, who make gently helpful suggestions, and are most efficient in meeting your wants, if you will let them. What else they find to live on is a study in itself. One charming neighbor of ours 'lobsters' for a living. He is in the sixties, wears spectacles, smokes a pipe, and presents an altogether serene picture of contentment and human satisfaction. Unmarried, he has a bit of a farm, but it is doubtful if he sells any produce from it. He rises at four, fishes for sculpin, — that amazingly thorny, unsatisfactory fish, so beloved by the lobster, — baits his traps, resets them, and is back in the cove again by nine, ready for lunch, I believe it is. He tells us he often takes in a hundred dollars from his lobstering in a good year. Other cash resources are not in evidence; I do not believe they amount to much.

A little farming; some work on the roads; a certain amount of 'wooding' in the winter; odd carpentering jobs, and work on and around the boats and the weirs — this is what our east coast mostly lives by. Weir-fishing — the construction and operation of these great marine mouse-traps, stretching out from the local headlands to intercept the shoals of herring that subsequently become dignified into sardines — is, in spots, a considerable industry, and the factories at Bass Harbor and Southwest Harbor are kept busy. But I suppose no business is more utterly speculative. The Maine coast does not gamble in oil-stocks, but it does gamble in weirs; and many a local little fortune of a thousand dollars or so, plus what the weir-builder can borrow, goes the way of the white alley. When 'sardines' take a streak of running into your weir, you may take in forty, or sixty, or a hundred dollars a day. The sardine boat from the factory *put-puts* merrily into your cove; the nets from the storage part of the weir pour a shining flood of herring into the dories, and the fishermen, in their hip-boots, wade waist-deep in herring, as they shovel them into the sardine boat, receiving spot cash on the basis of the estimated capacity of the dory. But weirs, at present prices for twine and labor, cost perhaps two thousand dollars to make; the nets must be cared for, repaired, and retarred at the curious little tarring stations; stakes must be set by floating pile-driver — and then the fish go away, as quickly and silently as they came; or else, in their abundance, the bottom falls out of the market; the factories are overstocked, and the sardine boat no longer calls. Weir-building goes in waves: in the latter part of the war it was extremely active and temporarily profitable; but now most of the nets are up, on the section of the coast by the camp, and there remain only the stakes, highly dangerous to launch navigation at high tide — and the unpaid debts for twine and labor.

At the height of the speculation, a thoroughly interesting thing to do was to row out to the weir at sunrise and see the fishermen appraising their catch. Each new day brought its fascinating possibilities of sudden profit; and a

gallery of directly interested sea gulls added a touch of color and of subdued but eager comment.

But the day's work at the camp is done, though we have been long enough about it. There now remains the peculiar and special pleasure of a game of chess, sweetened by tobacco-smoke and the sense of a considerable amount of physical labor punctiliously performed, and followed by a very brief swim in what is probably the coldest unfrozen water in the world. Around sunset we shall have visitors: a party of loons may choose this evening for a perfectly absurd and screamingly noisy 'jazz' party in the cove, dashing about half out of the water, and shouting with laughter. Later on, the heron will probably come by, in the dusk, flying heavily, and remarking 'crawk' loudly and critically from time to time. The contrast between the impatient, middle-aged dissatisfaction of the heron and the adolescent, flapper gayety of the loon is ridiculous. We wonder, lightly, if the heron was never young, and if the congenial party of loon never grow old, or, if so, how it affects their conduct of life. We think, also, of the sea gull that swallowed whole the perch with all the bones, scales, and so forth, appurtenant thereto, and wonder if it is still perfectly comfortable and self-composed. On the whole, we believe so, though we do not know why.

Finally, we get around to the philosophy of living in perfect contentment on a hundred dollars, cash, per year. Are we really any better off than the lobsterman, and is he really happier than the sea gull, or the irrepressible loon? We do not know, but we do not propose to worry about it, because it is bedtime.

THE SAILMAKER

BY ARTHUR MASON

I

THE four-masted ship Washaway lay rolling in the trough of the sea, in a calm gap in the Pacific Ocean, walled in by the westerly winds and the North-east Trades.

The flapping of the sails had started a seam in the main lower topsail; the Sailmaker was aloft trying to sew it together. He looked like a black, hairy pig stretched out on the yard.

'Take a pull on the lee buntlines,' he called; 'what d'ya expect a man to do up here — pull his soul-case out?'

'Is it a bad tear?' roared the Captain, from the midship bridge; 'herringbone it if it is, and put a patch on later. If it is n't make a quick job of it; we 're going to get the wind soon.'

An orange cat sat miaowing on the fore hatch, her eyes aloft on the man on the yard. He, unconscious of her calls, turned the upper half of himself around and sniffed twice as he saw the Captain walk aft, apparently at ease as to the fate of the sail. He suffered from what he called a dryness of the

nose, and his sniff was habitual and expressive, being always denunciatory when his ability was in question. Nevertheless it worried him a good deal, and he wore an electric belt to cure himself. It had been recommended to him for all kinds of diseases and was a nickel-plated affair, with a pool-table-cover lining, and bare buttons next the skin. In cold weather one had to get used to it, he said. Nevertheless the current was there, sending its healing thrills 'to strengthen the system.'

As he swung around now to face his work again, he gave his trousers a hitch, settling the belt into place, fixed the sewing-palm in his hand, and shouted down below, —

'Belay them buntlines!'

The upper topsail flapped wind against the Sailmaker, and blew his sandy beard into his face. He fanned it away; but it kept coming back, and in desperation he buttoned his coat over it. He was angry, for he sniffed and sniffed; his long thin legs warped around the stirrup that held the foot-rope. He looked the picture of distress.

'This is what a man has to put up with,' he hissed through his teeth; 'and for him down there to tell me what to do! Herringbone it, eh? He don't know a bloody thing, that 's what he don't. It 's a ripped seam, damn it!'

He rubbed the sail-needle through the hair on his head to get oil to pierce the canvas. 'Happiness has gone from the sea,' he said; 'old sails, old junk, and expect a man to keep the wind from blowing through 'em — me that 's sailed on the finest ships!'

The needle grated against the palm. As he forced it through the seam: 'I 'll tell him what I thinks when I gets down there — working like a coolie for three pound ten!'

'Hurry up, there, Sailmaker,' shouted the Captain; 'there 's a breeze coming away off the starboard quarter. It 's the Trades. We must get that sail set.'

The Sailmaker called back: 'When I does a job, I does it, Captain'; and his sniff sounded afar.

'But the wind, man, the wind,' pleaded the Captain.

The man on the yardarm was silently stubborn. He sewed on with the neatness of a seamstress. He finished finally, but not hurriedly, and remained on the yardarm to admire his work, while the crew stood by ready to sheet home the topsail; then, carefully tucking the needle into his coat and winding the unused twine around it, he shouted, 'The job 's done, Captain.'

The Captain, for lack of an answer, spat over the side, his eyes blinking savagely.

The next day the Washaway was reaching away north for Puget Sound, with a six-knot breeze. The Captain went into the sail-room with a tune on his lips. The Sailmaker was sewing a new length of cloth into an old flying-jib. On account of a curve in his back caused by his work, he had some difficulty in raising his head. He paid not the slightest heed to the whistling Captain, who stood surveying the sail.

Presently the Master spoke: 'We 'll make that new sail now. In these latitudes the winds are light and we need every rag to push us north.'

He waited for the Sailmaker to speak. The orange cat was playing with the beeswax ball on the bench beside the sewer.

'Now, Lucy,' said the Sailmaker kindly, 'don't be getting yourself all waxed up; you 're the worst I ever did see for getting things tangled.'

He took the wax away from her, and stroked her with his big calloused hand.

'There, now, play with something else.'

The Captain, who had started another tune, must have been getting angry, for he suddenly stopped whistling. The Sailmaker with dignity unfastened the hook that held the sail close to him, reached in his pocket for a short-shanked clay pipe, lit it, and when it was pulling well, sniffed, and asked, —

'What sail is that you mentioned making?'

'It 's the sail for the placery boom.'

'Oh, that one,' said the smoker; 'you have been talking about that for three years. You 're going to make it this voyage, eh?'

'Yes,' said the Captain; 'you 'll make it, and I want you to get to work on it right away.'

'Don't be in a hurry, Captain, there 's a lot of work on that sail. The making of it is n't where the work lays; it 's the measuring of it that 'll take the time.'

The Sailmaker was n't at all good at figures. He had his own way of doing things, and felt that he could point to the successes of years to uphold his resentment of interference.

'There 's nothing to measuring that sail,' said the Captain; 'it 's made like a trysail, you know. Get the hoist first, then the angle from the peak to the tack, give it a long sheet and have plenty of fullness in the after-leach — don't you see that 's easy cut from figures; then I 'll give you a hand sewing it together and we 'll have it on her in a jiffy.'

The cat jumped up on the Sailmaker's shoulder and rubbed her head in his beard. He took the pipe out of his mouth and turned to her with a deep sniff.

'Lucy, you keep out of this, or I 'll take you away to your box.'

'It can't be made that way,' he went on, turning to the Captain; 'in the first place you 're not allowing for the roping and the splices, to say nothing about your grummets. Where would your angles come in these? Captain, when I makes a sail, I makes a sail to catch wind. Figures I 'll not say there ain't something to, but they 'll foul ye on a sail every time. It just can't be done, and that settles it.'

The Captain looked puzzled. He was n't much of a sailmaker, and the other knew it; it was n't becoming to his dignity, however, to surrender so easily.

'I know it can be done, and we 'll do it my way. Figures never lie.'

'Ships never leak, neither,' said the Sailmaker, shaking with inward malice, but with never a quiver of his bronzed face.

Few men of the sea, even in the canvas days, have been shipmate with a placery boom. To say the least about its sail, it is a clumsy contrivance, and can be used only on one side of the ship, when the wind is light and abaft the beam. It takes skill to get out the boom, and there is more or less danger in fitting it for a sail to bend to. The boom is from thirty to forty feet long, and projects like an outrigger forward of the fore rigging and out from the ship's side, at right angles. It is held by a wire topping lift that runs from the foremast to the end of the boom. It also has two guys, fore and aft, to keep it straight and steady.

The Sailmaker knew what he was up against to build a sail for this, and was terribly upset that the Captain should think it so simple. He could not look to the crew for sympathy, for it is well known that wind-jammer sailors are entirely lacking in feeling for the sailmaker. They regard him as an idler and a snob, necessary, but despicable. The sailmaker does not improve matters often, for his feeling is for his art, and he considers them beyond the pale of appreciation of such as he.

So the Sailmaker of the Washaway, for want of human sympathy, turned with all his heart to Lucy, the cat; and she purred comfort in his ear, and he grew very fond of her. He trained her to have nothing to do with the rest of the crew. Let one of them touch her, if he dare! Even the Master. The ship might be his to command; not so the cat.

One morning everything was right for measuring the new sail. The weather was pleasant, with a warm sun, and the ship lugged away under a full spread of canvas.

'We 'll measure that sail to-day,' said the Captain.

'Have it your way; it 's not for me to tell you your business,' said the Sailmaker, 'only don't blame me when the figures goes wrong.'

'I 'll take the responsibility,' answered the Captain crossly; 'there 's been enough argument about this thing. Get to work now.'

The Sailmaker blew his nose; this time it sounded like a whistle. The cat was playing with loose rope-yarns on the deck.

'You get out of harm's way,' he said, moving her and her rope-yarns to the lee of the main hatch; 'this is no place for a cat, with a new sail to make.' Then, looking scornfully at the Captain, 'I 'm not a man that don't see a thing when I looks at it.'

'Take this tape and go aloft,' said the Captain; 'get the head length first.'

The Sailmaker buttoned his coat over his beard, and took to the rigging cautiously. The cat, who, in spite of all his pains, had followed him forward, went mewing in his wake. This disgusted the Captain, who gave her a slap with his hand, and pulled her off the bulwark rail. The Sailmaker saw it out of the tail of his eye, and, still climbing, waved the Captain off with his hand. A sailor shinned out to the end of the boom, and held the measuring-tape.

The Captain stood on deck with a businesslike air, ready to jot down the figures.

'You 're high enough,' he shouted; 'measure from there.'

The Sailmaker looked down at him. 'High enough, eh?'

'Yes, pull the tape tight now; what have you got?'

'Don't be in a hurry, Captain, remember your figures.'

A snicker ran through the group of sailors who hung around watching the performance. The Captain felt it bitterly.

'You do what you 're told,' he barked up the mast, 'and do it in a hurry.'

The back wind from the foresail blew his beard from under the buttoned coat into the Sailmaker's eyes and mouth, and muffled his reply. While the Captain waited, he fought to tie it up again.

'Some time to-day, some time to-day,' the Master roared up; 'I 'd think you 'd cut it off.'

If the Sailmaker had words, he did n't use them. His sniffing could be heard all over the ship. When it had almost come to the breaking-point for the Captain, he called down in an exaggerated way, —

'Five and fifty.'

'That 's too long, entirely; come down a bit. There, measure from where you are. Now what have you?'

A long wait, in which the ship herself seemed to feel the suspense. Then, —

'For-ty fe-et!'

'That 's fine; come down; I got it all now.'

When the Sailmaker reached the deck, the cat boarded him, and the Captain handed him a slip of paper.

'Here you are,' he said, proudly; 'cut to the figures and here 's your sail. The

head forty; foot thirty; after-leach twenty-five.'

The Sailmaker looked long at the paper, while the cat rubbed her head against his beard.

'Do you get it?' inquired the Captain, with a disdainful look.

'The figures? Why, of course, man, what else would I be thinking about? Well, in the first place your sheet is too long; it 'll foul the forward house.'

'Tut, tut, you don't know what you are talking about.'

'I don't eh? When I looks at a boom, I cuts the sail from my eye, and it fits, it does.'

Another 'Kee-hee!' from the sailors.

'Make it my way,' said the Captain, angrily walking aft to the poop.

II

That afternoon, while the Captain was taking his nap, the weather side of the main deck was swept clean. The Sailmaker was down on his knees, drawing a pattern of a new sail with white chalk. From the trouble he was taking, it was obvious that he intended it to smash the Captain's creation. An occasional dash of spray over the side would wash away his marks. He would put them in again, sniffing with pleasure over his task.

The Captain awoke, and thinking happily of his new sail, which by now should be well along toward completion, stepped down on to the main deck, rubbing his eyes.

'What the devil have you got here?' he said to the Sailmaker, scenting delay and disappointment.

'What have I got here, did you say?' The Sailmaker rose to his feet. 'I 've got what it looks like. Hem!'

'He 's spent the whole afternoon laying out the new sail, sir,' explained the mate, spitefully. He had just been trying to pet the cat.

The Captain looked over the chalk-lined deck. As nearly as his nautical eye could discern, the tracings seemed to be the design of some queer animal. Yes, that was it. It was a perfect representation of the Great Bear, and in spite of himself, he was interested in locating the position of the stars. Then he sternly put aside the fancy.

'So this is what you 'd like to hoist on my ship,' he said scathingly.

'I 'll bet a plug of black twist,' volunteered one sailor to another in an undertone, 'that Sails 'll have his way.'

'Why,' said another, 'the old bloke don't know wot 'e talks about. Watch the Marster get arfter 'im.'

'Hi 'opes,' said a third, 'that the blarsted quoit carn't be myde. Wot the 'ell does 'e know about the bloomin' syle?'

'What are you fellows doing, gaping around here?' said the Captain. 'Get to work; get brooms and buckets and scrub these chalk-lines off the deck.'

''E 's never the syme after a sleep,' the gossip continued. ' 'E 'as n't 'ad 'is bloody Java this afternoon.' And they shuffled forward to obey the Master's command.

'Hold on,' said the Sailmaker, 'before you do anything with my lines.'

'Hold nothing,' shouted the Captain; 'you had it from me to make the sail, did n't you?'

'I 'm not denying that,' sniffed the Sailmaker, 'but your measurements are away out and I 'll prove it to ye.'

'Prove it, damn it, prove it! Belay scrubbing the deck for a bit.'

'Aye, aye, sir.' And the crew giggled again, and kept clustering a little closer, for this was one of the moments when discipline makes for familiarity.

'Stand where you are,' the Sailmaker commanded the Captain, while he pulled a rule from his hip-pocket; 'I 'll show ye.'

He walked forward till he was

abreast of the boom, and taking twenty-five steps down the deck, he stopped and faced forward.

'Come here, and watch,' he said.

He held out the rule and closed one eye. The sailors kept edging closer.

'Can you see the middle of the stay?'

'I can,' said the Captain nervously.

'Well now, keep your eye level. You see the rule in front of your eyes — the top touches the bottom of the stay. Well, now, let your eye drop down the rule till it 's on a level with the boom. Aye, now, that 's six inches where my hand is.'

'Well?' said the Captain.

'Well?' said the Sailmaker.

'I 'm damned if I get it.' For a moment the Captain seemed to be losing ground.

'There 's three feet to the inch on the rule; six times three was eighteen, when I went to school; eighteen feet from the middle of the head to the clue — that makes the head thirty-six feet long, and that 'll fit her, yes, sir, that 'll fit her! Them 's the measurements on deck.'

The Captain could feel the sailors rub shoulders with him, so close were they, as he stooped over the deck-chart. This reminded him that this was a terrible breach of discipline. Who was Master on this ship anyway?

'Who ever heard of making a sail that way?' he said aloud; then continued, 'I want this made my way, d' ye understand, Sailmaker?' And to the crew, 'Get to work and scrub the deck!'

'Will you have your coffee on deck, sir?' asked the steward, advancing obsequiously.

'No, no, in the cabin.' And the Captain betook himself to his refreshment.

The Sailmaker sat down on the hatch.

'You just can't make some people see anything,' he said, mournfully, addressing the cat, who had crawled up into his lap and seemed to be his only friend. The sailors were making fun of him.

'The old cove knows he carn't stand up in front of the Marster.'

' 'E knows syle, 'e does.'

So ran their slurs; and the Sailmaker, feeling it keenly, got up and wandered off to the sail-room.

The sail was made according to the Captain's plan, and under his supervision. The Sailmaker used his best skill in sewing and roping it. He seldom spoke, except to the orange cat. The crew kept up their insinuations, but he just sat and sniffed, apparently lost to all but his work. He was none the less deeply humiliated, and at night, within the confines of his narrow room, he held conversations with himself.

'I 'll leave her, that 's what I 'll do, and me here going on nine year. They don't need a sailmaker. They don't know one when they see 'im.'

One morning, when the wind was blowing fresh from abaft the beam, the Sailmaker put away his fids, needles, wax, and twine.

'Your sail is ready,' he sniffed to the Captain.

'Here you fellows, lay aft here, get hold of this sail and bend it on her!' shouted the Captain excitedly.

The crew, greatly interested, carried the sail forward and bent it.

'She 'll make another knot an hour,' said the Master to the mate.

The Sailmaker took a position against the weather main-rigging. The cat was asleep on the snug side of the forward house. According to the Sailmaker's predictions the sheet of the new sail should come somewhere there. No one thought that the sail might be dangerous to the sleeping cat, and those of the men who saw her paid no attention to her.

'All ready to hoist away!' shouted the bo'sun.

'Up with her!' roared the Captain. As he passed the Sailmaker, he said with a sardonic grin, 'Now you 'll see what figures can do.'

What the Sailmaker said was lost in the noise of the flopping sail.

'Belay the halyards and aft to the sheet! Hurry, men, before she strips herself and tears the gear down atop of your heads.'

The Captain was becoming agitated. The Sailmaker did n't budge an inch. His eyes were fastened to the sail, his lips were moving, but who could hear him now? Was that the faint flicker of a smile showing through the parted strands of his beard? A malicious man might have smiled. The sail was far, far too large.

With a noise to which the roar of cannon would be mere poppings, the sail ballooned and caught aback in the wind. It was even dangerous for a sailor to get near the sheet to flatten it aft. The crew were running wild, everyone talking and swearing. The bo'sun vainly tried to restore order.

It was easy to see the fault in the sail. It looked like the pocket in a seine net. The halyards were up two blocks, and wads of slack were still in the luff.

The Captain saw his mistake with anguish.

'It 's all wrong, men,' he cried; 'get it down before somebody gets hurt.'

About this time the orange cat, awake now and curious to investigate the noise, stretched herself and crossed the house-deck. The Sailmaker saw her and started running toward her, calling, 'Get out of there, Lucy, get out of there!'

Too late. Along came the ruthless sheet, and with its swirling tail picked her up and whirled her into the sea.

'Save the cat!' begged the Sailmaker.

'What?' exploded the Captain, 'save a cat and lose my sail? I should say not!'

'You won't save my cat?' The Sailmaker had a strange look in his eyes.

'No, no — a cat? No!'

The ship was easily making eight knots. The drowning cat was astern.

'He 'd have to save a man, and he knows it,' muttered the Sailmaker, as he shed his coat.

'Man overboard, man overboard!'

'Let go the weather braces. Hard a-lee-e-e!'

The man at the wheel saw the Sailmaker jump. Well he knew his duty. He threw a lifebuoy after him by spontaneous action.

The new sail was forgotten in the rush for the lee braces; and as the ship came up, the wind took it away, and the boom with it.

Far astern, and rove through a lifebuoy, rode the Sailmaker quite calmly, the orange cat perched on his shoulder.

'I told you that sooner or later you 'd get into trouble. Now let this be a lesson to ye.'

When the boat's crew rowed him alongside the Washaway, he sent the cat up first.

When he climbed over the side and reached the deck, the crew were so overcome that they wanted to hug him. The Captain had nothing to say. He just stood wondering, with his hand on his Adam's apple.

The Sailmaker unbuttoned his shirt, and with the water still dripping from him, he reached around his waist, unbuttoning the electric belt, and pitching it on to the hatch.

'The salt water 's ruined ye,' he said, with a real smart sniff.

A SMALL BOY'S READING

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

I CAN just see the Boy at the other end of fifty years, looking quite small and far-off, as if through the wrong end of an opera glass, reading his first book. He was then about four years old. He is sitting in his own personal chair, which is so small that the grown-up chair in front of him serves admirably as a lectern. The book is small also; but the title seems rather out of scale. Here it is, with bibliographical exactness:

Line upon Line, or a Second Series of the Earliest Religious Instruction the Infant Mind is Capable of Receiving, with Verses Illustrative of the Subject. By the Author of Peep o' Day. *American Tract Society, New York.*

No date, but a fading writing on the fly-leaf says that it was a gift to Mahlon from his sister Celia in 1846. And Celia and Mahlon were respectively brother and sister of the Boy's mother. So the book was just a bit of flotsam and jetsam, cast up by the changing tides of family life, as were all the other books at that little house in Monmouth Road.

It has been pointed out that turning him loose in a well-selected library is no mean education for a healthy-minded boy; but the humble collection of dull and hard books which was the sole foraging ground of this Boy was innocent of selection of any kind. Like Topsy it had 'just growed.' It included such gems as *The Royal Path of Life, Gaskell's Compendium, Slicer on Baptism,* and *The Conversion of Hester Ann Rogers.* But they were not all as bad as that. A few were that mysterious something called Literature; their presence was even more fortuitous than the gorgeous products of the book agent.

The Boy read them all. His appetite was like that of the infant tent-caterpillar, which starts from the twig-end where it is born and devours every leaf it encounters in its journey to the trunk of the tree. And so we see the Boy, at the very beginning of what intends to be a lifetime course of reading, sitting in his little red chair, reading the book whose long title has just been recorded. Of course he does not remember the title with all the particularity with which it has been set down. *Line upon Line* was one of the books he salvaged when the little ill-selected library perished; and now, in a new dress by Stikeman, it has an honored place in his own library, which he flatters himself is less fortuitous and more eclectic than the one his infancy knew.

That is the first book he remembers reading to himself. It stands like a peak at the very beginning of Memory. Particularly a certain evening when he began the Story of Joseph. For the book was the narrative part of the Old Testament, emasculated, attenuated, and shorn of its splendid imagery to adapt it to the infant mind. And now, after fifty years, it seems rather patronizing in its tone and unduly insistent on a moral. The author of *Line upon*

Line conceived of God as a sort of glorified Tony Sarg, whose puppets got tangled in their strings and caused him no end of trouble and vexation. She had apparently one great advantage over Moses in that she knew exactly how God felt about it.

But this is the intolerance of fifty-four years. The Boy found it enthralling. It was not religious instruction to him. It was Romance, the Story, his first novel. There he sat in his little red chair, the book clutched in two tiny fists, the tears streaming down his cheeks at the incredible sufferings of young Joseph from the hands of his wicked elder brothers, hope springing at the unexpected soft-heartedness of Reuben, only to be dashed by the unswerving determination of Judah, until —

> They threw him into the deep, dark pit; and there he lay hungry and thirsty and weary — without one drop of water to quench his thirst. How it must have grieved Joseph to think that he should not return to his dear father; and his father perhaps would think he was dead!
>
> The wicked brothers cared not for his groans, but they sat down and began to eat their dinner.
>
> God saw them from his throne in Heaven, and was much displeased.

At this moment of greatest suspense the Boy's mother intervened. It was bedtime. No argument, no plea availed against the maternal decree, and the Boy wept afresh. The tears already flowing in sympathy with Joseph's hard lot were now augmented in his own behalf. Go to bed, and leave Joseph in the pit all night! Please, please, just one more chapter. But Mother knew how exciting was the world of print to that book-hungry little mind. Already — the Boy seems to remember — grown-up heads were shaking and saying, 'That boy reads too much.'

And so he went to bed, in such a state of suspense that the memory of it has lasted fifty years. The only hope for Joseph seemed to lie in that last line, where the author intimated, without authority of Holy Writ, that God was displeased and might be counted on to do something about it. Not an entirely dependable hope, for experience with previous chapters had not given the Boy undimmed confidence in God as a *deus ex machina*. The Boy did not know then and does n't know yet whether the happy ending is essential to the divine Plot.

That was the Boy's first serial story, the first 'continued in our next' — a method of creating suspense which Edward Everett Hale imagined that our magazine editors stole from Scheherezade. And frequently since, sitting up to finish a book in spite of an adult bedtime imposed by the demands of the next day's work, the Boy has wished some high Olympian power would forestall decision the way Mother snapped off the story of Joseph.

The tragedy of that first 'to be continued' lingers in his memory; but the Boy does not remember reading the rest of the story, although he is sure he finished the book; for another recollection is that of standing up before his father and answering all the questions in the back of the book, —

> What did most people in the world pray to?
>
> Whom did God choose to be his servant and friend?
>
> How many grandchildren and great grandchildren did God promise to give Abraham?
>
> What was it Abraham did when he was on the top of the hill?
>
> Who buried Sarah?

Some of the questions now seem as baffling as that famous query, Who dragged whom how many times around the walls of what?

II

Some time before the thrilling events just recorded the Boy learned to read; but the details antedate recorded history and depend on tradition. He had a set of blocks. He remembers the blocks. They survived as building-material long after they had fulfilled their mission as steps to learning. They were oblong, about the proportions of a small brick, so that the two forms of a letter might be placed side by side — great A and little a, upper and lower case. Tradition says that before he could walk the Boy would select an easy morsel of learning, and creep with it to his mother, and call off its name, 'O-o,' giving a different inflection to the majuscule to distinguish it from its inferior neighbor, the minuscule. O was easy; the capital and small letter were exactly alike. H, Q, and G were hard.

Thus the Boy acquired letters, and soon he recognized them, not only on his blocks, which had become a sort of Rosetta stone for him, but on the printed page, especially the large type in the advertisements, and announced the fact to all within call with the insistence of an infant Archimedes yelling, 'Heureka!'

Could learning his letters be called the turning-point in any boy's life, or is it just part of the common lot, like teething, or long pants, or marriage? At any rate, the mystery of the alphabet exercised a profound influence on this boy's destiny. For it gave him his job, which was printing, and his hobby, which was reading.

Both recreation and occupation were influenced by the fact that the Boy became deaf at an early age, which threw him sharply on his own resources for entertainment, and suggested also a trade that required the minimum of hearing. The alphabet was at once his plaything and his work-thing. He used to place those oblong blocks end to end, in a vain attempt to spell the words he knew; but the results were far from satisfying. Dd-Oo-Gg was no way to spell 'dog,' though it might conceivably be an economical way to spell two dogs. He cut out the large letters from the advertisements in the local weekly paper and pasted them together to form words, and he copied them with both pencil and paint-brush, like an infant disciple of Geoffroy Tory or Albrecht Dürer. And later, but not very much later, came the blissful day when, with a composing-stick in his hand, his fingers first felt the touch of the metal types, 'the twenty-six lead soldiers which conquer the world.'

About this time there was another book, an earlier book than *Line upon Line*. He does not remember reading it, but he does remember the book, so he must have read it, over and over, doubtless, before and after the *Line upon Line* time. It was the *Child's History of England*, not Dickens's classic, but a more elementary work, probably the earliest historical information the infant mind is capable of receiving. It was a big, thin blue book, — what he has since learned to call a quarto, — and there were four gorgeous colored pictures on the left-hand page, and four squares of type on the page opposite, corresponding to the pictures. The type was that lovely big type in which children's books are printed — and which old age covets — and which was known at the time the Boy became a printer as Great Primer. The Boy lived to see the old picturesque names of type sizes, which have come down from the days of Caxton and Pynson, give way to the more efficient point system, but he always wondered if the first book he studied was called a primer because of its type, or if the

type was named for some early primary schoolbook.

This book then, with its chromolithographed pictures and its Great Primer text, stood for profane history just as the condescending syllabus of the Bible stood for sacred history. The first picture showed that ancient Britons were no more civilized than the heathen whom returned missionaries talked so long about after Sunday School, while the dinners of the entire Baptist persuasion grew cold. The text said that they dyed their bodies with woad (the Britons, not the missionaries), and the Boy did n't know what 'woad' was, — and does n't yet, — but he liked the funny word and remembered it. Then there was Boadicea with scythes on her chariot wheels, and Rufus lying face down with Wat Tyler's arrow sticking in him, and, best of all, the scene in Canterbury market where the bishop examines the beautiful English girls with their long blonde hair, and gets off his famous pun, 'Are they Angles or angels?' Later information from other sources says that the bishop was Gregory, and the market-place in Rome, and the girls probably boys, but the former is the way the Boy remembers it. The last picture showed an ermine-clad Palmerston kneeling before a very fat Victoria, while the text piously ejaculates 'Who, thank God, still reigns.'

That book, pored over at an age when everything made a deep impression, has become for that Boy English History. Nothing seen or learned since can efface those colored pictures and that Great Primer text. Memory supplies them as illustrations or commentaries on all history read since. Hume, Clarendon, Green, Macaulay have been able to add nothing so lasting. How he wishes he had kept that book, to compare it with memory, to straighten out some twisted impressions that still persist. Some Kansas cousins were suffering a plague of grasshoppers, which had eaten everything, memory recalls someone saying, and the Boy was persuaded to add to the bundle of clothing and other necessaries being sent for their relief, some of his own books, which he did, but not without wonder at the voracity and literary taste of grasshoppers.

To this same far-off forgotten time before the Age of School belong two books now faded to a mere recollection of vague horror. Though he has searched for them both for many years, the Boy has never set eye on either since, to learn if the reality was as preposterous as his memory insists. One was *A Double Story*, by George MacDonald, a fairly well-known author, but this fantastic tale is found in no set of his works. Perhaps it was never made into a book. The Boy read it in *Wide Awake*, and was wide awake many a night for thinking of it. Those who have read *The Portent*, or *Phantastes*, can imagine the flavor.

The other memory is more vague, and accordingly more preposterous. For in this book an American boy was blown in a small boat across the polar sea, and came to the land of perpetual night, where the people were all tall and thin and the color of potato sprouts from lack of sun. The king was very fond of stories; but when the teller told an untruth, the king said, 'Whiz,' and the court executioner took off his head. The king often said, 'Whiz' while the hero was describing his native land, and the Boy trembled with apprehension; but the princess wound her long transparent arms around the young adventurer's neck, and the headsman did n't know where to strike. These are only the Boy's impressions, — remember, it is more than fifty years, — and it seems incredible that a tale so farcical as this seems to memory

could have paralyzed him with terror as he remembers that it did.

At six years the boy put away childish things, such as books printed in comfortable Great Primer, and climbing upon a chair, he helped himself to literature.

III

Literature dwelt in a piece of furniture that stood against the wall of the sitting-room, known as The Bookcase, although it was a writing-desk and chest of drawers as well. The scientific name, I believe, is secretary. It was not an antique, though it may well have become one by now.

Here then, on three shelves, stood the ill-selected little library, the Boy's visible supply of reading for the first ten years of his existence; mostly 'The Complete Works of,' in one volume; and that means two columns of small type to the page, with usually a 'Life' in even smaller type, and a steel portrait as a frontispiece. Their uninviting format enhanced their natural dullness, and, if there is anything in Freud, was perhaps the reason why the Boy developed later a passion for beautifully printed books — the result of what might be called a typographical inhibition.

The corner stone of this structure was Johnson's *Cyclopædia*, a puzzling word that surely somehow must have some connection with the three-wheeled vehicle the Boy rode, which he called his velocipede. Johnson was a formula, a rhythmic chant, that went something like this, 'A-to-Cam, Cam-to-Eli, Eli-to-Gon, Gon-to-Lab,' and so on, rendered in chorus by the full strength of the company, like 'Onery, Twoery, Ickery Ann.' The company sat when thus engaged on the lowest step of the stairs which fled steeply up from the sitting-room, leaving one step extending into the room, as if the door had been shut too quickly for it to get out. It just held five assorted ages.

When, later, Johnson was found to be a treasure-house of raw material for school 'Essays,' he was always spoken of as 'Old Gon-to-Lab.'

Standing shoulder to shoulder with the cyclopædia were some old bound volumes of magazines: *Ballou's*, *Peterson's*, *Godey's Lady's Book* (is one lady enough?), *Harper's*, and the *Atlantic*. Ballou's and Peterson's contained fearful stuff that the Boy was forbidden to read, — such as 'The Ghost of Perley Hall,' — but did read notwithstanding and was scared stiff. In the *Atlantic* he read for the first time 'The Man without a Country,' and in that magazine (or was it *Harper's*), a little-known tale by the same author: 'The Yellow Dog,' in which it was imagined that Joseph (that Joseph complex again) tried to escape from the merchants to whom his brothers sold him, but was discovered through the barking of a yellow dog, and thus the world was saved from starvation.

In the back of one of the numbers of *Harper's*, in the Editor's Drawer, was a review of a little-known work of George Borrow. It seemed that there was a collection of Oriental tales known as *The Hodja*, or Borrow pretended there was, and translated it under the title of *The Turkish Jester*. The book was printed at Ipswich, in a thin paper-covered volume, and has since become what is known as a collector's item. The reviewer had been liberal in quotation — all that were fit to print, probably — and the anecdotes became part of the Boy's stock in trade. When in the course of time he developed into a writer of advertising, he drew upon his memory and utilized many of those droll stories as points to hang advertising morals on.

There was one delightful adventure, in which the Hodja accepts an invita-

tion to dine with a great personage, and hurries off in his everyday tunic. He is received with little respect by the servants, and given a poor seat far down the table. He rushes home, puts on his gorgeous Sunday tunic, and returns, to be welcomed with great ceremony and seated at the host's right hand. Whereupon he begins to ladle the food into the sleeves of his tunic.

'Why do you do that?' asks the astonished host.

'Because it is my tunic, and not I, which is the welcome guest.'

Whiston's Josephus occasioned wonder as to what a josephus was. Plutarch's *Lives of Illustrious Men* suggested pictures, but there were none. Nevertheless the book proved a find, and much of it, especially the short, pithy 'laconic' anecdotes of the Lacedæmonians became excellent straw for later advertising bricks. Lycurgus certainly had the slogan habit.

Farrar's *Life of Christ* was a most readable book in nice large type, with a raft of interesting footnotes, which described such delectable things as the Greek acrostic whose initials spelled the word 'fish,' the sacred symbol of the early Christians, which indicated their secret meeting-places. The Boy had a scrapbook mind, and collected such fragments and used them when the time came.

Fables of Infidelity, in spite of its title, was disappointing stuff, all about the Reverend Mr. M—— of S——, who narrated incidents about Mrs. C—— and Henry R——. This device for disguising people never found favor with the Boy. Harper's Drawer also had the habit. But the very name of this book was misleading. He knew what fables were. Had n't he Æsop's, with Tenniel's pictures? Æsop was also a prolific source-book for advertising matter. The Boy in the course of time based at least a hundred pieces of copy on those ingenious tales, all of which he knew by heart.

A large fat book, bound in red cloth with gilt flourishes printed all over it, was *The Works of Miss Mitford*, which contained not only 'Our Village,' but seven other books. It must have proved barren to ten years of age, for no memory comes except that of its familiar floreated physiognomy.

Biblical Reason Why, on the contrary, is a vivid recollection. It belonged evidently to the *Line upon Line* school, and consisted entirely of questions and answers in the Socratic manner. Some of the questions were posers, but the book knew neither doubt nor hesitation.

Why does the Bible commence with the words 'In the beginning'?

Why is the formation of Eve out of the rib of Adam to be taken literally?

Why was Jonah swallowed by a great fish?

The charm of this book lay in its quaint woodcuts — the baker and butler of Pharaoh, the Ark of the Covenant, Aaron in his High Priest suit, all the apostles with their insignia, and so on. This remarkable work has disappeared from the world, which is a great pity, as it knew the answers to questions that have puzzled archbishops.

Side by side on this shelf stood four fat poets, uniformly dressed in law calf with black and red labels, looking like the set of Illinois statutes in Father's office — Burns, Byron, Moore, and Shakespeare, 'The Complete Works of.'

As if it were not enough that these four poets should be linked together, there was a game of authors in which the same four formed a 'book.' Now nothing can sever them in that Boy's memory.

No edition, not even the First Folio, seems so indubitably Shakespeare as that paunchy calf-clad book with the steel engraving of Miranda for frontis-

piece. He read *The Tempest* first of all the plays, of course, because *The Tempest* came first. Some Puritan inheritance led him to feel that a book should be begun at the beginning and read through.

It is more than likely that Byron registered more strongly than any of the quartette in those early years, because of the notes. There was a dado of them on every page, in blinding type, nearly all biographical. The unforgettable name of John Cam Hobhouse was spread all over them. The Boy liked names and he liked biography, and by a perverse association of ideas he insisted on giving the limp that should have been Byron's to his friend, because of the name.

The inspiration of all the four poets was at first biographical. The Boy was interested in how they did it rather than in what they did, in the things that made them poets rather than in their poetry. He was and probably is more of a craftsman than an artist. He did read ultimately all the 'works' as well as the 'lives,' as he read everything in print that came his way; but a definite taste for biography was instilled by the meagre pages that prefaced each book, fed and nourished by the fat notes in the Byron, with their copious extracts from letters. Poetry came to him a little later, but the love for poetry is rather extrinsic — as an art rather than a message. Words and rhythm charmed him. He fell easily under the spell of Tennyson — another purchase of his own, and another instance of a book read from the beginning so that 'Airy fairy Lilian' and 'Where Claribel low lieth' obtrude in the memory because they came first in the book.

IV

When the Boy was born there were no comets seen, but a best seller shone upon his birth, namely *St. Elmo*, that immortal work of Augusta J. Evans; and from it he had one of his names, bestowed at the request of sentimental Aunt Celia, the same Aunt Celia who twenty years before gave Uncle Mahlon the copy of *Line upon Line* which became the Boy's stepping-stone to books. The name is not uncommon among those whose birth year is in the neighborhood of 1868, and strange to say nearly all became advertising men. E. St. Elmo Lewis says he can account for fourteen. *St. Elmo* stood on the top shelf, along with *Norine's Revenge* by May Agnes Fleming, *The English Orphans* by Mary J. Holmes, *A Day of Fate* by E. P. Roe, *Brave Old Salt* by Oliver Optic, and *The Lamplighter* by Maria S. Cummins, which, with Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, represented fiction. *St. Elmo* had this effect, that its erudite and recondite allusions stimulated the Boy's curiosity, and for several years afterward he made a game of the research necessary to find out what the author was talking about. He admired it prodigiously, and resolved to write like that; and did in fact produce a high-school oration that sent his teacher into hysterics. Does anybody know this book to-day? How would these remarks sound beside, say, a quotation from *Babbitt?*

> 'Mr. Murray, if you insist upon your bitter Ösher simile, why shut your eyes to the palpable analogy suggested? Naturalists assert that the Solanum, or apple of Sodom, contains in its normal state neither dust nor ashes, unless it is punctured by an insect, the Tenthredo, which converts the whole of the inside into dust, leaving nothing but the rind entire, without any loss of color. Human life is as fair and tempting as the fruit of "Ain Jidy," till stung or poisoned by the Tenthredo of sin.'

This by a girl of seventeen; but they all talked like that and were greatly admired by a boy of nine, who ear-

nestly hoped that along with the name he would acquire both the erudition and the bitter cynical nature of the hero.

On the top shelf was a row of shabby volumes bound in black cloth that time had frayed to a dusty gray, among which were *Hudibras*, and *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts*, of the Reverend Edward Young, D. D. *Hudibras* had an exciting frontispiece showing a buxom and determined lady seated on a man lying on the ground, while the legend beneath in script type added to the excitement with something like this:

> I told thee, villain, what could come
> Of all thy base vaporing scum.

Perhaps that was n't the way it went, but that is what the Boy remembers. He found it harder to understand even than *St. Elmo*, and there seemed to be no way to find out what it was all about. He did not care for it much and was confirmed later by Pepys, who lived in those times but could not, as he confessed, see where the wit came in. But, strange to say, the melancholy music of *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts* appealed to him so strongly that he began to commit it to memory, and made considerable progress, and can repeat much of it still.

In these middle years came the first bitter awakening to what is known as worldly wisdom. There was a serial story running in the fourth volume of *St. Nicholas*, by J. T. Trowbridge, entitled 'His Own Master,' and the Boy and his father were both reading it. The story told how Jacob, having sold the few belongings left after the death of his mother, set out for the big city, in this instance Cincinnati, with his whole fortune, eighty-five dollars and forty-nine cents, in his pocket. On the Ohio River steamboat he became acquainted with Professor Alphonse Pinkey, who, when he learned that the boy had this money with him, explained how risky it was to carry so much without a safety wallet. He, Alphonse, fortunately had such a wallet, and kindly offered to carry Jacob's money for him, which offer Jacob gratefully accepted. The installment ended on this incident, — life was just one serial after another, — and the Boy still remembers with what unbelieving amazement he heard his father's comment, 'That 's the last he will ever see of his money.'

But, sure enough, in the next number the obliging Professor disappeared, leaving the Boy in something the same state of mind as Jacob, but with a tremendously increased respect for his father's penetration and shrewdness.

But of all the books of that time the one that stands out most clearly in memory after forty-five years is Milton. It was a small, chunky, bright-red book, but it was complete — *The Works of Milton*, with the inevitable 'life' and portrait. The mental picture of it is a physical one, like the Shakespeare. That little red volume is Milton personified. Each page was surrounded by an oval wreath in which the blank verse made a neat panel.

As with every book, the Boy studied it from all angles, and wondered why, for instance, each book of *Paradise Lost* began with an argument. To him the word meant only one thing. And the titles of the poems on several occasions, 'At a Solemn Music,' 'On the Death of a Fair Infant Dying of a Cough,' 'On the University Carrier,' 'To Mr. H. Lawes on his Airs' — were n't those funny things for a great poet to write about? He did appreciate, however, the sharp, quick change in the metre of the 'Ode to the Nativity.' It made his heart beat faster. He puzzled a long time over *Samson Agonistes*. Was that the Samson he

knew, the Samson of the *Line upon Line?* And was Agonistes his last name? It sometimes seemed as if one must have read everything before he could read anything.

As with Young's *Night Thoughts*, the stately music of Milton's lines appealed, and the Boy set himself to commit it to memory. He had not then learned of the young Macaulay's precocious feat, and he never got by heart more than the first book; but the good he got from it was beyond calculation. Milton was undoubtedly the book that influenced him most. From it he acquired vocabulary and images, a feeling for words, for their deeper meanings, their power of suggestion, which was invaluable to him later in earning his living. Unlike the man who never ate strawberries for fear it would vitiate his taste for prunes, he has never been able to get Milton out of his system sufficiently to appreciate, say, *The Waste Land.* One day the teacher asked if anyone in the class had ever read *Paradise Lost.* Flushed with the pride of an adventurer in unknown reaches of literature, he raised his hand, and earned, and deserved, the scorn of every other boy in the class.

In the back of the little book were poems on various occasions, including, of course, *Lycidas.* The impress of this fine poem was deepened in the following way. The local W. C. T. U., of which Mary Allen West was an active promoter, offered a prize of five dollars to the schoolboy who should write the best essay on the physical effects of alcoholics. The Boy won it. No doubt that trenchant paper helped to mould the public opinion that brought about the prohibition landslide. But, anyway, with the money he bought a book (his first literary purchase), a book by John Ruskin, containing in one volume, *Sesame and Lilies, A Crown of Wild Olives, The Queen of the Air,* and *Ethics of the Dust.* Here was the first acquaintance with criticism. All of them affected him profoundly. And in particular he found in the lecture 'Of King's Treasuries' a new way of reading poetry that sent him back to *Lycidas,* to commit to memory the 'blind mouth's' passage, greatly excited at two such mighty minds, Milton, who put so much into a passage, and Ruskin, who got it all out. Don't smile. He was serious. These things all came at the very beginning, and bent his mind the way it has grown. Out of that old Ruskin he got real help in his unconscious education which was shaping him for the work he was to do.

Two more links added themselves to what might be called the Milton era. In the school library was Addison, which he was allowed to borrow. What he remembers is the analysis of *Paradise Lost,* which he read from the unassailable position of familiarity with the work discussed; a necessary preliminary to the enjoyment of any literary criticism, he thinks.

Also, about this time deafness began to interfere more and more with life, and to say with emphasis to the Boy that books must be increasingly his chief resource. Among the poems in the back of the Milton was one that he appreciated as his own, learning it by heart and drawing from it a sort of comfort, all out of proportion to the merits of the case. The poem, of course, was the sonnet 'On His Blindness.'

V

The peculiar process by which nature produces advertising men is similar to that by which she produces bootleggers, or brick-layers, or book-collectors. She gives us two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grands, and so on, until, when you get as far back as, say, Queen Elizabeth, one's collective an-

cestors would make a community as large as the city of Cleveland — and just as mixed.

From the lower tip of this vast inverted pyramid one starts to live, helped or hindered by the least common multiple of the traits inherited from the city of Cleveland. Immediately education begins. For that Boy, whose early reading has just been sketchily outlined, the world-old conflict between heredity and environment was influenced by a new element whose effect could not be foreseen. His deafness introduced complications that required new adjustments, like deuces wild in a poker game. The immediate cause was measles at the age of six; but the predisposition was probably a part of his inheritance. He was at least ten years old before his condition was realized, even by himself. His fits of abstraction and oblivion were laid to inattention by the higher powers, both at home and abroad.

At the age of ten something was done about it. The resources of aural science were represented in that village by two specialists, not always sober, even when specializing. Their ministrations were barren of results. But while waiting in the reception room of one of these doctors, a patient talked to the Boy about a wonderful cigar-shaped boat that traveled under water, and thus he was introduced to Jules Verne. He had to read this new writer surreptitiously, for his mother had one test for all books. They must be true. She seemed to have had less difficulty than Pilate in recognizing truth. At any rate, time seems to have justified the Boy in his deceit, so much that Verne imagined has become true since.

Probably his mother's unswerving allegiance to truth, rather than lack of means, was the reason that none of the great children's books were known to him during that first ten-year period. *Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, Munchausen, Tom Sawyer, Arabian Nights, Alice in Wonderland* all belong to a later era, an era of conscious selection. No longer content with the resources of the little family library, he commenced to range further, with the aid of the public library. That library had one peculiar device. A white wooden screen separated the storehouses of literature from the reading public. This screen was punched with numerous holes in even rows. Each hole was numbered, and held a plug, one end red, the other blue. When a book was taken out, the librarian reversed the plug. Red was realization; blue defeat. But the *Arabian Nights* was not a library book. The copy the Boy read in the privacy of the hayloft was borrowed from the son of the colored barber — a fitting source, for were not barbers literary characters in the *Arabian Nights?*

Here then was the problem with which destiny had to deal: a boy who had acquired in the first ten years of his life a liking for books — not merely for reading, but for books, their writing, printing, and binding; who had somehow found within himself a strange affinity for print, for the alphabet, for words, their history and meanings; all this emphasized later on by contact with the types, presses, bookbinder's tools. Growing deafness drove him more and more to substitute books for life, as sources of information, as resources of amusement, and all his inclination pulled that way. A typefounder's specimen book or a catalogue of old books interested him for days. In that old series, the Harper Story Books, was one that described the art of printing as it was practised at the old building in Franklin Square. The Boy almost learned that book by heart. Fifteen years later he climbed the old spiral staircase in the courtyard one morning before seven, and as a journey-

man printer, set up several 'takes' of one of Howells's books.

At the age of twelve he acquired a press and a font of old battered nonpareil, and proceeded to publish the first of a long succession of periodicals, most of which never got beyond Vol. 1, No. 1. Soon after this he became the devil in the office of the Book and Job Steam Print, responsible first chiefly for the steam; but gradually he evolved into a full-fledged compositor with a setting rule, union card, and everything.

The relation between printing and advertising is a close one. A series of slight but critical incidents was shaping his course toward the latter, the most significant, in retrospect, being this: a national advertiser, seeking free publicity, offered a prize for the best advertisement of his product printed in a local newspaper. The Boy tried for it, and put his attempt in type also. He had a strong conviction even then as to the relation between the copy and the printed form that copy should take. The prize was fifty dollars, and the contestants numbered over fourteen hundred, so the national advertiser was well repaid. The Boy won the prize. Much water passed under the bridge after that; advertising had not yet begun to be a profession, but the prize advertisement completed the work of destiny begun when the Boy cut the letters of the alphabet from announcements in the town weekly, and pasted them together in new forms.

THE PHYSIOLOGIST IN INDUSTRY

BY FREDERIC S. LEE

I

The human machine is the oldest machine in industry, and in its fundamentals it is doubtless the same now as when it was first put to work. The men of Mentone, the Palæolithic Cro-Magnons, with their flint blades and drills, their ingenious many-barbed bone harpoons, their needles and chisels; the Egyptians who cut and hauled and lifted huge stones into the enduring pyramids — all these human machines ingested and acquired energy from proteins and fats and carbohydrates, just as we do to-day. They, like us, inhaled oxygen and exhaled carbon dioxide; they, too, needed vitamines, although they did not know it. Their hearts beat then as ours do now; they, too, possessed a blood-pressure, and varied it according to the needs of their organs; their glands secreted; their brains directed their muscles; they spurted or loafed on their jobs; they were ambitious or indifferent; they labored and slept; they loved and hated; they sickened and died — as do the factory hands of to-day.

And along with this conservation of physiological and psychological processes, it is a curious fact that, although in the recent centuries mankind has learned much about the parts of the human body and how they work, singly and in correlation, advance has been

far less in exact knowledge of how the machine as a whole behaves. We know more about hygiene and sanitation than did our forefathers; but of the best methods of getting the most out of our biological machinery we still know far too little. And this lack is especially striking when we put our machines into factories.

The case is very different with the industrial machines of wood, of brass, of bronze, of iron or steel. One need not here dwell upon the obvious, which is almost miraculous. New ways of doing the old things have been devised, and new things to do. Each year millions of dollars are expended in improving the old and constructing the new, and searching after ways of performing industrial operations more cheaply and more effectively. These industrial machines have been devised by the human machine, and they supplement and specialize its work; they even surpass their makers in power to do specific things. Yet the human machine is lord of them all. When it ceases to work they stand idle.

It is not strange that industry has been slow in learning and introducing ways of improving the efficiency of its workers. In the past, here and there, small attempts were made to solve the problem; but they were not deep, and did not indicate how big and hard and important the problem was. And then the war came, with its unprecedented demands upon human energy, and the physiologists and psychologists began to investigate,—in England, in America, in France,—to find out how human beings in the factory actually work and how their efficiency may be increased. The seven years of continuous research that have now elapsed, coupled with what came before, have accomplished much. It has become clear that industry in the past has muddled through this part of its job, and that now the more exact, more intelligent, methods of science must be used. A great step in industrial progress will be taken when we learn the human machine adequately and learn how to use it.

The human machine differs from other industrial machines in several important particulars.

In the first place, it can perform a great variety of work. Then, too, it has a large capacity for training. But, with all its possible work and possible training, most human machines possess innate qualities, difficult to analyze, but becoming less and less difficult to detect, by which they can do certain kinds of work more readily than other kinds; and thus the possibility arises of classifying the workers and assigning them to appropriate jobs. In the past this has usually been a rather haphazard affair. The employment manager, or his representative, looked the applicant over, asked him a few questions, and 'sized him up'; but to-day, from careful study of the various occupations and their specific requirements, tests have been devised for stenographers, typists, computing and other machine operators, toolmakers, inspectors of various manufactured products, moulders, mechanical engineers, salesmen, telephone operators, clerical workers, and others. Such tests endeavor to determine, and express in mathematical terms, the fitness of the applicant for the specific work in question. The validity of many of them has been demonstrated by rigid trials. They are constantly being improved and added to. No tests are infallible; but there can be no question of the superiority of a test that has been intelligently devised, wisely given, and successfully employed in numerous cases, over the old method of 'hire and fire.' Vocational guidance, by means of such tests, is gradually overcoming

skepticism, prejudice, and opposition, and is aiding innumerable human beings to find their proper setting.

Another peculiarity of the human machine is that it cannot work long before becoming fatigued. Fatigue is usually manifested by certain characteristic feelings — a disinclination to continue work, a feeling that greater effort is required, a desire to work more slowly. If the person refuses to be guided by these feelings, the original pace may be kept up for a considerable time; but, if he yields to them, the pace slackens, and gradually less is accomplished. Sooner or later he must yield to them, unless his machinery is to be seriously injured. Thus, fatigue is a signal of ultimate danger to the mechanism.

Biologists have devoted years to the investigation of fatigue, the ways in which it manifests itself, its causes, and means for its detection and alleviation. A few years ago an ingenious German doctor thought that he had found the secret, by the discovery of a fatigue toxin, — like bacterial toxins, — which produces its own antitoxin. This antitoxin was claimed to do wondrous things when taken internally, in tablet form, or even when sprayed by an atomizer into the air of a schoolroom — and, if a schoolroom, why not a factory? With the characteristic foresight of his industrious race, the discoverer protected himself by patents in Washington and elsewhere; but, unfortunately, the laboratories do not confirm the claims of the Patent Office.

With continued investigation the problem of fatigue still eludes the searcher. As each new effort is made to solve it, what appeared simple years ago seems only to increase in complexity. I am inclined now to believe that there is nothing specific about the condition which, for convenience, we call fatigue; that it has no single, or even simple, causative factors; but that the fatigued body is in a very different chemical, and perhaps physical, state from that of the unfatigued body, and that to restore the non-fatigued condition there are needed profound chemical, and perhaps physical, changes.

As to the manifestations of fatigue, and tests for its presence, we are almost equally in the dark. It is simple enough under the easily controlled conditions of a laboratory, where one can take apart a living mechanism and make its organs and tissues work separately, to demonstrate the progressively diminishing working capacity of active cells. A muscle fatigues rapidly; a nerve-ending fatigues rapidly; a nerve-fibre resists fatigue. But with the fatigue of the body as a whole, the problem of its analysis becomes infinitely more intricate.

There are certain differences in the chemical activities of the resting and the working body; but definite amounts of chemical change have not been correlated with definite amounts of work accomplished. The same is true of physical changes. Studies of the mental capacities of individuals in the fresh and the fatigued state have been legion; but different investigators have obtained such different results, and a positive finding by one has been contradicted so often by a negative finding by another, that the subject is now a maze of bewildering uncertainty.

But, notwithstanding the difficulties, — which will, of course, not be forever insurmountable, — there are indirect ways of demonstrating objectively the fatigue of the human body. Compare, for example, its diurnal curve of work with that of a machine of metal. With the latter, when once the power is turned on and the pace is set, the work goes on uniformly from hour to hour; the output of each succeeding hour, and of the final hour of the spell or the day,

is no greater and no less than that of the first hour; in other words, the diurnal curve of work is a horizontal line, neither rising nor falling from beginning to end.

With the human machine the form of the curve depends on the nature of the operation. It cannot always be plotted. For example, I have no means of expressing graphically my own curve in writing this article for the *Atlantic*, although Trollope, with his two hundred and fifty words every quarter-hour, rain or shine, might possibly have done so for *Barchester Towers*. But where, as in many factory operations, the day's work consists of a series of similar neuromuscular actions, repeated over and over again, perhaps hundreds and thousands of times, and the product can be measured exactly in number or weight of similar pieces produced, plotting the diurnal curve of the individual is a simple matter.

If the operation is what may be called a 'machine' operation, where the pace is set by the lifeless mechanism and the living being is merely an accessory, he, too, can work along a horizontal line. But, if it is a 'physiological' operation, when the worker is free, within limits, to choose his own pace, and when he so uses his forces that, as he leaves the factory at night, he can honestly feel that he has accomplished a real day's labor, his curve of work from hour to hour reflects his physiological state.

As physiological states differ, curves of work differ; nevertheless, certain curves are habitual. Such, for example, is the diurnal curve of many operators performing dexterous handwork in a certain American brass-factory, which maintained a ten-hour day of two shifts, equal in length and separated by an hour for luncheon. The day's work began well, and the output of the first hour was at no mean figure. But it was surpassed during the second hour by nine per cent, and a still higher figure, the maximum of the day, was reached during the third hour of the morning. Then the work fell off, slightly during the fourth, more rapidly during the fifth, hour; and when the workers went to their luncheon, they were accomplishing scarcely more than at the beginning of the morning spell. Their curve of work for the forenoon thus showed a rise up to the day's maximum, followed by a fall.

These two phases, which are very common, are usually ascribed, the first to the favorable action of practice, the second to the unfavorable action of fatigue. Since, however, practice and fatigue are two antagonistic factors, continually present, it might be more correct to say that the rise of the curve represents the preponderant action of practice, the fall the preponderant action of fatigue.

The luncheon hour gave an opportunity for the workers to take food and to rest. But while they were recovering from their fatigue, they were losing the beneficial effect of practice. The curve of the afternoon spell repeated the main features of that of the morning, rising at first and then falling; but each hour, except the first, was characterized by less production than the corresponding hour of the forenoon; while the final, and tenth, hour was marked by a great fall of the curve, representing the least work of the day. Thus, if we are to judge from the output, not only was fatigue indicated in the latter part of each spell of five hours, but there appeared greater fatigue in the afternoon as compared with the morning, and the greatest fatigue of the whole day in the final hour of work.

In those operations of this factory which made special demands on the muscles of the workers, and where fatigue might perhaps be expected to

be more pronounced than in dexterous operations, the fall in both spells was greater, and the terminal lowest point was lower, than in the dexterous curve. In fact, the work of the final hour of muscular work amounted to only sixty-three per cent of that of the maximum. The luncheon hour was characterized by a marked recovery of working power — an excellent demonstration of the restorative action of food.

This same factory, which was engaged during the war in the manufacture of explosive shells, maintained at the time a night-shift of twelve hours, and the curve of the night-workers was also plotted. It, too, revealed practice and fatigue effects during both spells, but its most striking feature was a tremendous and sharp fall at the end of the shift, between 5 and 6.40 A.M., almost no production, indeed, occurring during the final forty minutes.

II

The output of the human machine, unlike that of the non-living mechanism, is increased by occasional rests. The benefits of the luncheon hour are obvious; but many facts demonstrate that other resting-periods are not, in the end, mere lost time. The big burly stupid Schmidt, carrying heavy iron pigs to railway cars, was compelled by his foreman to sit down and rest for a few minutes after every ten or twenty pigs, and his day's record of loading was increased from twelve and one-half to forty-seven tons, the accomplishment giving a great boost to the so-called 'scientific management' of his day.

It must be allowed, in this instance, that other factors besides periodic rests may have contributed to Schmidt's achievement. By introducing a ten-minute recess into the forenoon and the afternoon spell of a ten-hour day, experienced American munition-workers increased their average day's total output in different operations by one, three, eight, eighteen, and even twenty-six per cent. Both American and British observers report other instances of the improvement following the adoption of enforced brief resting-periods.

It is not only the school child who benefits from recesses: it is the adult as well. The human machine abhors monotony, as nature abhors a vacuum. It must have change. If it has been sitting, it must stand; if standing, it must sit. It must gossip and laugh and dance and take food and read newspapers — anything that will turn nerve and blood-currents into new channels; that will make overactive cells rest, and torpid cells active. The English cup of tea might be established in our American factories with profit. The most advantageous number and duration of industrial recesses and the ways in which workers should use them probably differ in different occupations and with different workers. However these details may be decided in individual cases, observations seem to justify the general conclusions, that no one may be expected to work advantageously for a period of five continuous hours without a break, and that systematic recesses are superior to those that are taken voluntarily.

III

The working of the human machine is affected by various physical factors in its environment. One of these is air, and the modern science of ventilation shows what qualities good air possesses. In extreme cases air may be rendered impure by poisonous chemical substances produced in manufacturing operations, which men and women cannot long breathe without detriment. But under ordinary circumstances the bad air of crowded rooms is not due to

chemical contamination, but to a rise of temperature, a rise of humidity, and a lack of motion. The human motor, like other motors, generates much heat, and must be continually air-cooled if its temperature is not to rise to a detrimental degree.

I once placed a healthy young man in a chamber large enough to enable him to sit comfortably, and supplied him with abundant, but still, air at an average temperature of one hundred and two degrees, Fahrenheit, and an average relative humidity of ninety-one per cent. In two hours his bodily temperature had risen from ninety-eight and six tenths to one hundred and four and four tenths degrees. At the end of a three hours' inspection of the various processes in one of our leading steel plants I found that my own temperature had risen from normal to one hundred and two degrees.

Exposure to air of a high temperature and high humidity is debilitating. Professor Scott and I observed that the muscles of animals which had been subjected for six hours to an atmosphere of an average temperature of ninety-one degrees, and an average relative humidity of ninety per cent, were capable of performing only seventy-six per cent of the work of other animals living at sixty-nine degrees of temperature and fifty-two per cent of humidity.

In certain Welsh factories manufacturing tin-plate, the amount of production was observed to show a seasonal variation, being greatest in the cool winter months and least in the summer; but the summer reduction was markedly less in those factories which were equipped with good ventilating systems. In an American automobile factory, sixty-eight departments were found to have undesirable physical conditions. The records here revealed that the requests of the operators for transfer from one job to another were most numerous, and the labor turnover was greatest, in connection with those operations that were characterized by heat, smoke, fumes, and other features of bad air. The number of daily absences from work in this air was exceeded only in those operations that involved excessive noise. The number of headaches reported to the company's hospital, while greatest where eye-strain was prevalent, was only slightly less where bad lighting occurred. Thus the human machine is affected unfavorably by certain physical features in its environment. To secure its highest efficiency these should be eliminated.

IV

The human machine is quite capable of wasting its forces. To sit instead of stand is often allowed by the nature of the job, and is physiologically economical; but sitting in a strained position is not economical. There is always a best bodily position for each worker for his occupation at the moment, and it should be discovered and established. To adapt chair and bench to his needs is a simple help toward the efficiency of his mechanism. A change of bodily position is often economical. As I write these pages, I usually stand at a high desk; but occasionally I sit or move about.

The human machine, too, often wastes energy by making needless, unproductive motions. These may be due to the placing of the working-materials in an inconvenient position. A bricklayer, for example, can build his wall more rapidly, and with an expenditure of less energy for each square yard, if his bricks are not thrown indiscriminately on the platform on which he is standing, — an arrangement which necessitates his stooping over to pick up each brick, — but are piled on a bench

at the height of his wall and convenient to his hand.

Even when working-materials have been most advantageously placed, the worker often — perhaps it may be said, usually — makes needless motions. How to reduce these to the least possible number, to confine his movements as far as possible to those that are actually productive, has been the endeavor of 'time-and-motion study' for nearly fifty years, ever since Frederick Taylor began to tamper with the traditional tactics of the steel factory. The simplest method of discovering unnecessary motions is just seeing them; but it does not take the discoverer very far, and it may lead him astray. Observation and comparison of the ways of the best workers in performing the same operation; analysis of the whole cycle of motions into its constituent parts; the use of the stop-watch in measuring the duration of the parts and the whole, were early employed with advantage. But more scientific methods were demanded, and the increasing complexity of the aids to analysis may be best indicated by a list of the varieties of their apparatus arranged in chronological and neological order: kymograph, cinematograph, cyclegraph, stereocyclegraph, stereochronocyclegraph, and autostereochronocyclegraph.

I trust that the reader will not be repelled by these names. Chemistry can do worse. The man of science is rarely a linguist, and the language of science can be far from mellifluous. It is not necessary to explain these instruments. Suffice it to say that they have all been employed in recording the motions made by the fingers, hands, arms, or other parts of human machines, in a great variety of industrial operations, for the purpose of enabling an observer to follow through a complex motion — human motions are usually complex — from beginning to end, and to consider how it may be simplified, how needless movements may be eliminated, and how the machine may be taught to confine itself to those that are really essential to the end in view. The graphic curve made by one of these instruments from an untrained worker may appear, for all the world, like a seismographic record of a terrestrial disturbance; yet a few weeks of training and practice in more economical methods may change it into a graceful succession of a few rhythmic lines, representative of a few effective neuromuscular efforts.

The usual result of time-and-motion study has been to increase the output of the worker. Thus, by elimination and combination, the traditional eighteen motions made by the mason in laying a brick were reduced to one and three quarters; and, instead of one hundred and twenty, he could lay three hundred and fifty bricks in the hour; four hundred dozen pieces of cotton cloth were folded, each with ten or twelve motions, where formerly twenty to thirty motions were required for each of one hundred and fifty dozen pieces; a girl was able to wrap with paper the same number of boxes in twenty, which she had previously wrapped in forty, seconds; a clerk, whose motions were reduced from thirteen to six, was able to open two hundred, instead of one hundred, letters in an hour; and numerous similar examples might be cited. Even when output is merely maintained and not increased by the modified method, there is an advantage, in a lessened expenditure of energy.

There are dangers in the elimination of unnecessary motions. There is the danger of excessive speed and drive and over-fatigue. There is the danger of spoiled work. There is the danger of assuming that the fewest motions neces-

sarily constitute the most effective method. There is the danger of assuming that all workers can most profitably perform a given operation in exactly the same manner. There is the danger of crushing initiative. But all these may be avoided by an intelligent, sympathetic director, who realizes that a misuse of the newer method will, in the end, defeat the object of improving the efficiency of the human machine. Time-and-motion study, properly conducted, will greatly aid this object.

V

A paramount distinction of the human machine, in comparison with machines of metal, is that it is the seat of instincts and emotions, and its reaction toward the call of its work is modified by them. During the war American munition factories displayed patriotic posters on their walls, and records of their previous week's high production, and invited stirring speakers to give five-minute talks to their workers, in order to stimulate a still greater output. I once watched a lively game of football between teams of healthy, ruddy, English munition girls during the noon hour, and I could not doubt that the afternoon work of both players and lookers-on was bettered by it.

There is, no doubt, a swirl of conflicting emotions within a striking workman's body, when the pleading of his wife and children for food turns him toward the factory, and at its door he is greeted by the call of 'scab' from his fellows. A worker may have ambition to excel, and yet loyalty to his mates and the demands of his union may induce him to stereotype his production at the level of the mass; but, if the temporary stoppage of the machinery threatens a loss of his piece-wages for the day, he may spurt to more than double his usual pace. It was the custom in a certain American factory to stop work for a quarter of an hour every Thursday, to distribute the weekly pay-envelopes. This markedly increased the output — in one operation thirty-nine per cent — either before or after the interruption.

The tradition of the least work and the largest pay may be strong with the worker. The labor turnover in the department of a hated foreman is apt to be large. Suspicion and distrust of employers, whether justified or not, are often habitual. In the many phases of what has unfortunately been named 'welfare work,' some workers find real mental and physical blessings, while others see only paternalism, an invasion of private rights, and diabolical devices for drive. To one worker sabotage is justifiable, while another respects his tools as he does himself. One may be a dull plodder, capable or incapable; another may be emotionally unstable, quick to respond to good and to bad influences.

Instincts are mainsprings of human industrial action, and a sagacious analyst has classified them into instincts of workmanship, ownership, self-assertion, submissiveness, curiosity, play, pugnacity, sex, the parent, and the herd. Wisely directed, they may become forceful aids to efficiency; led astray, they may disorganize and obstruct. It is probable that emotional instability is one of the potent factors in the industrial unrest that has followed the war.

VI

These peculiarities of the human machine, which I have been picturing, are not merely academic matters, of physiological and psychological interest only: they throw light upon some of the vital problems of labor.

What, for example, should be the length of the working day? — a mooted

question for more than a hundred years, since English manufacturers demanded sixteen hours, and English humanitarians contended that a man's factory was not his castle, into which the king could not enter. It is a fact beyond doubt that, from the standpoint of accomplishment by the human machine and its conservation, the day should tend toward brevity rather than length. It is, indeed, true that, if large production in a brief time is the object sought, it is physically possible to quicken the pace, drive the machine dreadfully, and force it to turn out more goods. So can a flivver be rushed at a reckless rate; but the wise rarely drive it so.

Most employers of labor naturally desire a continued large production. A few examples may be cited to show how this has been obtained in specific instances. In 1900 the famous Zeiss Optical Works of Jena reduced its working-day from nine to eight hours, without lowering its rate of piece-wages, with a resulting increase of 16.2 per cent in the hourly, and of 3.3 per cent in the daily, earnings of its men. The shortening of the day of the bituminous coal-miners in Illinois, from ten to eight hours, was followed by an increase of the average amount of coal mined daily by each man from 2.72 to 3.16 tons. At the Engis Chemical Works, in Belgium, it was found that the same workers at the same furnaces with the same tools and raw material produced in seven and one-half hours as much as they had been producing in ten hours. The employees in an English boot-and-shoe factory maintained at forty-eight weekly hours their former output of fifty-five and one-half hours — an achievement that could hardly be ascribed solely to the free cup of tea provided by the company at ten in the morning and three in the afternoon.

During the war some carefully controlled measurements were made of the relation between actual working hours and the output of workers engaged in various occupations involved in the manufacture of fuses for explosive shells. When the weekly hours of men sizing fuse-bodies were reduced from 58.2 to 50.4, the week's total output was increased nineteen per cent; when the hours of women turning fuse-bodies were reduced from 66 to 47.5, there was an increase of total output of thirteen per cent; and when the hours of women milling screw-threads were cut from 64.9 to 48.1, total output fell by the trifling amount of one per cent. It is significant that, of all these three operations, that of sizing fuse-bodies, in which there was the greatest improvement in production, was the one in which the physiological element was most prominent, while in that of milling screw-threads, with its slight loss, the pace of the worker was largely dependent upon that of her milling machine.

Here are two authentic instances of what happened when overtime was added to a customary day's work. While the employees of the Zeiss Optical Works were still doing their regular nine hours, one hour was added, in view of the coming Christmas rush of trade. There was an immediate increase in production, and hopes were high; but within a month hopes and production had had a grievous fall, the former to a level not determinable, the latter to that of the original nine-hour day. So, too, the British tin-plate millmen, who, when transferred from eight-hour to six-hour shifts, increased their hourly output markedly, dropped again to their previous record on a return to the longer hours.

These instances suffice to illustrate the peculiar ways of the human machine in its relation to length of labor. With a machine of soulless steel, decreased hours mean decreased produc-

tion; with a machine of flesh and blood, decreased hours, within limits, mean increased production. It is difficult to make people believe this seeming paradox. Long hours maintained by a worker mean, in the end, one of two things: either a slow pace, or over-fatigue of his organism. If a slow pace occurs, the object of long hours is defeated. If over-fatigue occurs — but, first, let us see what over-fatigue involves. It was shown in the laboratory long ago that fatigue does not increase in arithmetical proportion to the increase in work done, — twice the work, twice the fatigue, — but that additional work imposed upon an already fatigued individual is disproportionately more fatiguing, and a disproportionately longer time is then required for recuperation. The human machine is, it is true, constructed with a large margin of safety, and can often endure for a considerable time more than the usual calls on its working capacity. But, if over-fatigue occurs, the certain result of a maintenance of long hours is the laying aside of the machine. Yet change of personnel, labor turnover, is one of the most costly features of industrial administration.

These fundamental physiological facts are overlooked too often by employers of labor, especially when emergencies arise. Then the first thought is for more working hours. A rush of orders, perishable fruit, too few hands — familiar situations met by familiar procedures. Great Britain made the time-honored mistake in dealing with her factory workers in the early days of the war, when she imposed long hours, overtime, and Sunday labor, and defeated her commendable purpose of turning out the greatest possible quantity of munitions in the shortest possible time. I think that I am not claiming too much credit for my professional brothers when I say that it was largely the physiologists who convinced the British Government of the fatal error of its ways, and brought about a return to a more rational way of utilizing the vast possibilities of its human machines.

When we turn from the general conclusion that the working-day of the human machine should tend toward brevity rather than length, and face the question of its actual duration, our difficulties increase. I cannot conceive that a twelve-hour day of continuous labor continuously repeated can ever be physiologically economical. Nor can I conceive that a six-hour day would ever make excessive physiological demands upon those who are physiologically fitted to maintain their places in industry. Vernon, an English physiologist of wide experience in the study of factory laborers, and of wide knowledge of the present status of industrial physiology, has suggested as a tentative scheme that, from the point of view of maximum output, the working-day of the textile worker, whose occupation is largely connected with machine operations, might be fixed at nine or ten hours; that of the worker who combines manual skill and strength with machinery, at eight hours; and that of such a manual laborer as the coal-miner, at seven hours.

Whether this be accepted or not, I think it is fair to maintain that, in endeavoring to decide upon the proper length of the day, consideration should be given, first, to the physiological aspect of the matter. The integrity of the physiological mechanism should first be assured. It results from this that, from the physiological point of view alone, the endeavor to establish a working-day of universal applicability, appropriate to all occupations and all individuals, is an unscientific procedure. Whether it might seem best, from the economic and the sociological stand-

points, to equalize the dissimilar physiological days, is hardly a question for the physiologist.

VII

It was Dr. Johnson, I think, who said that deviation from nature is deviation from happiness. In its long history, industry has been guilty of many deviations from nature. To me there is always something uncanny in the sight of men flocking to the factories when darkness is coming on. I have never known a night-watchman who was habitually jovial. It is true that an appreciable part of the work of the world is performed at night; and yet nature seems never to have intended man to make of himself a nocturnal animal. His bodily temperature, which has its source in the chemical changes within his tissues, falls steadily through the night, and reaches its lowest ebb in the early morning hours; and even the night-watchman, who has spent years in his lonely service, cannot force the clinical thermometer to behave differently.

Exact measurements of the output of day-workers and of night-workers on similar jobs show that the latter habitually produce less — two, six, ten, twelve, and seventeen per cent in different groups under observation. Where workers shift every fortnight from day to night, and again from night to day, the depressing effect of the night's labor is more evident in the second week of the night-shift than in the first, and is even carried over into the subsequent first week of the day-shift.

I have already mentioned the enormous fall during the morning hours in the output of men working through a twelve-hour night. These are the least productive hours of all. The early morning is the time when nature asserts herself. Of a squad of seventy-four of these men under the scrutiny of an observer, two thirds were found sleeping at different times between 3.30 and 6.30 A.M. Operations that required twelve seconds for performance in the evening, when the gang was fresh, now required more than seventeen seconds. Continuous night-workers lose more time from their work than continuous day-workers. Night-workers are less strong muscularly than day-workers; but we do not yet know whether this is a consequence of their endeavor to turn night into day. The attempt to turn night into day is, however, essentially unphysiological. The human machine rebels against it, even if the human will may not.

VIII

The considerable body of knowledge concerning the ways of the industrial worker, which has now been accumulated, and from which I have drawn freely in the present paper, has been contributed by several countries, and the greatest advance has been since the Great War began to make its excessive demands upon human energies. The unparalleled call for munitions of all kinds early began to draw tense the nerves of Englishmen, and to make them wonder whether industry could carry on to the end. This doubt, too, was expressed later by a clear-thinking Frenchman, who wrote: 'A nation finds itself to-day in danger of defeat, not because it does not know how to fight, but because it does not know how to manufacture.'

In 1915, Mr. Lloyd George, then Minister of Munitions, was induced to appoint a Health-of-Munition-Workers Committee, composed of men of science, leaders in industry, both employers and employees, and public servants; and a systematic scientific investigation of many of the urgent problems was begun, leading to numerous valuable

reports and recommendations. Toward the close of the war the Committee was replaced by another body, the Industrial Fatigue Research Board, also under government auspices and with similar functions, at whose head was Professor Sherrington, Oxford physiologist, eminent for his investigations into the nervous system, and now advanced to knighthood and the presidency of the Royal Society. In 1921 there was incorporated a third body, the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, founded 'for the application of psychology and physiology to Industry and Commerce,' whose director is Dr. Myers, for many years Director of the Cambridge Psychological Laboratory. These bodies, led by Great Britain's leading men of science, have been ably assisted by men prominent in British industry; money has been contributed; skilled investigators have been employed; the factories of the United Kingdom have been widely opened for study; and a considerable body of valuable literature has already been issued.

In 1917 the United States Public Health Service recognized the industrial stress of the war, and with the aid of American men of science organized an intensive and comparative investigation of two of the leading factories, which were busy with war industries, and together were employing nearly fifty-thousand workers. The main report of this research has been published, and subsidiary reports either have been already issued or are still in progress. In the United States, too, contributions have come from private and from university laboratories, and from the laboratories of certain factories where the counsels of men of wide vision prevail.

France also has, in Paris, its investigative body, the Institut Lannelongue. Spain has, in Barcelona, its Institut d'Orientació Professional. Even before the enemy had left Belgium, plans for the some-time reëstablishment of her industries were beginning to be formed, and a commission was sent to this country and England to learn of the methods of industrial organization in use and in prospect. Italy, Sweden, Canada, and Japan are also making inquiries as to the possibilities of the new ways of looking at the industrial worker. In all of these activities, whether investigative or informational, there have been, as in all things scientific, free international coöperation and exchange.

But achievement imposes obligation. Finality is never reached in scientific research. The investigator is lost who closes his mind to change. No science, except that of the charlatan, springs full-armed from any head. The progress that has been made has been gratifying, but the most gratifying feature of it all is the vision that it brings of future progress. Of all biological organisms, the human body is the most difficult to investigate; yet I am confident that at last we have found the right path to the way of the worker; that in a few years the fashion in which the employer deals with his living machines will be fundamentally changed; and that again it will be shown, as it has been shown so many times in human affairs, that 'science is the great liberator.'

THE TARRIER-MAN

BY L. ALLEN HARKER

I

'No, I 'm not a member of the Society for Psychical Research. I neither affirm nor do I deny; I keep an open mind. But I have found this — that in sparsely populated parts of the country, far from railways, you do come across people with queer uncanny powers, which, so far as I know, have not yet been explained away by any of the usual common-sense arguments that unimaginative people seem to find so convincing.'

We were sitting, one on either side of Anthony Winston's hearth, in his comfortable book-lined chambers. The October night was chilly, and a small fire glowed and whispered on the tiled hearth.

'Well, you 've just come back from a fairly remote part of the Cotswolds — seven miles from the nearest station, did n't you say? and that a junction miles from anywhere else. I suppose you 've just come across something queer — out with it!'

'Well I did, and I 'll tell you about it. But don't ask me to explain anything, for I can't. I can only tell you what I heard and saw, and exceedingly queer it was.'

I settled myself comfortably in my deep chair. Anthony Winston is not given to yarning. He 's a hard-headed barrister of five-and-forty. I know, however, that he has a soft place in his heart for that part of the Cotswolds where he was born, and where his eldest brother is 'Squarson' in the gray-gabled, stone-roofed manor-house set among great beech woods and hilly pastures, where the small stony fields are ringed round with rough stone walls.

'What makes my part of the country so curiously remote in these days of motors,' he said, 'is Lord Leadon's park — five miles by three between the village and the nearest road to a railway. And Lord Leadon — God bless him! — has always refused to let either motors or bicycles inside the park, though it is open to anything on two legs or four. There are bits of it where you might almost fancy yourself in some mediæval forest. Every sort of woodland creature — and of course it 's a splendid covert to draw, for foxes abound. My brother's place marches with the far end of it; and in a tumble-down stone cottage, a little way inside one of the gates, lives old Sam Whillock, who used to be the "tarrier-man" for Lord Leadon's hounds. He 's too old now to run with them but he still wears his stained and faded "scarlet" cord breeches and very tight gaiters.

'He 's a wizened, quick-moving little old man, with a nut-brown, nut-cracker face and queer light-blue eyes.

'For years he was a sort of chartered libertine of the hunt. He does n't "belong" to those parts, but they say came from Tewkesbury way æons of ages ago. He always seems to have been looked upon as a bit of a rascal (as I 've no doubt he is), suspected, yet

tolerated; liked, yet feared. Hail-fellow-well-met with everyone he came across yet really intimate with none. Always living quite alone in the two-roomed cottage in among the trees. I expect he was allowed to stay there because all the keepers were married and needed more room. Christmas and Easter he comes to church still in his faded scarlet coat and a once-black velvet cap, now a grayish white, the color of lichen. On these occasions, — and he never comes near the church at any other time, — he carries an enormous prayer-book wrapped in a blue handkerchief.

'"Queer 'e is," a woman in the village said to me. " 'T is said as 'e do understand what the animals says to one another like as if 'e was one of theirselves. Queer doin's goes on in that there Park. 'T is said," she lowered her voice nervously, "as 'e can raise them Romans as was there: when they bin ploughin', they 've often come across coins and bits of colored stone as they did use to their floors. There 's summat not quite natr'al about Whillock, though he never don't do no 'arm as I can see; but 'is eyes be funny, an' for all 'is age — an 'e 's well over seventy if 'e 's a day — he can see farther than most. Farther than most," she repeated meaningly; "they do say as 'e can see what us can't. I don't 'old with it myself. No good never come of none of it."

'Next day I went myself to find Whillock. His cottage is a good two miles from the vicarage. It was a lovely late September day and I got lost in the Park. It 's quite easy to do this, if you don't know it well; and I 've been down there so seldom in late years. Instead of arriving, as I intended, at his cottage, I found myself near Lady Leadon's colony of goats, and thought that as I was there I 'd have a look at them.

'A nanny and some kids were out in the field some distance from the steading, and under an oak tree near them I caught sight of a flash of scarlet. There, seated on the ground and leaning against the bole, was the "tarrier-man," and in his hand was a little wooden pipe like a flute. I paused behind him rather to one side.

'Without turning his head he called out: "Don't you move, sir; you stop just where you be, an' I 'll show you a pretty sight."

'He put the pipe to his lips and began to play. A ghostly, thin little tune like the call of some small, shrill bird. The kids, their dappled coats lovely in the afternoon sunshine, instantly stood on their hind legs, pawing the air, and then they trod a measure, a solemn slow little dance. It was n't gay. It was n't somehow even spontaneous. It was careful, almost respectful. The mother-goat, some yards away, ceased cropping the grass and lifted her head to watch them, but made no attempt either to join them or interfere in any way.

'The strange piping ceased. The kids dropped on all fours and scampered away to join their mother as if released from some lesson.

'The splash of faded scarlet rose from the ground and moved stiffly across the grass toward me.

'"Pretty — ain't 'em?" he said, watching me closely with his unwinking queer blue eyes that were so old and yet so keen. "Fond of animals, ain't you, sir?"

'"How do you do it?" I asked; "they 're only babies. How have you taught them?"

'He shook his head, smiling his crooked crafty smile. "You learns a lot," he said slowly, "if you lives along o' the likes o' they. There 's queer doin's if you looks for 'em; but them as don't look don't find nothin'. There 's

plenty as goes about from one year's end to another and never sees a hinch beyond their own noses and them but shart 'uns. No, nor they can't smell neither, nor their yers can't 'ear."

'I wondered if he set me down among these incapable ones, and rather uncomfortably changed the subject.

' "I was trying to find your cottage, but missed my way. They tell me you know a lot about these woods, and I 'm interested in Roman remains. Do you ever come across traces of them here? Coins and so on — I wondered if you had any you could show me?"

'He never took his eyes off my face and I was acutely conscious that he was reading my thoughts.

' "When I finds owt, I leaves 'a' be. 'You let me alone and I 'll let you alone' — that 's what I says to 'em; and up to now they 've allus acted square. I 'ave n't never sold nothin' belongin' to 'em and I never shall. You come along, sir, and set a bit in my kitching an' I 'll take it very kind— but I ain't got nothin' belongin' to them Romans. 'T would n't be 'ealthy for the likes o' me. 'Live and let live,' I says and so they does."

' "But I thought they were all dead hundreds of years ago," I objected; "so I don't see how that comes in."

' "Dead," he repeated, "dead! what 's dead? Nothin' ain't dead not reely, not if they don't want to be. Not if they ain't tired. You can't kill nothin' that be eager an' young — you can't do it. Them as wants to be peaceful lies peaceful, but whoever 'eard of youngsters as wants to lie peaceful?"

'I followed him in silence, digesting this, to me, quite new view of Immortality.

'Under trees and through thick undergrowth by mysterious paths did we go, — paths that looked more like the track of some animal than trodden by the foot of man, — and very quickly we came out into the little clearing where the cottage stands. Loud barking greeted our approaching footsteps; and as he opened the door, a little white terrier rushed out leaping round us in noisy welcome.

'Tumble-down and derelict as the cottage looked outside, inside it was tidy and almost comfortable. A plain deal table scrubbed very clean, an armchair with cushions covered with rabbit-skins neatly joined, a deer-skin before the little fireplace, and wooden racks on the walls to hold his small store of crockery — two saucepans and a frying-pan. It seemed dark in the cottage, although the sun was shining so brightly outside. The window was small and overgrown by ivy. I sat facing it in the armchair, while he sat on a black oak coffer that was set on the other side of the fire. I had laid my hat on the table, and his ancient velvet cap was hung behind the door. The little terrier laid down with his nose between his paws, and went to sleep in front of the smouldering fire.

'It was very still.

'I produced my tin of Players' Navy Cut, which I 'd brought as an offering to Whillock, and handed it to him.

' "I 'm afraid as you be disappointed as I ain't got no curiosities," he said; and I felt his bright eyes fixed on my face, though he was so much in the shadow that I could hardly see them. "I could 'a' made a lot if I 'd 'a' chose, scropin' about for things as they did leave, but I never done it. I 'ad n't the 'eart. They got so few places now where they can stop, an' 'is lardship 'ave n't never chivvied 'em. 'Eathen they was and 'eathen they stops, but they don't do no 'arm to no one an' they keeps the place private-like. The animals don't mind 'em, so let 'em 'ave their bits o' things, I says; let 'em keep 'em in peace."

'A shadow flickered across the win-

dow, and I saw the small flat head and bright eyes of a weasel watching us and its smooth fawn skin seemed to shine in the brighter light outside. I suppose I started slightly for Whillock, who was busy filling his pipe, turned his head with his thumb still pressed into the bowl, and the weasel vanished.

'"They 'aves their uses," he said quietly; "keeper can't abear them, but it ain't no business of mine. Live an' let live. That there weasel 'e likes a bit o' company, times, same as you an' me."

'The little white terrier snored gently. I handed my matches to Whillock. He lit his pipe and blew out a cloud of smoke; again it was extraordinarily still.

'Again the weasel looked in at the window. It flickered to and fro all the time I was there, for all the world like a jack-in-the-box. It gave me the creeps, for I 'm like "Keeper" — I don't like weasels. Presently old Whillock began to talk.

'"Now, sir, if you 'll give me your word as you won't say nothin' to the Reverend, I 'll show you summut as you would n't see once in 'undreds of blue moons. Summut as I don't believe you 'd see anywhere else in England save on'y in 'is lardship's park as 'ave been kept so sweet and secret, away from all them stinkin' engines. You come along o' me to-morrow marnin' about four o'clock, an' I 'll show you summut as is well worth seein'. I 've a notion as you could see 'un. But there 's plenty as can't — plenty as can't."

'"Cub-hunting 's begun, I suppose," I said.

'"Yes, sir, it 'ave started: but, bless you, it ain't what it used to be before the war. Why, they never meets now till ever so late — nine, half-past, sometimes ten o'clock. The gen'lemen used to think nothin' of gettin' up in the dark and ridin' out in the dark to the meets. 'Ad any 'untin' since you come down, sir?"

'"No, not this time. I have n't even been to a meet since January, 1919, over a year and a half ago."

'"Anything sart o' strike you, sir, when you did go?"

'"Well, I suppose what must strike all of us — that the men were comparatively few, and were either middle-aged or quite young boys!"

'"Ah," Whillock said, dwelling long on the open vowel, with a world of mysterious meaning in the sound.

'His light eyes held me and I wondered of what he was thinking. I seemed steeped in the extraordinary stillness. The weasel was staring in at us quite impudently, but I was getting used to the weasel and stared back.

'Presently Whillock took his pipe out of his mouth: "Us 'll go cub-huntin' to-morrow," he said; "there may be a touch o' frast, but not enough to spoil the scent, and the moon be full."

'The terrier woke up and moved, caught sight of the weasel, and broke into a torrent of barks. I got up to go, and Whillock opened the door. The terrier darted out into the wood, his barks dying away in the distance.

'"Half-past four o'clock sharp, sir," he said. "Cloatley Carner I 'll meet you; 't ain't near so far as my little place. Good afternoon, sir. Seasonable weather for the time of year."

'He stood in the crazy door watching me out of sight.

'I did n't say anything to my brother of my proposed expedition with Whillock. He does n't approve of Whillock; but, like that worthy, believes in the "live and let live" theory.

'What did the old tarrier-man mean, I wondered, by getting me up at such an unearthly hour? First he said cub-hunting was shockingly late now-a-days, and then he bids me meet him at half-past four.

'It was getting dark before I got back to the Vicarage and somehow I felt rather glad to see the firelit windows of my brother's study.

II

'I awoke, it seemed to me, in the middle of the night, though the room was quite light in the cold rays of the full moon. I had pulled up the blinds before I got into bed. I looked at my watch, and it was just four o'clock. With a groan, I remembered my appointment with Whillock at Cloatley Corner.

'It was extremely cold, and as I crept downstairs I felt I was nine sorts of a born fool to have got up at all.

'I let myself out by the side door and took the key with me. The vicarage was wrapped in sleep; nobody stirred.

'When I reached the appointed "carner," I thought for a moment that old Whillock had played me false, and I felt crosser than ever; but as my footsteps sounded on the hard road (there had been quite a frost), he came out from a patch of black shadow, looking even smaller and more shrunken than in the afternoon.

'His little white terrier was not with him.

' "You have n't brought Fetchem," I said.

' "No, sir, 'e won't be wanted. 'E 's better where 'e is."

' "Are we going in the Park, Whillock?"

' "No, sir, not exactly. We skirts it. 'T is to the edge of the common we be goin', where all them garse bushes be."

'Cubs were barking in the wood, but on we padded in dead silence.

'A delicate mist like a silver veil lay just above the ground, but it was brilliantly clear overhead, and a great moon flamed blue in the heavens. We were walking now along a rough cart-track, with the Park fence on one side and the open common on the other.

' "Is it Roman remains you 're going to show me?" I asked at last; for I was getting tired of walking mumchance in a northeast wind.

'He stopped. "We 'll wait here a bit, sir. No, 't ain't nothin' to do with them there Romans as I 've brought you out for to see. They 've bin in these parts nigh on two thousand year, so I bin told; 't would n't be nothin' out o' the common to see they."

' "What do you mean?" I asked; "I should think it very much out of the common to see any of them. I should enjoy it of all things."

' " 'T is a bit too cold for 'em," he said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Summer 's the time to see them, dancin' round a himmidge like they does. But we shan't see none of 'em this marnin'. 'T ain't them as I 've brought you out for to see — if you can see. You keeps quiet a minute, sir, and listen; an' I 'd take off my 'at, sir, if I was you."

'He took off the lichen-colored cap as he spoke, and I uncovered, listening intently; but all I could hear was the distant barking of young foxes and the labored breathing of old Whillock, blown after his quick walk.

'Suddenly I became conscious that there was movement everywhere around me. Wave after wave of it passed over and submerged me, the cold air brimmed and throbbed with it.

'Then I saw a fox — an old dog fox, no cub he — streaking across the common at a tremendous pace. And after him the hounds, running mute with their noses well off the ground, for the scent was evidently breast-high. Two old hounds were leading. The rest followed, their white-and-tan marking picked out sharply by the clear light; and after them the hunt, some sixty or seventy men, young men eager and

joyous, running and riding for all they were worth.

'The rush of their passing stirred my hair. The soft earth, frozen only on the surface, flew in showers from under the horses' hooves. I longed to run with them, to holla, to take some part; but my voice died in my throat and my feet seemed rooted in the ground — and they were gone. "Rarely, rarely com'st thou, spirit of delight"; and it had been there, close to me, swift and keen and young — and it was gone.

'I turned to old Whillock, who was watching me with his queer light eyes. "You see 'em, sir?" he asked.

' "Of course I saw them."

' "Young, was n't 'em? Jolly-like, was n't 'em?"

' "Whillock," I said, "in God's name what was the meaning of it? Why was there no sound?"

' "Why was n't there no sound?" he repeated. "Why, because us has n't got quick enough ears. Some on us can see a bit farther than others, but I 've not come acrass any yet as can 'ear — what there is to be 'eard. We 'd best be getting along back, sir; we shan't see nothin' more this marnin'. Why, they 'll be pretty well over to Hullasy."

' "But I smelt the fox, Whillock."

' "Like enough you did."

'I was cold, but not from any supernatural cause. There was only joy and enthusiasm in what I had seen, and I felt stimulated, excited, interested.

' "You might as well explain," I said. "Where did all those youngsters come from?"

' "Did n't you *know* none of 'em?" he asked, with scorn in his voice.

'I thought I did — but — "

' "Folks as die old," he said slowly, "be glad enough to lie quiet till they be fetched. They 've 'ad their bits o' fun like as not. But them lads, them as were cut off sharp and suddint-like, they wants a bit o' sport same as they did afore they was took — *an' they comes back to get it.* You look at the names in Reverend's church — thirty-five there is there; and in Siren nigh upon seventy. Good sports, too, they was, gentle an' simple; and they comes back to the countryside they knows. They loves it, bless you, and 'is lardship would never begrudge it to 'em if 'e did know, an' 'is own good 'ounds as 'e 've 'unted years back and 'is father before 'en."

' "But the fox, Whillock! That fox was alive!"

' " 'E 's gettin' on, but 'e don't begrudge 'em a bit of fun; 'e knows them 'ounds 'd never 'arm 'im, but the cubs they 're young an' iggorant; they 'd be that skeart — Well, sir, this be my turnin' an' I 'opes as you was pleased. 'T is a bit coldish for the time o' year. Good marnin', sir, good marnin'."

'And the little man hobbled off round Cloatley Corner.

'Now,' Winston said turning to me, 'how can you explain it? Did old Whillock will me to see all this? We 've heard just lately that photographs can be taken by wireless. Was my vision in some mysterious way a sensitive plate for the reception of his? It was an outstanding experience — a wonderfully happy one. I felt glad "them lads" were there to have their "bit o' fun," and they all looked so radiant.

'Did you say anything to your brother?' I asked.

Winston shook his head. 'No,' he said. 'I was leaving that day, and — you see two of his sons were among "them lads," and I know the dear man pictures them differently employed.'

'And yet — I should have thought — ' I began.

'No,' Winston interrupted; then he quoted, ' "Each one of us must choose his own mystery, the great thing is to have one." '

'LOVE HAS SHINING EYES'

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I HAD read, and had been told
By the bitter young and the brave scarred old —
'Love is a great and terrible thing.
A thorn-crown and a struggling.
Love is keen and cruel and deep.
Love will make you weep.'

I loved you, and I knew your road
Was mine, however strange it showed.

Yet I thought, 'I go to a wound,
A cross, a battle.' . . . This I found:
That April sun on a brown hill-slope,
And the sea-wind's challenging and quest,
And a child's eyes, and a dream's hope,
And after the day's work, long, long, rest;
And a flame of wonder, far and sure,
And a singing quietness — all these
Are less than the least you make secure
Of Life's bright longings and mysteries.

I shall say, 'They lied! They lied!
Look! Am I tortured and crucified?
Love is a great proud glistening thing,
A trumpet-cry and a triumphing.
And Love is quiet and close and wise.
Love has shining eyes.'

Has their sorrow more right to cry
What Love is than I? — than I?

GROUPS

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

A SPRY old lady in a New England hill-town had been invited to visit cousins who lived some twenty miles away. On the day appointed she rose at two o'clock in the morning, and set out on foot along the starlit roads, arriving at her destination in good time for breakfast. Later in the day, someone asked her how she happened to choose that early hour for her long walk.

'Because,' said she crisply, 'I did n't want to be reined up and asked where I was going.'

When we cast in our lot with groups, we run large risks of being occasionally reined up. A family, a department, an orchestra, a neighborhood, a political party, a committee, a college faculty, or a club will sometimes rein up its members and ask them where they are going. Membership in any one of these assemblies is an education in itself; but the fact remains that two o'clock in the morning on an empty road is the time for sequestered enterprise.

In spite of this, the magnetic human race needs slight provocation to arrange itself in groups. Take three old rowboats, and beach them high on the shore not far from the seaside post-office, and they will form the perfect gathering-place for a group that will camp there among the sandpipers when it is time for the mail. Waiting for the mail to be put out is a social vacation act. Each cottage sends down its most serviceable or public-spirited or mercurial souls. A convention of family errand-runners is always a distinguished lot. You may know them by the memoranda in their hands. The weathered dories dry-docked on the sunset beach are all the forum that they need for wise and confidential speech. The punctual trusties who perch and talk there are fully provided with the three social elements that have held together all the famous clubs and coteries of the world: a reason for coming, a point of view, and a place to sit.

Groups have their chosen geography in all lands, certain recognized places accepted as the natural meeting-ground of talking folk — in Italy a fountain, in India a stream, in old England a tavern-yard, in the desert a palm tree, in Syria a well, in society a tea. The friendly group talks most freely in its accustomed scene, whether the traditional setting chances to be a fireside, a dinner-table, a crossroads, an oasis, a salon, or the sunny side of a barn.

The man who, as a stranger, enters one of these groups for the first time without a particle of personal misgiving or secret fear, has in him some of the traits of a great actor, or of a great scout. Edwin Booth and Forbes-Robertson, we know, could enter any stage, in any costume, at any point, and grace the scene, though given no hint beforehand whether the play going on was the *School for Scandal*, the *Romancers*, *Rip Van Winkle*, or the Book of Job. And as to scouts, we know that Daniel Boone and Colonel Roosevelt would be equally intrepid at a pow-wow, or in the Valley of the Kings, or in a Kraal. It would be something to be able to search the in-

most souls of great actors and great pioneers, and inquire if there is any social situation that has power to freeze their blood.

Full of curiosity on this point, I asked that question of an actor who was also a suave and worldly gentleman in society, a regular Beau Brummel at a reception, and at dinner a very Chauncey Depew. He said yes, there was one group that he feared with a fear that he could never get over: a party of ladies grouped upon a porch, raised somewhat above him as he came up the drive on an errand to the house. He did not fear them, he said, if the verandah was on the level of the ground. But to be obliged to mount a flight of steps toward them, with all their eyes upon him and greetings to be performed, was the thing in life that he could not consider with any trace of calm.

It is upon this unreasoning sort of fear that the advertisements have been playing of late. One hardly picks up a paper without seeing a personal question confronting one with alarming memories. 'Do you know the comfort,' reads one circular that lies at hand, 'of being always at ease, of being sure of yourself, calm, dignified, self-possessed? Do you wonder what people are thinking of you? Do you ever wish that you had n't done a certain thing, or said a certain thing? Protect yourself against all the little embarrassments that waylay the person who does not know, who is not sure, who never thinks of the right word to say.' These remarks usually lead up to an offer of books to read for fifteen minutes a day, or of compendia on good form, or of courses in 'Personality.' The great vogue of such works is explained entirely by the fact that each mortal who has felt what Emily Dickinson calls 'zero at the bone' when entering strange groups believes that he is in some degree uncivilized, unbalanced, and alone.

The one episode which completely dramatizes for me this state of social desperation, happened to my brother Geoffrey in his student days. He had nearly missed the morning boat that plied between our summer colony and Boston, but, making a record run for it, he had dodged past the guards on the gang-plank just in time. Spying some friends of ours on board, he deployed hastily around them and vanished up the stairs to catch his breath in peace. But as he rushed headlong up to safety and out through the narrow hatchway to the hurricane deck, he was fairly caught by a gay group of girls already there — girls just enough older than he to be out of his set, but well enough acquainted to claim him as their squire.

Geoffrey, panting, but ever willing to oblige, bestirred himself nobly fetching chairs. He had seated all the girls but one, and for her he was bringing one of those old-time collapsible cane-seated steamer-chairs, elaborately subdivided and hinged at every joint. Just as Geoffrey with his ungainly burden reached the group, the foot-rest section of the chair unfolded itself with great suddenness, caught the hat of one of the girls on its waving feet, and plucked it neatly from her head. Horrified, Geoffrey staggered backward, the chair meanwhile unfolding another joint — and stepped squarely on the foot of another girl.

'Oh!' ejaculated Geoffrey, still clasping his chaise-longue tightly to his breast, 'excuse me very much.'

Geoffrey told this grim story of himself that evening to convince us, his sisters, that it was of no use for him to try to be pleasing in a group. 'Any fellow,' said he conclusively, 'who knocks off the hat of one girl and steps on another, and then says *Excuse me very much*, is n't fit to enter society, much less move in it.'

Embarrassed in a group, one feels

unique. Never was another soul equally ill at ease. And so the advertising circulars play upon this, our lonely sense of the inept.

The preliminary shiver before strange groups, however, if one has it at all, is entirely independent of training, aristocracy, age, experience, native talent, or Christian nurture. It is far more primitive and central than all of these.

Most people have it under control a good part of the time, but now and then it reverts and overwhelms us. At such times, the motto on our banner should be, 'Excuse me very much.'

A somewhat flustered gentleman was once taking an intelligence test, the first question of which called for the definition of the word *jeopardy*. 'Jeopardy,' he wrote, 'is the act of behaving like a jeopard.' At the time, this answer made quite a little stir. The local newspapers ran a contest to see who could draw the best picture of a jeopard, and jeopards came in with horns and spots and stripes and cloven hoofs. But to me, this happy word is the one accurate term to describe the person who finds himself uneasy in a group. He feels exactly like a jeopard, a jeopard in a parlor, in a china-shop — a jeopard who, like Kipling's cat, would much prefer to walk in the Wild Wood by his wild lone.

Some time ago, I was confiding such troubles to a veteran toastmaster, one who seemed the genial Spirit of social ease and *savoir faire*. 'Last evening at a reception,' said I, 'a lady asked me a casual question about how I liked the weather; and for the life of me I could not remember whether it was hot or cold, until she had gone on and it was too late.'

'Oh, yes, I *know*,' exclaimed the white-haired dignitary; 'someone asks me about the weather quite suddenly at a tea, and my brain goes like a pinwheel and I think hastily to myself, "The weather the weather the weather? I know the Chief of the Weather Bureau in Washington quite well, but as to the weather —" It is the great rapidity and jumpiness of small-talk,' he confided, 'that troubles me. I always have a wealth of observations to make on the second topic before the last that was dropped three minutes ago.'

The suddenness of it all is comparable to the game we played as children, called 'Beast, Bird, or Fish.' The boy in the centre of the circle cried out '*Duck!*' perhaps, and if he pointed at you, you had to classify ducks before he counted ten. It was the nervous haste that lent hazard to the game. No third-grader with time to think would ever call a duck a fish.

This about groups, then, many of us sometimes fear. We are not afraid of the people, not even of their congregate opinion. We are simply a trifle apprehensive for fear that we may not have our wits about us always in the current moment — for fear that we may be what Einstein would call a 'retarded potential.' At a crisis we may not be quite all there. We have known ghostly moments when our real selves went completely away and left us like something forgotten and uncalled for, a quaint stiff object made out of *papier mâché*. We were present only in effigy. We were like marionettes without any wires, or anyone behind the scenes to speak our lines.

Curiously enough, we persons who have now and then felt this sense of social jeopardy are often the very ones who memorize groups most by heart, and who are capable of the most profound and sensitive satisfactions when we strike a glorious combination in which we suddenly find ourselves at home. Perhaps it is on the same principle as the fact that the lad who is most afraid of girls falls, when the right one welcomes him, most utterly

in love. Apprehension is a notable sharpener of the eyes. We are constantly in a state of mind to observe and appreciate most keenly. Nothing escapes us, and when the richest moments come, they are not wasted.

This is what keeps us incorrigibly social under difficulties — the knowledge that the happiness of the perfect hour is well worth many intervals that are not so full of fire. Every now and then we find it, the warm sense of security, a flash of reality and congenial glow; perhaps not in this group, or this, or this, but somewhere surely, on the edges of some or in the hearts of others, we shall find ourselves at home. I do not mean that slight thing which Society would call 'arrived.' One may arrive at other inns than home.

It would be hard to say just what it is that makes a thoroughbred jeopard feel at home. If a mystified social Lion should ask the Jeopards to explain, I suppose we could best do it by examples, not by definition. The true Tea-Lion might not have time to listen, but we could all tell him of our favorite memories of perfect groups, each of them in some sense typical, since perfection always grows from some eternal root.

There was once, for instance, an evening camp-fire by a New England lake, and around it grouped our two Fly-Fishermen, our Coffee-Maker, our Fire-Warden, the Mosquito-Chaser, the Tired Newspaperman, and his great collie dog, looking like Ole Br'er Fox in the firelight, with his long bushy tail. Red sparks going up into the sky without a chimney are a great symbol for unforced, inextinguishable talk.

And there was a formal afternoon tea in a great house west of the Alleghanies, with all the delicate stage-properties of hothouse flowers and ices and samovar, with bevies of gracious women drifting in and out, and a butler who looked like Uncle Remus in a dress-suit. That afternoon it was the Dowager, the Débutante, and the Hostess who made the perfect group for me in a vanishing moment of eager talk at parting, when we went out to the garden door and saw the magnolias budding on the slope, and a cardinal bird cocking his crest at us from the top of a locust tree. The fragile unrealities of formal tea-time were an emblem of the exquisite briefness of our glimpse into one another's thought.

Another time, it was midnight after a community play, when actors and scene-shifters and prompter and coach were gathering up scattered properties after everyone else had gone. The hero sat on a piece of the jungle, putting the Lion's head into a box. The wife of Androcles balanced upon a bit of the Arena, and Nero was packing wigs. A mutual enterprise well ended unites the spirits in a cordial fraternity of relief.

Or around the fireplace one Sunday evening, we found the best moment when a group of our friends were talking and a neighborly young ship's-engineer dropped in to return a map. He stopped to tell us of a subordinate of his just now stranded without a job in Pittsburgh, that curious place for mariners ashore.

'He could get a job in a minute on any of the river steamers,' said the engineer.

'Why does n't he?' someone asked.

'Because,' said the unquenchable seaman, picking up his cap and going to the door, 'he says he does n't like to be associated with shallow-water people.'

The responsive chuckles that greeted the sudden philosophy of that remark were the beginning of a conversation that lasted late, until the great slow-burning back-log was almost gone, and heart-of-oak gave out its tall pure flame.

Finally, there was a night last summer when a group of us had been up to see my grandmother, to whom we told all the gossip, each of us waiting for a crack in the conversation to add our hero-tale, knowing that she would enjoy everything and report nothing. It is quite a feat to attain such high honor and gay responsiveness at the age of eighty-three. As we started to go, she called me back and told me to stop in the garden and get our mother a half-opened bud that was on her favorite white-rose bush. I found it in the moonlight, the sweet cool thing — from the Queen to the Duchess, a white rose. And as I hurried after the sauntering figures of Geoffrey and Barbara and Phineas, halfway down the drive, I knew that the ultimate perfection of group-life must embrace the generations.

Lakes and starlit bivouacs, society, enterprise, and the four walls of home! Our favorite groups may take shape like constellations, or scatter like fireflies in a garden, or circulate like goldfish in a bowl. But every so often, when three or more than three expressive people come within each other's range, a thing happens that cannot be described, but only remotely likened to such vague parallels as electricity in a circuit, music in a perfect chord, magnet and iron-filings, sunlight on opening flowers, high tide at sea. It is the memory and hope of such moments that make even the most spry and independent of us glad that we need not take all of our journeys alone, unquestioned, at two o'clock in the morning, on an empty road.

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THROUGH the second half of the nineteenth century Francis James Child lived a quiet scholar's life in Cambridge. Vast and conscientious work, old songs, dreams, and roses made up the whole of it. He had friends whom he adored, he had pupils for whom he labored faithfully and whom he sent out into the wide world with a message of devotion to ideals, of high and unfailing purpose, of faith in joy, in beauty, and in God. Such messages get no large publicity, they are not heralded with drums and trumpets; but they travel far and sink deep into the hearts that are suited to them, and they are not forgotten.

Professor Child will be chiefly remembered for his thorough, profound, and probably final work on the old English ballads. To be sure, he himself would have been the first to insist that no scholarly work could be really final; yet there are few to whom his own admirable saying, 'Do it so it shall not have to be done again,' would be more perfectly applicable. The immense research, not only into all possible English and Scottish sources, both oral and manuscript, but into the comparative

folklore and legend of the Continental languages, was no more remarkable than the tact and unerring instinct which distinguished the true from the false and separated what was enduringly human from what was pretentiously literary. Professor Kittredge — and no man living is more competent to judge — declares that 'as an investigator Professor Child was at once the inspiration and the despair of his disciples. Nothing could surpass the scientific exactness of his methods and the unwearied diligence with which he conducted his researches.' Yet at the same time, what mainly touched and interested him in all the mass of archæological fact was the human heart, 'that universal humanity which always moved him, whenever he found it, whether in the pages of a mediæval chronicle, or in the stammering accents of a late and vulgarly distorted ballad, or in the faces of the street boys who begged roses from his garden.'

And this vast effort of research was pursued side by side with a round of college duties which many men would have deemed sufficient occupation for an ordinary life. Correspondence was carried on with scholars all over the world. Time had to be made, had to be snatched, had to stolen. In his light and casual way he could make fun of all the labor—'procrastination, a vice which I find by practice to be as bad as it is said to be in the copybooks'; but few men have overcome procrastination by sterner habit of routine. Above all, he understood the distinction, so difficult to make in his line of work, between a distracted over-conscientiousness, which vainly torments itself, and a frivolous disregard of exactitude. How many scholars might profit by his maxim, so simply expressed to Lowell, 'I must not be careless, but must still less be fussy.' For fussiness has ruined some of the best work of the world.

And it must not be supposed that great results were achieved in this case, any more than in others, without difficulties and rebuffs and failures and discouragements. There were times when things went well and times when they did not. 'I work now every day on this matter, and sometimes am in good spirits about it and sometimes very low.' There were the endless interruptions: interruptions of necessary duty, attended to with cheerfulness but taking time and strength; interruptions of unnecessary bores, who wasted a day with tedious chat, and dissipated precious hours when what at least seemed worthy things might have been accomplished. There was the inevitable doom, always treading on the heels of accomplishment and threatening to snatch it away: 'I have had another panic about not living to see the end of the thing, and have been like the hermit in the desert who is running from death. The only way to get on is to work doggedly through dull and pleasant alike, and just now the work is dull.'

Also, there were the external discouragements, the flaunt of false scholarship, the blare of insincere publicity. There was the apparent trend of education away from the things of the spirit to the material, the expedient, the so-called practical, which took more account of body than of soul. To all these annoyances Child was in a sense indifferent. 'The most grotesque distortions, spread abroad as fresh conquests of truth, by the great army [of notoriety-seekers], drew from him no more than his favorite comment, "Let the children play."' Yet there were moments when such things fretted and depressed.

But, on the whole, the work was full of delight, as varied as it was absorbing, and the worker asked nothing better than to give his life to it. 'His life and his learning were one; his work was the

expression of himself,' says Professor Kittredge, admirably. There was the delight of discovery, the long, dull grind for days of slow turning over of dusty folios, and then the sudden surprise of coming across some bit of grace and freshness, some revelation of music or color, such pleasure as gleams through the comment on a Scandinavian folk-song; 'It is a jewel that any clime might envy.' There was always the keen, quick sense of humanity, the manifold sympathy with human nature, which is so often lacking to great scholarship, but which was ever-present in Child and ready at any moment to detect the natural touch under archaic disguises and the quaint stiffness of the traditional phrase.

It was this intense human instinct which made his public lectures and readings so delightful and popular. He took the old texts and put life into them as the author might have done himself. Hear what Lowell says of his reading of Chaucer: 'He wound into the meaning of it (as Doctor Johnson says of Burke) like a serpent; or perhaps I should come nearer to it if I said that he injected the veins of the poem with his own sympathetic humor till it seemed to live again. I could see his hearers take the fun before it came, the faces lighting with the reflection of his.'

And the same fresh and natural human grace touches and colors the introductions and notes of the great edition of the Ballads and makes them alive. Songs that might seem quaint and stiff in their dialectic garb, might fail to touch and move us merely from their secular remoteness, somehow acquire vigor and vitality under his touch, seem to be dealing with scenes and persons, at any rate with passions, such as are flowing and fighting about us daily. The vast erudition involved in the scholar's researches shows itself without a touch of pedantry, because it is not taken too seriously, is served up to us in a delicate, playful vein, which suggests at once that the caterer understood the fragility as well as the profound human truth of the eternal trifles he was dealing with.

A few illustrations here and there will hardly suffice to convey the charming tone of the whole. But how tender is the reference to 'the beautiful fancy of plants springing from the graves of star-crossed lovers, and signifying by the intertwining of stems or leaves, or in other analogous ways, that an earthly passion has not been extinguished by death.' How dainty is the play of whimsical humor in the comment: 'They cast lots, and the lot falls on Annie — a result which strikes us as having more semblance of the "corrupted currents of this world" than of a pure judgment of God.' While there is an enchanting hint of fun in the remark as to the legendary danger of kissing one's love in hell: 'How the lover escaped in this instance is not explained. Such things happen sometimes, but not often enough to encourage one to take the risk.'

When one appreciates this gift of apt and delicate expression, one is tempted to regret that Child did not do more original writing. The grace and wit of his letters alone would suffice to prove that he might have done far more for the world in this way than he actually did. But any desire for general literary fame was restrained by the charming innate modesty which was so conspicuous in him always and which shows in the earnest request to Lowell: 'I wish you would *alter the note* [of compliment] and strike out on page 160 "who has done more," etc. I am content to have "fittingly" remain, if you think it should, but that is quite flattery enough for me.'

He asked no more than to do his

own chosen work faithfully and in a manner to gain the respect of his colleagues and the affection of those who came under his instruction. It is needless to point out that in both these points he was successful in the highest degree. Those who collaborated with him for years in the College Faculty bear unanimous testimony to his sincerity, his fidelity, his devoted industry, his self-forgetful and self-sacrificing public spirit. How touching is the tribute of Barrett Wendell to the older teacher, whose attitude toward life and literature was in many respects so different: 'The academic leader, whose seniority alone was enough to have warranted unquestioning precedence, was not only a scholar and a teacher whose name was known wherever our language is studied, but he was also a friend on whose kindness, despite all divergency of theories and methods, they might confidently depend.' The weary and preoccupied searcher was ready at any moment to lay aside his own pursuits and give his time and thought to helping his friends, or even those who had little claim upon him.

Child's relations with his pupils were as cordial and as profitable as with his colleagues and fellow workers. It is true that he had little patience with indolence or indifference, and that he was prone to prick the bubble of pretentious vanity wherever he found it. No man could impose on him, and, modest and unpretentious as he was, he was quite able on occasion to assert his dignity and self-respect. How excellent is Gummere's account of the student who began to give a pompous and rhetorical reading of *Hamlet*. 'Mr. Child uncoiled himself slowly, craned out his head, lifted his spectacles, and peered, first amazed, then quizzical, then tragic at the performer. "Heavens, man—stop!"' How vivid is the story of the costly English copy of Chaucer, which was sent flying through the classroom window, because the editor had ventured to Bowdlerize the old poet's vigorous and manly phraseology.

But there is a general agreement of all those worthy to judge as to the immense, infectious stimulus of Child's love and enthusiasm for what was rare and beautiful. The quiet, thoughtful scholar imparted his own delight to those who were able to appreciate it, and they went forth and diffused it all over the country and all over the world. And as he was ready to inspire, so was he ready to help. He would give his time, his thought, his limited means to any student who really showed the ability, or even the disposition, to profit by them. 'One thing may be safely asserted,' says Professor Kittredge; 'no university teacher was ever more beloved.' And an old pupil puts the same thing even more strikingly: 'His influence was more powerful, because it was subtle; and although he does not seem to be well known, I have met men in many parts of the world who immediately fell on my neck when I said I had been a pupil of "Stubby Child."'

II

Nor must it be for a moment supposed that Child's relations and connections were limited to academic surroundings and to those who had a part in his scholarly pursuits. He was a man of the world and knew the world, and all its subtle, winding ways, even while he kept himself unspotted from it. He enjoyed the diversions of men, the common, simple ones, the diversions of children, enjoyed them as a child. He enjoyed the circus, and was a frequenter of Barnum's. He and Lowell 'enjoyed a charming bear, who visited us at Elmwood the last time I was with him, as much as any of the other children.'

He entered with even more zest into public, serious pursuits, and perhaps was not incapable of finding them more diverting than the circuses. He threw all the ardor of his intense and sensitive nature into political thought and discussion, and his love for democracy, in the highest sense, was as eager as his love for Shakespeare and old ballads. Especially he resented wrong and cruelty and injustice. 'When he was confronted with injury or oppression,' says Professor Kittredge, 'none could stand against the anger of this just man. His unselfishness did not suffer him to see offenses against himself, but wrong done to another aroused him in an instant to protesting action.' It was this ardor which sustained his hope and enthusiasm through all the bitter years of the Civil War. In spite of his age, he himself would have fought, if physical strength had permitted it. But all that an earnest tongue and pen and unremitting effort could do to sustain the national cause was done, from the beginning to the end.

This political activity was not confined to larger issues. Child would omit his classes to go and distribute ballots at the polls. He would attend caucuses and political meetings, and speak, if necessary. He would oppose the local boss with such vehemence that friends gathered about after the meeting in dread of actual conflict. Yet the vehemence was tempered with such sincerity and fundamental human kindness that the boss walked up and offered a cigar, instead of a threat. Child accepted the cigar and lighted it from the boss's, with the remark, 'I can match you in all your *little* vices.'

The fundamental human kindness was never failing, affecting friend and foe, rich and poor, intimate and stranger, with equal warmth and equal sunny charity. He would give his time to studying needs and his limited means to relieving them. The salary of a professor hardly went further in those days than now for meeting the varied requirements of a family, for keeping up the tone of social life in a semi-urban atmosphere, and for purchasing the many books and accessories indispensable for the scholar's wide and original research. There is no complaint of the limits; on the contrary, always a humorous acceptance of them. But one gets an occasional glimpse of how narrow they were: 'Were it not for the pay—small as it is—I should certainly stop after the third course. I *must* earn eight or ten hundreds extra for the present; but the consequences look bad—nothing else done and no real vacation.'

Yet, no matter how limited the means, there was always something for the need of those who were more limited still. All who knew Child well insist upon the amplitude of his beneficence and his constant readiness to respond to appeals for charity of all kinds. Indeed, his unfailing tenderness and sympathy made him liable to be easily imposed upon; and this would have amounted almost to a weakness, if it had not been for the sense of humor which made him the first to appreciate the comic facility with which he was taken in. Hear him tell the story of one experience: 'That is the point of the diurnal revolution where I am, just after receiving a second call from a discharged convict, who finds it difficult to get back to a respectable career, a pretty tough problem for him and for me. Having had to do with two or three of these fellows, I am likely to have a very fair clientele. . . . It is wonderful what decent-looking fellows some of them are, by nature; or is it that I am not a connoisseur?'

In more normal social relations with humanity Child was generally responsive and always attractive. It is true

he was by nature shy and self-effacing. One of his colleagues tells of the amusement of seeing a pompous minor official stride across the Yard, forcing everybody out of his way, while little 'Stubby Child' trotted along with his bag of books, turning out even for an insignificant freshman. Also, he had the busy man's hatred of those who have no use for their time except to devour other people's. 'There is no escape from them. I bow my head meekly, not always so very meekly, there are maledictions when the door opens, but I yield, give forced attention, hope that they will go, see them rise with a sigh of relief, see them sit again with a sigh of despair — well, probably I have my allowance for today.' And he had the simple, unconventional man's — or why not say, the man's — hatred of formality, and dinner-clothes, and those little elements of the parade of life so sacred to the feminine heart. 'A dinner-party for six or seven (the hosts being in formal mourning, which keeps the tone agreeably low, and the movement *allegro, ma non troppo*) would certainly be a good thing twice a week, were I sufficiently civilized, and I think I could submit to be civilized enough, if I could go without heart-eating cares.'

But when he once submitted to the dinner-clothes, and still more, when the dinner-clothes were not required and there was informal and unushered ease, he was sure to enjoy himself, and others were sure to enjoy themselves, at any rate. There was a charm about his appearance — the shrewd, homely, kindly, responsive face, set in its frame of auburn curls. There was a charm about his soul — a kindly, homely, engaging naturalness, which put the shyest at their ease and drew wit or comprehension from the dryest and dullest. He loved children, and was a child with them and with their elders, and Howells plays delightfully upon the aptness of his name. It is really surprising how universal is the agreement among all sorts of persons as to this pervading charm, so that Henry and William James, Doctor Hale, Howells, Norton, and a dozen others repeat some such words as Lowell's: 'Child goes on winning all ears and all hearts.' There was something gay and sprightly about his spirit, with all its refinement and reserve, something of the waywardness and elfishness of the old songs he so greatly loved, which sometimes showed in odd and playful freaks, as when with his three little girls he performed the ballad of 'Young Beichan' at a Christmas entertainment, or united with Lowell in the lyrical frolic of the 'Pesceballo.' And again the spirit flowed out in the infinite humor of his letters — sometimes in wild puns, worthy of the most licentious extravagance of Lamb, sometimes in rollicking exaggeration, as on the staid, conservative diversions of ancient Boston: 'Nevertheless, in far-off Madrid, cold perhaps, shady probably, foreign altogether, even an *Advertiser* must have a fairly agreeable taste — the advertisements are there; some of them are new, too, but you could find India Wharf and Long Wharf, and *horse*-sales — don't you like those? The horse not afraid of anything — not afraid of ——? Raciness in the *Advertiser* remains only in the horse columns. Have you noticed how the fellows that write fireworks ads are going out, perhaps gone out? Had Boston known what was for its peace, it would always keep the Fourth of July show for the genius that the institution fostered. It was fully equal to Sir Thomas Malory. Now a race has come that knows not Jacob — Boston is not Boston.' Could the soul of Lamb flicker and trifle more deli-

ciously? Let us pray that some day such letters will be published.

With this social grace and attraction, and with the deeper qualities behind it, it is unnecessary to say that Child was beloved. He was not so widely known as some, though the circle even of his intimate acquaintance was fairly large. But in that circle he is invariably spoken of with a peculiar regard. And the tenderness was amply merited by the warmth of affection which went out from him to meet it. 'He had a moral delicacy and a richness of heart that I never saw and never expect to see equaled,' wrote William James. *Richness of heart* fits exquisitely, as you feel when you read Child's letters, with their singular wealth of overflowing, almost caressing tenderness. Love was an essential, perhaps the essential, element of felicity, in his universe. 'I wish we could live a thousand years on this pleasant earth, under this bright sky, being happy or growing happier always. . . . Only may we have love where we go.' And if he had tenderness for those beyond his own hearth, we can divine, though we are left mainly to divine, what he felt for those about it. How charming is his relish for the quiet evening at home, when he is free to read to those he loves Chaucer, or Don Quixote, or Dante, or the old songs which made at once the labor and the relaxation of his life. It is only the fullest appreciation of this tenderness that enables us to understand, and not misunderstand, the warmth of affection in the letters written in later years to a young girl for whom the gentle scholar cherished a peculiar fondness. 'He always had,' wrote Mrs. Child, 'from the beginning of my knowledge of him, friendships with women, at first near his own age, with whom he habitually corresponded, and whose letters came like fresh breezes from without.' The play of humor, of melancholy, of imagination, of sympathy, in these printed letters of Child is as winning as that of sunshine upon a summer brook.

III

So much for the man's outer life and relations with his fellows. The inner life is equally attractive. Of course reading played a large part in it. Not that Child appears to have been an indiscriminate and omnivorous reader: he was too industrious and conscientious a worker in his own field. But he read largely in various sorts of books, and, above all, he was passionately fond of poetry and of imaginative writing. The great English poets entered into the very tissue of the life of his spirit. Chaucer, Milton, Spenser were his daily companions, and their rich and varied splendor was so inwoven with his own mode of expression that it is often difficult to distinguish between them. 'When the charm of poetry goes,' he says, 'it seems to me best not to stay. If the world is nothing but Biology and Geology, let's get quickly to some place which is more than that.' As for Shakespeare, the intimate affinity between them is delightful to trace. It was not merely the affection of a scholar and expounder for his theme; it was a close sympathy between two spirits which looked at the world with the same gentle tolerance, the same humorous comprehension, the same infinite love. The Shakespearean turn of phrase, even more than that of the other poets, had become so much Child's own, that one is constantly wondering where Shakespeare ends and where Child begins. 'I see that you are of no age, of Adam's years,' he writes to Lowell; and one feels that the words must be Shakespearean. Or again, 'As she has a sweet, low voice, truth comes mended from her lips.'

In matters of abstract thought one feels something as with general reading, that Child did not make them peculiarly his business. And this was not from the defect of an intelligence large and acute enough to grapple with any philosophical problem whatsoever, but merely from love of the concrete, from simple, genial appreciation of what could be warmly touched and felt, instead of an endless groping in barren regions of unremunerative thought. He slipped away from the profounder difficulties, because he felt that the human spirit might be better occupied. 'My thoughts have been deeply tinged with mortality all through. That means that all the questions which we can't answer have been weighing on my mind. But if I can't answer them, I can turn them.' In Madame de Sévigné's pretty phrase, *il faut glisser sur les pensées, et ne pas les approfondir.* And for such turning, a temperament like Child's found, as did Lamb, the solution of humor exquisitely helpful—not bitter mockery, not cynical irony, but a gentle, whimsical sense of the insignificance of human effort and bustle in the face of the vast problems and difficulties of eternity. 'I should have wreathed my thanks and my delight in some of my customary folly.' Just as such lyrical, gracious, customary folly wreathes the delight and the wonder and the questioning of those airy creatures, the Shakespearean clowns, whom this quiet scholar loved enough perhaps to call them brothers. Touchstone and Feste also turned the great questions, because they could not and did not care to answer them.

And as with Lamb, and with these other lovely Shakespearean dream-children, the customary folly and trifling were always close to the grief of the world, its pity and its tears; were merely a relief from them, a screen from them. This remote, secluded scholar, especially as years and friends slipped away from him, felt the agony and strain of life, felt the dumb effort at adjustment in a universe of apparent distortion and incoherent, irrelevant misery. 'My foot used to feel so firm on the earth; now I should not be surprised to see the heavens roll up as a scroll and the hollow crust we walk on vanish into thin air the next minute.' There are even times when the depression approaches despair: 'Yesterday I all but wished that things would cease.'

But amid these shadows the struggling spirit had always the comfort of profound religious belief, to which it clung perhaps more ardently because the basis was emotional rather than intellectual. At times this emotional element even felt the charm of Catholicism, so alluring to souls mystically and æsthetically disposed. 'When such voices come to me, I feel as if I were all but ready to take the step. There is glamour in the recurrence which for the moment subdues rationalism and reason. There was a time when perhaps I could not have resisted the fascination, for it is a fascination, an enchantment.' And at all times the secure foundation of God, the firm assurance of the future, offered unfailing comfort in the storms and tempests of this uncertain world.

Now this assurance manifested itself in shrewd, homely, brief phrases, as in the remark to Gummere, 'I *could* send a letter of condolence to James Lowell, for I am one of those old fools who think that we go on.' Now it flowed out in sweet and solemn amplitude, as in the letter of condolence itself: 'It has not entered into man's heart to conceive what is preparing, a life to which this is exile; a delight beyond all that poetry, roses, skies can give. . . . And who that is not blinded or deafened by misery or grief be-

lieves that the insubstantial pageant is to dissolve or fade? What, the man who wrote those words? Or better, the man that suffered on the cross? Or the sweet pure souls we have known?' Now it played about the great problems with a gracious tenderness. 'Don't let the poets falter, or where shall we be? Though I don't value the philosophers very much, their talk frightens me like ghost stories. When I go back to the poets, I realize I have been fooled.'

And the fine sensibility, the quick and ready response to external suggestion, showed itself in all sides of emotional life. Nature? He was prompt to seize its charm in books, he was even prompter to seize the charm in reality. The delicate, fleeting touches of natural appreciation in the old songs instantly appealed to him. Thus, he notes in one example: 'The landscape background of the first two stanzas has often been praised, and its beauty will never pall. It may be called landscape or prelude, for both eyes and ears are addressed.' As for the flowers and clouds and stars about him, his eyes were ever open to them, and not one of their aspects of grace and radiance was missed. The chill and loneliness of autumn had their attraction: 'I like to go about on fallen leaves and offer the waning world my reverent sympathy. But now there is not a leaf to fall; it would be a bare, gray, chilly northeast day but for the light that comes from you.' And the rapture of spring is welcomed with ecstasy: 'But when squills and crocuses (not circuses, though I dote on them and they are spring pleasures) and Spring Beauty come (snow-drops have been trying to open for a fortnight), I expect to cast my slough like other reptiles and to snap my fingers at books.'

For all forms of art there is the same eager appreciation; but undoubtedly the form that appealed to him most was music. He loved it in its subtlest, most ethereal development, the string quartettes of Beethoven and Mozart. He loved it in the solemn, impressive masses of the Catholic Church. 'If anything could carry me over, it would be the Masses. They ought to be true; they must be true to something that cannot be lightly estimated.' And in his catalogue of the delights of this world—simple and complex alike—the music of Beethoven has its conspicuous place: 'Ah, what a world—with roses, sunrise and sunset, Shakespeare, Beethoven, brooks, mountains, birds, maids, ballads—why can't it last, why can't everybody have a good share?'

It will be noted that ballads form the climax of this list of lovely things, and with what we have seen of Child's temperament it will be understood that his love for the old songs was far more than the mere scholar's absorption in his erudite specialty. He entered fully into their romantic, riotous atmosphere, as Scott did. He reveled in their color, their naïve, swift, simple tempests of passion and laughter. Their rude music always awoke an answering echo in his spirit. He was condemned to live in the academic, somewhat formal conventions of a New England college town, and he accepted those conventions outwardly with all due observance, no man more so. But inwardly he felt the restraint of them, felt himself cabined, cribbed, confined, and rebelled with humorous vigor and indignation. 'I am too much impromptu,' he sighs. 'I ought to live with more prevision and art.' With what mischievous enjoyment he quotes the comment of a French friend upon the Cambridge ladies: '*Bonnes mères de familles probes*,' as Mlle. Le Clerc said of the women of Cambridge (she added, '*mais pas un attrait*'). How whimsically pathetic is his illustration of the con-

flict between song and word: 'I drop my work any half an hour to go out and see if another adonis is springing or a meadow rue showing its claret-colored head. So false are fables: *la cigale ayant chanté tout l'été*, etc. One should work all winter to be ready to sing all summer, and sing all summer to be able to work the winter through. One or the other one must do, sing or work. I find that I cannot work if I go out under the pretense of just looking at this or that, and I hoped for a rain yesterday (not very earnestly) to keep me indoors.'

Into these staid, decorous surroundings of prosaic propriety the great loud, sweet old songs swept like a burst of wind and sunshine, and stirred the childish professorial heart to laughter and tears. How winning is Gummere's picture of Child humorously enlarging on the idle, trivial, mirthful matter that enchanted him. '"Preposterous," he said, "to have to work in such stuff, when you could have Young's *Night Thoughts* or Cowper's *Task*, for the asking. The impudence of the thing!" And he suddenly broke into a kind of chant, reciting the last stanza of the rollicking ballad, and ended in a burst of laughter. He was fairly "going" now, and went on, in a kind of prose parody of that highly moral strain with which Chaucer concludes the *Troilus*, to bewail his task of dealing with so many bandits, outlaws, roisterers, silly girls, Lord Lovels, and other chuckle-heads of tradition, setting withal a harmless little trap of quotation, as characteristic as might be. "You remember the line, —

'Of Jove, Apollo, of Mars, of swich *canaille?*' "

he asked, with a sly emphasis on the last word.'

In short, the release from the tameness and monotony of daily life, which some of us find in the mystery story, he found more romantically and poetically in the primitive passions and elementary tragedy and comedy of popular song.

IV

And then there were the roses. Child's devotion to them seemed to grow and develop and become richer and more satisfying with the growing years. I do not know that he was a scientific botanist, though it seems as if the admiring pupil of Mrs. Ripley should have imbibed something of her enthusiasm in this direction. But he knew and loved roses as if they were intimate friends. With what complacent delight does he reel off long lists of the names of them. With what real collector's eagerness does he indulge himself and deny himself: 'But I have had no time all day till the afternoon, when I took to reading a rose catalogue, which resulted in my ordering more roses, which resulted in remorse, which resulted in my tearing up the order.'

No doubt the cult of roses, like other cults, had its trials and drawbacks. Incessant toil was necessary to attain perfection, toil which distracted from other things, toil which made its importunate demands just when aged limbs were stiffest and weariest; and even with the extreme of toil perfection could hardly be attained. There were the insects to combat forever. 'Saving your presence,' said Child to a young lady, 'I will crush this insect.' And the young lady answered aptly, 'I certainly would not have my presence save him.' While, with all the toil, and after the elimination of all the insects, there was still the eternal tragedy of decay and death. Roses, like fair women, and even sooner, must fade and perish, no matter what delight you found in them, or what pains you took to make them last. 'You write to one

from whose lips the cup of bliss has ever been dashed at the moment when he could sip — and a chalice in which floated the fennel's bitter leaf regularly substituted; one born to be illuded and eluded in all things, even as in his simple confidence that roses at least would escape the common lot and be allowed to unfold all the charm which Nature endears them with only to baulk them and me.'

And again: 'Much of this turbidness comes from seeing the short and perilous life of my roses. I cannot bear to witness the world's dealing with such perfection of beauty and nobleness. It is to-day quite too utterly crushing. I wish I had nothing but dahlias to look at. For the twentieth time I repent me that I ever lived to know what roses are.'

Yet, as with all supreme and overwhelming passions, one returns to roses in spite of failure and discouragement and decay. 'Such will say of the Rose as of Love, the grand passion I mean, that all other pleasures are not worth its pains.' What if the beauty fades, has but a brief and transient ecstasy? Shall we not toil for it and enjoy it and adore it all the more on that account? It is such a haunting beauty, such a tantalizing and at the same time satisfying beauty! 'When I was considerably older than you (I was once so young, *et in Arcadia ego!*) I could scarcely sleep for love of plants.' Also, with this passion, as not with some others, we can compound with conscience by sharing the delight with our fellows. We can scatter beauty broadcast, we can give away roses as well as enjoy them. How charming are the stories of the poor children who used to crowd round the gate and be regaled with crimson beneficence. 'Yesterday I gave away eight or nine noble nosegays and supplied some thirty ragamuffin children besides. There was no end to the "Ohs!" My garden was as full as the sky with stars. You ought to have seen them. There is plenty left.'

Music, love, ballads, roses! These surely weave the tissue of a charming life. 'Superstitions? I have very few: love of women, roses (including apple-blossoms), popular poetry, Shakespeare, my friends, wild flowers, trees, violin music, *voilà!*' But roses seem to predominate, with their empurpling glory. One thinks of the almost mystical worship of the rose, which has haunted all the centuries, the ancients, with their blooms of Pæstum and the perpetual recurrence in the Anthology, *βαιὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ ῥόδα, peu de choses mais roses*, the strange allegory of the mediæval *Romaunt*, the sensuous hymn of Tasso and Spenser: —

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
Ne more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a Lady, and many a Paramowre!
Gather therefore the Rose whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the Rose of love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime;

the intenser, simple cry of Shakespeare, —

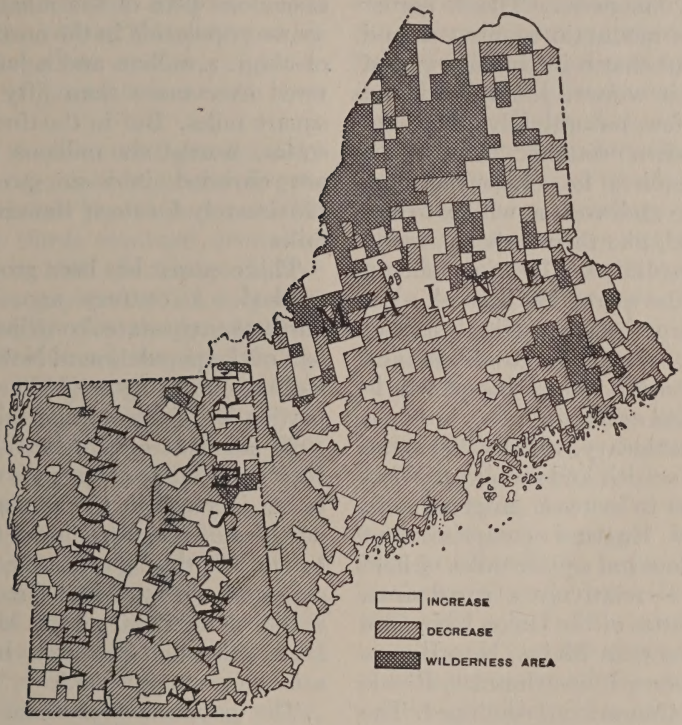
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save Thou, my rose, in it thou art my all.

And one feels that Child himself would be not unwilling to have us end with a bit of old song, which he would perhaps forgive for not being of the people, because of its roses: —

Oh, bury me under the red-rose tree.
For life was a frolicsome thing to me,
Without desire, without regret,
And what I did with it I forget.

THREE SENTINELS OF THE NORTH

BY WILLIAM SIDNEY ROSSITER



I

THERE are more than three sentinels in all. Ten states of the Federal Union actually touch the land border of Canada, but we are here concerned with three of them only, — Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, — the highland states of New England which guard the eastern end of more than three thousand miles of national boundary.

A certain degree of individuality attaches to the older states — in particular to the original thirteen. But of all the sentinels on our northern border from east to west, — with the exception of New York, — the north-country New England trio have the most varied and interesting history.

Nearly a century and a half has elapsed since these three states were made the easternmost sentinels of the young Republic. Within this period state after state has taken its place in the Union. But what of the three sentinels themselves? In the importance of that which is guarded, it sometimes happens that the outposts are forgotten.

As a matter of fact, north-country New England is progressing too slowly. These areas are primarily agricultural, but agriculture is languishing, and manufactures, never extensive for obvious reasons of remoteness from markets and raw materials, are not showing satisfactory increase. These border states are a mountain country, a land of wonderful charm in summer and of biting cold in winter. Life is hard, and there are few natural advantages to tempt modern settlers. The north country requires for citizens strong, patient men and women, willing to live frugally and, like their forbears, ready to face hardships. To the modern American, the attraction is small. Yet here they are, three sovereign states of the Union, of noblest tradition and finest citizenship, increasing slowly in resources and either declining in population or stationary, while sister states advance in wealth and numbers. What can be done to increase progress?

All New England comprises but sixty-six thousand square miles of land and water — relatively a small area. Nineteen states of the Union have each a larger area than Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined. The average area for the New England group is eleven thousand square miles, and that average applied to our national domain would produce nearly three hundred states.

The division of New England into colonies and then into states came about through haphazard apportionments of a vaguely known wilderness by the government of Great Britain during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. It was thus extremely arbitrary. Of the total area, the three highland states absorb nearly five sixths, but they contribute only about one fifth of the inhabitants. A sparse population in the north country, of about a million and a half, is scattered over more than fifty thousand square miles. But in the three lowland states, nearly six millions of people are crowded into an area of approximately fourteen thousand square miles.

This contrast has been growing more marked. A century ago, the three north-country states contributed about half of the population of New England. Half a century ago — 1870 — the proportion had fallen to one third, and in 1920 stood at one fifth.[1] Thus lower New England has kept pace with population increase in the nation, but the north-country states have lagged far behind. Of the eight instances in which states have returned a decrease in population at a federal census, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont have made each one contribution.[2]

The population of these states increased during the last census-decade less than thirty-five thousand, or a little more than two per cent. But the three lowland states recorded an increase of sixteen per cent, or, in absolute figures, twenty-three times the number of persons represented by the increase shown by the highland states.

[1] Growth of population in the two New England groups by half-century periods; 1820–1870, 1870–1920.

Group	1820	1870	*Increase* 1820–1870	1920	*Increase* 1870–1920
Northern New England	778,477	1,275,766	64%	1,563,525	23%
Southern New England	881,594	2,212,158	151	5,837,384	164

[2] Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Iowa, Nevada (censuses of 1890, 1900, 1920), Mississippi.

In New England, counties offer a poor standard by which to observe population changes. They usually include geographic areas differing widely in contour, resources, and accessibility, and, in the north-country states, the average county is unusually large. Nevertheless, of the forty counties which Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont together contain, eighteen decreased in population at the last census.

In these three states there are 1211 cities and organized minor civil geographic divisions known as towns. Of these, two thirds returned decreased population in 1920. In many of these communities population has decreased uninterruptedly for many decades. Very small communities tend to decline; the proportion of towns decreasing in population grows less as the group-standard becomes higher. This of course is consistent with the national tendency to drift from distinctly rural communities to larger places.

In 1870 there were but two cities having more than twenty thousand inhabitants in all the north country. In the three lower states there were thirteen. Half a century later, the three northern states could claim but seven, while the number in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut had swelled to fifty-one.

Here the real significance of the north-country problem begins to appear. Increase in the United States during the past half-century has been principally urban. The distinctly rural element, — the isolated farm family and the crossroads hamlet, — in most sections of the country and especially in New England, has shown decrease more frequently than it has shown increase, and most of the growth in state population has been derived from cities and large towns. For example, in 1920, in the trio of growing South New England states, cities of 25,000 or more aggregated 3,700,000 population. These places, half a century earlier, returned less than a million inhabitants. In the northern trio the five corresponding cities increased from an aggregate of 100,000 inhabitants to about 230,000, a very small increase, and yet these five communities contributed nearly half of all the half-century increase shown by the highland states.

In all New England there were 156,000 farms in 1920, but that number was 32,000 less than were counted ten years earlier, a shrinkage of 20 per cent. Of this striking loss, the north-country states contributed 22,000 farms and 21,000 farmers. Naturally, land in farm areas, when no longer classified as separate farms, if not lost to cultivation, must have been consolidated with land in going farms. Does the shrinkage reported at the last census merely mean that farm units grow less in number but become larger in average acreage? In 1910 the average size of farms in the three states bordering Canada was 118 acres; in 1920, 125 acres. This small increase accounts for but 685,000 acres, or less than one third of all the shrinkage reported. Similarly, the improved land in farms showed an average gain of but three acres. This accounted for less than 300,000 acres, and that was but half of the shrinkage in improved land. Thus the north-country states, largely depending on agriculture, sustained in the brief period of ten years the loss of one fifth of all farms; one million acres of land previously included in farms as farm land lapsed in 1920 into 'unclassified' or woodland, and 300,000 acres of improved farm land disappeared completely from that desirable class.

The apparent increase in the value of all farm property in the United States from 1910 to 1920 — the war

decade — was approximately 90 per cent, but in north-country New England the corresponding rate of increase in values was less than one third of the national rate of increase. The increase in value of all farm crops produced by the nation, as shown at the last census, was 182 per cent. For northern New England it was 148 per cent.

Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, together have large industrial interests, but they returned value of manufactured products amounting to but one sixth of the aggregate value of products of the southern group. This combined value of products in 1919 was much less than that of Connecticut alone. Connecticut, in fact, increased in value of products, during the five-year period from 1914 to 1919, 155 per cent, while the north country per cent of increase was considerably less. In fact, at the north-country rate of increase, the value of Connecticut's vast manufactured product, as returned in 1919, would have been less by $170,000,000.

The census returns of manufactures merely confirm what is obvious to every observer — that the northern mountain states are not so well adapted to general industrial expansion as the lower states, which are more accessible, have better rail facilities and a slightly milder climate. This is a period of greater conformity to economic laws and less attention to individual initiative and ingenuity.

Of far greater importance is the human side, for a mountain country generally breeds men. And it is here that the north-country states thus far present a conspicuous contrast to the changes which have been in progress in the three lower New England states.

Seventy years ago, — in 1850, — in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont combined, the native white element contributed 928 persons out of every 1000 of the population, to 70 persons of foreign birth or parentage. In 1920 this high proportion of native stock had dropped to 612, and the foreign element had increased to 385. The native element thus continued to contribute the greater part — almost two thirds — of the entire population. In the southern New England group, on the other hand, the change in seventy years was almost revolutionary. In 1850 the native white element contributed 816 persons out of every 1000, to 170 contributed by the foreign-born and their children; but in 1920 the proportion of the native white element in each thousand inhabitants had decreased to 367, and that of the foreign element had advanced to 619.

Between the two sections of New England, therefore, it has come about that a remarkable contrast has been set up. In the north, almost two thirds of the population is of old native New England blood, and one third of various foreign nationalities — French-Canadian predominating; while in the southern group the native element now contributes about one third of the population, and the foreign element — composed of all nationalities — about two thirds.

In this group of states, the native white stock, from well-nigh complete dominance seventy years ago, is now on the way to submergence.

Half a million natives of the three north-country states, nearly one third of all persons born in those states, no longer reside in the state of their birth. The proportion of natives living elsewhere is thus almost one out of every three. The census enumerator finds the natives of the three border states in large numbers in every other state in the Union, from nearly 1000 in Nevada, feeblest of states, to 41,000 in New York, leader in population and wealth. On the other hand, only one in six of

all the whites born in the southern New England states have left the home state to reside elsewhere. While the lower states have succeeded in keeping their sons and daughters for the most part at home, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont have been giving their most precious possession to the upbuilding of all the other states in the Union. The net loss to the northern trio through interstate migration was 300,000, while the lower group was making a net gain, by the same process, of 125,000.

II

Thus far, consideration as a whole of the problems of the north-country states has permitted rapid and striking comparisons. The states adjoin each other. They resemble each other in location, topography, climate, and population, and consequently many of their public problems are similar. Nevertheless, each state is jealous of its individuality, since each possesses a stirring historic past. Therefore no study of this kind would be complete if confined exclusively to a group analysis.

Beginning with the northeastern coast of Maine and swinging westward to New York, the three sentinel states are, in general, highland areas. Maine, with half of all New England within her boundaries, is primarily a state of mountains, lakes, and forests comprising nearly two thirds of the entire area, or about 20,000 square miles, while all land in farms amounts to a little less than one third, or about 10,000 square miles. This is a far lower proportion of land in farms than that shown for the United States as a whole. In fact, there are but six states in the Union which exceed Maine in proportion of land not in farms.[3] Of these Florida alone is even remotely comparable. Hence Maine, considered from its geographic extent of agriculture, has made less progress than any other state in the Union. The settled area is in the southeast, follows the coast, and turns westward about midway in the state. Five of the eight coast counties, extending from the New Brunswick line along two thirds of the Atlantic frontage, decreased at the last census. Two of these counties have been reporting decrease decennially for seventy years, and two for forty years. Since 1860 the inhabitants of these counties have decreased 25 per cent. All other Maine counties show increases, but the sinister fact remains that, in fifteen of the sixteen counties, a majority of the towns reported decreased population. The eight cities having in excess of 13,000 population in 1920 furnished all the state's increase and contributed an excess of 3000 applicable on the net loss of population returned by the smaller towns.

In the number of persons of native stock, Maine has remained stationary for three censuses. Hence 60,000, or about all, of the state's entire twenty-year increase was contributed by the foreign element (mostly Canadian) and principally by the second generation. Maine is a state of wonderful natural beauty. It is preëminently the summer vacation land of the nation. It has extensive fisheries, large manufacturing interests, unusual agricultural possibilities, — such as the Aroostook potato region, — great timber reserves, and some mineral resources; but the plain fact remains that progress for this faithful sentinel in the far northeast is discouragingly slow.

To the southwest, following the dip in the boundary, lies New Hampshire, somewhat more ruggedly mountainous; but, like Maine, it is a vacation state, and shares with Maine the

[3] Arizona, Florida, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, and Wyoming.

tendency to mix the care of summer visitors, agriculture of a small and desultory sort, and manufacturing — in some instances on a large scale — as the state's sources of prosperity. Decreasing population in New Hampshire in 1920 was shown by half of the ten counties, mostly midland; but in nine of them, towns decreasing in population formed a large majority. Out of 251 towns and cities, 179 decreased in population. The combined increase reported by the four cities having over 15,000 inhabitants amounted to slightly more than the entire state's decennial increase in population. Here again, as in the case of Maine, climate, location, emigration, rather unencouraging soil, and comparatively little economic reason for industrial growth, tend to hold down increase in numbers and resources. Since 1900 the state has lost about seven per cent of the native white stock, but has increased 31,000 in population. The loss was made up and the increase contributed by the children of foreign-born. Again, the majority of the foreign-born are French Canadians.

Farthest west of the trio of border states lies Vermont — in some respects presenting the most unique history of any commonwealth in the Union. At the outbreak of the Revolution what is now Vermont was an unnamed wilderness, containing scattered settlements, and claimed by the three bordering colonies, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York. The people of Vermont achieved a wonderful record. Treated with extreme injustice by their neighbors, the subject of political intrigue in the Continental Congress, appealed to by Great Britain, — with offers in return for allegiance so tempting that, had such concessions been made earlier to the entire group of colonies, the Revolution might not have occurred, — nevertheless the citizens of Vermont stood firm. They sided with their blood brothers in the effort to secure freedom, but were even more resolutely determined not to yield their own. The close of the Revolution found this area an independent state which finally, by negotiation, entered the Union.

With this background the people of Vermont have been singularly independent and intelligent throughout their history. They have been an agricultural people, and have withstood to a large degree the great wave of industrial growth which swept over New England after 1850. It is a state of small communities, with practically no cities; a land of mountains, of irregular valleys, rushing streams, and deep lakes. The soil in general is rich. Drawbacks to cultivation are due principally to the hilly country. In consequence of these conditions, life has been hard and there has been a continuous drain of sturdy and self-respecting population to other and more favored areas.

The state itself decreased in population slightly from 1910 to 1920. Of the 241 towns, 129 reached maximum population before 1850, consequently, within the last seventy years, only a minority of the towns have recorded their largest number of inhabitants. Nearly three fourths of the entire number showed decrease at the last census. Outside of the ten large towns and cities, the population was smaller by 30,000 than in 1850. On these ten communities, therefore, fell the burden of making good this loss and of furnishing the net increase of 40,000 which occurred in seventy years.

Agriculture has felt the effect of the immense competition of the West and South. Transportation facilities have been poor, and little by little it has become more difficult for the small farms having miscellaneous crops to

stand up against competition, and hence for their owners to wrest a living from the soil. This has tended to create a vague discouragement in the smaller communities and to accentuate the problem, so general throughout the country, of maintaining successfully the rural element against the increasing lure of urban life.

The absence of large towns and cities makes it almost certain that the discontented boy or girl citizen in the small community, having decided to move, will keep on across the state's border to larger communities outside. In Maine, Portland stands for much to the state as an urban centre. The first tendency is to drift in that direction. In New Hampshire, Manchester, largest of the cities north of Boston, and several other smaller and somewhat industrial cities, offer at least a reasonable attraction to the intending emigrant; but in Vermont the tendency is to push down the Connecticut Valley even as their forbears a century ago pushed up, and perhaps land in Springfield or New York, or, following the eastern channels, land at once in Boston.

There is, of course, a considerable manufacturing industry in the state, but Vermont, by its training and its traditions, is not an industrial state.

But if the foregoing comparisons reveal in some instances striking differences in growth or in composition of population between northern and southern New England, it must not be supposed that the 'three sentinels of the north' are seeking, or would accept, sympathy or aid.

They are, however, for economic and other reasons, obviously lagging a little behind in the federal march of progress, and having sketched the condition it remains to consider the problem itself and possible methods of solving it.

III

Briefly stated, it is the old problem of country against city, under conditions especially unfavorable to the rural side. In northern New England many of the villages, from the standpoint of our time, ought not to have been settled. Many an isolated farm has no reason for existence. Yet village and farm are still more or less maintained. Thus, economically, the small north-country town has a struggle to survive. It is a pathetic struggle. Numbers at best are few, fewer still are the really capable citizens. At the rumored departure of one more, perhaps a community standby, a feeling of hopelessness strikes into the hearts of those who remain, and a pall of apathy and inefficiency tends slowly to settle over the small declining community, its church, and its activities.

This is not the soil from which spring enterprise and successful ventures, and it is to this depreciation of the town, the basic unit, more than to anything else, that the prevailing tendency to stagnation in population, agriculture, and business is due. Under this influence it is forgotten that times have changed, and that methods of business and marketing may require radical readjustment to make them newly effective. More than that, so far has degeneration of energy and real business sense progressed in nearly all the small communities, that to-day revival of activity and an attempt to induce prosperity and growth means that there first must be systematic instruction in the rudiments of doing things well and quickly. The stock is there, but the ability, once so alert to business, has now tended to become latent, and to be utilized in this period, inspiration and instruction are first needed.

In any attempt to improve popula-

tion conditions in the north-country states and to transform stagnation or decline of enterprise into progress, obviously effort must concentrate upon reduction of emigration and upon increase of opportunity to earn a reasonable living. Can these two essential objectives be even partially attained?

Every community is composed of two general classes of citizens — those of the more alert and energetic type, and those who tend to be sluggish and ineffective. The progress and prosperity of town, city, and state depend mainly upon the proportion of the former element to the entire citizenship. If it is low, stagnation or decline is usually inevitable.

From the north-country states for many years there has been a continuous drain to large cities and the West, of persons mostly in the most fruitful period of life. These losses have been drawn almost exclusively from the stronger element, — since the mere act of emigration requires both energy and ambition, — leaving a lessened proportion of that element. On the other hand, the poorer element, seldom reduced by departures, has tended steadily to increase in numbers by breeding down.

Here is the basic cause of the clear present tendency to stagnation. Northern New England, rural New York, and all other rural areas can never advance while the drain of the community's life-blood is in progress.

No serious attempt appears ever to have been made in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont to keep the discontented at home. Departures have come to be sadly accepted as inevitable, and in consequence these three states are, to an increasing degree, mere breeding-grounds to aid other commonwealths. There may have been excuse for this in the past, with a nation to be developed by the old settled states. There is none to-day. This attitude is now merely part of a general and tragic let-down in efficiency.

What can be done to keep the young people contented and at home? At least two possible and practical methods present themselves. The first is to begin some simple and definite instruction in the public schools concerning duty and obligation to the state and community. It is no light matter in this period for parent and village to bear the cost and strain of creating, feeding, clothing, and educating boys and girls, merely to see them vanish at the earliest moment in which they can stand alone. Unquestionably this almost certain result is one of the causes of the low birth-rate. In these hard-pushed communities, where loyalty should be instinctive, the boys and girls ought to be taught to think out their future in some such way as this: 'Before I decide to abandon the old home and state which have given me being, nursed me, and made me all I am, with no cost to me, what can I find to do here at home of real value and service to my native state? If I cannot find suitable opportunity to advance myself and serve the community, then, and then only, I must go elsewhere.' Some such pledge should hang in every district school.

The second possible move in attempting to keep the young people at home logically deals with finding something worth while for the bright boy and girl to do. This is not an easy task in stagnant communities, but who shall say that such quests — if earnest — fail more than half the time? The proportion of failures will be even less if live organization is effected. There should be a state organization to persuade young people to remain at home, with agents in every town. Alert, inspiring men and women should conduct this organization, and the best men

and women in every town should be the local representatives. It is inevitable that, as the efficiency of this organization increases, the problems that it confronts will slowly decrease, because the proportion of the efficient is slowly being raised, and the efficient create opportunity.

A British statistician, in an analysis of the cost of the Great War which appeared in the Journal of the Royal Statistical Society early in the conflict, discussed in interesting fashion the value of individual citizens to the state, and assigned a money-value to each. The amount varied from $600 for a Russian to $2000 for an Englishman. These estimates were made on a pre-war basis of values. They were of necessity entirely theoretical, but no one will be likely to dispute an advance to-day to $3500 as the per capita value of the choicest element of north-country Americans. If the three states contribute annually to other states an average of only eight young men and women per community, judged by the material money standard of value suggested, the north country is giving away each year human power worth at home no less than $35,000,000. The 300,000 persons recorded by the census as representing the net excess of emigration of native stock over immigration, piles up to the staggering total value of $1,000,000,000.

It is significant that individual experiments in attempting to check departures prove that much can be accomplished even under present adverse conditions.

IV

But what of the second problem to be solved? How shall jobs be provided sufficiently attractive to hold the young people at home? If communities are composed of two general classes of inhabitants, states likewise are composed of two corresponding classes of communities — those which progress and prosper, and those which are stagnant or declining. In the three north-country states the line is sharply drawn. With few exceptions evidences of progress and prosperity are confined to large towns and cities; the small communities chiefly are backward or actually declining. For the most part, the residents in the former group ignore, or observe with complete indifference, the embarrassments of their neighbors in the less fortunate class of communities. No thought is given by cities to the plight of the neighbor towns, no assistance planned, no systematic patronage offered. Chambers of Commerce are excellent institutions for those whom they serve, but they are supremely selfish. At the city limits, 'boosting' stops.

Meanwhile, the rural communities struggle to help themselves. The Grange and Farm Bureau are doing brave work in a discouraging cause. As they confront it, it is well-nigh hopeless. The farmer, especially the north-country farmer, having a small farm and limited resources, is not a business man. He has no executive ability. He has no outside connections. He has very small capital, and has lost much of his courage and confidence. What can such a class, even in combination, effect unaided in these days of big business and executive genius?

Here we reach the heart of the north-country problem. Agriculture is the prevailing calling of this class of failing communities; agriculture can do nothing alone. A new ally is needed. The prosperous element of the state must come to the aid of the weaker element. The strong men of affairs in the cities of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, with resources, ability, and executive capacity, instead of ignoring the languishing communities, —

possibly towns in which they themselves were reared, — and expending their resources and sympathies on the Near or Far East, no matter how worthy, should bestir themselves to aid their own blood. Genuine service begins at home.

Something can be done to increase industrial activity, especially where water-power can be developed; yet even there tragedy sometimes follows in the wake of ruthless power-corporations, which have seized land and water-rights and invaded the fields of the harassed farmer. In one instance, at least, in Vermont, a plucky farmer kept invaders from his fields only by tireless vigil with a shotgun.

The conviction cannot be escaped, however, that the future prosperity of the north country must be worked out along agricultural and lumbering lines. The other Sentinel States, stretching across the continent to the Pacific, find their prosperity primarily in fruit, grain, and dairy farming, and in lumbering. None of these states — except New York — possesses the wonderful opportunity which the northern New England states possess in having almost at their door the market afforded by the congested urban area of the nation. Fourteen millions of people in large cities are potential customers.

The first step is organization. There should be a Tri-State Association with state branches. A survey should be made, a programme formulated, and money raised. The northern New England states can be made the Denmark of America, the producers of the finest dairy and poultry products — perhaps put out under state guaranties, and laid down in their own warehouses in all large Eastern cities. Orchards can be greatly developed, and the Eastern market wrested from Far-West producers who now possess it under a handicap of three thousand miles. With brains, enthusiasm, and capital all things can be accomplished in our time. Only when the highland states are compelled to admit that these three essentials cannot be supplied, is the battle for progress surely lost. Can they meet this challenge?

In its widest aspect this is not a local New England problem. The states of the Federal Union have become so accustomed to growth and prosperity that they do not know how to meet any unfavorable signs. Yet such signs exist in many states. Rural decline is a national problem. Counties aggregating one million square miles in area — one third of the national domain — declined in population at the last census. In New York seventy-five per cent of all the cities and towns returned decreases; but New York's vast urban resources made these changes relatively unimportant. In northern New England there are few cities to sustain the state's prosperity, and the rural decline becomes correspondingly serious. Let the north-country states point the way to even partial success in restoring and maintaining state prosperity, and the nation will be their debtor to a vastly greater degree than by the free gift of men and women.

It has been estimated recently that summer visitors annually expend about $45,000,000 in Maine. Much of this great sum goes out of the state at once for the purchase of supplies, but the amount retained is an important part of the state's income. In lesser degree, New Hampshire and Vermont also secure considerable revenue from the summer visitor. This source of income can easily be made to yield large increase. Economists may cynically contend that Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont are destined ultimately to become mere winter and summer playgrounds; but no real lover of these states will ever admit that a higher and

more dignified destiny may not be theirs — for the effort.

Northern New England offers vast unsettled areas, capable of supporting frugally self-respecting and hard-working families. It needs new blood of the sort not afraid of cold weather and work. The three states might wisely buy in unoccupied farm land and use it for homesteading for American immigrants or newly arriving Dutch, English, Scotch, and Scandinavian immigrants.

Wake up, northern New England! You need more people of a strong and resourceful type, not of the incoming peasant class; you need to abandon inaccessible farms and perhaps entire villages, and to improve and expand the more favored areas; you need to keep your boys and girls at home by showing them that you are doing things for them. You need to produce and sell goods and spend money, just as any large business corporation does.

Finally, there is no other project on earth with such a vast throng of advocates and salesmen. They are all members of the family. They are your sons and daughters. There 's a queer quality in the mountaineer. It was old a thousand years ago when the Scotch Highlander began to teach the world what loyalty meant. There is no escaping the fact that the man born in a land where he looks off at the sunrise or sunset across wide-sweeping hills and valleys, or watches the clouds break on ragged mountain-tops, is different from the dweller on the plains; and wherever you place him, he never forgets the old home. That is the Maine and New Hampshire man a thousand miles from home — it is preëminently the Vermonter.

There are 500,000 of these men and women, natives of the north-country states, earning their living elsewhere and everywhere in the United States — outside of home. Wherever they are, they will not fail you.

On a still and beautiful September morning some years ago, a freight train dragged its slow way upgrade on a northern Vermont cross-state line. On the back platform of the caboose stood an old man and a young man. The older one wore a Grand Army badge and he explained that he had been attending a reunion in Boston. 'I live in Nebraska,' he said; 'moved there after the war, and went to farming.'

'Why are you here in Vermont?' asked the other.

'Born in Hardwick. I had to visit the old home before I went back to Nebraska.'

'Pretty flat out there, is n't it?'

'Awful flat in my section.'

Just then the train pulled out on the hillside, and there opened up a wide expanse of tumbled hills rising on and on to a far blue horizon, and in the foreground the flaming colors of the maple groves in Vermont's golden September.

'When you look over your flat acres,' said the younger man, 'don't you miss the old hills of Vermont?'

The veteran turned on him almost savagely. 'My God! I can't shake it. I 've been thinking about that ever since I 've been back here.'

Three sentinels of the north — sentinels also in the hearts of all their children! By taking thought, the north-country states can provide for themselves increasing numbers, resources, and influence. It means progress against stagnation. It requires organization, as do all great efforts in our time; but progress can be secured for the effort.

LOBSTERING

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

One starts out lobstering at sunrise, but, in point of fact, the whole affair begins the night before, when some observant herald has announced that the Captain is going up to the Weepeckits in the morning to haul in traps. That is the real beginning, because all persons present are caught into discussions. Some say that man can rightly live only if he is up to drink the new dew off the grass; and others, that it is not meet to watch the dawn put on her golden dress.

For myself, I cannot bring my mind to any settlement; for, as I step outside, and see the stars drip slowly down behind the sea-blown hills, and watch the moon just looking out from mackerel clouds, I feel that I cannot bear to leave the night in order to refresh myself for daybreak. How is it that so many of us can, with thoughtless ease, pass by the wonders of that black mysterious mantle that the sun leaves in preparation for his morning brilliancy in China, and sink, in dreams, from the shaded peace it brings, back to an active daylight life, where we are all awake and prancing through our ordinary cares again? Do we so love the light, that we must even go to sleep to find it? So many of us do not go to bed because seduced by heavy-eyed fatigue: we go to woo oblivion, or else to coax our suns up into shining through our dreams, so that we may never lose them, even though the world comes in between.

Night is delicate-fingered, or she could not put her touch upon our eyelids so caressingly; Day is a rough and thoughtless wind that whoops its boisterous voices in our ears. Night is a woman in a veil, with beauty promised but half-hidden; Day is too clear, too bright; we know her meanings without asking; she pours her jewels out before our eyes, and makes no hidden confidences. Night is secret and alive, while Day slips into the slumbrous coma of its own activity. Should not I, then, I thought, stay up and write a sonnet to the moon, or whisper back their beauty to the stars, or wind a wreath of flowers round my neck and tell them like a rosary in praise of darkness? Why go to bed at all, I said; why leave the earth, where man's adventure is so short, to meet death's easier brother so many hours every twenty-four? I said and thought a multitude of things; yet sleep laid me low, and a small breeze stole in to take a look at me, and send soft laughter up to heaven telling of my faithlessness.

Dawn is a synonym for Youth; and if the dark-hearted Spaniards who sought to discover rebirth in a fountain had ever come upon that sparkling water, they would have found it crimson-colored, like the advent of a summer day. For when you spring onto the glittering edges of a clear dawn's carpet, you find that Youth is beside you there. The Day is young; the world has bathed and shows a new face underneath the dust that sat upon its features; and you, because time was before you were, and the earth was old before you knew it — you are

the youngest of them all. And as you walk into the sea, you take delight in feeling Youth run down your body with the waves, and shine from round brown arms seen through the water.

I go, it seems, from dewy eve to dawn, and come no nearer to my subject; yet this is all a part of lobstering, else why attend it? Surely not alone to see dead fish put into pots for bait, or to persecute the gray marauding spider crab that makes himself a most unwelcome guest. The dark, the dawn, the swim, all are a prelude to adventure; and so is sitting on the kitchen table, drinking milk, which aggravates the cat, and hurrying off across the thick wet lawn, to where the Lottie J. bobs up and down in restless anticipation of departure.

The Captain is piling bait. We call him Cheerful Charlie; for, even when the dense November fogs set in, his large-mouthed smile shines through them as if he were a genteel cousin of the Cheshire Cat. He earns his name when piling bait, for this means putting fish into barrels — fish that died a day or so ago, and have been brought most noisomely to life in horrid odors by the hot and sand-reflected sun. They stink — there is no other word to do them credit; they stink as does the idea of a Catholic hell, and spread their vile perfumes abroad engulfingly. I hold my breath, my nose, my tongue, as we sit in an agonizing *tête-à-tête* aboard the skiff that takes us to the Lottie J. I suffer thus in silence, for these bleareyed corpses of decadent fish are apple pie and jam to lobsters. They lure the crawfish from his home, and leave his children orphans. Their presence penetrates the ocean's weed-washed walls and calls its scavengers abroad to feasting. But they were never meant to make a sweeter world for man; and so, when they have been safely landed on the Lottie J., Cap covers them with tarpaulin, and I at last release my features, and sit me down to contemplate that wallflower maiden we call Morning.

Cape Cod in June sends forth a sweeter scent than ever was distilled from flower fields at Grasse; but where it comes from, no one knows. Some say it is the ocean's breath, and some that blossoms sighed it out of gardens, or that the wind brought it from the Cape Verde Islands. Yet it is not one of these things, for it holds them all. It is the sea, and roses, and new grass just cut. It is the heated essence of the Spring, yet it is damply fresh. So swift-passing and elusive is it, that May and June are the only months that wear it in their blowy hair.

It greeted me with its own actual ecstasy, as I sat in leisurely fashion against the poop, and listened to the comfortable *chug-chug* that took us out of harbor — and wakened all the neighbors from their last deep drowsiness. I had no heart for them just then. The loggerheads, I thought, the sleepy fools, to miss the birth of June; and I pretended to forget the births of months I 'd missed. I sat in high tranquillity, despising sleepyheads; and yet, though by a call no louder than a periwinkle's whisper I could have roused them all, I should have left them snoring, every one.

The tide rip caught us presently, and called a halt on the Lottie J.; and I had time to see the paths the sun trod in his rising. He painted added crimson on the ramblers' faces as they swung along the roofs of small white cottages; he turned the close-clipped lawns to velvet beds that one would like to lie upon, and showed pink cheeks of hollyhocks just peering over hedges. He gave to each and everything an added color that belonged, and then he fringed it with a lengthening splash of gold. I saw the secrets of his toilet as

we pushed, pushed, pushed against the rushing water, as we sidled and swerved and made headway through the unyielding tide, and at last emerged into the long, lolling, easy swell that filled the bay.

Cap had marked his buoys red and white, and the Lottie J. had been to them so often that it seemed as if she could have found her way unguided. But Cap knew a courtesy he had not learned from 'summer folks'; and because I 'd come to help in lobstering, he let me have the helm and, under his tuition, slip the Lottie close enough to the buoys for him to catch the trap rope. It was not as simple as it sounds; for Cap has better eyes than I, and, thinking that I did not need a great deal of directing, would start off on some tale of Portuguese pillagers, who came from New Bedford to steal lobsters, or tell how Sam'l Hawkins got his money, or how Dick Petersen was fool enough to break his fish-weir and let two sharks get in — and then, — abruptly, when I was most thoroughly absorbed, — would come: —

'*Loo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-w* there — starboard, starboard; put 'er starboard! Hard, hard, hard, put 'er o-o-o-over!'

And then a grunt, as he reached out as far as his body would go, and caught the trap by the grace of God and a long boat-hook, but through no fault of mine. I leave the wheel and jump to help pull in the trap. It is always heavy, and Cap says: —

'This means a "counter." '

A counter, you, of course, will know, is a lobster long enough to count; the others are undersized and must be thrown back. Sometimes there are counters, sometimes even supercounters, sometimes 'shorts,' and more often than anything, there are hundreds of spider crabs. Great ugly long-legged gourmands they are, caught in the toils of their greed. Cap is ruthless with the spider crabs. They seem to put the iron to his soul, and rouse in him the dreadful spirit of wholesale massacre. Their impudence and gluttony fill him with anger, and his seldom irritated nature allows itself full-swing on their ungainly bodies. He has not time to punish all of them, and for the most part they are cast aside with a gesture of profound disgust. But occasionally a monster catches himself in the lattices of the trap. He is torn limb from limb, he is crushed, he is spat upon, and hurled into the water, in an abandon of anger which is sufficient to bring Cheerful Charlie back into his own again.

Surely, if we could but find all that lies at the bottom of the ocean, we should know the beginning and end of everything. There must be secrets worth the hearing 'down in the dark, the utter dark, where the blind white sea snakes are'; for even in lobster pots we get a hint of them. Black-dressed starfish trimmed with pearls, who own small yellow mouths like ladies' mesh-bags, and look upon the mermaids' caves below with one red eye; and their smaller brothers, decked in scarlet, whose Polyphemus orb is yellow; there are rainbow fish and sea bass, winkles that are blind, and dirty cunners, that come up in the scum-covered pot to be subjected to man's mood. Some are kept to grace the Fish Commission tanks, and be a target for the eyes of wandering tourists; some are taken home to form a dinner for the cat; and some, because of their appealing delicate futility, are allowed to drop back to refreshing water and their native habitat.

The lobsters alone tell histories. Their missing tentacles spell tales of battles fought, or mad retreat from larger foes, or lives and limbs left

whole and quite intact from virtue of their little size and insignificance. Occasionally you find the field of war laid out before your eyes. In the parlor of the lobster pot you see two occupants, who eye each other chillily. One is whole, replete, and smoothly shining, while the other's tail and claws and long red antennæ are rattling round as separate parts.

Trap after trap is jerked over the side and emptied of good and evil. Only the previous bait is left — white skeletons of fishes' bones that have been picked to leprous lividness by the sea's despoilers of the dead. Cap removes the tarpaulin from the buckets of bad fish. I vainly hope that the clouds prevent the smell from reaching heaven, for Jupiter himself would fancy that his breakfast egg was plucked too ripe, and Juno would be censured for it. Cap, however, in oilskins and those gloves they sell at 'Centre Stores,' is bold. He seizes three or four of these degenerated corpses, and impales them through their glazed and glassy eyes upon an iron stake set in the middle of the trap.

The Lottie begins to teem with hard-shelled red-green crawlers. They lie in loose abandoned attitudes about the deck, or edge themselves with wily slowness toward the scuppers. And the boat becomes hysterical. She rolls, dips, squirms, she plunges and wallows, she rises and falls in frantic agitation, until that group of traps is past, and we go on again, in and out between the outlying rocks of the little green islands, to the next cluster of red-and-white buoys.

The sun is high now. One can see mirages of magic islands far away. They look like clouds, or battleships, set in a platinum ring; and just beyond them is a boat, a cargo-carrier perhaps, a tramp it may be, or an ornate steamer. We cannot tell, because the most we see of her above the sky line is a thin thread of trailing vapor and two black needles that are masts.

But there are nearer things to hand. New Bedford has arrayed her pink-tinged spires in soft rolls of smoke as white as well-washed wool, and she herself just vaguely shows her colored presence through. Naushon lies green and unawakened on the other side, and deer come down to drink at creeks, and eat the grass before the sun has had a chance to dry it up. Straight ahead of us is Penikese, a name that holds foreboding in its eight letters. Penikese has always been an island that one passed with consciously averted face, a place where fishermen would never land, a fair green strip of land with decent pleasant houses, where shadows hung in clouds above it, yet where, for all its fearsomeness, heroes took up their abode, with courage for their servant. For Penikese has been for many years a leper colony. Now the lepers have gone, transferred because brave science has hinted of a cure; but still the island is an outcast and a pariah, and probably will be always.

The Lottie J. and I had found, by Cap's direction, the last red bobbing buoy, so we turned our heads toward home again. We ploughed through the whitecaps which showered us with leaping stinging spray. Cap took the wheel, and I stood on the after hatch, playing games of balance with the waves; and when they found they could not throw me, they sent a cloud of diamond water dashing in my face. The tide rip rushed us through the Hole, and we ran up to dock with the proud consciousness of having done our duty to fifty-seven lobster pots, and knowing that for our pains we would be rewarded with great cups of coffee, hot and steaming, buttered toast with bacon, and, at the end, a giant bowl of strawberries and cream.

PROGRESSIVISM, OLD AND NEW

BY CHARLES MERZ

I

I HAVE sometimes thought that, if ever I looked back upon a well-rewarded life, one chapter in the ensuing autobiography would bear the title: 'Second Thoughts on Having Cast a Presidential Vote for Parley Parker Christensen.'

Time crops the roses. Christensen you may remember only faintly. But it was less than three short years ago, in the cellar of a rug-store in West 47th Street, New York, — a cellar temporarily converted into a polling-place, — that I put a cross beside the name of this Utah barrister who had come from the West to lead the Farmer-Labor Party. I cannot pretend that I did it with great gusto. Of Christensen himself I knew nothing save that he was six feet two, an Odd Fellow, and an Elk. Personally, he seemed to me an unexciting candidate to vote for. I left the rug-store mentally serene but emotionally flat. Somehow, though there was no reason for it, I felt as guilty as if I had been caught voting twice.

And I dare say that there were others who shared the feeling with me. None of us, I suppose, was voting for Christensen as a candidate. We thought that we were voting for him as a principle. We objected to a choice between two parties that failed to offer any choice — parties whose chief political conviction seemed to be the necessity of turning each other out of office. We looked forward to a day when parties would be moderately cohesive — when 'Republican,' for instance, would mean either Mr. Lodge or Mr. Hearst or Mr. Pinchot, but not all three of them at once. We believed the American genius to be capable of sustaining, ultimately, a form of political campaign which was not a contest in evasion but the submission to the voter of a choice between conservatism on one side, progressivism on the other. We thought we saw, in a vote for Christensen, a vote for such an order. And we rallied, here and there in modest groups, to his somewhat pallid banner.

Christensen was beaten. He got, if I remember rightly, one vote in ninety-nine. Thereafter, as promptly and completely as if the earth had swallowed him, he disappeared. But he prophesied, on the eve of his departure, a revolt within the ranks of the major parties well before the next election. And that prophecy has been echoing and reëchoing ever since. Senator Borah's is the latest voice to take it up. 'Unless there is a complete change of programme on the part of the Republican Party,' he has recently asserted, 'a change through the adoption of a liberal and constructive policy, there will be a formidable third-party movement in 1924.'

We are witnessing, in fact, a series of political disturbances unlike anything in 1920, and far more auspicious for a young insurgency. The last Congressional elections bore evidence to that. An unprecedented number of

stand-pat leaders — Calder, Mondell, du Pont, Townsend, McCumber, Kellogg, Freylinghuysen — marched up the hill and down again. Into the Senate have come Brookhart, Frazier, Wheeler, — to join La Follette, Ladd, and Norris, — rebels who ran off with the insignia of Republicanism and Democracy in their own states, pursued by angry party-regulars. The November elections were by no means a clear-cut 'progressive' victory; they are still being interpreted, in fact, as each man wants to interpret them for himself: a rebuke to everything, from Daugherty to Isolation. But certainly it may be said of them that they revealed a measure of dissatisfaction with post-war problems resolved in terms of pre-McKinley policy.

Subsequently we have had, first an impressive show of strength on the part of the Farm bloc in the Senate; then a conference of forty 'progressive' senators and representatives in Washington; and finally another conference in Cleveland, to consolidate a 'people's legislative bloc.' To be sure, the Old Guard still controls the machinery of both major parties. It holds the keys to campaign coffers. The rebels are a small minority. But in their successes last November, their blocs, their challenges to a somewhat less confident majority, more than one prophet in our midst discerns the rise of a 'new Progressivism,' model 1923, definitely headed toward an attempt to assert itself in 1924. This time, its partisans declare, the insurgent movement is founded in realities, growing of its own accord. It is not the forced product that it was in 1920. Neither is it, as in the days of Roosevelt, a bolt from the ranks on the part of the personal followers of an ambitious leader. This time the Presidential cart is not before the horse; the platform is coming first, the captain later on.

In short, the leaders of this 1923 Progressivism bid those of us who cast a vote for Christensen three years ago to pluck up courage, come out of the storm-cellar, or the rug-cellar, and survey the modern scene. Here is the thing you have been waiting for. Here is a *new* Progressivism.

We come to the top step, at any rate. We shall be forgiven if after two false starts we ask for time. Of what does this 'new' Progressivism consist? How does it differ from the old?

Even its official leaders, so far as it has any, are inclined to disagree about it. Progressives in the Senate are divided in three camps. There is a conservative Right Wing, led by such men as Owen, of the Democrats, and Capper, of the G. O. P. There is no Centre. And then there is a radical Left Wing that pivots on the leadership of Brookhart and La Follette, Frazier, Wheeler, Ladd, and other downright party rebels. Still farther to the Left, perhaps, — for the reason that he has cut loose entirely from the two old parties, — is Shipstead of Minnesota.

On the surface the difference between Left and Right is this: the Right is ready to throw a wrench into the existing machinery of politics and finance only when it feels it has to, the Left for the sake of the ensuing crash. That, however, is not where this new Progressivism essentially lacks unity. For any political alliance is bound to have factions varying from radical to conservative within the broad limits of its own special faith. More characteristic is the fact that this 1923 Progressivism, like its predecessors, is mobilizing around a few points of special interest. Its leaders agree on enough points, chiefly in the matter of farm legislation, to give them cohesion in the Senate. But they by no means agree about a host of other matters, such as the right way to enforce the eighteenth

amendment, the justice of an eight-hour day for farmhands, the comparative merits of Sunday blue laws, compulsory arbitration, moving-picture censorship, government ownership of railways, land-taxes, Russia. American Progressivism has not the same community in culture and conviction that characterizes, say, Liberalism in England. Instead, it is something more objective, localized. There is no tradition and no set of principles broad enough to bring Progressives together, all along the line.

Too much ought not to be made of this distinction. I have overstated the situation on both sides. Certainly a good measure of the homogeneity in British Liberalism is pure protective coloring. Nevertheless, the distinction is real enough, and there is every reason why it should be. Not only is Progressivism in its infancy in America, as an organized doctrine of political faith, with none of the history of British Liberalism behind it: more important is the influence of geography. It is easier to achieve homogeneity in a tight little island like Britain than across the sprawling plains and mountains of a continent. A score of local issues and enthusiasms inevitably intrude on every party's interests. Progressivism suffers — or, it may be, *profits* — from the same separatism that has affected the evolution of the older parties. The chances are that it will never be the same thing, at the same moment, in both Emporia and New York.

What are we to take, then, as a fair sample of the 'new' Progressivism? Something from the West, certainly. Something, if we are to choose the group that sets the pace, on the style of Brookhart, Frazier, Wheeler, Ladd. Progressivism, let us say, such as suits a radical who has not yet broken with a stand-pat state machine, but captured it — a farmer who waves Jove's lightning over 'Wall Street's' head.

That is not a complete description of the 1923 Progressive, but it will do well enough to start with.

II

If you turn back to the 1912 Progressive platform (you will have hard work finding it anywhere except in 1913 almanacs), you will observe one point which seems odd in 1923: very little emphasis was put on any special interest of the farmer. In fact, not until the seventy-second paragraph of that Covenant with the People did the farmer even enter. Then he was told that 'the development and prosperity of country life are as important to the people who live in cities as they are to the farmers.' He was further assured, and not without reason, that increase of prosperity on the farms would promote the interests of the people living there. And he was guaranteed that this new party pledged itself 'to foster the development of agricultural credit and coöperation, the teaching of agriculture in the schools, agricultural college extension, the use of mechanical power on the farm, and to reëstablish the Country Life Commission.'

Adequate; but not very stirring reading for the farmer. And perhaps, looking back across a decade, we may say that the 1912 Progressive movement had little of the agrarian revolution in it. Essentially it was a small-town movement. Its agricultural programme, you will note, was introduced with an assurance that it was a matter of importance for 'the people who live in cities.' The delegates to the 1912 Convention decked themselves in bright bandanas. But they bought them in the stores on Main Street. The colors were too shiny ever to have come from farms.

The first real distinction between

Progressivism in 1912 and 1923 is a new stress upon the interests of the farmer. Naturally enough the Farm bloc itself believes in that. But an agricultural plank led the programme of the Progressive Conference in Washington; and another agricultural plank had first place in the conference at Cleveland, despite the fact that here was an assembly more industrial in its make-up. The interests of the man behind the plough are given precedence. And the reason is not difficult to find.

For protest is the core of political insurgency, and the farmer has a grievance which he is asserting with increasing vehemence. That is the substantial fact behind the Farm bloc — and behind 1923 Progressivism as it exists to-day. The farmer believes that he is not getting a just return on the value of his capital and the investment of his energy. And something, he insists, must be done about it.

There are friends who tell him to be patient, that things will come out happily a little later. These are the people inclined to accept as constitutional the grumblings of the farmer. 'He would n't be happy if he were n't complaining.' But from available data it is difficult to escape the conclusion that falling prices have hit the farmer harder than any other producer in the country. The National Bureau of Economic Research, for instance, estimates that last year the average farm family received an income of something like $900. That is well below the income of the miner and the railway-man, the bricklayer and machinist. And from those earnings should be deducted something for a temporary depreciation of land values — and something more, fairly, for interest on investment. Dollars are bigger leaving the farm than coming back to it. What the farmer sells to-day is anywhere from fifteen to thirty per cent nearer pre-war prices than the things he buys.

All this may be transitory. But it is natural enough, meanwhile, that the farmer feels dissatisfaction; that he is tempted to believe that the trouble with these dollars — too small at one time, too large at another — is a scarcity of money. That inspiration has occurred to the American farmer several times before, and has been identified with two of the most disastrous failures in the history of the country's politics: the Greenback movement of the eighteen-seventies, and the Free Silver movement of the nineties. On both occasions the farmers were caught in a jam of low prices, insufficient credit, and unfair discrimination on the railways. There was a chance, when they turned to politics, that they would work out a constructive economic programme. But the conviction that in the price-structure lay the root of all imaginable economic evils ran away with their imagination. First, greenback paper. Then, free silver. In both cases an agrarian revolution wrecked itself on the rocks of Easy Money. The price-situation vanished long before the advocates of its solution could get within striking distance of political control.

To-day, save for an actual demand that currency be inflated, the situation of the seventies and the nineties is faithfully reproduced. The demand may come to-morrow. Part of Henry Ford's appeal to the price-worn farmer lies in the belief that he would make it. And if there is a danger here, it is nowhere more real than for Progressivism itself. What the movement needs is a sound programme of agricultural finance. Easy Money is a skyrocket that might light the summer sky. What it would set afire we know from two brisk conflagrations in the past.

III

Look back again to that 1912 programme drawn at Armageddon, and it is not only the appearance of the farmer in the rôle of angry plaintiff that marks the new Progressivism from the old: other changes wrought by this last decade are apparent.

Progressivism, in the days of Roosevelt, had three chief rallying-cries. 'Down with the trusts,' came first. The 1912 platform was full of it. 'Concentration of vast wealth . . . unguarded and uncontrolled by the nation . . . enormous, secret, irresponsible power . . . insufferable in a free government. . . . Preserve its good while eradicating and preventing its evils. . . . Strong Federal Administrative Commission . . . active supervision . . . trained watchfulness.' — 'Under such a system of constructive regulation,' said the 1912 Progressives, 'legitimate business, freed from confusion, uncertainty, and fruitless litigation, will develop normally in response to the energy and enterprise of the American business man.'

With denunciation of the trusts, in 1912, went demand for government at first-hand: government *of* the People directly *by* the People. Direct primaries — direct election of Senators — direct initiative, referendum, and recall. And to those planks was added, regularly, a programme of 'social welfare' couched in the terminology of the Settlement Worker. These three codes were the core of Roosevelt Progressivism. It is unnecessary to observe that in eleven years we have got an unconscionably long way away from them.

For of the trusts we hear comparatively little now. The cartoonists still make use of them. Occasionally there appears on the editorial page that familiar figure, fat, silk-hatted, with checkered vest of dollar-signs, who doles out oil or coal or groceries to a small unhappy Private Citizen. For the rest, the trust has passed — to be sure, it may be only for the moment — into the limbo of tandem bicycles, polkas, free will *vs.* predeterminism, as an all-absorbing topic of debate. It may be that the same apostasy sent it there — the perpetual aspiration of the simian mind for something new and interesting. Or it may be that collectively we came to doubt our chance ever to affect the destinies of giant corporations through any such modest instruments as 'strong Federal Administrative Commissions . . . active supervision . . . trained watchfulness' — and did n't know what else to do about it.

In either case, the word 'trust-buster' has gone the way of 'abolitionist' and 'free-soiler.' It may reappear. But if it persists, to-day, it must be somewhere in the fastnesses of Kentucky hills, where they say that Elizabethan English reigns supreme. We hear little of trusts — and little of that second slogan of the 1912 Progressives: the demand for 'direct legislation.' Never a matter easy to dramatize, always remote from the exigencies of the family budget, this latter issue has sifted gently into the hands of reform organizations founded especially to keep breath in its uninteresting body. Its value I do not question. But of its inability to arouse popular enthusiasm there is no great room for doubt.

Only the last member of the old Progressive trilogy — 'social welfare' — do we have with us still. Mr. Lusk now calls it Bolshevism.

IV

What stands out in the new Progressivism, in contrast to the trust-busting and direct legislation of the old — perhaps filling the void left by

the whittling away of those enthusiasms — is a far wider interest in all matters economic.

There is more talk, for instance, of the community of interest between producers, — whether producers in the cornfields or machine shops, — and of the necessity of coöperation in politics between urban labor and the farmers. To the conference at Cleveland came delegates of Railway Brotherhoods and Garment-Workers, Moulders, Painters, Plasterers, and a score of others, to agree upon a platform with the farmers' Granges. It is a Platonic sort of courtship, no passion lost on either side. Both groups know simply that they share one solid economic interest: hostility to the merchant-middleman who reaps a profit at both ends of distribution. But after that the case for partnership is not so clear. We have yet to see what the farmers will say to a proposal by the trades-unions to unionize farm labor. We have yet to see what will happen if the merchant-middleman should actually be eliminated, perhaps through development of cooperative distribution, and the two groups of producers be pitted directly against each other, in a tug-of-war for profits. There are more obstacles, ultimately, in the way of a thoroughgoing partnership than the optimistic partisans of that programme usually point out. But emphasis upon such a partnership as the one pivotal point in the strategy of accomplishing results — that is definitely a new note since 1912.

It is not the only 'economic' innovation. The Farm bloc, the Cleveland conference, camp gatherings of farmer-labor people elsewhere, now talk in terms of taxes, credits, railroads, oil, and water power. Even the Right Wing of the Farm bloc demands, for instance, new levies on 'undisturbed surpluses and stock dividends': quite another matter than the 'gradual inheritance and income tax' which was all the 1912 Progressive platform had to say about taxation. Again, the farmers and the unionists who met at Cleveland demanded 'introduction of genuine democracy into industry and agriculture' — a programme more ambitious than the 'social-welfare' planks of 1912. Most of the emphasis that used to go to visions of political control over the Oil Trust and its nine-armed brothers in the Family Octopus, now goes to matters such as finance, freight-rates, transportation, 'privilege.'

It might almost be said, in fact, that the lines of conflict are really drawn in the field of economics, and not of politics at all. Organized labor confronts organized capital in the workshops. Coöperative societies struggle with commission men and speculators for control of crops. Labor banks and coöperative loan associations compete with trust companies and commercial banks for credit. The economic rivalry that lagged behind political insurgency is coming to the front. And unquestionably the farmer-labor faction takes a greater interest in it. New coöperative organizations on the farms have put up the price of raisins, apples, oranges, tobacco. Labor banks are operating in a dozen different cities. One, founded by the Locomotive Engineers in Cleveland, began business with resources of $650,000; to-day, twenty-eight months later, its resources are $25,000,000 — almost forty times as large. A Garment Workers' bank was opened in New York within the last few weeks. It took a squadron of police to handle ten thousand men and women jammed in the street before its doors. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on deposit at nine o'clock in the morning — double that sum, at the end of the bank's first six hours' business.

There is an unmistakable shift in interest from politics to economics. In part, that may be the result of a general unpopularity into which politics has lately come. 'Too much politics' during war days, too much governmental control, has been followed by reaction. There is something symbolic in one recent incident, of questionable importance in itself. A few weeks ago a certain State Senator, Chappelear of Pickaway County, introduced into the Ohio Legislature a bill making it unlawful for thermometers to register more than 79 degrees in summer, or less than 42 in winter. 'If the temperature is regulated,' declared the author of this revolutionary measure, 'and the heat of summer stored up and saved by law, as daylight is now conserved by ordinances in various cities of the state, the blessings of such action will be incalculable.' Certain portions of his address suggest that Senator Chappelear was not entirely in earnest. But with the spirit of his effort more than one constituent has surely sympathized. Government, during the war, 'regulated' everything. Why not regulate the temperature? Somewhere in Washington is a vast, impersonal bureaucracy — remote, gigantic, meddlesome. 'Government' is no more popular than the plague — 'politics' no more exciting than a Sunday evening.

To that state of mind, it is more than likely, are due some of Mr. Harding's troubles in the White House. The confusion of mind and the lethargy with which the Republican party has met his successive efforts are perhaps merely the reflections of a wider lethargy and confusion of mind, about politics in general, throughout the country.

V

There will probably come a quickening of interest in the political scene when the brass bands of rival factions begin to celebrate the opening of new campaigns. And with that quickening of interest we shall observe still another difference between Progressivism in 1912 and 1923. At least so far as its leaders are concerned, this later Progressivism is a far more irreconcilable affair with which to deal.

The Progressivism of 1912 was earnest, even apostolic. Its campaign programme boiled with indignation. 'Armageddon . . . invisible government . . . unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics . . . a new party to build a nobler commonwealth . . . born of the Nation's awakened sense of injustice . . . country belongs to the people who inhabit it.' There was a spirit of evangelism about 1912 Progressivism; those who attended its conventions will remember how fleeting were the intervals between successive hymns.

And yet, for all their moral indignation, the 1912 Progressives were not Avenging Angels descending from the skies to visit swift destruction on their foes. Theirs was more the crusader's spirit of a political Salvation Army. It is these Left Wing agrarian leaders of 1923 who feel themselves Avenging Angels. The farmers' turn is coming. They herald a day of retribution. Their programme is atonement for past sins.

These Left Wing leaders are, in fact, more definitely class-conscious than the Roosevelt Progressives ever were. Not class conscious, for a moment, in the sense in which the Marxians use that term. There is no Socialism in this farmers' movement; its first abiding principle is private ownership of land. The whole background from which it comes is a middle-class array of farm and fireside. No Marx can bid these workers 'Arise — You have nothing to lose except your chains!' That would be beside the point. 'Arise!' declare

these Western leaders, 'You have *everything* to lose except your chains — Ford tractors, farm machinery, electric lights, victrolas.'

Nevertheless, in the sense of opposing to the moneyed interests of the East their own farm alliance of the West, these agrarian radicals reveal a spirited class-consciousness. They assail the bankers tirelessly. One of the reasons why they champion the soldiers' bonus is 'because Wall Street does n't like it.' Their policy of isolation (except in so far as modified by the farmer's concern over loss of European markets) is due in large part to animosity toward a real or fancied 'ring of international bankers.' In a very real degree the philosophy of this new Progressivism is sectional.

Some of us may not like to face the fact. Progressivism, we feel, is another of those finely abstract things like Liberty and Justice that can bridge the widest spans. But Progressivism, as even the Right Wing of this new agrarian mutiny projects it, is a policy of sectional retaliation. 'Before the farm bloc was organized,' declares Senator Capper, 'there was a railroad bloc, an oil bloc, a steel bloc, a sugar bloc, a Chamber of Commerce bloc — none of them making very much noise, but all of them well organized and getting in their work just the same. To us it seemed about time for a farm bloc to get into the game.'

An eye for an eye and a bloc for a bloc. Again we are turning back, not to the insurgency of 1912, but to the agrarian revolts of the seventies and nineties. The great political struggle in this country, our own substitute for the industrial class-warfare of the Marxians, has been the long struggle between a debtor farming class and its creditors in the cities. Turn back to another Cleveland Conference, — this one in 1875, — to Donnelly's *Anti-Monopolist*, to the speeches of 'Brick' Pomeroy and General Weaver and James Buchanan, to the argument of Solon Chase about free coinage and 'them steers' of his that made him a prominent figure in the public eye for half a decade — and you will find much that same enthusiasm for 'blocs' and inevitable well-deserved retaliation that characterizes this Western Progressivism of to-day. Or compare Brookhart, Shipstead, and La Follette, hurling challenges at Wall Street — with Bryan in the nineties: 'You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold. . . . We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them. . . . This is a struggle between the idle holders of idle wealth and the struggling masses who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country. . . . You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard. I tell you that the great cities rest upon these broad and fertile plains.'

That is what they really feel to-day, these Western leaders. Theirs is the rôle of an Avenger — and if fate offers opportunity, an Avenger capable of quite desperate things. Done in the Lord's name, to be sure, and for the good of an opponent's soul; but done with a grimness unlike the evangelism of Bull Moose bandana-days.

That fact, too, we must bear in mind as we survey this heterogeneous new Progressivism. Increasingly economic in its aims and impulse, increasingly Calvinistic in its tone, in its ears still rings the echo of that speech before the Cross of Gold: —

'Burn down your cities and leave our farms — and your cities will spring up again as if by magic. But destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in this country.'

FLEMING VERSUS WALLOON

BY HENRY DE MAN

I

Is Flanders a Continental Ireland? Does the growing violence of the struggle between its Flemish and its French-speaking citizens spell the disruption of Belgium?

The answer to these questions is important. Quite apart from the dramatic possibilities of Belgium's own future, it has an immediate bearing on European politics at large. Whether Belgium will continue to support the French policy with regard to Germany depends, in the first place, on whether its French-speaking population retains its precarious supremacy. An independent Flemish nation would deprive France of her last Occidental auxiliary, put a formidable obstacle in the way of her Continental expansion policy, and disturb the present balance between Teutonic and Gallic influence at the most vital spot of their time-honored battlefront.

How is it, then, that hitherto such a vital question has received such scant attention in the press abroad, especially in America? The contrast with the space devoted to Ireland is striking, and throws an interesting sidelight on the deficiencies of the world's present system of news-distribution.

The Flemings just about equal the Irish in numbers. They are a majority of the population, not in some obscure Eastern mushroom republic, but in one of the most highly civilized industrial countries in Western Europe, which recent circumstances have made a first-class factor in Continental politics. And although there is not — or not yet — a civil war, as in Ireland, there is no lack of dramatic incidents that would make good stories even for the yellowest newspapers. Since 1918 there have been numerous death-sentences imposed by Belgian court-martials; there have been scenes of riot and bloodshed in the streets; there have been picturesque occurrences, like the invasion of the House of Representatives by a demonstration of returned Flemish soldiers, who beat up a number of members on the floor of the House. Yet even those spectacular items hardly caught the attention of the news-agencies; and as to the more serious treatment of the problem which its implications and possibilities would justify, I could count on my fingers the number of articles which I have seen devoted to it by foreign reviews since the war.

True, the fact that very few people outside of Belgium and Holland can read Flemish newspapers and publications makes the presentation of the Flemish case more difficult. But this is only a minor cause of the silence about the Flemish problem. There are causes much more fundamental. One of them is that we are still suffering from a continuation of the system of government-controlled news that we owe to the war. The present acute phase of the Flemish conflict originated in a war-time condition, namely the attempts of

the German occupants to disrupt Belgium by fostering Flemish nationalism. This condition the Allied censorship was as much interested to hush up as German propaganda was anxious to magnify. Moreover, practically all the news that gets abroad from Belgium is controlled by the Agence Havas, which is a semiofficial French institution. Both the Quai d' Orsay and the bulk of French public opinion treat the Flemish movement as directed against France; consequently, news about it is taboo. Lastly, and so far as America is concerned, there is no echo of the Flemish conflict in American politics, as there is of the Irish issue; hence a lack of demand for the news, which increases the effect of the deficiencies in its supply.

The comparison with Ireland, while it seems justified by the international importance of the Flemish problem, ends there. It does not hold good with regard to the issues at stake. The struggle is not one — at least, not primarily — between oppressed Flemings and oppressing Walloons. At the root of it is a conflict between two groups of Flemings: a Flemish-speaking majority, and a French-speaking minority. The division is social rather than national.

Belgium's population has, for nearly two thousand years, been formed of two distinct linguistic groups: the Flemings in the northern half of the country, the Walloons in the southern half. Both groups include a great diversity of dialects, but the language of general and written intercourse among the Walloons is French, and among the Flemings, Flemish, with the exception already mentioned. Incidentally, Flemish is only the Belgian name of Dutch. There is even less difference between the language of Flanders and of Holland than between the English used in America and that of the United Kingdom, as the last minor differences between Dutch and Flemish spelling disappeared half a century ago.

The linguistic boundary between Flemings and Walloons is sharp and well-defined. It runs approximately from east to west, and it has not moved for many centuries. The only exception is the agglomeration around the capital. Brussels, which is situated in Flemish territory, but very close to the language boundary, is a mixed district, where both groups are about balanced in numbers: one quarter of its half million inhabitants speak Flemish only, another quarter, French only, and the remaining half speak both languages.

Roughly speaking, there are about four million inhabitants in the Flemish part, and three and one half millions in the Walloon part. In the latter, French is the only usual language. But Flanders is bilingual — about 81 per cent of its population speak Flemish only, one per cent French only, and 18 per cent both languages.

These 19 per cent of French-speaking Flemings form the element that gives the Flemish language problem its peculiar character. They represent the ruling classes: the bourgeoisie of the cities, the professional classes, the rich landowners, the high clergy. True, 18 of these 19 per cent speak Flemish as well as French. But they mostly use dialectical Flemish only for verbal intercourse with the 'lower classes'; French is the instrument of their culture, and of their written intercourse. Therefore, the great obstacle in the way of Flemish aspirations toward national self-expression is the position of the French language as the common link between the wealthy and educated classes in both parts of the country.

For about a thousand years the use of the French language has remained

the symbol — and in many ways the instrument — of social supremacy in Flanders. In the Middle Ages a French education was one of the means by which the aristocracy and the urban patriciate emphasized their superiority over the Flemish-speaking masses. Flemish was then characteristically called 'dietsch,' — the language of the people, — from the mediæval *diet*, or people.

From that time onward, the prestige of Flemish grew or decreased as the power of the masses rose or declined. Toward the end of the thirteenth century, a series of revolutionary movements in the Flemish cities overthrew the patrician oligarchy, and gave all the power to the craftsmen's and weavers' guilds; it culminated in the battle of Courtrai in 1302, when the Flemish commoners and yeomen defeated the army of knights and mercenaries whom the King of France had sent against them.

The commoners ruled in the fourteenth century, the *grand siècle* of Flemish urban republicanism. Consequently, their language, which had become the vehicle of some of the earliest attacks on feudalism, like the works of Dante's contemporary Maerlant and the folk's epic Reynard, was then the language used by the Administration. At the massacre of patricians and noblemen in Bruges, which forestalled the battle of Courtrai, the populace killed those who betrayed a French accent in answering their challenge.

At the end of the fourteenth century, the Flemish city republics were again vanquished by the feudal powers, their industrial prosperity was dealt a deathblow, and the political privileges of their guilds were abrogated; French was in the saddle again with the noble vassals of the House of Burgundy, the new bureaucracy, who organized their territorial government, and the enriched and contented merchants who 'aped the dukes.'

In the sixteenth century, Flemish temporarily regained the upper hand, as the revolution of the Netherlands against Spain brought the commoners to the front again; it was the language of the rebellion against popery and absolutism; the defeat of the Flemish revolution was also the defeat of the Flemish language.

All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the industrial decay and the political and ecclesiastical reaction which followed the subjugation of the Southern Netherlands by the Spanish Kingdom resulted in the humiliation of the people's language as well as of the people itself. The Flemish people was once again governed in French; Flemish, although still exclusively spoken by the commoners and peasants, practically ceased to exist, except in the form of a spoken dialect, a kind of Cinderella vocabulary which the rich used only to order their valets about or to scold their tenants. The Jesuits, who then virtually held a monopoly of the education of the upper classes, purposely made that education solely French, as a safeguard against the 'dangerous' ideas of which Flemish had been the vehicle at the time of the Reformation, and continued to be the vehicle in the Calvinistic Dutch republic to the north.

This condition was still in existence when Belgium became an independent state, in 1830. Five sixths of the Flemings then still knew Flemish only; but the remaining sixth represented the only people who read books and newspapers, who sent their children to school, and who were represented under the prevailing systems of limited suffrage, in local and national administration. Together with the Walloon upper classes, they made French the only

official language of Belgium, although about one half of its population did not understand it. The Flemish recruits had to pick up a few words of it in barracks in order to understand their officers; and there have been cases of Flemings found not guilty after having been sentenced to death in a language of which they had not understood a word.

II

The beginnings of the present 'Flemish movement' date back to the thirties and forties of the last century. It was then purely literary and artistic. Its carriers were a few intellectuals, mostly risen from the peasantry or from the lower middle-classes.

In its literary expression the movement began — just as similar national movements have begun in Germany and elsewhere in the romantic period — as an endeavor to revive the popular traditions through philological and folklore research. Artists, especially painters, began to use the faded glories of Flemish mediævalism as a background for their inspiration. By and by, the movement found its way to the masses, to that part at least which was learning to read in the few public schools that were in existence about the middle of the century. Popular novelists like Henri Conscience, who recalled the Flemish past to life in his historical novels; romantic poets like the writer's grandfather Jan van Beers, who borrowed his most successful themes from the incidents of the peasants' and workers' lives; democratic pamphleteers and song-writers like Theodore van Ryswyck, again made Flemish a language that was written and — read. Soon the small peculiarities of spelling which had differentiated it from Holland Dutch in the dialectical period of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries disappeared, so that Flemish literature has been for the last half century merely a branch — and not by any means the least significant one, in quantity or in quality — of the Dutch or 'Netherlandish' literature, the works of which are being indiscriminately published and read in Holland and in the Flemish part of Belgium.

Very little, however, was achieved through political means until near the end of the nineteenth century. It was only in some cities like Antwerp, where a majority of the middle classes had remained true to their Flemish tongue, that the local authorities had made it the basic language in the elementary schools and in part of the high schools. In the smaller localities, the Catholic high clergy, who, to all intents and purposes, controlled the educational system, maintained the supremacy of French, in spite of the opposition, ineffective and ruthlessly suppressed, of some of the peasant-born young Flemish priests. The national government — French only was spoken in Parliament — remained deaf to the demand of Flemish education for the Flemings, with the exception of a timid reform law in 1883, which was made largely inoperative by the inertia of the Administration.

An entirely new condition was created by the suffrage reform of 1893. Until then, the right to vote had been limited to big taxpayers. A persistent campaign of the young Labor Party, culminating in a general strike, forced Parliament to revise the constitution and to grant the suffrage to all adult males. Thenceforth the Flemish peasants, workmen, and lower middle-classes began to be a factor in politics. What had thus far been the cultural aspiration of a small élite became a mass movement, which soon crystallized around a political platform.

The chief demands related to the use of the Flemish language in the schools,

the courts, the state administration, and the army. They were on the whole very moderate, as compared with the platform of the Flemish 'Activists' under the German occupation, and with that of the militant wing of the 'Flamingant' movement at present. Only a few extremists, with practically no following and no political representation, dared to talk about the partition of Belgium, or even about a federal system granting administrative autonomy to the Flemings. There was no Flemish party in Parliament, nor even a permanent division between the Flamingant and the Anti-Flamingant elements within the three existing parties — Catholic-Conservative, Liberal, and Labor. All three parties refrained from committing themselves to any definite attitude on the language problem, and left their representatives free to vote as they liked on each particular bill.

Shortly before the war, however, one issue began to dominate the others to such an extent that it threatened to disrupt the unity of the traditional parties in a permanent way — the Ghent University.

There are four universities in Belgium. Two of them — Brussels and Louvain — are private institutions. The other two — Ghent and Liége — are run by the State. All use French, exclusively. Ghent, which is situated in the heart of Flanders, was started as a Flemish university during the short-lived reunion with Holland which lasted from 1815 till 1830. It has been French ever since.

A bill to make Ghent Flemish again was being considered by Parliament shortly before the war. It was framed in moderate and practical terms: it provided for a quite gradual change, the present professors being allowed to continue teaching in French if they preferred to do so. On the other hand, great pressure was being brought to bear on the three parties, the supporters of the bill even going so far as to take part in joint demonstrations, thus threatening to disrupt the party machines. The bill seemed on its way to secure a majority, when the war broke out.

The Ghent University question has never ceased since to be the real test issue of the struggle. The language reform in the elementary and high-school system, the development of vocational education, the increasing use of Flemish in the courts of justice and in the public service, resulted in a growing demand for higher education in Flemish. Moreover, the number of young Flemings able to obtain a university education had increased as the social barriers which before had kept it a monopoly for the upper ten-thousand began to crumble, and allowed access to a larger proportion of young people from the poorer classes. So the conquest of the Ghent University appeared to the Flamingants as the logical fulfillment of the reform of the rest of the school system.

The chief reason why the contest about Ghent has developed much more heat than any previous language bill had done, is that it raises the fundamental question whether Flemish shall remain merely the language of the lower classes in Flanders, or shall become the instrument of higher learning, the carrier of a national civilization. That the tax-collector, the policeman, the judge, the teacher, and the drill-sergeant who are to deal with the Flemish-speaking masses should know enough of the vernacular to make themselves understood, could be granted without encroaching on the position of French as the language of higher civilization. To demand a Flemish university, however, means to challenge the position of the French-speaking bourgeoisie as the only class whose lan-

guage gives it access to higher learning.

The German occupation put a terrible incubus on the movement. The 'emancipation of the Flemings' it will be remembered, was one of the points of Germany's peace programme. It was not merely a rhetorical retort to the Entente's demand of self-government for the smaller nations. It was made the basis of a policy that aimed at unnerving Belgium's resistance by separating the Flemish from the Walloon provinces. A sham government, called 'Council of Flanders,' was set up as an advisory administrative body to the German governor. While all Belgian universities had suspended their activity under the occupation, Ghent was reopened by the German civil government as a Flemish university. This policy succeeded in enlisting the support of a minority fraction of the Flemish movement, who called themselves Activists, and even of a few Walloon extremists, who were used as their counterpart. They included very few politicians of note. Most of them were young enthusiasts of a somewhat fantastical turn of mind; and there naturally was, among those who accepted official posts from the Germans, a fair proportion of intriguers and grafters.

The chief circumstance which has made the Activist episode act as a poison in Belgium's political life ever since is that the Activists went so far as to lend Germany assistance in her military endeavors. A propaganda drive was undertaken among the Belgian war prisoners in Germany, and, through various agencies, among the Flemish soldiers at the Belgian front itself, to promote mass desertion and rebellion. It failed on the whole, though it had become a very serious concern to the Belgian army command by the time of the 1918 offensive.

The 'Flemish' university was not much of a success, either; very few capable professors could be enlisted, even in Holland and Germany, and the student population remained very small. Practically all the Activists fled when the German troops withdrew; the few who remained were treated as traitors by the returned Belgian authorities. Thirty were sentenced to death, with subsequent commutation to life-long hard labor; thirteen got life sentences, and 137 others aggregate sentences of 1418 years imprisonment. A large proportion of those who did not go into exile have had their terms reduced, or have been released since, thanks largely to the humane policy of the former Socialist Minister of Justice, Mr. Vandervelde.

III

The popular anger of which this cruel repression gave evidence, and the way in which the Anti-Flamingant press exploited the association between the German occupation and the Flemish University, were very severe drawbacks to the Flemish movement after the Armistice, in spite of the fact that the Activists had never represented more than a tiny fraction of it. But this was only temporary. It soon became apparent that, regardless of the Activist adventure, the war had given additional impetus to the Flemish demand for self-expression. The very excesses of the Anti-Activist repression, and the attitude of a large section of the Belgian-French press, which antagonized even the most moderate Flemings by treating them as pro-Germans, resulted in a reaction.

A good deal of resentment had also accumulated among the Flemish soldiers during the war. Eighty-six per cent of the combatant Belgian soldiers had been Flemings. This was due to various circumstances: the inequality of the military-service laws before the

war; the fact that the German invasion overcame the Walloon provinces first and made it more difficult to draft the Walloon young men; and the larger proportion, among the Walloons, of skilled mechanics and educated boys, who were needed for noncombatant services. The language of current intercourse in the Belgian trenches was Flemish, while the language of command and of the officers' messes was French. It was practically impossible for a Flemish soldier to be promoted to any rank without a knowledge of French, whereas most officers spoke either a very broken Flemish or none at all.

The Belgian government quite realized the danger of that situation, especially in view of the propaganda urging desertion and rebellion, which began to show some results in 1917. But the radical reform which might have alleviated it was not attempted, in view of its difficulty under the stress of war conditions; and the desultory concessions which were made instead proved ineffective. The returned Flemish soldiers, therefore, suffered from an inferiority complex, which made them a so powerful political ferment that the most militant expressions of the Flemish movement after the Armistice crystallized around their organizations; the radical nationalistic group which forms a Flamingant vanguard in Parliament characteristically calls itself the 'Front Party.'

This party is small, however, and it shows little signs of growing. In the present stage, at least, the nationality struggles are being conducted chiefly within the three traditional parties. Their Walloon elements are Anti-Flamingant, because their power in the country is associated with the predominance of the French language, and because of the annoyance to which the Walloon officials, or prospective officials, feel that they are put by the requirement to learn a second language.

In the Labor Party only there is a minority of Walloon members who sympathize with the Flemish movement. In the Flemish constituencies of the three parties, the bulk of the voters and representatives are out-and-out Flamingant, with the exception only of the gentry and the big employers. There is at present a small majority in the Lower House in favor of the Flemish University of Ghent; but an equally small majority of the Upper House, which is elected by a less democratic procedure, is against it. The Anti-Flamingants are suggesting that Ghent should remain French, but that a new Flemish University should be established elsewhere, preferably in Antwerp. This alternative is not being accepted by the Flamingants, who obviously believe that it is meant merely to gain time, while defeating the bill which is now under consideration. They add that there are already too many universities in Belgium; that the means for the necessary buildings and equipment could not fairly be guaranteed; and that a new university would lack the advantages which the existing institution in Ghent derives from its central location, its traditions, its library, laboratories, and the other equipment which it takes many years to accumulate.

The weightiest motive of the Flemings' opposition to this compromise, however, is in the subconscious mind: Ghent has become the symbol of higher culture in Flanders, and its continuation as a French institution is felt as an injustice and a slighting of the Flemish people's language. Therefore thousands of Flemings are willing to die for a Flemish university in Ghent, who would not spend a cent to help build one anywhere else.

This is the main factor which has to

be considered if one wants to understand struggles like the one that is now raging in Belgium, with the usual accompaniment of heated rows in Parliament, and sometimes bloody riots in the streets. Their worst feature, from the point of view of a wise solution, is that, after a period of fighting for certain issues, fighting itself becomes an issue. Political demands then become chiefly a means to crystallize the passions that arise out of historical complexes, out of former conditions which have nothing to do with the particular reform at stake. Complicated though the administrative problems raised by the Flemish controversy may be, there is none of them for which a rational solution, better than either the existing condition or any of the proposals now entertained by the Belgian Parliament, could not be worked out in a month's time by, say, the undergraduates of a politics class in any American university. All they would need is to be given access to all the available documentary sources — and to have no Fleming and no Walloon among them. Unfortunately, rational solutions, arrived at by rational means, are a rare occurrence in history.

In the meantime, one cannot help noting a disquieting similarity, in spite of the otherwise different conditions, between the past of Sinn Fein and the present of Flemish nationalism. Both movements started as a more or less vague and romantic aspiration to revive an ancient national culture. Their political demands were formulated; conservative prejudice and unreasonable resistance caused these demands to be pressed with growing force; by the time some of them were at last complied with from fear of violence, national passion had already bent itself on much more radical solutions. So, finally, there arises a psychological mass-condition where the chief problem is no longer how such or such an institution should be reshaped, but how the pugnacious instincts which have been roused can be prevented from becoming destructive, and from making any actual reform sterile for lack of statesmanship and sanity of temper.

This state of things seems to be well-nigh reached in Belgium at present. Out of it might arise, on both sides and through sheer despair of any other solution, a disposition to escape endless strife by accepting any end of it; and this would make the disruption of Belgium a possibility.

At present I am sure that no responsible leader desires anything of the kind. Even the most radical Flemings would be perfectly satisfied with a federal system, which would leave Flemings and Walloons autonomous in matters of education and local administration, organize military service on a basis of local or regional units, and have autochthonous officials in both parts of the country. They realize equally well that it would be a folly to disrupt the economic unity of the country, cut the railway system in two, and put a frontier between the Walloon coal districts and the Flemish ports and factories.

The plight of the new states which have been sliced out of the former empires of eastern and central Europe is a warning emphatic enough in this respect. Whether Belgium is a nation because, as some historians say, the state born in 1830 actually embodied a thousand-year-old spiritual community, or whether, as some other historians say, it is an artificial compound of two nations who have always had different civilizations based on different languages, is certainly an extremely interesting point of scientific controversy. But its solution has very little bearing on problems such as these: can

Belgium subsist if one half of her population is allowed to feel that it cannot get access to European civilization by using its own language? And, on the other hand, would Europe be much advanced if a new item were added to the list of its 'free states,' choked by tariff walls and crushed by the weight of the 'alliance' system? Would the Flemings be better off if a Flemish free state, with its four million people, had to fight France to retain access to the German hinterland of the port of Antwerp, and to establish a new balance of trade for an overpopulated industrial country which has fewer coalpits than cities?

Thus Belgium illustrates the tragic clash between the economic necessities of the reconstruction of Europe, and the simplistic belief that problems of nationality can be solved by tracing new frontiers on the map of Europe wherever a claim for self-government is based on the possession of a distinct language or of some historical right.

Perhaps it is a good thing for the Flemings that the Peace Conference refused to receive the delegates of their 'Front Party,' who had gone to Paris to find out why the Fourteen Points were to be applied to Slovakia and to Lithuania, and not to the country that has suffered more for the victory of the Allies than any other. So they are free, at least, to work out their own salvation in a country where they form a majority. Otherwise they might have been the object of experiments based on the assumption that Europe's nationalities can be freed by superposing economic frontiers on the boundaries of language.

Perhaps not the least important lesson that can be learned from Belgium's nationality problem is the utter futility of trying to cure Europe's ills by such rough methods, no matter from what lofty ideals they may have been constructed by logical inference. For there is no country in civilized Europe where language can be made the only foundation of political unity, without regard to the necessities of trade, the existence of local minorities, and the intermingling of national and social motives.

Most national problems arise primarily out of social antagonisms, and their real solution consists much more in the slow shifting of social frontiers than in the violent cutting of geographical ones.

SHOCK AND RELIGION

BY FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

SOME of the saddest results of the war are the cases of 'shell-shock,' of which a distressing instance was given in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1921. But the term 'shell-shock' was used to include all cases of nervous breakdown, besides those due to the actual bursting of a shell. The fearful shocks of all kinds, the tremendous strains men had to endure when they were living in the most horrible conditions — all conduced to break down the individual's control over himself and to disorganize his life. So the term 'shell-shock' was used as a convenient general term to denote those who had, for the time being, lost control over their emotions. In his weakened, shattered condition, one emotion — fear — had gained a predominance and broken up the general system of a man's mind, so that he was unable to hold himself together.

What happened in the war, in these obvious instances, happens also in peace, under circumstances less calculated to attract attention. To many the strain of life is almost past endurance. And in most people's lives occasions come when some fearful shock knocks them off their balance as completely as any shell-shock. Some unbearable sorrow may deal such a blow that the emotion of sorrow gains absolute predominance and breaks to pieces the whole system of a man's make-up. Or the shock may come from a conflict of loyalties — conflict between loyalty to his home and loyalty to the girl he would marry; conflict between loyalty to a political chief and loyalty to the country; conflict between loyalty to the country and loyalty to what is conceived to be the Will of God. In all such cases a choice has to be made and definite action to be taken. But often a man is in such a situation that, whichever course he chooses, he has both to suffer and to cause pain. And here again an emotion — in this case, the emotion of pain — may so dominate him as to break him down till he is no longer himself. Even the emotion of joy may have such a disruptive effect. The mad scenes on Armistice Day, when individuals, under the shock of sudden joy, lost all control over themselves and did the most outrageously silly things, is an illustration.

And besides individuals, whole nations at this time are suffering from shock; and one at least, namely, Russia, is completely disorganized. It also seems as if humanity as a whole were suffering from shell-shock. So the problem is forced on us: how are we to fortify ourselves against these shocks, so that we shall be able to keep our heads whatever happens, keep ourselves together and in hand, maintain our balance and composure?

The experience of the war gives us, I suggest, a clue to the solution. It was found that in those regiments where there was a strong *esprit de corps*, and firm discipline; where men took a pride in their regiment and the regiment taught them to take a pride in themselves; and where there was a commanding officer who clearly embodied

the soldierly spirit and formed a tangible example for all to follow and a standard for all to emulate — there were fewer cases of shell-shock than in those hastily collected bodies of men in which, through lack of time, no *esprit de corps* had been created, and the men knew little of their leaders or their leaders of them.

Now what kept a man together in these good regiments was a *sentiment* — a sentiment of love for the regiment; a sentiment for that body of men in which he himself was included; a sentiment which was reciprocated — he respecting, admiring, and loving the regiment and the regiment caring for him, censuring him if he behaved ill, but admiring, praising, and rewarding him if he did well. And it is a sentiment of this kind that is, I believe, needed to enable us to withstand the shocks of the world.

But no sentiment for a regiment would be of any strength unless the men who composed it were imbued with a strong sense of patriotism. Love of country must, therefore, be behind the love of the lesser community. The regiment must love the country it is serving, and must be able to feel that the country is caring for it. Then only will the regimental feeling be tense and close.

One step further is still needed. Edith Cavell was perfectly right when she said, 'Patriotism is not enough.' Besides love of country there must be love of the world — love of the world as a whole: not only of Humanity, but of the Universe in its entirety, the stars and the sunshine, and the blue sky and the birds, and the beasts and the flowers, all in their togetherness, and all as imbued and inspired by God. If we can have such a World-Love, we shall be possessed of a sentiment of the deepest, widest, loftiest kind — a sentiment capable of keeping all the various elements of our life together and of giving it coherence and direction. This sentiment may be built up of many emotional dispositions — joy, fear, pity, gratitude, and so on. But if it is strongly constituted and firmly established, this sentiment — the most powerful there is — will be proof against the shock of any single emotion such as fear, or pain, or sorrow. This dominant sentiment will have so organized our life as a whole, that no emotion will be able to disorganize it. A man who passionately loves the World-Mother who begat him, who tended him in his infancy, and who inspired him with all his noblest aspirations, would never allow fear, or pain, or sorrow to throw him off his balance.

But have we any reasons for loving the world? There are two good reasons: first, because she is so lovable; and, second, because she loves us. And the grounds for saying this are that, whenever there is the slightest risk or chance of our having to leave the world, we realize how sweet and fair she is, and cling to her with all our might; and we find at the same time that she is clinging to us, folding us closely to her and striving to keep us with her.

Perhaps all will not admit the validity of these grounds. Some will cynically point to the cruelty, squalor, and meanness in the world, and will ask how a man *born* defective, or a man on the point of starvation, can agree that the world is lovable and that she loves him. The reply would be that we must look at the world as a whole, and through all time. Parts of her, and for a time, may be bad; yet the whole, in the full process of time, may be good. What is certain is that the world is actuated by a Power that keeps her together in orderly process, and directs her to the lovely and the lovable.

We are ourselves constituent parts

of the world, so we can see this for ourselves. We can feel within us something driving us to the good rather than to the bad, to perform neighborly and generous acts rather than boorish and niggardly ones, and to beautify ourselves and our homes rather than to make them ugly. And, besides this urge from within, we feel a constraint in the same direction from the world about us. We find the world *expecting* us to do the good thing, to follow the truth, and to make beauty. We have, then, substantial grounds for admiring, worshiping, and loving Mother-World. We see that she has the good, the lovely, and the true at heart; and all we have we owe to her.

This World-Love is what is usually spoken of as Love of God; but I call it World-Love, to avoid the notion of God as a Being separate and isolated from the world; and to emphasize the conception of the world as including God; the two being as inseparable from one another as the body is from the soul — God being the ground of the visible world and the visible world being the expression, manifestation, and revelation of God. And this sentiment of World-Love is, I suggest, what we must look to — as soldiers look to *esprit de corps* — to keep us together when shocks come upon us.

But if World-Love is to be our mainstay in the battle of life, we should have it ingrained in us from our childhood, and should have the means at hand for reinforcing and strengthening it within us. And here again military experience suggests the means. Regiments are provided with a chaplain and a band. These did, during the late war, tend to fall into the background. But soldiers might have fared better, and shell-shock been less frequent, if they had been brought into greater prominence. Even wild tribesmen on the Indian frontier have mullahs and bands — holy men and music — to rouse the religious sentiment and fan it into fervent heat. And not only in war, but in peace, we want these two means of sustaining, strengthening, and refining the religious sentiment of World-Love — namely, the living example of a man of God, and the influence of music.

Just as the ordinary soldier in the ranks needs the inspiring example of his captain with his whole being bent on victory, submitting himself to the sternest discipline and the severest hardships, and disregarding every danger so long as his country's cause may be made to triumph; and just as the captain himself needs that spiritual sustenance which a truly holy man can give him — so do men in ordinary life need the example of a man who, with the whole passion of his soul, is seeking, admiring, and adoring those very best things in life, which reveal what is working in the heart of Mother-World and inspire him with transcendent World-Love. We want the example of a man who has purged and purified and disciplined his life, gathered it firmly together, and directed it to the highest end of combined beauty, truth, and love, till his is a really holy life. We want the example of one who, through the peculiar sensitiveness of his nature, has been able to divine the power, the grace, and the beauty of the love which Mother-World can give; and who has himself, as a brave soldier wins his country's love, sought and won and experienced Mother-World's love in all its tender strength and sweetness.

Such a man would inspire us with World-Love, would keep that religious sentiment, with which we are all naturally endowed, fresh and active within us. And when the strain comes upon us, as it does upon soldiers in battle, he might sternly command us to pull ourselves together, show a stauncher courage, and exert a firmer control over

ourselves, if we were simply slack and sinful. But if, after all we could do for ourselves, the shock was still almost past our bearing, he would show the tenderest pity, console and gently soothe us, till strength once more returned and we were able again to take our place in the battle-front of life.

But besides this personal example and guidance we should need music — the music of poetry and the music of sound — to strengthen and refine the sentiment in us. We should want songs, hymns, anthems, oratorios, which would stimulate love of Mother-World as patriotic songs and marches stimulate love of country, and express in simple, soul-inspiring words and melodies the ineffable bliss of World-Love in moments of supreme exaltation. We should want words and music which will show us what true excellence is, and encourage us to admire, worship, and strive to attain it; words and music which will deepen our faith in the love at the heart of Mother-World, and exhort us to pray for strength, purity, courage, and endurance; and words and music which will urge us to put World-Love into every act of our common-day life, till our good-will is absolutely invincible, and at the close of each day we may feel at peace with ourselves and with all the world.

By this personal example, by this poetry and by this music, especially if we can enjoy them with our fellows, the deep, wide sentiment of World-Love will be built up till it has become the predominant sentiment in our life; till our whole life is organized about it and it has become so rock-like that no shock, however great, — of fear or pain or sorrow or any other emotion, — will be able to disorganize it and break us down. For when the shock comes, we will keep in our minds the spiritual heroism we have learned to envy, and, if we can, we will strive to hear again familiar music, till it steals into our souls and brings to life once more the old World-Love and enables us to thrust back from us all that would unhinge our lives.

Not unless our lives are thus dominated by this profound and universal sentiment, shall we ever be able to stand the strain of modern life. And to-day the task before us is to create World-Love, and present it in such a form that it will be readily acceptable by men. Some regimental leaders are wholly incapable of instilling a right spirit into a regiment. Others will have a regiment working with a will, and shell-shock unknown. It is the same with spiritual leaders. We want leaders who will renew — and if need be create — a right spirit within us.

Then, when our whole lives are steeped in World-Love, when we are filled with admiration and passionate love of all the best there is in the world, and when we have a fixed determination to prove ourselves worthy of the best the world is expecting of us, we shall be able to face with composure each blow that falls upon us — and in the hour of our victory rightly claim her love.

HOW IT IS WITH US

BY ELSA SIMM

THE rabbit's long hind-legs make him a little absurd — until he has to run for his life. The German housewife's meticulous attention to her household was a little humorous — until now, when her intensive knowledge and skill are keeping her country's head above water.

All that we middle-class women in Germany had to do before the war was to sit on the box and guide our household carriages wisely. We had telephones with which to order our food and fuel, and one or two servants to take them in when they were delivered at the door. Of course, we were always trained to know how to do everything, but we also knew how to train others. And with the leisure which the smooth running of domestic matters gave us we went in for traveling, sport, entertainment, the arts, or politics, as our mothers and aunts before us had gone in for fancy cooking or needlework.

It is no longer a question of guiding the carriage wisely, but of keeping it going at all. Thousands of vehicles are in the narrow muddy road, a danger to one another. Now and then you see an old friend or a neighbor exhausted and unable to keep up. You fear to stop to help him, lest you get stuck yourself!

At present the incomes of the higher-grade professional classes, government officials, professors, engineers, and the like, are somewhere between 300,000 and 600,000 marks a month, about a thousand times the pre-war amount. But in the early days of March 1923, food was more than three thousand times the pre-war cost and clothing four thousand times higher. Let any American housewife perform the above operation on her budget. She is beaten before she begins.

But in the homemaker's fight there is no such alternative as surrender. One cannot say to the children when they appear in the morning ready for school, 'It is very awkward, children, but I could n't buy you any breakfast this morning because, as you know, I had to have new shoes and it took all of papa's salary for the month.'

Such a statement would be absolutely true, but one does not make it. Instead, one 'manages.'

There is milk for the younger children, owing to the card-system, which reserves the dwindling milk-supply for them only. Some member of the family has already had to wait in line with his pail at the milk-shop, which opened at seven. And there is malt or bean coffee, without sugar — which must be conserved for cooking where it is absolutely necessary. Black bread is rationed, half a pound a day; but of course this is not enough for the older children, so we must buy more at four thousand times its old price. Sugar is five thousand times higher, and we can get it only once a month, three or four pounds a head. Eggs are two thousand times what they were; one egg costs as much as postage for five letters, but eggs are seldom to be found.

So the children get off to school with breakfast of a sort — unsweetened malt coffee and black bread, and mar-

malade. I have not had the courage to inquire into the ingredients of the marmalade. It must be confessed that the children do not do as well on this new-fashioned breakfast as their older brothers and sisters did on the old-style porridge, cocoa, bread and butter, bacon and eggs. The Quakers say that nearly all the school-children look two years younger than their ages, and the teachers say that they do not grasp half the knowledge they should in a term.

I have just mentioned butter. It should be written BUTTER and really deserves a chapter all its own. It is the gold of butter that is the housewife's gold standard. The prospective father-in-law is not interested in the number of paper marks his daughter's suitor can earn in a week but in the number of pounds of (hypothetical) butter! A doctor, for instance, receives less than the price of a pound of butter for one visit. Butter seems to be the twin brother of the dollar. It always rises when the dollar rises. Unfortunately it never sinks when the dollar sinks. Actual table-butter has long since been removed to the sphere of the myth, but its price has become the standard for every expenditure, from servants' wages to the terrific cost of a suit of clothes.

The housewife of Germany shall ye know by her big black handbag. She never thinks of leaving the house without it, for shops no longer deliver goods, and one must buy all sorts of provisions when the opportunity offers, and in as large quantities as the shopkeeper and the household purse allow. Underwear, over whose price you hesitated yesterday, is marked higher to-day, and foodstuffs often ascend from morning to afternoon. At first we tried to make food-carrying a graceful procedure by making our bags of black satin. But the morale of our bags has fallen, and now we trouble only to make them strong and durable. Our grandchildren must keep these bags as a relic: they play such a part in our lives!

The middle class of which I write does not have meat more than once a week, and the lady of the house goes out to conquer it personally (with the black bag). The telephone has, of course, been taken out. Prices vary so that she tramps for an hour or two before she is satisfied that she has made the very best possible purchase for her family. It pays, in regard to all foodstuffs, to search the whole quarter and ask every person you meet about prices. A recent issue of *Simplissimus* shows a proud mother announcing to father, 'Baby has spoken his first words!'

'Really! What did he say?'

'How much is milk to-day?'

You come home dead-tired, your brain whirling with ciphers, and you inspect your shoe soles! Renewing them costs from 12,000 to 18,000 marks, ten thousand times the old price. Sometimes you conscientiously walk a long way (tram-fares having gone up five thousand times), to get cheaper flour and carry the thirty pounds home in a knapsack, only to find that at the grocer's next door it is the same price! Back home, you sink down to rest a moment before beginning preparations for the dinner you have so laboriously assembled, when in comes a good neighbor to tell you that — 'There are eggs at Dollmeyers'!' — 'Goodness! I must have some. I could n't get one all last week!' And out goes the black bag again. After all, you get only two, despite your most languishing look at the clerk.

And when you are at home again, it takes a field-marshal's brain to prepare a dinner without meat, with few eggs, little or no milk, little sugar, considering that cereals, vegetables, fruit, and margarine can appear but seldom

on account of the delicate state of the budget. Potatoes and cabbage remain our truest friends, but I am afraid we often look at them coldly.

Luxuries like real coffee, real tea, cream, chocolate, nuts, oranges, candy, and cake, we really do not miss much, we so seldom think of them; and when, on the occasion of a wedding, perhaps, some of these delicacies emerge from a cupboard where a half-pound or so has been hoarded, I think we appreciate them more than ever we did when they were plentiful.

This sort of compensation applies also to our social life. Since our shopping takes so much more time than it used, though we buy half as much, and mending of all sorts has assumed such enormous proportions, owing to the impossibility of considering the expense of replacing linen and clothing, our free time has practically vanished. It is difficult to systematize your day, because emergencies continually arise. One day you will have to wait in line at the workman's sick-fund bureau, on behalf of your sick charwoman; then a summons will come from the *Wohnungsamt;* we are allowed one room a person and the housing department thinks it has discovered an extra room in your house; or a notice from the bank requires your presence at a certain hour without fail; or there will be a difficulty to straighten out at the *Kohlenamt* about the family's 330-pounds monthly allowance of coal. You are allowed so much only if you do your washing at home.

Dinner and supper parties belong to the past, both for lack of money and lack of time. We meet our friends in the evening after the children are in bed, so that the 'warm room,' which has served during the day as playroom, sewing-room, and dining-room, may play its part as reception room. Heating more than one room is impossible on account of the shortage of coal. Compensation for this situation — and I think anyone who has ever lived in a large and varied family will agree with me — is hard to find. Perhaps it comes in the saving of electric light.

But, after all, people with homes of their own, however unheated and however crowded, should not and do not complain. The housing-situation holds us in a sort of vise. The government regulation of rents, on the one hand, enables us to pay rent at all, on the other hand, by checking building, has brought about a state of affairs in which there are no homes to pay rent for!

Young married couples with us are grateful, and not sad, to be given a room at some relative's. Very often they cannot live together and must continue to occupy their respective single rooms, perhaps even in different towns. The registrar's office shows a steady decrease of marriages and births.

Others, by this housing shortage, are kept from divorce. I know of a married couple with two small boys, who have two rooms in one part of the town and the use of a kitchen an hour's walk away. For their meals the mother must take the children to the other part of 'home,' where the kitchen is. Unlucky people may be seen every day at the *Wohnungsamt*, standing in line with crying babies, only to be told to come again in six months.

Our home, once we have one, becomes our world, since traveling is out of the question, foreign postage is almost prohibitively high, and even the newspaper is a luxury to be shared with several other families. It may even happen that a dear friend dies without our hearing of it, the family having avoided the expense of announcement in the paper. And to lose a member of the family is more now than

a moral grief: it is a serious financial problem. Coffins cost a sum which most families have not ready. The city authorities have met this difficulty by providing coffins that can be rented for the funeral.

Concerts and theatres have become very rare treats. Prices are a thousandfold higher, but sometimes you cannot resist buying a ticket to a beloved opera, and you remodel your 1914 evening dress, but little worn, and go early. Around you are handsome dresses and jewels. Can this be poor Germany? Soon you discover that the smart girls with bushy bobbed hair are Americans. You hear Swedish and Dutch in the boxes, and there are several Italians in gay attire. But here are also Germans, richly dressed and unfamiliar to you. Between the acts you walk through the foyer looking for friends. At last someone approaches whom you surely know. Is it — yes, surely it is the coal-dealer's wife in this elegant dress; when you last courted her for a little extra coal she wore a woolen shawl.

You look in vain for Herr A——, the painter who, in the old days, never missed one of Mozart's operas. He and his wife have disappeared. The wave lifts one and swallows another. Writers, doctors, painters, and musicians slave somewhere in the dark for their existence. Physicians starve, though there was never so much sickness. People do not send for the doctor except in extreme cases. Public clinics are little frequented, owing to the high tram-fares.

Many of our public baths have had to be closed. Economizing in cleanliness is a real grief to Germans, but at least the children are taught even more carefully than before to be clean and careful.

A great difficulty for everybody is the question of clothing. A glance at the budget shows that there is nothing left for this item. How to get new shoes is a riddle. A maidservant must work six months for the price of a pair.

Sometimes a light appears in the darkness. An odd pair of curtains is turned into a summer dress. Or you give the spread from the guest-room bed to a friend, in exchange for her daughter's outgrown winter coat. Or your eye lights on a vase, a wedding present that you always hated, and you sell it at one of the numerous commission shops which have sprung up everywhere.

At such a Heaven-sent moment, you remember the man Goethe tells of, who, fleeing from a mad camel, fell into a deep ravine and was saved from death only by the bramble-bush in which he was caught. Death awaited him above and below; so he fell to peacefully enjoying the blackberries!

CROSS-CURRENTS IN JAPAN

BY MARGUERITE E. HARRISON

I

THE Nihonbashi is the Broadway of Tokyo. At night, with its electric signs, its brilliantly illuminated shop-windows, its drifting, apparently purposeless crowds, its electric cars and automobiles, which are fast putting the kurumayas, the rickshaw men, out of business, its sidewalk peddlers and fakers, its emporiums full of cheap copies of the latest American store clothes, Kewpie dolls, and graphophone records, it is the best imitation that Japan can give of the West. Various types rub shoulders — coolies in their short blue jackets, women of the people in gay cotton crêpe kimonos with babies tied on their backs, modern young people walking arm-in-arm, old-fashioned wives toddling after their husbands, cosmopolitan merchants in European clothing, flamboyant geishas, groups of giggling Japanese flappers, serious-minded students, soldiers, foreign sailors, tourists, men about town. There are all sorts of people and all sorts of costumes; but the strangest sight of all is the man in a straw hat, tan oxfords, and a crêpe kimono — and he is legion.

The cultivated Japanese turn up their noses at him. They are either correctly European in their outward dress, or conform to the native costume in all its details; but in their mental processes they display the same incongruities. Their brains are European at both ends, but in the middle they are essentially Japanese. It is this fact, which is little understood in America, that has created the many contradictions, the cross-currents and unrest typical of present-day Japan.

Shortly after my arrival in Japan, I took a trip from Tokyo to Kyoto. At one of the stations an elderly gentleman in European clothes got on, carrying a straw suitcase. Depositing it on his seat, he opened it, took out a Japanese outfit, stripped to the skin, quite composedly and apparently oblivious of his fellow passengers, and proceeded to change his clothes. Then he deliberately folded up his European clothes, laid them away carefully, and settled himself for the journey.

The average Japanese divests himself just as easily, at short notice, of European methods of thought. In fact, you never know when he is undergoing a mental transformation, and this makes it difficult to find out what he is really thinking.

I arrived in Japan shortly after Admiral Kato had returned from the Washington Conference. When he landed at Yokohama, though the Japanese newspapers, with few exceptions, praised his achievements at Washington, he had to be rescued from an angry jeering crowd, that yelled, 'Kato-Baka' (Kato-fool)! A few weeks later, in a Tokyo park, there was a great popular demonstration in favor of a material reduction in the army, in line with the naval reduction programme. While there was general satisfaction over the Four-Power Treaty and the

Nine-Power Pact, many thoughtful Japanese felt that they would be a source of weakness rather than strength to Japan. One Japanese naïvely explained to me that the Washington agreements were a scheme of Mr. Hughes to weaken Japan's influence in the Pacific.

'We are not really a first-class world-power,' a Japanese naval officer said to me candidly, 'and we know it in our hearts. As long as we had the Anglo-Japanese treaty back of us, we felt that we could hold our own in diplomacy against any other nation or combination of nations; but now that we are apparently on an equal footing with England, France, and America, we feel that we are at a disadvantage.'

Then the Japanese have lost confidence in militarism as a medium for expansion. To this day, they cannot figure out why it was that Germany lost the war, when by all calculations she should have won. Their ideas on this subject have received a further shock by the demonstration that the occupation of Eastern Siberia, instead of winning them the respect of the rest of the world, created only hatred and suspicion; that all their schemes for the virtual annexation of the Maritime Province through puppet governments set up by their army proved unsuccessful. They have spent millions on militarism, and it has failed them.

I have often wondered if the Japanese are as efficient in a military way as they have the credit of being. For example, in aviation, success in which depends on individual initiative, not on mass training, they are a dismal failure. While in Tokyo I met one of the British officers in charge of training Japanese army aviators. He told me that they were hopeless. They followed instructions to the letter and memorized them faithfully; but once in the air, if anything unexpected happened, calling for the exercise of imagination, they were lost. It was the same with the technical side of aviation. Not long ago a new and rather complicated type of aeroplane motor was sent out from England. When it arrived, one of the exhaust-pipes was slightly bent. The Japanese carefully repeated this defect in a hundred copies that they made in one of their own factories, with the natural result that none of them worked properly.

There is general popular discontent in Japan over the high taxes, — which have been necessitated partly by the high cost of maintaining an army and navy out of all proportion to the country's resources or legitimate needs, — and a growing pacifist sentiment, though this last is not particularly strong in Japan. The Japanese have always been a military people. The average Japanese will tell you that militarist imperialism was largely stimulated in Japan by the example of other countries and by the instinct of self-preservation. I talked with many Japanese on the subject, from extreme conservatives down to Socialist leaders like Kagawa and Suzuku Bundji, and I never found a man or woman who did not firmly believe that the Sino-Japanese war, the Russo-Japanese war, and the acquisition by Japan of Formosa and Korea, were absolutely essential to the preservation of the Empire. It was only the failure of the Japanese army to make good in Siberia that has shaken this belief.

In the nine years between the Russo-Japanese war and the outbreak of the Great War, the Japanese simply followed the lead of other countries in the race for naval armaments. Then they fell under the spell of the German idea of militarism and efficiency. The Great War gave the militarists the upper hand for the time being, and for a short period Japan dreamed her dream of

expansion by military aggression. The rivalries, squabbles, and international jealousies at the Versailles Conference were not conducive to a change of heart on Japan's part; and it was not until the Washington Conference that the Japanese began to grasp the possibilities of economic instead of military imperialism. When they first began to seek foreign alliances, it was always with a view to future wars of defense or aggression. Coöperation on equal terms with other powers is not to be grasped by their psychology. Military imperialism is dying hard, but it is gradually being replaced in Japan by a new economic imperialism, just as aggressive and as keen on political alliances for the furtherance of its aims.

Its immediate objective is still the Asiatic mainland, and its medium, not the army and navy, but the great bankers and industrials. There is a group that favors a close alliance with British interests, headed by the Mitsubishis, who last summer received a loan of two million pounds from a British syndicate for the development of the Fushan coal-mines and the extension of the railway system in Manchuria, and who have a joint interest with Vickers Limited in the operation of the Sakhalin oil-fields and its rich surface deposits of anthracite coal.

British influence is very strong, but not always for commercial reasons. There is still in the background of the Japanese mind the hope of renewing the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in fact, if not in name. British firms supply practically all the equipment of the Japanese air-force and a large part of its naval equipment, and Americans have lost much business, not always because they were underbid by British firms, but on account of rank favoritism on the part of the Japanese.

A case in point occurred last summer. In Kobe I met an American who had represented a large Japanese steamship company in a city on the Pacific Coast for several years. He booked seventy-five per cent of the freight consigned to Eastern Asiatic ports, and there was no doubt that he was doing a record business. One day he received a cable from the main office of the company in Japan, giving him three months' notice, as stipulated in their agreement, for the termination of his contract. He took the next steamer for Japan and demanded an explanation. For a long time he was unable to get any satisfaction from the president of the company; but he finally extracted from him the information that, for reasons which he did not care to enter into, the company had decided to give its American agency in the port in question to an Englishman.

If the Japanese succeed in developing their commercial *entente* with England, it is probable that they will be guided by the latter, as they have been up to the present time, with regard to opening commercial relations with Russia. Certain British firms are planning, in this event, to use the Japanese for trade with Siberia, as they are using the Germans for commercial enterprises in European Russia. The British are keen enough to understand the Japanese psychology and are acting skillfully on their knowledge. The Japanese as a nation have not progressed in their ideas of international relationships beyond the stage of political alliances and groupings for mutual benefit and protection. If they do not tie up with England, they are likely eventually to form the often predicted Russo-Japanese-German combination.

In either case the United States will be facing a new and not altogether friendly alignment, with interests in the Far East at sharp variance with its own. It is true that there is a much more friendly feeling toward America in

Japan since the Washington Conference, but it is only skin deep. The Japanese regard us as their most dangerous competitor, commercially and politically, in the Pacific; they know that we shall prove less amenable to their new economic imperialistic schemes than other nations; and there are certain things that they will always resent, such as the Exclusion Act, and the open sympathy in this country for Korea.

'You have done exactly the same with regard to the Philippines,' was what I heard on all sides whenever Korea was mentioned.

For these reasons, therefore, we have no cause to feel that the Washington pacts have removed all possibilities of friction between ourselves and the Japanese, or that they have once and for all disarmed the still influential military party. Circumstances may arise that will again give it the upper hand.

II

In the internal political situation in Japan there are curious contradictions. One day, shortly after my arrival in Tokyo, there was a huge meeting of the Kenseikai, the political party then out of power. Viscount Kato, its leader, who, by the way, is not a relative of the admiral, was the principal speaker. There was considerable excitement at the meeting, and the opposition Seiyukai was denounced in no uncertain terms; but the papers next morning gave no indication of what it was all about. I asked a Japanese friend what was the programme of the Kenseikai, and what they would do if they came into power.

'Along general lines, pretty much the same as the Seiyukai,' he answered; 'only with their friends in office. Neither party has a programme as such. They are simply the "ins" and "outs." We have no political parties as you know them in America. Perhaps there are more liberals in the Kenseikai. That is the only difference, and the strongest influence in politics is still the clan spirit.'

This I found to be quite true. When a man's political opinions came up for discussion, I constantly heard, 'Oh, yes, So-and-so is a member of the Satsuma clan,' or 'He always was a Choshu man.' Thus Viscount Shibusawa, whose title of the 'Grand Old Man' of Japan is well deserved, and who, with Viscount Kaneko, an intimate friend and great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, has done much to bring about a more friendly understanding of the United States in Japan, is a Tokugawa man to this day in home politics. As far as I could discover, the Seiyukai are particularly strong in the country, where the clan spirit is more noticeable than in the cities, and Japan having been up to the present time an agricultural country, the Seiyukai have been most often in power. Last year the navy, which is largely composed of Satsuma men, sided with the Seiyukai, which was one of the reasons why Admiral Kato was chosen as premier.

The development of the trade-union movement is handicapped by the clan spirit; and the passivity taught by Buddhism, *plus* the old fetish of loyalty to the emperor and an ingrained nationalism, militate against the spread of Marxism and radical movements based on the doctrine of direct action, though there are growing radical groups in the universities and among workingmen. Even they, however, are under the spell of tradition and their own peculiar psychology.

When I was in Tokyo, a Japanese Socialist committed suicide. He had addressed innumerable petitions to various governmental departments and ministers, and as his complaints against

the existing order were ignored, he decided to kill, not the premier or the Emperor, but himself. So, one day, he walked to the bridge over the moat leading to the Imperial Palace and blew himself up with a bomb of his own making. His grave was in an out-of-the-way suburb, but scores of revolutionary enthusiasts made pilgrimages to it every day, and handfuls of joss sticks were always burning on the mound of earth that was not marked even by the simplest monument.

Thoughtful labor-leaders were much disheartened over what they termed the lack of realism among the working classes. It was difficult to get them to organize for parliamentary action, and there was not even a strong enough movement to force the universal demand for the franchise, restricted to men paying direct taxes amounting to three yen or more yearly, though it was evident that universal suffrage was only a matter of time. What they feared most was that an acute crisis in industry, or the failure of the rice crop, might bring about premature uprisings such as the rice riots of 1919, which would cause repressive measures calculated to set back the legitimate labor-movement indefinitely.

There are two elements which have been causing local troubles in Japan for the past two years, which may be productive of serious disturbances in future. One is a nationalist organization similar to the Italian Fascisti, which is growing rather rapidly, and has had several set-tos with the labor unions, notably last year during a strike in the Kiu-shiu coal-mines. The other is the Eta population. There are about three million Etas in Japan. No one seems to know exactly what they are, or where they came from; but they are pariahs, social outcasts, and distinctly a separate class. They probably have a stronger admixture of Malay blood than the rest of the Japanese, though in some parts of Japan the Malay strain is very pronounced. For centuries they have always done all the jobs that the Japanese considered unclean, such as slaughtering animals. In the cities they have been absorbed to some extent, but in the country districts they live in their ghettos, shunned and despised by the Japanese population. Recently there have been serious uprisings among them, indicating a widespread organization. They could be used as valuable adjuncts to a revolutionary movement.

III

Economically Japan last summer was going through a period of post-war readjustment such as this country passed through in 1920. During the war industrial development received a tremendous impetus, owing to the fact that production for export in many countries had practically ceased, and the Japanese supplied commodities for the world-market which they had never supplied before. They produced in vast quantities, but, owing to the poor quality of their manufactures and their inability to standardize, they lost most of their foreign markets as soon as other countries reëntered the export field.

Japanese merchants, who had accumulated large stocks during the war, were unwilling to sell except at war prices, holding them and trying to sell inferior goods produced since the war at lower prices. Their plants were run on money borrowed on goods held in storage, and usually at a loss; so it was difficult for them to meet their obligations at the banks, which in their turn were embarrassed by the situation. In order to prevent labor troubles, they were paying nonemployment bonuses, often, as in the case of shipyard work-

ers affected by the reduction in the naval building programme, for as much as six months in advance, also on borrowed money. Cheap labor in China was inducing many manufacturers, particularly in the textile industry, to open factories in Manchuria and China, in direct opposition to the interests of home labor, and this caused much discontent. The government was still burdened with the huge civil and military bureaucratic machine created by the war, and it was facing the problem of reducing expenditure in all governmental departments, and at the same time providing for the inevitable unemployment that was sure to follow.

Enormous numbers of people were engaged in unproductive work. For example, there are hundreds of theatres in Japan. Every theatre has several restaurants and tea houses attached to it. Each of these has its staff of employees and supernumeraries, and the total runs into the tens of thousands. Besides, there are the middlemen, and they are legion. The charcoal that is almost universally used by the poorer classes in the cities for fuel passes through eight hands before it reaches the consumer. It was obvious that, if taxes were to be reduced, these people must be made productive, and yet there was already much unemployment in industry.

Ten years ago adjustment would have been simplified by the return of many of the surplus workers employed in war industries to the land; but Japan's rapidly increasing population and the increased cost of production to the small farmer had blocked this outlet. Tenant farmers were being encouraged by the government, and landlords who, owing to the high taxes, could no longer afford to keep their estates, were selling to small holders; but they found few purchasers. The average net income of the small farmer in Japan is 120 yen (sixty dollars) a year — certainly not an alluring prospect to men who had been getting wartime wages in munition factories and shipyards. There remained, therefore, before the Japanese two alternatives: emigration on a large scale, or the conversion of Japan from an agricultural into an industrial country.

Contrary to general opinion in this country, the Japanese are not seriously counting on emigration for the solution of the problem of overpopulation. They are not good colonizers, and they lack the pioneer spirit. They cannot be induced to emigrate to countries where the climate is not similar to their own; and even when they do, they are always looking forward, like the Latin races, to earning enough money to go back and spend the remainder of their lives in Nippon. The Hokkaido, the northernmost island of the empire, contains at present enough unoccupied land to accommodate an agricultural population of half a million. Wheat and cattle-raising there are immensely profitable; but the Japanese prefer living in the congested areas in the south to undertaking the development of the rich pasture and farm lands in the Hokkaido.

On my way to Sakhalin I passed through part of the Hokkaido and spent two days in Hakodate. Although the climate there is at least twenty degrees colder than that of Tokyo in summer, and the thermometer frequently drops below zero in winter, the people live exactly as they do in southern Japan — in the same flimsy little houses, with open fronts and paper *shoji*, exposed to wind and weather.

'They have not even learned to adapt their footwear to the climate,' an Englishman in Hakodate told me. 'In winter they wear wooden clogs and short stockings. The former get caked with snow, and at every telegraph pole along the street during the winter

months, you see the citizens of Hakodate stopping to clean their clogs. They pin blankets over their kimonos instead of adopting warm fur-lined coats; they insist on cultivating rice which produces only one crop a year here as against two or three in the south, and that has not the same food-value as wheat and oats, which they refuse to raise or eat.'

Up to the present time, emigration to South America, Brazil in particular, has not been very successful, I was told, because the Japanese settlers, though they were subsidized in the beginning by the government, were later outrageously exploited as cheap labor by the Brazilian capitalists. A new project of the Japanese government was to subsidize a syndicate for the purchase of large tracts of land in Chile, to be developed under Japanese management.

Colonization in Korea and Manchuria was progressing slowly, in spite of all the efforts of the government to encourage it; and the majority of the Japanese considered industrial expansion as the immediate means of meeting the country's needs. This will mean Japan's aggressive entry into the field of competition for foreign markets, particularly the Asiatic market, and inevitably, until the world realizes the Utopia of international economic cooperation, economic imperialism.

As the natural outcome of changed conditions, the balance of political power was shifting from the military oligarchy and the far-famed Elder Statesmen — of whom, by the way, only two, Matsukata and Saionji, are left — to an industrial oligarchy such as exists at the present time in Germany. The movement began during the war, when six or seven banks in Tokyo, Nagasaki, and Nagoya formed a syndicate to further government enterprises. Under them a system of government subsidies was established, which still exists in the raw-silk industry. These men naturally exert tremendous influence in politics; and just as in Germany, where there is the struggle between the Stinnes combination and opposing groups, so in Japan there is a conflict for power between the Mitsui and Mitsubishi-Iwasaki interests. The latter support the Kato cabinet; the former have been out of power since the days of the late premier Hara, but if the Kensaikai should get control of the government, they would be the dominant influence. Practically all the industrial enterprises of Japan are falling under the influence of one of these groups and their allied interests.

Thus Japan, politically and economically, has been going through a period of post-war readjustment complicated by the eternal conflict between old and new ideas and imperfect assimilation of Western methods. At the same time, the Japanese are making social readjustments no less far-reaching. Ultramodern movements exist side by side with ultraconservatism.

A group of women, headed by Baroness Ishimoto, last summer organized the Japanese Society for Birth Control, shortly after Mrs. Sanger's visit to Japan; the movement for women's suffrage was well under way; women in small towns and villages were forming current-topic classes for the discussion of national and international problems; and at the same time, in the poetry clubs, verses laboriously painted with India ink on rice paper, about the color of the petals of a lotus or the flutter of a butterfly's wing, were the subject of serious and prolonged discussion. Housewives who bought enameled ironware for their kitchens still did their cooking over charcoal braziers, under the eyes of their ancestors, before the Shinto shrine that is in every Japanese kitchen, and said their prayers at a Buddhist altar before going to classes in

economics and civics at the Y. W. C. A.

New religious movements were springing up on every hand, most of them attempts to bring Buddhism or Shintoism into direct relationship with the life and problems of the people. The Shinto priests had evolved a formal liturgy, burial and marriage services, and had even undertaken to open soup-kitchens and day nurseries, thus giving substance to what had always been at best but a shadowy form of ancestor-worship.

A few years ago the stage and society were given over to aping Western manners and customs, but recently they have shown a tendency to revert to Japanese ideals. Most of the women in Tokyo's gay younger married set had gone back to kimonos and *obis*, and you could see them every evening fox-trotting in native costumes with straw sandals on their feet. In the repertoire of the Imperial Theatre at Tokyo modern plays figured largely, but they were not, as previously, translations, but Japanese plays on Japanese subjects, often emphasizing the conflict between the old and the new. Many Japanese who had spent much time in foreign countries, and formerly entertained foreigners in European fashion, gave only Japanese dinners. I went to a great many parties while I was in Tokyo, and the only place where I saw any number of Japanese in European dress was at the reception given at the Foreign Office for Secretary Denby and the class of '81 from Annapolis.

These were some of the superficial indications I noticed; but they are really part of the far more significant movement that is stirring the Buddhist and Mohammedan worlds, and of which there are phases in every part of the East and the Near East. In Japan it has no name as yet; in China they call it the New Tide; we have christened it Pan-Islamism in Mohammedan countries, but its slogan is 'Asia for the Asiatics.'

It is a very real movement, but it has been much misunderstood in the West, where its strength has either been much underestimated, or exaggerated as a possible menace to Western civilization. There is no dream of world-conquest in the minds of its leaders. They claim the inalienable right of all Asiatic peoples to their own territories, their own economic development, and their own culture, and to their political supremacy in their logical spheres of influence. Whether or not it will take an aggressive militaristic form will depend largely on the progress made in the world within the next few years toward international coöperation. Its proponents in Japan are looking beyond all possible European combinations and alliances to a day when it will be possible to form an alliance between Japan and China, which will result in a great federation of the two peoples, with a distinctive culture that has merely assimilated, not copied, certain features of Western civilization, with a definite nationalistic foreign policy, and an economic structure freed from European exploitation. Conservatives visualize it as a great imperialistic federation, liberals as a Far-Eastern Democracy, Socialists as a Yellow Commune in a Red Millennium; but it is the dream of the man in the straw hat, the tan oxfords, and the crêpe kimono; of the bronzed officer in his khaki uniform with red trimmings; of the statesman in the frock coat with his European decorations; of the business man, the industrialist, the labor leader; of every thinking man in Japan to-day. Japan's goal for the immediate future is economic imperialism; but her eventual goal is the domination of the yellow races in the Far East.

A SAIL! A SAIL!

THE *Standard Dictionary*, making due allowance for emergencies, defines a sailboat very warily. 'A sailboat,' it says, 'is a boat that is or may be impelled by a sail or sails.' This definition, in my judgment, could not be improved.

Until I met this boat, sails had always seemed to me to belong on horizons, or in books. I had not hoped to have one in my control.

'You 'll take to it easily,' Phineas assured me, as we rowed out into the little cove where the sailboat spent the night. 'We 'll just go for a short sail out around the lighthouse, past Shell Island, and then into the bay to the big dock. I told Veronica to meet us there for a swim at eleven.'

We started before ten. Phineas had thought best to allow a good margin of time; for this boat, he told me, was like some horses, less sensitive than the average to the rein.

It looked docile enough as I climbed in. It was hardly larger than the rowboat itself; but it was equipped with those items of seafaring gear that set a sailboat apart forever in a landsman's mind as something fabulous and rare. To one who has spent life inland, the most hackneyed terms of salt-water vocabulary seem like a literary language, to be used only by Captain Hook and Dick Dead-Eye, and Conrad and John Silver and Defoe. Here I had my first chance to bandy such words about. Our craft might be small and cranky; but it had a mast, a sprit, a sail on the sprit, two thwarts, a centreboard, a tiller, a life buoy, a mushroom anchor, and a sheet! We took along our oars.

'When I have shown you the main points,' said Phineas, catching the light wind in the little sail, 'you can tack out of the cove against the wind.'

Skillfully he went through all the right manœuvres for my benefit; and I, as attentive lecture-audience, learned what it was to put about, to sail close to the wind, to port the helm — to do everything except the one act in which I later specialized.

'Now,' said Phineas, 'we 'll change seats. You 'll have to be good and firm with the tiller. This boat does n't understand hints. When you want to turn her, give her a good full yank.'

'How shall I know which way to yank?' I asked, taking the sheet in my hand and seating myself by the tiller.

'I 'll tell you,' promised Phineas. 'In a minute, when I give the signal, put her over hard to the left.'

I made a rapid mental calculation to decide which would be the left. Would it be the left as the boat, the tiller, the sail, or Phineas saw it? Suddenly it dawned on me that I should have to tell Phineas about a deficiency of mine that I had hoped to hide from him forever. The fact is, I do not instinctively know right from left: that is, I have to stop and reason it out before making practical application of the terms. I try not to let this become too evident, because I am aware that this matter forms one part of modern tests for feeble-mindedness, or worse. But now and then comes a crisis that exposes me. In gymnasium drill, for instance, when the command is 'Right, *dress!*' I am just as likely to dress left.

'Phineas,' said I, trying to speak naturally, 'there 's something about

me you don't know: I can't tell right from left.'

'Oh, well,' replied Phineas lightly, 'that won't matter. On a boat we say starboard and port.'

This is typical of the way people view my disorder. They think that I confuse the words, and that my difficulty will clear up if they use synonyms, such as clockwise and counter-clockwise, gee and haw. But I do in theory know what the words mean. What I lack is the feeling in my bones. Under this handicap I was about to sail a boat.

'Now!' exclaimed Phineas, as we bore down upon an anchored sloop that was bobbing in the eelgrass near the shore. 'Put about!'

Obediently, about I put. I gave the tiller a mighty jerk in what I judged would, in Phineas's opinion, be the left.

'Hi!' said Phineas, brandishing an oar. 'Turn her to the left! The other way! You 're going to luff.'

'How do you luff?' gasped I, shaking my idle sail as one shakes a baulky alarm-clock to start it.

'You *are* luffing,' responded Phineas, poling us off the eelgrass diligently with his oar. 'I 'll have to show you how to jibe.'

I shall never see gay sunlight on bright blue water without remembering that day, when, with Phineas to guide me, I jibed and luffed busily back and forth across that little cove. I thought of the old fairy-story in which the wolf used to say to the little pigs, 'I 'll huff and I 'll puff and I 'll puff and I 'll huff, and I 'll blow your house in!' Similarly, hither and yon among the tethered sailing-craft, I puffed and I luffed.

'Now then,' said Phineas kindly, 'we 'll make a *good* tack this time. Put about, steer across, and use the windmill on the island as a guide.'

Cautiously I spread my sail, as one spreads her apron for apples from a tree.

'Be firm, now,' encouraged Phineas; and around we went. Triumph. We sped across toward the windmill, like a clipper ship off for the Barbadoes in the Spanish Main. And suddenly the wind gave one last sigh, and died.

'It 'll spring up again,' said Phineas. 'Be ready to take full advantage of the next gust. The sprits'l is n't sensitive, you know.'

If the sprits'l was not sensitive, I was. A superstition as old as the sea teaches us that certain passengers bring bad luck. I felt responsible for this dead calm. It seemed to me that the sprits'l was partly responsible, too. A little sail with such a sprightly name ought not to hang so still. Placidly it drooped from the sprit, no more in a mood for voyaging than a tent flap in the sun.

'I *see* plenty of wind,' announced Phineas, 'just outside the point. If we could only get around the sand spit!'

'Shall we row?' I inquired tentatively.

'No,' said Phineas.

I began to learn the code of the New England skipper. To resort to oars is like giving up the ship. My own lubber-like impulse would have been to go where the breeze was, but your true mariner whistles for the wind.

'Phineas,' I ventured, after a long period of sun-baked calm, 'do you think it 's eleven yet?'

'It 's half-past,' replied Phineas briefly, with that up-to-date intelligence as to time that men acquire from long practice with the Watch Surreptitious.

'Well,' said I, 'since we 're so short of wind, don't you think *you'd* better sail us around the point?'

'Possibly,' admitted Phineas. 'You haul up the centreboard if we look as if we were going to ground.'

But even Phineas could not inspire the sprits'l. We were now so near the

shore, and so preternaturally still, that sandpipers came running down the beach by twos and threes to look us over. A sea gull alighted on the water not far off, and floated toward us, like a duck.

At last came a scant teaspoonful of wind, and we began to move.

'Don't let us graze,' cautioned Phineas.

One never gets a sharper impression of an uneven coast-line than when peering anxiously over the edge of a little craft, calculating the probable clearance for a mysterious centreboard. I imagined ours as fin-shaped, very deep, and pointed. Very soon, at the first sponge-like bed of seaweed that I sighted in our course, I hauled it up entirely, to relieve the nervous strain. We cleared the sand spit so near to scraping, that a small crab sunning himself on the bottom ran for his life.

The teaspoonful of wind was now a skyful, with more to come. As I took the helm and grasped the tugging sail by its one slim rope, I had the irreverent thought that I was holding something alive and frisky by its tail. Literary voyaging in *Treasure Island* and *Typhoon* prepare one in a way; but when one is skirmishing slantwise along with a Cape Cod wind on the quarter and a tricky sprits'l sloping toward the shore, one's sensations begin to be first-hand. There is a kind of roller-coaster motion about the waves around Shell Island that begins to be disturbing if persistently indulged. The long bask in the hot sun of the cove had not been the best preliminary for these slithering ups and downs.

'Phineas,' I began, in a voice that sounded diffident and formal, 'in a few minutes I may not feel quite like myself. Be ready to change seats.'

My passenger gave me a searching glance. But he made no sign. He knew that my salvation lay in things outside myself.

'Rocks ahead,' said he tersely. 'Steer exactly between the bell buoy and that gull.'

Sailing orders of this kind preserve the soul from death — one's compass a surf bell, one's star a flying gull.

Around the island, past the rocks, past the lighthouse, we went scudding up the bay, plain sailing now before the wind. I even made the landing at the dock, coming up to the lee of it as Phineas directed, and coasting neatly until we touched and made fast. I was pleased to note that we had not scraped any of the gorgeous paint from the sides of the other vessels moored near by — Periwinkle, Sabot, Isabella, Viking, and Flea.

Just then, out beyond the boathouse, we saw one of the boys swimming toward us, with signals of welcome and surprise. Phineas hailed him in brotherly tones, making a megaphone of his hands.

'Did Veronica wait long?' roared Phineas.

The swimmer made no answer, but came splashing toward the pier and hauled himself up beside us, presenting me with a starfish as he came.

'How about Veronica,' queried Phineas. 'Did she get cold waiting around?'

'Oh, no,' said the swimmer calmly, 'she did n't. Veronica did n't come.'

'What happened to Veronica?' persisted Phineas.

'Nothing,' said Veronica's brother, 'nothing happened. She just said she guessed she would n't come. She said I could probably ride up to the cottage with you along about three this afternoon.'

He turned to look at our proud caravel bumping its nose against the barnacles on the pier.

'Veronica did *say*,' he added thoughtfully, 'that she knew you and the sprits'l just a little bit too well.'

'CAN I HELP YOU, MADAM?'

ANY woman who thinks that chivalry is dead, that men are prone of late to assume a 'Let-Georgiana-do-it' attitude, has but to begin a little job of tinkering along some line popularly regarded as 'no woman's job.' She will find that the world is still peopled with eager, unselfish knights-errant. Noble Lohengrins and bold Sir Launcelots will sprint to her side at her first *tink.*

This morning I decided to undertake a bit of work on the car — merely to replace a lost bolt in the license plate, which neither my husband nor the garage-man found time to do. Simple? *Mais, non!* First of all, I must procure a new bolt for the plate, and so walked into a hardware store and asked for one. The young salesman was aghast over my notion that any bolt would do.

'You better bring the plate in here, or the bolt you have in it yet. Then I can give you the exact fit.'

So I went to the garage, took out the tool case, and was proceeding to detach the license plate when the garage-man interposed.

'Want any help?' he asked sociably, and without waiting for my reply took the screwdriver out of my hand and deftly loosened the bolt, with the aid of a wrench and another tool or two he found in the kit.

'There, now you can get an exact match in no time.'

I went back to the hardware store. The clerk, after careful measuring, selected five cents' worth of bolts which he considered even better than the kind originally used, because they had a snugger fit in the spring-washer affair that went with them, as he carefully pointed out to me. He bowed me out, with an air that plainly defied me to find them otherwise, before turning to his next customer.

Now the thin metal of the license plate made a most annoying jingle whenever we went over bumps, and I therefore decided that while the plate was off would be a good time to add the board-backing which my husband had been contemplating.

As I had it along with me, I went to the building where my husband has an office. Just inside, I met the head janitor of the place, who, spying the plate, observed sociably, 'Have to have a license to walk these days!'

I started to explain about the board, whereupon he appropriated the plate.

'Let's see. I've got just the right kind of a board for that, I'm sure.' And off he darted.

He painstakingly sawed a board into a neat fit, screwed the plate to it in eight different places, examined his work critically, and handed it back with a flourish. 'Now she won't jingle,' he declared, and went off.

I started back to the garage, but noticed that the janitor had forgotten to drill the holes through the board for the bolts that must fasten the plate to the license rod. So I went up to the office, and finding no one there, congratulated myself that at last I could do a little work on the job. But I had scarcely found the drill I meant to use, when my husband came in.

'Well, well, Keturah, at that license tag, are you? Got it on a board, too? Here, let's see that drill a minute. You want a larger one than that.'

And without further ado, he changed the drills and went to work. After several minutes of careful measuring and drilling, he handed the plate back with the complacent remark: 'There, run along with it. And if you can't put it back, I'll do it when I get around to it. I'm busy now.' And off he toddled.

The man who keeps the cigar and confectionery store in the building was just starting off to the bank, or lunch, when I stepped out of the elevator. He

spied the plate, asked if I was off for a ride, and when I started to explain, holding out the contraption to show what had been done, he observed, —

'No, that's not the right way to fasten the plate to the board. Those screws will work out in no time. Now if you had a couple of bolts in the sides — Good. Those are just the thing.'

He gobbled on to the two extra ones the boy had given me, when I meekly produced them. He went back into his shop, to his pipe-repairing stand, drilled a hole in each side through metal and board, put the bolts through, screwed on the nuts, cut off the extra length of bolt, hammered the ends flat for rivets, looked it all over appreciatively, and handed it back with a proud: 'There, missus. Now you can ride and ride, and that board and plate will stick together as long as you need a license, even though everyone of Jim's eight screws drop out.' And he turned away to wait on a customer before starting out again.

I sneaked into the garage, rejoiced to find the garage-men all busy. I noiselessly got out the tool case, fitted the plate in place on the bracket, and had just started screwing in the first bolt, when suddenly a man crawled out from under his car two stalls away, and with a 'Can I help you, madam?' took screwdriver, bolts, plate, and everything away from me and went to work.

To complete it to his satisfaction, he brought a wrench and other paraphernalia from his own kit. Ere long, with the flair of one conscious of successfully performing a deed of unselfish kindness, he stepped back to scrutinize his work, pronounced it good, and crawled back under his car.

'Well, well, Keturah,' laughed my husband, when he spied the license-plate in place. 'Got it on, after all?'

'No, I just started it. A nice, kind gentleman finished it for me.'

MANY THINGS

THE Walrus undoubtedly was a property man, and it was the stage carpenter he was walking with, that day that ended so tragically for the young oysters. Perhaps oyster shells were on the list for the next production. Of all the professions, there is none that engenders greater familiarity with such a host and variety of 'many things.' If, as I suspect, the Walrus was a property man, it was natural and normal for him to speak of shoes and ships and sealing wax in conjunction, and he had probably, at odd and crowded moments, made cabbages stand for kings. At any rate being property man for the Green Mask Players is being second cousin to the Walrus. When their third season closed with a bill of three one-act plays, the property man's shopping-list read as follows: —

A cuckoo — other birds
A book
A Welsh dresser
Old pewter
Windsor chairs
A raisin cake, and other wedding gifts
Pots of geraniums
Church chimes (which doubled in 'The Boy Jones' as a palace clock)
An old and magnificent cradle
Ermine-trimmed robe for same
A Paisley shawl
Victorian furniture
A large gilt mirror
Girandoles
Two hoop-skirts
Wax flowers under glass
A mantel and its appurtenances
The baby clothes of 1843
A baby!

And many other things.

Now began the great hunting.

The cuckoo and the other birds were easy: they were snared in a music shop together with the chimes. The old pewter was looted from the homes of

long-suffering friends, as were the girandoles and the Paisley shawl. But it was seemingly the closed season for Welsh dressers, so the P.M. and the A.A. doubled as carpenters, and evolved quite a charming dresserette, to hold the pewter and pots of geraniums that brightened 'the Davis cottage in the hill country, England.'

There were daily rumors of Windsor chairs roosting in strange parlors, which proved, on investigation, to be Chippendales or Sheratons. At last came authentic word of two genuine, armless Windsors of the required age in the wood-type. They were on top of the H—— building! Fifteen stories above the city street, we found the perfect Windsors. They were conveyed to our Ford, waiting fifteen stories below, by a Chestertonian colored porter, who assured us that 'Anything we-all has as you-all wants we 'd be proud to lend it to you.'

Then we played a game of hoop-skirt, hoop-skirt, who has the hoop-skirt? A lady in the Heights had a splendid pair, but she was brought up on the Polonian principle and refused firmly to lend them. The window-dresser at L——'s had two that he offered with his usual affability, for window-dressers are only another kind of property men; but so generous their circumference, had the queen worn one, our limited stage could have held no other actor and no further properties. An adequate hoop-skirt was finally secured for Nurse Bunton, and at the eleventh moment an attic-cleaning neighbor discovered aged and dainty hoops, with a lovely bustle effect, which set off the queen's purple dressing-gown to perfection.

Brightest of bright deeds in the property man's world, a magnificent cradle, a gem of antiquity, with a tester top, was offered to us, so that 'Pussy' might rest in proper royal state.

No one would own to having baby robes of so remote a period; but a Green Masker of the eighteen-eighties produced a christening robe of the required prodigious length.

The price of even near-velvet for a regal cradle robe was so prohibitive that, for a time, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa was threatened with having to repose under the most plebeian of blankets. But as we were passing a wall-paper store, a draped piece of royal-blue velvet, used to dress the window, caught our eyes, and, charming with smiles, we succeeded in borrowing it.

Searching an antique-shop for wax flowers under a glass bell, we unearthed two guaranteed souvenirs of 'the dear Queen': one a quaint little leather-bound, brass-studded chest, given by Queen Victoria to a cousin setting forth on a journey to Martinique; and the other a slender and wicked sword-cane, with which the gentleman armed himself for the adventure. Beautiful bits, deserving of fine parts in the play! We never could understand the perversity of the author, who refused to write them into her plot. Our idea of the really proper procedure in play-writing is the same as Mr. Vincent Crummles's — first get your properties, and then build the play around them. We have at present in our attic a stuffed peacock, a gilt ladder, a tiny 1860 lace-and-chiffon parasol, and two negro wigs, waiting for an intelligent author.

I believe that the Walrus felt much the same about it, and that, when recounting the list of his properties on hand, he was hoping that the Carpenter would knock together a first-rate play, calling for shoes and ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

William McFee, sailor, author, and engineer, writes us that he is 'off the sea just now' and 'tormented all the time with a novel.' He sends us the story of a talkative wanderer out of his Caribbean notebook. ¶What is unprintable and who shall decide it? is the essence of that infinitely discussed problem to which **Stuart P. Sherman** devotes his paper. *The American Genius* is the title of Professor Sherman's latest volume. He is professor of English at the University of Illinois. **William Beebe** has often described the jungle to *Atlantic* readers. In this number he gives an insight into his methods of observation, and admits us to the intimacies of a naturalist's workshop. **Charles D. Christoph,** whose poem 'Europa' we are printing this month, is a new *Atlantic* contributor.

* * *

Ray Morris is a New York banker, a member of Brown Brothers, but his philosophy proceeds from the Maine coast, where his vacations are spent. ¶At seventeen, **Arthur Mason** ran away to sea from Edinburgh University. For thirty-odd years he followed the sea, though lately he has begun to rest a little and to recall his many voyages, sometimes in talk, sometimes in print. He is the author of *Ocean Echoes*, published by Henry Holt and Company. **Earnest Elmo Calkins,** who gives in this issue of the *Atlantic* a small boy's (his own) first adventures with books, is a member of the advertising firm of Calkins and Holden of New York City, and author of 'The Technique of Being Deaf,' published in the February *Atlantic*. ¶Research professor of physiology in Columbia University, **Frederic S. Lee** is author and editor of many authoritative books on medical and physiological subjects. **L. Allen Harker** has long been distinguished as an interpreter of child life in England. She is the author of *The Romance of a Nursery* and *Paul and Fiammetta*. **Fannie Stearns Gifford** is a poet, an essayist, and a contributor familiar to *Atlantic* readers. ¶Are you a Jeopard — or, maybe, a Jeopardess? The question can be answered only by reading 'Groups,' the contribution of **Frances Lester Warner** (Mrs. Mayo Dyer Hersey), formerly of the *Atlantic* staff.

* * *

Gamaliel Bradford, who in his *American Portraits* has painted for the *Atlantic* all manner of famous men, from P. T. Barnum to John Brown, turns for his subject in this number to that most lovable of scholars and teachers, Francis James Child. ¶Long an occasional contributor to the *Atlantic*, William Sidney Rossiter heads the Rumford Press at Concord, New Hampshire, and is President of the American Statistical Association. He is perhaps best known to our readers for his striking paper, 'What Are Americans?' published in August 1920. His latest work is the monograph on *Increase of Population in the United States*, 1910–1920, published by the federal census. **Elizabeth Choate** is a young Boston writer, two of whose essays, 'Pilgrimage' (March 1922), and 'On Getting Home' (March 1923), have appeared in the *Atlantic*.

* * *

Charles Merz is an acute student of political forces and personalities in the United States. Formerly Washington correspondent of the *New Republic*, he served as an assistant to the Commission to Negotiate Peace in Paris, 1918–19, and later joined the *New York World* as staff correspondent. **Henry de Man's** career has been full and various. An officer on the Belgian front during the war, and later a Belgian officer on the Russian front, he is an author whose best-known book in English is *The Remaking of a Mind*. After the war he went to work in America as a laborer for the purpose of studying social conditions, and later took charge of the Centrale d'Education Ouvrière, and of the Labor College in Brussels. **Sir Francis Younghusband,** for

many years an officer in the British Army, has held various posts of military and political responsibility throughout the Empire. He is the author of *Heart of a Continent, South Africa of To-day, India and Tibet,* and *Within,* a record of his own inner life. **Miss Elsa Simm** is the daughter of the celebrated Munich painter whose frescoes ornament the public buildings of many European capitals. She has put down this record of conditions in Germany out of her intimate, recent experience. **Marguerite Harrison** was one of the first newspaper correspondents in Russia after the Revolution. She suffered imprisonment there, and upon her return wrote one of the fairest as well as liveliest books on Russia — *Marooned in Moscow.* Last summer after studying conditions in Japan and the Far East, she found herself in a part of Siberia that had just been reabsorbed by the Bolsheviki. She was again thrown into prison and would have been sentenced to death, but for the intervention of Colonel Haskell of the American Relief Association. She was released in February of this year, and returned to America.

* * *

A question for Mr. Newton, the author of the new play, *Doctor Johnson:* —

Dear Atlantic, —

I wonder if Mr. Newton could vouch for the authenticity of the story concerning the controversy between Mr. Gilbert and a certain church dignitary of London, England, shortly after the appearance of the opera, 'Ruddigore.' As the story was told me, it appears that the ecclesiastic wrote a letter to one of the London 'dailies' deploring the use of 'Ruddigore' as the opera's title, and that Mr. Gilbert's reply went something like this: —

'Should I refer to Your Lordship's complexion as being ruddy, Your Lordship would most certainly be pleased — as I would be; but should I, which I do not intend to, refer to Your Lordship's "bloody cheek," Your Lordship would most certainly be offended — as I am.'

C. C. Thackray.

* * *

We are glad to publish this protest and criticism, by the Speech Readers Guild of Boston, on a letter relating to deafness published in the March *Atlantic.*

Dear Atlantic, —

At the close of a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Speech Readers Guild of Boston there was shown the letter signed 'Wano' as published in the Contributors' Column of the *Atlantic* for March.

Since in the letter reference is made to the Speech Readers Guild (incorrectly given as *Reading*), we cannot refrain from an expression of protest in behalf of the class of speech readers for whom this organization exists.

'Wano' does not realize the difference between persons who are totally deaf from youth or birth and who have been educated in schools for the deaf, and persons commonly termed hard-of-hearing, whose dull response to sound has come upon them in later years so that a *readjustment* to life is necessary. The former frequently may be aided by such exaggerated movements as 'Wano' advocates. But the latter, who are represented by our group here, as well as those in distant cities with whom we are in touch, *dread* exaggerated lip movement and feel both a mental and nervous reaction from such efforts on the part of kindly intentioned but misconceiving friends.

To those who wish to help us we would say, Please do not mouth your words; if you naturally speak very rapidly, enunciate more slowly, but take care to do this *without* exaggerating the movements. Look in the mirror and see how you form your words — it will help you greatly in this art of clear diction.

In the words of Shakespeare we entreat: 'Speak the speech, I pray you . . . trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it as many of your players do, I had as lief the town crier had spoken my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget temperance, that may give it smoothness.'

The Board of Directors
of the Speech Readers Guild.

* * *

In last month's Contributors' Column, Edward Richards, author of 'The Test of Faith,' was erroneously spoken of as 'a Quaker who has put his faith to the test.' Mr. Richards is not a Quaker. He was brought up in the Episcopal church, and since his return to America has become a Presbyterian. His extraordinary story of moral and physical courage is made all the more striking by the knowledge that he belongs to a Christian sect, which unlike the Quakers is not generally regarded as opposed to participation in war.

More light comes to us upon the behaviourism of our grandmothers: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the April number of the *Atlantic*, the description in 'The Behaviourism of Our Grandmothers' of *Etiquette for the Use of All* reminds me of its American counterpart, *A Young Lady's Friend, by a Lady*, written some time in the fifties by the wife of a Harvard professor. I have never owned a copy but I have treasured certain passages in my memory for more than twenty years.

If a young lady goes out to dinner, she is told, 'Do not put yourself forward but fall back among the young people. A child, an annual, or a worked ottoman will afford subjects of conversation until dinner is announced.'

For dinner itself, there are many rules. 'If you believe in following foreign customs, you will feed yourself with your fork only; but if you believe, as I do, that America has a right to her customs as well as any other country, you will sometimes use your knife if you close your lips neatly but not too tightly over the blade.' 'In some houses, bowls with water will be passed. These are not to drink from but to dip the fingers in.' 'If hothouse grapes are served, do not scream out.'

But as in all these manuals, there are more pitfalls to be warned against in the matter of relations with the other sex than anywhere else. 'If you receive an offer of marriage by letter, answer at once, for to most men a refusal is not only a disappointment but a mortification.' 'If a gentleman admires your bracelet, take it off at once,' for fear I suppose of the 'pressure of the hand.' 'Do not worry about marriage. When the right man comes along an individual attachment will spring up in your heart.' 'Individual' is her most passionate word.

PAULINA CONY DROWN.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Powers in the April *Atlantic* asks the question, What part is Christianity to have in the coming greater conflict of the nations? The question is certainly important and Christians ought to answer it.

He says that Christ was not an economic teacher and devotes a page to reflections upon the expression in the King James version of the Sermon on the Mount, Take therefore no thought for the morrow. This he thinks not economic. But he fails to give to these words their true meaning. In the Greek it is clear that they mean what the revised version expresses, Be not anxious for the morrow, Be not anxious for your life. When the King James version was made, the word 'thought' was often used in the sense of anxiety. In Bacon's *Henry VII* we find the phrase, 'Hawys was put in trouble and died with *thought* and anguish before his business came to an end.' Many other quotations of like character can be found in the Century Dictionary.

Properly understood this command of Christ is of the first importance in our modern life. Anxious care and worry when we are dealing with others are usually combined with jealousy and distrust. These evil passions now are leading nations all through the world into strife. Christianity then has this message for them all: These are evil passions and Christian men and Christian nations should deal with each other in the spirit of mutual confidence and friendliness.

EVERETT P. WHEELER
CHAIRMAN AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.

* * *

When the history of literary censorship comes to be written, we shall submit the following: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Speaking of censorship of literature, a recent incident in our small town public Library has convinced me that it will take more than the primness and conscientiousness of a Library Board to preserve the innocence of our near-by rural communities.

Pronounced 'unfit and improper' by the Board, the works of de Maupassant were taken from the shelves, dispatched to the Library attic, and later promised to a man in the community for whose future the Library did not feel responsible. One day when this rash individual called for his treasures, they were not to be found. The new librarian was puzzled at first; then she recalled that they must have been put into a box with some other old books. 'And one day,' she went on to explain, 'a man drove in from the country to get some books that he said had been promised for their new Methodist Sunday School Library — and we gave him the whole box.'

Should n't there be some sort of Lusk book raids, to enforce the decisions of censors of literature?

* * *

The heaviest indictment against the modern jail and prison is an enforced idleness for prisoners which is still the prevailing practice.

We are glad to print the following letter showing how Joseph F. Fishman's article has borne fruit and how a beginning is being made to supply books for prisoners by using the A.L.A.'s unexpended war fund.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It has been claimed that there are many ex-service men in *jails* who need books more than any other group, and in order to make sure that this statement was true the A.L.A. arranged to have the jails in certain large cities of the Middle West visited. As a result of this inquiry, it was estimated that about twenty per cent of the jail population were men who had served in the World War.

The inquiry proved further that in most of the jails there were no books, few magazines, no place to read except the corridors and cells, and a poor light there. Conditions were better in work-houses where there is more space available for bookshelves, better light, and, in one or two instances, already a supply of books. At the Chicago 'Bridewell,' there is a library of 15,000 books in a separate room, with branch collections in six cell-houses where every night the 'librarians' carry wooden trays heaped with books to each cell and the prisoner chooses what he wants.

There was no opposition on the part of the jailers to the visits and in most instances they welcomed the offer of regular help from the public library. At St. Paul the jailer felt sure that no one wanted to read, but had no objection to the men's being asked about it nor to their being offered books. Accordingly a few were put on the bars and although they were a hit and miss lot which chanced to be at hand, they were all taken.

I believe that this is typical of the attitude of the jailers and of the men, and that a library service that was systematic and discriminating would be acceptable to everybody. Moreover, if the number of ex-service men passing through jail and work-houses is twenty per cent of the population, the A.L.A. would be justified in drawing upon its War Fund, and it would be out of the question to discriminate against those prisoners who never had been soldiers. It could be understood that, although provided primarily for ex-service men, all who chose might use the books.

The A.L.A. is also getting additional information as to the names of individual ex-service men who want books, and is prepared to supply what is needed either through local library organizations or directly to the reader himself, with the understanding that eventually the books sent him shall be turned over to the prison library.

MIRIAM E. CAREY

Chairman, Committee on Institutional Libraries, American Library Association.

We cannot but hope that this work may develop until every jail and prison in the country has an adequate library — a very great, but not an impossible achievement.

* * *

Did you know that snakes develop from horsehair? Shakespeare was right about that after all!

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have enjoyed very much the 'Nyasaland Sketches,' by Hans Coudenhove, but he made a statement in No. 2 that I must take exception to. It is when he says he cannot believe Shakespeare when he says that horsehair, imbedded in mud, would develop into worms or snakes as we used to call them — and as Shakespeare is not here to defend himself I would like to say a few words for his vindication — inasmuch as I have had some experience with horsehair snakes myself. I know I am exposing myself to the ridicule of the modern scientist when I say this, for I have understood they say that it is an utter impossibility for a snake to develop from horses' hair.

But, when I was a child we lived in the country (about 25 miles from N. Y.) and we had an old watering-trough, made from a hollowed-out log, where our horses were always watered, and quite often my brothers used to bring in a hair snake found around this trough. The trough was set on a slant; the horses always drinking from the lower end while the upper had always in it some green slime. One day I pulled out a lot of hairs and imbedded them in the slimy end of the trough — I remember hearing one of my brothers say one day, 'What are all these horsehairs doing in here?' And another one said, 'Oh, Emilie is trying to raise horsehair snakes.' The first said, 'I have a notion to throw them out,' but the other said, 'No, let them alone and let her see what she can do.' And in a couple or more weeks after putting them in my mother called me one day and told me I had a couple of snakes there.

That was a great many years ago but I can still see those snakes as they curled about my fingers and as they opened wide their mouths — how long they lived or anything more about them I cannot tell — but if that old trough was still in existence I would like to prove to some of our modern scientists that there is such a thing as live snakes developed from horses' hair.

Shakespeare was right!

MRS. L. EMILIE PEARSALL.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

Roosevelt through English Eyes

A NOTABLE item in the brief autumn list of the Atlantic Monthly Press will be a biographical study of Theodore Roosevelt by **Lord Charnwood.** When an English student of history, politics, and human character writes a book like Lord Charnwood's *Abraham Lincoln*, his treatment of such another American figure as Theodore Roosevelt inevitably becomes something more than merely a new book, a new item on a publisher's list. The announcement of this volume is therefore made with a peculiar pleasure.

If so young a book-publishing house may begin to speak of its traditions, this is certainly the moment to say that Lord Charnwood's *Theodore Roosevelt* will occupy the place in our 1923 list that has been held in every one of the last few years by a new biographical work of outstanding value and interest. Traditions are necessarily of slow growth, but they can hardly be expected to rear their heads until the foundations for them have been firmly established. Each new Atlantic book of biography is fixing the basis for this particular tradition more firmly.

Why another biography of Theodore Roosevelt? If this were merely a new volume of the kind of which there have already been many, the question would be difficult to answer. But the book separates itself sharply from the mass of Rooseveltiana in that it is the first careful appraisal of 'the Colonel's' career and character by any but an American. It is a truism that the nearest contemporary approach to the verdict of posterity upon a great national figure must come from a contemporary with another national background. The opinion of nearly every well-known American writer on such a subject as Theodore Roosevelt could be predicted in advance with a reasonable degree of accuracy. The opinion of an Englishman is in the nature of the case much more detached, much more individual, even if, as in the present instance, he brings an essential sympathy to his biographic task. When the Englishman possesses Lord Charnwood's remarkable qualifications for such an undertaking, the resulting book is sure to excite a lively expectation. Early in October this will be gratified — we believe to the satisfaction of a large number of Americans.

A New Hawes Story

Was there another tradition in the making when the Atlantic Monthly Press published in 1920 *The Mutineers* and in 1921 *The Great Quest*, each by **Charles Boardman Hawes?** It begins to look so, for the autumn of 1923 will be marked by the publication of another sea story by this writer of rapidly growing popularity. His two previous books, besides making a large number of friends in America, have been published in England by William Heinemann, Ltd., and are establishing themselves in many parts of the world among the newer classics of their kind.

This latest story by Mr. Hawes has the same authentic tang of the sea that distinguished its predecessors. Its background is even less familiar than theirs, which was that of Yankee ships in the trades, respectively, of China and the West Coast of Africa. In *The Dark Frigate*, Mr. Hawes's new story, the reader finds himself in the lively company of English pirates of the seventeenth century, plying their trade chiefly in the Caribbean. England itself, before and during the ascendancy of Cromwell, provides a background for the earlier and later chapters. In fertility of invention, both of incident and of character, Mr. Hawes has turned his story-telling powers to memorable use. His success in reproducing the veritable atmosphere of the time is equally notable. Indeed it attains a high point of literary quality. In every way the tale is the product of a ripened skill.

Of course it will appeal to boys; but it is

far from a merely juvenile story. The cruising boat with a little shelf of books over a locker in its cabin must save an inch or two of space next summer for this volume. Meanwhile we count upon its giving a keen pleasure to many a landsman with a sailor's heart and the spirit which responds to valorous adventure ashore and afloat. The boy or man without a drop of adventurer's blood in his veins will have no use for it.

Since 'commencing author' in the sense of making authorship his sole occupation, Mr. Hawes has kept himself as near to the sea as one may without living on board ship. For several years he has been a resident of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

The Garden Books

It is a debatable question whether garden books belong to the summer or the winter season. Do you want to read about things when they are before your eyes or when they have betaken themselves to the realms of memory and imagination? The immediate response which the devotees of gardens gave to *The Little Garden*, by **Mrs. Francis King**, when the Atlantic Monthly Press published it two years ago this summer has led them to believe that 'emotion remembered in tranquillity' is not the only emotion which such a volume provokes. Accordingly we are making summer books both of Mrs. King's second volume in the 'Little Garden Series,' *Variety in the Little Garden*, and of *The Spirit of the Garden*, by **Martha Brookes Hutcheson**, each published almost simultaneously with the July issue of the *Atlantic*.

Portions of the text of each of these books are already known to readers of the *House Beautiful*. The books themselves — Mrs. King's a brief, practical handbook, Mrs. Hutcheson's a lavish assembling of beautiful pictures and illuminating text — are described in some detail in the advertising pages of this number, another counter of the same shop to which this monthly talk so frequently recurs.

A Prophet with Honor

The Kentucky mountain stories by **Miss Lucy Furman** which have been appearing in the *Atlantic* during the past year and are now assembled, with unifying additions, in *The Quare Women*, recently issued by the Atlantic Monthly Press, have placed the author of them in the position of a prophet honored in her own country. Kentucky newspapers were among the first to acclaim the book for its faithfulness to local conditions. Experts in mountain character like Mr. Horace Kephart, author of *Our Southern Highlanders*, Professor C. Alphonso Smith of the United States Naval Academy, a high authority on ballad literature, and Professor Josiah Combs, of the Department of Romance Literature of the University of West Virginia, himself a former student at the 'Quare Women's' Settlement School, have added their testimony to the value of the book. More remote from its source, the critical pages of such journals as the *Outlook* and the *New York Times Book Review* promptly recognized it as a notable contribution to creative literature — essentially a story, but one which gains more than it loses from the circumstance that its fiction has a large basis in fact.

When Miss Furman, many years ago, wrote her other Kentucky mountain book, *Mothering on Perilous*, which has recently been revived, she had already passed her apprenticeship in rural settlement-work. In the intervening time she has accumulated the wealth of experience and understanding of the mountain folk which has made her so sympathetic an interpreter of their life. She is fortunate, besides, in her native and trained command of the story-telling art.

'Quaint Companions'

It was pleasant to learn that after two books of verse and two of fiction, sold at a newly opened bookshop in New York, *The Founding of New England*, by **James Truslow Adams**, filled out the list of the first five books purchased by casual customers. But commerce makes stranger bedfellows than that. A Boston bookstore, giving out the titles of its six best sellers for a week in April, listed **Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick's** *Pro Vita Monastica* next above Mr. Werner's *Barnum*. The King of Showmen and the Monastic Life! Let nobody to the marriage of true minds admit impediments!

Here they are Sir! the world's most distinguished cigarettes—*in a special new size*—20 *for* 30¢

Try them tonight for your Luxury Hour

-that easy chair hour after the day's toil, when every man feels entitled to taste life's best.·· Soon you will smoke them *exclusively*

PALL MALL *Specials*
New size-plain ends only
20 *for* 30¢

No change in size or price of PALL MALL *Regulars* [*cork tip*]

Peerless Pall Mall! *Rolls-Royce* of cigarettes. No other blend has ever numbered among its friends so many of the world's successful and discerning men. Now, volume production has put this cigarette aristocrat within reach of all. A new size—a new price! The *new* Pall Mall Special is slightly smaller in girth than Pall Mall Regulars. But the inimitable Pall Mall quality remains intact—with the same rich blend of the finest oriental tobaccos. Try them tonight for *your* Luxury Hour.

20 *for* 30¢

[WEST OF THE ROCKIES 20 *for* 35¢]

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

The World Crisis, by the Right Honorable Winston S. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, 1911 to 1915. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923. 8vo. xiv+589 pp. $6.50.

As the sparks fly upward, Lord Randolph Churchill's son was born to trouble, and, with his father's instinct, he has never bothered to avoid it. Americans, who watch the drama of British affairs and see only the larger gestures of the actors, think of him as a brilliant man, not proof against recklessness, and with a bright talent for a quarrel. There may be truth in such a picture, but no candid reader of *The World Crisis* can think it either a complete or a fair one, for the book is not merely exceptional, it is remarkable — very remarkable indeed — and, on the strength of this exhibit, one could not go far wrong in calling its author a man of genius.

The World Crisis is Mr. Churchill's apologia. Indeed, like a born fighter, he conceives the world struggle in personal terms. But that he was close to the vortex of things during the fateful years 1911–1915 is obvious. As First Lord of the Admiralty, he held Britain's life line in his hands. That line might well have snapped. Before the war, as well as during it, not once, but many times, it was strained to the breaking point; but it held, and readers of these intense chapters, running through the sequent and tremendous periods of foreknowledge, preparation, and realization, will be convinced that, if Churchill failed to destroy his country's enemies, at least he saved her life.

That the First Lord foresaw the war is made certain by documentary proof. He knew that it was foreordained, that it must come, and come soon. The difficult technical story of the creation of the mightiest fleet the world has seen, the mounting of guns of unheard-of sizes, the development of super-engines, the assurance of an oil supply, gathered under stress from the world's ends, and all the complex difficulties which made his administration of the Navy a prodigious obstacle-race against time — these things are told with the swing and sweep of the comprehensive mind. Great soldiers, great administrators, tell their stories well. Churchill is one of them. It is a piece of high art to make so complicated and technical a chapter as that on the Romance of Design clear as spring water, and thrilling as a novel.

Into the maze of charge and countercharge, of which this book is the storm-centre, we need not enter. Was Admiralty or Admiral to blame for the tragedy of Coronal? Was the defense at Antwerp a legitimate hazard? Such questions are for the instructed to fight over. A mere reader may at least be sure that here is an extraordinary book, by a man who can write history as well as make it.

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

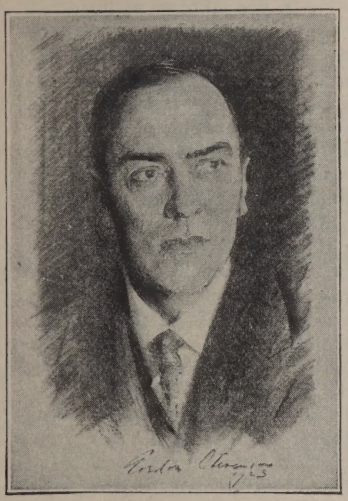
The Significance of the Fine Arts, published under the auspices of the American Institute of Architects. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. 1923. 8vo. Illustrated. xxix+483 pp. $3.50 (Special edition $7.50).

THE Committee on Education of the American Institute of Architects, as part of the Institute's 'campaign for a better public understanding and appreciation of the Fine Arts,' has caused this book to be written for 'the Layman' by ten well-known architects and artists. The titles of the ten essays and their writers are: Classical Architecture, by C. Howard Walker; The Architecture of the Middle Ages, by Ralph Adams Cram; The Renaissance, by H. van Buren Magonigle; Modern Architecture, by Paul G. Cret; Sculpture, by Lorado Taft; Painting, by Bryson Burroughs; Landscape Design, by F. L. Olmsted; City-Planning, by Edward H. Bennett; The Industrial Arts, by Huger Elliott; and Music, by Thomas Whitney Surette. They occupy less than five hundred pages.

As this is one of the very few books of its kind and period that future historians of taste will find it necessary to consult, it is undoubtedly one of the most important books on art that has appeared in this country in a long time. The space allotted to each of the writers is so small and the ground to be covered by him so great, that taken together their essays constitute a body of opinions rather than a reasoned relation of facts about the several arts. For the true beginner it may be doubted whether it will have much value, but for the advanced student who has already enough acquaintance with the achievement of the past to think seriously about the performance of to-day it will prove not only interesting but extremely provocative of thought. Better than any other book with which the reviewer is acquainted, it represents and explains the conservative American taste of the present moment.

A critic of literary style or a student of the history of art would be amply justified in saying that the several papers vary greatly in merit and might be tempted to express his opinion about them severally, but any such criticism would be aside from the point because each essay, and none so much as those dealing with things and problems which are now most alive, is a remarkably close reflection of our contemporary endeavor

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK



STUART P. SHERMAN

The Genius of America

By STUART P. SHERMAN

Contents: THE GENIUS OF AMERICA — WHAT IS A PURITAN? — A CONVERSATION ON OSTRICHES — THE SHIFTING CENTRE OF MORALITY: A STUDY OF THE VULGAR TONGUE — THE SUPERIOR CLASS — EDUCATION BY THE PEOPLE — VOCATION — THE POINT OF VIEW IN AMERICAN CRITICISM — LITERATURE AND THE GOVERNMENT OF MEN: AN APOLOGY FOR LETTERS IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

"Every American ought to read his 'What Is a Puritan?' It is full of subtle, unconscious humor, and it bristles with the causes of mental irritation which will force the thoughtful to read and reread it, and to put swear words on the margin. One cannot pay a modern essay greater compliment than this."— MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN in the *International Book Review* $2.00

The World Crisis

By the RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
First Lord of the Admiralty, 1911-1915

"To call this the best book about the war by any leading figure in it is true, but not enough." —*The Observer (London).* *With maps and diagrams.* $6.50

A Man from Maine

By EDWARD W. BOK

"'A Man from Maine' stands out as one of the most virile and human stories ever penned." —*Philadelphia Public Ledger.* *Now in its third large printing. Illustrated.* $3.00

Evolution and Religion

By HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

A distinguished scientist replies to William Jennings Byran on evolution. *75 cents*

The Hope of the Variant

By JOHN GEORGE GEHRING
M.D., Sc.D.

The "variant" of which this famous doctor writes so illuminating a book is that person who, because of nervous or physical disorder or any one of a hundred causes, varies from what we call "normal." This is a fascinating account of his own curative methods. $2.00

Scepticism and Animal Faith

By GEORGE SANTAYANA

This is the introductory volume in a new system of philosophy. $3.50

Through the Wheat

A novel by THOMAS BOYD

"We couldn't lay it down. . . . It carries absolute conviction. . . . The narrative becomes steadily more impressive; the brain of the reader is stunned by the concussion of sentences bitten off as though by an eye-witness telling an epic tale of fear and tumult without the slightest expression in his voice. The story strikes a high note of impressive description and suddenly stops. That is all there is to it — and it is memorable. There are no heroics. This is the truth." — KENELM DIGBY in the *Literary Review.* $1.75

in the subject with which it deals. The verbose and poorly written essays, and there are several of them, adequately represent in word and thought the American attitude toward those arts in which modern American achievement is weakest or with which it has least to do; a closely written and carefully thought out account deals with the particular art in which popular taste is most academic; and the easy witty and convincing statement is that about the one art in which competent judges believe us to be most successful. Looked at in this way even the poorest of these essays is as noteworthy as the best of them, its very defects an integral part of its value and its interest.

The reviewer's only regret is that Mr. Paul Cret's brilliant paper on modern architecture does not open the book, as it supplies a key to the understanding of most of the others, and that it is not followed by Mr. Burroughs's excellent résumé of the history of painting, for had the volume been arranged in this way its great significance would have been more immediately apparent to the reader.

William M. Ivins, Jr.

Lord Northcliffe, by Max Pemberton. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1923. 8vo. viii+250 pp. $3.50.

The facts of Alfred Harmsworth's extraordinary career are probably not well known to the American public. Early in 1882, at the age of sixteen, he began to write for London periodicals, and after some years of miscellaneous experience started his first venture, *Answers to Correspondents,* which was soon followed by *Comic Cuts,* a halfpenny illustrated journal. At the age of twenty-five he was a conspicuous figure in the world of London journalism. His success was based on his instinct for supplying attractive material for a large public, the product of the Board schools, which did not care for the ordinary newspaper but which would read anything that was simple and interesting. For these same readers he created in 1896 the *Daily Mail,* a complete morning newspaper selling for a halfpenny, the other morning papers being a penny, except the *Times,* which was threepence. His startling methods — devices with which we to-day are all too familiar — shook Fleet Street to its foundations; they revolutionized journalism, and brought to him and his brother, now Lord Rothermere, a great fortune. In 1908 he completed his triumphs by the purchase and transformation of the *Times*

In all these enterprises, Harmsworth (created Baron Northcliffe in 1905) was playing the part of the journalist pure and simple. His aim was to exploit to the uttermost the news-value of events, to find out 'what the public wants,' and to give it to them. Apart from their value as news, the significance of what his papers chronicled was with one or two exceptions apparently of little concern to him. He was 'a great showman.'

With the outbreak of the war, in 1914, Northcliffe became a public character in another sense. With all the might of his personal force, using the marvelous instrument which he had developed for influencing public opinion, he threw himself into the controversies concerning the conduct of the war. He called on his readers to demand the use of high-explosive shells, he insisted on the need of a coalition government, of compulsory military service, of the development of aviation. In 1917 he came to the United States as chairman of the British War Mission. In 1918 he performed invaluable work as Director of Propaganda in Enemy Countries. When he died last summer, the burial accorded him in Westminster Abbey was a recognition of his place among the great Englishmen of his age.

It is Northcliffe the journalist as he appeared to his subordinates who is portrayed in Max Pemberton's memoir. He is in these pages a 'news story,' made simple and interesting for the product of the Board schools. All his doings — whether he was tarpon-fishing in Florida, making a 600-mile automobile trip in twenty-four hours, golfing, or dressing up a stray tramp to be his guest at dinner — were news. It is only in his rôle as Chief, a man strict, yet loving and loyal, that he is a real human being.

But perhaps a few readers who are not content with a story that is merely simple and interesting will tease themselves with the queries: 'Of what value were many of Lord Northcliffe's activities? Has he made any lasting impression on journalism? And, if he has, is it in the main for good or for evil?' These questions the book makes no attempt to answer; in fact, it ignores the possibility of their even being raised.

Henry G. Pearson.

Through the Wheat, by Thomas Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1923. 12mo. vi+266 pp. $1.75.

One's first thought is that it would be hard to write a more tantalizing book. Repeatedly the author seems on the point of giving us what we want, a clear, comprehensive view of that critical moment in the war when the point of the great German drive of 1918 was blunted by the American Marines and the Twenty-sixth Division at Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood. As repeatedly the expectation is disappointed, and the narrative seems to tail off into a series of detached personal experiences and impressions.

On second thought, this tantalizing feature of the book is seen to be its supreme virtue. The book is an unusually powerful bit of impressionistic writing It faithfully portrays the sensations and emotions of the private at the front, his bewilderment his complete ignorance of his whereabouts and relationships, and of the rationale of his doings. If it is tantalizing, it is because the private himself was tantalized He had literally no sense of orientation, of personal adjustment to the whole of things. That

ALFRED · A · KNOPF BORZOI BOOKS 220 W. 42 Street, N.Y.

THE BORZOI · ALFRED · A · KNOPF

The Latest Borzoi Books

DOSTOEVSKY: Letters and Reminiscences
Translated from the Russian by S. S. Koteliansky and J. Middleton Murry

A remarkable collection of letters, a faithful pen picture of Dostoevsky by his wife, and a letter to his brother on the morning of the author's death sentence, which have just been released by the present Soviet government. $2.50 net

THE SENTRY AND OTHER STORIES
by Nicolai Lyeskov

The author of these dramatic tales of older Russia is a 19th century classic who has been too long neglected. $2.50 net

THE MACHINE WRECKERS
by Ernst Toller

A startling and vividly dramatic play of the mob by a young German radical, one of the finest of the modern Continental dramatists and the author of "Masse Mensch" which the Theatre Guild plans to produce next year. $2.00 net

WHAT THE JUDGE THOUGHT
by His Honour Judge Edward Abbott Parry

Short biographies of prominent legal figures, delightful essays on "The Law of the Lost Golf Ball," Lincoln, Rufus Choate and Seward, choice stories of the law courts and unusual trials, by a judge, profound and witty. $5.00 net

TRAVELS AND SKETCHES
by Frederik Poulsen

Impressions of the Near East, pictures of student life in Germany, of Polish manners and sketches of the Danish peasantry, by a traveller and a man of letters. $3.00 net

CONSCIOUSNESS, LIFE AND THE FOURTH DIMENSION
by Richard Eriksen

A study in natural philosophy that follows out the theory of relativity in the domain of psychology. $3.50 net

OUT OF WORK
by G. D. H. Cole

An introduction to the study of unemployment with special reference to the present world crisis. $1.00 net

HIEROGLYPHICS
by Arthur Machen
Author of "The Hill of Dreams"

Arthur Machen, now recognized as one of the greatest living prose artists, here develops new theories on the art of literature. "Under the classification of books about books, *Hieroglyphics* may be considered one of the best." — Carl Van Vechten. $2.00 net

THE MODERN TRAVELLER
Verses by Hilaire Belloc
Pictures by B. T. B.

A delightful nonsense ballad of the adventures and explorations of three modern musketeers in the heart of the Congo. A child's classic to be put beside *Cautionary Tales* and *The Book of Beasts*. $1.50 net

THE LEFT LEG
by T. F. Powys

Three tragi-comic tales of a Dorset village by a new and brilliant English writer. "I should rank Powys with Norman Douglas and Edith Wharton." — David Garnett. $2.50 net

BITTER HERBS
by C. A. Dawson-Scott

An attempt to present the dramatic story or ballad without the help of rhyme or traditional rhythm. $1.50 net

WHIPPERGINNY
by Robert Graves
Author of "Fairies and Fusiliers"

A new volume of verse, revealing a remarkable advance in style and power, by "one of the most alert, productive and unmistakable poets of our day." $2.00 net

THE CAPITAL LEVY EXPLAINED
by Hugh Dalton

A handy text book on a subject that is an all-important issue in England today, by an economist of distinction. $1.00 net

POLITICS AND PROGRESS
by Ramsay Muir

A coherent view of the political and social aims of Liberalism by a prominent English historian. $1.75 net

WHAT IS PSYCHOLOGY?
by Charles W. Hayward

An absorbingly interesting book simply and vividly written by a scientist and philosopher. $2.50 net

At all bookstores

In CANADA, Borzoi Books can be obtained from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martins House, Toronto

THE BORZOI · ALFRED · A · KNOPF

dimly realized condition is here vividly set forth.

Other matters we had heard of are here pictured in all their sordid reasonableness: the dirt, the weariness, the constant hunger, the discomfort of modern warfare; the amazing confusion, the uncertainty, the inability to find sense or justice in what men were ordered to do. A constant stream of unpicturesque profanity trickles muddily through the pages, as though uttered by young men thoroughly tired and disillusioned. There is a note of angry contempt for every form of cant. There is no hint of nobility in thought or motive, no suggestion of conscious heroism. Neither is there any hatred toward the Germans. Evidently the spiritual side of human nature is pretty thoroughly atrophied, and the man becomes little more than a resentful automaton dragging his protesting body through a series of meaningless movements dictated by powers whom he naturally despises. The keynote of the whole book is found in its last four words: 'His soul was numb.'

Rarely has the impersonalism of modern warfare been more vividly portrayed. Someone has said that war is simply the peace-time tenor of life violently accelerated. Here is the case in point. An age of invention and mechanical ingenuity goes to war; and its warfare becomes primarily a conflict of guns and tanks and airplanes and gas-bombs; while the human creature drops into second place — a mere pawn, to be moved about, sacrificed, fed to cannon, as the Great God of Mechanism may elect.

It is an inevitable book, and on the whole a welcome one. If any ardent young spirit still feels his soul stirred by the alleged romance of war, here is his corrective. If, after reading this account, he can discover any gloss at all left on that particular chunk of gingerbread, he will be more than ordinarily obtuse.

CHARLES E. PARK.

The Fascinating Stranger, by Booth Tarkington. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1923. 12mo. +492 pp. $2.00.

IF Booth Tarkington had lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century he doubtless would have been interested in the development of the picaresque novel, for no one who created any of the romantic rogues of that period has been more successful in making trickery a virtue. Mr. George Tuttle is the hero of 'The Fascinating Stranger,' the initial narrative that provides a title for this new volume of thirteen Tarkington stories, which the author has gathered from the various magazines in which they were first published. Mr. George Tuttle remains a fascinating hero through the series of incidents that record a series of clever rascalities. And it is an interesting fact to observe that the age and method of old romance are not necessary for the successful recreation of the picaresque type of fiction. Under the facile direction of Booth Tarkington's pen it realistically reëstablishes itself in the midst of automobile bodies, shop acreage, taxicabs, and lawn-mowers. The paraphernalia is different; the atmosphere is as delightfully wicked as that which lingeringly surrounds Gil Blas, Colonel Jack, and Moll Flanders.

Most of the other stories in the volume are in the William Baxter vein — a vein rich in adolescent and pre-adolescent psychology. The urban life of children on North Pennsylvania Street in Indianapolis, as portrayed by Tarkington, is duplicated in every American city, but not every writer has the Tarkington vision for the dramatic, the humorous, and for the concrete that phrases the universal; and fewer still his genius for portrayal.

One of the stories, 'The One-Hundred-Dollar Bill,' is cast in an entirely different mould. It is neither picaresque nor juvenile; it is more sombre, less satiric. It tells of the temptation of a gambler — not a professional gambler, but an employee who unfortunately chanced one evening to have in his possession a sum of money which belonged to his firm. It was all recklessly squandered in a friendly game of poker. Of course Mr. Tarkington does not indulge in any long moralizing; instead, he makes significant observations of which the following, about the gambler's experience that night on his melancholy walk home is typical: 'Of itself the thing that happened was nothing, but he was aware of his folly as if it stood upon a mountain top against the sun — and so he gathered knowledge of himself and a little of the wisdom that is called better than happiness.'

Few modern novelists handle dialogue more effectively than Mr. Tarkington — and none is so satisfying as he in the use of northern-negro dialect. Indeed this is but a part of his accurate observation of the minutiæ of life — minutiæ that would not be regarded as literary material by any except those who have an eye for what Walter Bagehot inventively called the *literesque*.

CHARLES SWAIN THOMAS.

Things Near and Far, by Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1923. 12mo. 250 pp. $2.00.

SOME years ago, when the legend of the 'Angels of Mons' was buzzing in men's ears, certain brave folk ventured to say that the dream had risen out of 'The Bowmen,' a tale by Mr. Arthur Machen. 'Machen?' said the world. 'Pray who is he?'

This poignant, luminous, and serene little autobiography is the author's own reply. The tale runs after this manner: —

There was once an author in England who went through the world 'wondering and dreaming and setting his heart on the hopeless endeavor of letters'; a mystical inheritance was his, for even as great mountains and woods with shadowy Celtic names still possess the English land-

The Best-Selling Book of Non-Fiction Today

Dorothy Canfield's Translation of

GIOVANNI PAPINI'S

LIFE OF CHRIST

74th Thousand. $3.50

JACOB'S ROOM

By Virginia Woolf

"The most beautiful English prose we have come upon recently." —HEYWOOD BROUN, *N. Y. World.* $2.00

BEING RESPECTABLE

By Grace Flandrau

The story of an American family, rich and respectable, grown up with their family from pioneer days.

"A story to be ranked with 'Main Street'." — *Boston Transcript.* $2.00

HOMELY LILLA

By Robert Herrick

" 'Homely Lilla' is unquestionably a book of big caliber, one of those stories that we would not willingly forget even if it would let us." — F. T. COOPER *in the N. Y. Herald.* $1.90

RUBÈ

By G. A. Borgese

"There are no other Italian works of recent years to compare with it." — *N. Y. Times.*

"A masterpiece of the first rank." — *N. Y. Herald.* $2.00

PAINT

By Thomas Craven

The story of a genius, his suffering, egotism and desire for creation.

"One of the most tersely sardonic and fearlessly bitter prose creations I have ever read." — *New Republic.* $2.00

The HOUSE of the FIGHTING COCKS

By Henry Baerlein

An historical novel of old Mexico in its most romantic period. "Will make you almost forget the world outside."—A. G. GARDINER. $2.00

BARNUM

By M. R. Werner

"The most amusing and engrossing biography of recent times." — *Chicago Daily News.*

"A superlative comment on the whole character of these United States." — *Brooklyn Eagle.*

Illustrated from old prints. $4.00

MAINE COAST

By Wilbert Snow

"Narrative and lyric poetry of high quality against a Penobscot Bay background." — *Boston Herald.* $1.75

LYRIC FORMS FROM FRANCE

By Helen Louise Cohen

"The best anthology of French lyrics now before the public." — *The Freeman.* $2.50

The Novels of SINCLAIR LEWIS

Babbitt
Main Street
The Job
The Trail of the Hawk
Our Mr. Wrenn

Each, $2.00

THE DECAY OF CAPITALIST CIVILIZATION

By Beatrice and Sidney Webb

$1.75

PSYCHOLOGICAL TYPES

By C. G. Jung, M.D., Etc.

With an introduction by Dr. F. G. Baynes

$7.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 Madison Ave., NEW YORK

scape of his shire, so did the shadow of the Celtic dream possess his soul. Of the reading and writing of literature he could make naught but pathways to ecstasy, climbing white ways to the hill of the ecstasy of beauty. And he came among his own, and wrote for them, but they gave him no welcome, for they sought the beauty that walks soberly and with pious counselors, whilst this man came to them with beauty and dreaming wonder and even a little madness.

And thus year followed lonely year, the man became a bookseller's prisoner, an actor, and even a Northcliffe journalist, yet remained true to his creed and his haunting dream. But presently wise folk beheld him trudging the hill and acclaimed him from the plain.

Thus runs the tale of Arthur Machen of Caerleon of Siluria in Roman Britain, the neglected master of London of 'the nineties'; Arthur Machen of *The Hill of Dreams*, *The Secret Glory*, and *The House of Souls*. More or less disregarded by a generation, he now finds his works appearing in collected editions in both America and Great Britain, and collectors searching old shops for his first, forgotten books.

It is not as a figure of the nineties, however, that Arthur Machen should be judged. There is little of these famous years in the autobiography, no gossip of the great fantastics who first opened doors into the freedoms of our day, no jargoning of those eager and combative schools. A dreamer content with his dream, Mr. Machen belongs to no period; his measure of life and art is that ecstasy which is older than the stars. Indeed much of the ancient outcry against him probably rose from critical bewilderment, and a mistaken identification of his purpose with the doctrine of *L'Art pour l'art*, and other catchwords which fluttered banners thirty years ago.

The gold of the present book is its simple, dispassionate revelation of a rare personality and a distinguished artist. The narrative moves with easy grace, the tone is extraordinarily conversational; one can almost touch the armchair at one's side.

Those who wish to go on with Mr. Machen will do well to read this book before they take up *The Hill of Dreams*. This latter book, for all its beauty, for all its lovely chiming of words and sounds, is a strange book, and one can best understand and savor it by knowing the lonely author and his creed.

HENRY BESTON.

Collected Poems, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1923. Small 8vo. xviii+390 pp. $3.50 (*Large paper edition*, $7.50).

THE ultimate answer to the question, why should any contemporary writer be 'collected,' would deal with the ultimate value of his works, and there can scarcely be any reviewer so foolish as to compete with time, the final judge in all such matters. It can only be wise or desirable to say what sort of appearance has been encountered, as if one had returned home to describe a man seen on the street.

What are the lineaments, what the mask that Mr. Lindsay displays in this collection? It is more subtle than the loud shouting of much of his work would lead you to expect. Perhaps he is like Whitman in this — that his writing can never gain as wide a response as the simply rimed and metred verses of Poe or Housman. It has been the fate of democratic poets who write barbaric yawps about democratic conceptions to appeal largely to those who have that twist of sophistication which is called culture. It may take that sort of person to find the swing of emotion in jagged lines which catalogue not ships but the states of this Union, or to taste the objective perfection of such a piece as 'Simon Legree — A Negro Sermon.'

In spite of this hint of complication, the strongest characteristic in this book is a sort of innocence and ungainliness, as if the wrists of this poetry stuck out of its sleeves and felt a certain difficulty in the disposition of its hands and feet — at its best an attractive, wistful, and unconscious ungainliness, at its worst a sprawling which makes the verses strained and diffuse.

In any poet's collected work there is more bad poetry than good. It is surprising that there is not more bad in this collection, considering that Mr. Lindsay is more interested in preaching beauty than in creating it. He says himself in his amusing preface, 'Adventures While Singing These Songs,' that this whole book is 'a weapon in a strenuous battlefield.' He also talks of dancing to poetry, hieroglyphics, drawing, and all sorts of extraneous folly. The wonder is that there is so much pungency, so much keen and subtle thought mixed in with braggart, empty, and awkward noises.

But let them be braggart or awkward as they will, the fact remains that only the stiff-necked or stiff-brained can fail to enjoy these strings of words. The very cautious may take them as the strangest of strange phenomena; the classical may take them as a study of modern tendency — a poor but harmless point of view; some may smile on them as the antics of a resident of Springfield, Illinois; some may blandly wonder as to what it is all about; but surely anyone can get humor out of it, both the humor of laughing at the poet and with him.

And among all the arrows that Mr. Lindsay has shot at random targets, some of them have hit the mark of distinction, and when they have hit that mark they stick and quiver there.

H. PHELPS PUTNAM.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1923

THE ROAD AWAY FROM REVOLUTION[1]

BY WOODROW WILSON

In these doubtful and anxious days, when all the world is at unrest and, look which way you will, the road ahead seems darkened by shadows which portend dangers of many kinds, it is only common prudence that we should look about us and attempt to assess the causes of distress and the most likely means of removing them.

There must be some real ground for the universal unrest and perturbation. It is not to be found in superficial politics or in mere economic blunders. It probably lies deep at the sources of the spiritual life of our time. It leads to revolution; and perhaps if we take the case of the Russian Revolution, the outstanding event of its kind in our age, we may find a good deal of instruction for our judgment of present critical situations and circumstances.

What gave rise to the Russian Revolution? The answer can only be that it was the product of a whole social system. It was not in fact a sudden thing. It had been gathering head for several generations. It was due to the systematic denial to the great body of Russians of the rights and privileges which all normal men desire and must have if they are to be contented and within reach of happiness. The lives of the great mass of the Russian people contained no opportunities, but were hemmed in by barriers against which they were constantly flinging their spirits, only to fall back bruised and dispirited. Only the powerful were suffered to secure their rights or even to gain access to the means of material success.

It is to be noted as a leading fact of our time that it was against 'capitalism' that the Russian leaders directed their attack. It was capitalism that made them see red; and it is against capitalism under one name or another that the discontented classes everywhere draw their indictment.

There are thoughtful and well-informed men all over the world who believe, with much apparently sound reason, that the abstract thing, the system, which we call capitalism, is indispensable to the industrial support and development of modern civilization. And yet everyone who has an intelligent knowledge of social forces must know that great and widespread reactions like that which is now unquestionably manifesting itself against capitalism do not occur without cause or provocation; and before we commit ourselves irreconcilably to an attitude

[1] *Copyright by the Atlantic Monthly Press, Inc., in the United States of America and in Great Britain. All rights reserved. This essay is now available in permanent form between covers.*

of hostility to this movement of the time, we ought frankly to put to ourselves the question, Is the capitalistic system unimpeachable? which is another way of asking, Have capitalists generally used their power for the benefit of the countries in which their capital is employed and for the benefit of their fellow men?

Is it not, on the contrary, too true that capitalists have often seemed to regard the men whom they used as mere instruments of profit, whose physical and mental powers it was legitimate to exploit with as slight cost to themselves as possible, either of money or of sympathy? Have not many fine men who were actuated by the highest principles in every other relationship of life seemed to hold that generosity and humane feeling were not among the imperative mandates of conscience in the conduct of a banking business, or in the development of an industrial or commercial enterprise?

And, if these offenses against high morality and true citizenship have been frequently observable, are we to say that the blame for the present discontent and turbulence is wholly on the side of those who are in revolt against them? Ought we not, rather, to seek a way to remove such offenses and make life itself clean for those who will share honorably and cleanly in it?

The world has been made safe for democracy. There need now be no fear that any such mad design as that entertained by the insolent and ignorant Hohenzollerns and their counselors may prevail against it. But democracy has not yet made the world safe against irrational revolution. That supreme task, which is nothing less than the salvation of civilization, now faces democracy, insistent, imperative. There is no escaping it, unless everything we have built up is presently to fall in ruin about us; and the United States, as the greatest of democracies, must undertake it.

The road that leads away from revolution is clearly marked, for it is defined by the nature of men and of organized society. It therefore behooves us to study very carefully and very candidly the exact nature of the task and the means of its accomplishment.

The nature of men and of organized society dictates the maintenance in every field of action of the highest and purest standards of justice and of right dealing; and it is essential to efficacious thinking in this critical matter that we should not entertain a narrow or technical conception of justice. By justice the lawyer generally means the prompt, fair, and open application of impartial rules; but we call ours a Christian civilization, and a Christian conception of justice must be much higher. It must include sympathy and helpfulness and a willingness to forgo self-interest in order to promote the welfare, happiness, and contentment of others and of the community as a whole. This is what our age is blindly feeling after in its reaction against what it deems the too great selfishness of the capitalistic system.

The sum of the whole matter is this, that our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit. Only thus can discontent be driven out and all the shadows lifted from the road ahead.

Here is the final challenge to our churches, to our political organizations, and to our capitalists — to everyone who fears God or loves his country. Shall we not all earnestly coöperate to bring in the new day?

THE CONVERSION OF A SINNER

BY PHILIP CABOT

I

THIS is a record of personal experience. It is not a system of philosophy nor a theological creed. I make no pretense of proof of the beliefs I state because they are not conclusions reached by conscious logical mental processes. I think them true for me because they produce certain results; they give me more vitality and power and a keener zest for life. They may not be true for any other man, but, unless I am wholly different from all other men, they must contain some truth or light for them.

I begin with the story of another man.

I knew him for several years only as we know our business associates, the men whom we see often at Directors' and Executive Committee meetings; a thin-faced, alert, courteous gentleman, with a deep wrinkle between the eyes and dark circles under them; a mind keen as a rapier, stored with knowledge of life and men, and illuminated with flashes of cynical humor. But it was not until I crossed the continent with him on a tour of corporation inspection that I saw the real man. Revelation began on the train with his humorous side-thrust at my third volume of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' which struck him, an up-state New Yorker, as typical of my Puritan descent, and for long thereafter he used to greet me daily with the question, 'Still Declining and Falling?' To which I had no apt repartee in view of the undoubted fact that I found the volume of *The Devil's Paw*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim, to which he was wedded, far more amusing.

And then his game of bridge! It was of the fierce predatory type, for a high stake, which sent me 'to the mat' in the second round, hopelessly outclassed. To miss a possible trick caused him a sharp pang, and he rarely did it. But I first caught him without his mask on a morning when, after a night in a small country hotel of western Oregon, I saw him get out of bed — or, rather, the ghost of him. Hollow-eyed, with cheeks fallen in and a temper about as genial as that of a bald hornet, he offered no vestige of a salutation until, after bolting three cups of black coffee and cursing the bellboy because it was not strong enough, he was moved to say, 'Cabot, I can remember the time when one cup of coffee with my breakfast would set me up for the day. Now three on an empty stomach just bring my head above water.'

That was the man without his mask, and I was shocked but hardly surprised to hear, three years later, that he was dead, having been killed by the overturning of his motor while running at the high speed habitual to him.

The incident was shocking but surprise was unwarranted, for the thing was not really an accident: it was implicit in his life. But ten years had elapsed before its full significance dawned upon me. Then, in that inci-

dent I saw myself and some millions of my fellow countrymen mirrored to the life. It was really the picture of a man whose world was not 'God's perfect Universe,' but, in sober fact, a Hell from which his craving to escape drove him to excitement in various forms, of which three cups of black coffee before breakfast were perhaps the most effective and the least harmful. As with most powerful business men in America to-day, his business was not a trade nor an intellectual pursuit, but a game of wild excitement, played day and night, not for money or the advancement of knowledge or the benefit of mankind, but for the excitement of the game itself; and his so-called amusements — bridge, literature, and motoring — were mere variations of the same thing. His whole life was one huge gamble — which he ultimately lost.

The class to which he belonged is limited, but the morbid craving which drove him on can be seen on every hand. Take, for example, the industrial worker. A large fraction of his time and all his savings are spent on strikes which, in the last analysis, amount to a declaration that *his* life, also, is in Hell and that he won't stand it any longer. And this in the face of the fact that his material condition or 'standard of living' is unequaled in the world's history.

Nor is this condition confined to men. Their women-folk, whose natural life is housekeeping, homemaking, and the care of their children, are on strike, too, declaring such work to be 'sordid and degrading,' and seeking escape from it by every means in their power.

All these human souls exhibit the same craving to escape from the slavery of their lives, and they have tried every form of excitement to satisfy their craving, only to find that like all stimulants they make the craving worse.

No one will deny that relaxation and amusement are necessary for us all; but, in order to see clearly the change which has taken place, compare our forms of amusement with those of fifty years ago. In literature, painting, and music, the classics of our grandfathers are pronounced dull and slow to-day and things with 'more snap to them,' as we phrase it, have taken their place. Not beauty but excitement is what we crave, and this not alone in our sedentary relaxations. In the out-of-doors world our grandfathers, of a Sunday afternoon or on week-days, as opportunity offered, strolling in the woods and fields, acquired an intimacy with the trees, birds, and flowers, which they prized; or they hitched the fat old horse into the carryall, loaded in their children and women-folk, and jogged along the quiet roads at an average of four miles an hour. To-day the woods and fields are deserted, except for the hunter, strung with the thirst to kill, while ten million motor-cars whirl us at blinding speed, over crowded thoroughfares on which we dodge our neighbors with incredible agility and fierce irritation, returning home dazed and exhausted with a record of one hundred miles or so between luncheon and dinner.

If these things be relaxing to the nerves and elevating to the spirit, human nature has changed indeed! They have the earmarks of stimulants, not sedatives; of the fear of life, rather than the love of it. Foreign observers have often remarked with a touch of humor that Americans work hard and hurry over their play. But this is not hurry; it is hysteria — a sort of spiritual madness.

This is the condition of our world which all men recognized — all men,

it seemed, except myself. Slower than most to see the obvious, I am, however, more impatient of a mystery. Most social phenomena have an ascertainable cause or origin. What is the origin of this universal madness?

Physicians and the public-health authorities do, it is true, report an increase in diseases of the nervous system and deaths from heart disease. But the increase is not very great and is wholly insufficient to account for such a condition of mind as we see about us. For this condition is nation-wide; a large fraction of our population is affected; clearly this is not exactly a case for the doctors of medicine. We must look elsewhere. Here are some straws that may show where the wind is.

II

A profound political observer is said to have remarked, many centuries ago, 'He who believeth doth not make haste'; which, being interpreted, means that the man who has a clear purpose in his life, and a firm grasp upon his work, is the master of it, not the sport of circumstance, driven hither and yon by every change of wind. The man who is always in a hurry is the slave of his work.

A recent article by an eminent economist in a well-known quarterly has developed at some length the proposition that the mechanical devices which man has produced have now become so powerful that they have taken command of his material world and made him their servant and their slave. And this is true. Our machines do govern us; the material has overwhelmed the spiritual. The mechanical genius of America has evolved the marvel of 'quantity production,' by which wonderful combinations of machines turn out their product with incredible volume and cheapness. But the men who feed the machines do so at the price of body and soul. The destruction of these things which we cannot replace is not included in the cost of production. Our captains of industry figure depreciation on their machines, but not on their men. If the depreciation of human souls were included in the cost, 'quantity production' would lose its charm for them, because it would not be cheap.

Quantity production and 'the dominion of machines' are not, however, *inventions* of our Western world; they are *expedients* to which we have been forced by the drying-up of the springs of our spiritual life. The workingman from whom the 'joy of labor' has taken flight, has sought refuge in high living — which he miscalls a high standard of living and which involves high wages to support it. It is in the struggle to avoid a 'labor cost' so high that it would stop production and reduce us to beggary that our complex mechanical and industrial system originated. The root cause is our spiritual poverty, and if Labor now suffers from 'the dominion of machines,' the fault lies at its own door. But, unless some remedy for this can be devised, our machines will wreck our civilization by destroying the race.

And moreover it is clear that this poverty of spiritual life, or loss of Faith, is not confined to America. All Christendom is affected. For note well that the World War was not the special crime of any group of individuals, or of any one nation. Europe drifted into that war because of lack of leadership among nations whose material resources and power had wholly outgrown their spiritual control. And the civilization of Europe to-day, four years after the Armistice, is, according to the most competent observers, upon the verge of collapse. Without Faith the nations perish.

Here then perhaps we have our clue. The conditions which we see around us are conditions of disease, and it is disease of the soul rather than of the body.

Look now at a concrete example: the conditions, material and spiritual, in our American world which drove my friend to his death, had driven me, after twenty-five years of battle, to the verge of it. My soul, like his, had for many years been fed on stimulants and sawdust, and in a final revolt it wreaked its vengeance upon my body, which soon went down in defeat. For eight years more, however, I refused to see it so; fought stubbornly against disease with all the weapons which medical science could provide, but without any real success. I contrived, it is true, to keep myself alive by a system of fierce repression which required me to give up all the normal pleasures of life and almost all human society. But the achievement was of more than doubtful value, so far as I can see, and was due more to the instinct to cling to mere life than to an intelligible purpose.

Early last summer I became interested in considering the power and operation of the subconscious mind, and perceived how much more active, powerful, and important its processes are than those of which we are conscious, known as intellect and will. The examples of the stone and the bicycle and of the six-inch plank in the floor *vs.* the six-inch girder on the skyscraper as footpaths showed the superiority of the subconsciousness to the will; while the quest for the forgotten word demonstrated its faultless memory. The superior quality in some persons of the thinking processes during sleep interested me because it was not true apparently of every one. Then I learned that some healers made their 'suggestions' at night, and remembered that hypnotic influence was based upon a condition resembling sleep in the patient. I read that M. Coué affirmed that cure by autosuggestion was highly effective; that the suggestions should be made night and morning, and without effort of will.

Of course, the reaction of the soul on the body (malignant or beneficent) had been observed and preached for two thousand years or more. In my own case, I found that if I instructed myself *in spoken words*, at night, just before going to sleep, as to the problems to be dealt with and the pitfalls to be avoided on the next day, great improvement in conduct and achievement could be produced.

After following this procedure for a short time, it came to me that what I was saying was tending to 'degenerate' into prayer, a form of begging to which I had never fallen; and then, with a real shock, that the times of prayer from time immemorial had been morning and evening, the very times fixed by Coué for autosuggestion. Moreover, the method of Coué and the method of prayer taught by the Church were strikingly similar. Both rested their healing power on belief, conviction, *faith* — the surrender or subordination of the will being a first essential.

It then came to me that from the time of Zeno, at least, men of spiritual insight had perceived and declared that God was within us; that the human soul was a part of God; and that it should be sought and would be found within and not without.

With these notions in my head, I looked curiously about me for evidence which would refute or support these assumptions, and *this* struck me as significant. As a whole, the American people appear to fair-minded outsiders to be remarkably unspiritual, material, practical — far more so than their ancestors. In other words, the tendency of the nation — or, at least, of the

upper classes — seemed to be toward materialism, toward building up the mind at the expense of the soul. Such a process would result from starving the soul and feeding the mind, and if, as it seemed to me, the soul and the so-called subconsciousness were closely allied, or were one, it was of vital importance how men spent the last hours before sleep.

Then the remarkable development and spread of the American newspaper hit me, and I realized that although, a hundred years ago, good men read their Bibles before going to bed, to-day they read the newspaper, play bridge or billiards at the Club or after overeating at a friend's house, and, in the morning, get up tired and cross and go to their city business. Obviously, if the soul is nocturnal and has to be fed night and morning, it is being fed on chaff, and the starvation or atrophy which our critics discern is exactly what we should expect.

This idea was supported in my own case by great increase in calmness and poise following a change of routine which put the evening paper before supper and the Bible or its spiritual equivalent after.

Toward the end of August, upon the verge of despair, I went up to my camp in the Connecticut Valley for two weeks of so-called rest, taking along a liberal supply of the 'very light' novels on which I was accustomed to feed, and, by accident, a little book on the *Meaning of Prayer*[1] which a dear friend had given me to read.

It was August, the weather was rather hot and muggy, life looked very bleak, though fortunately not very long, for me, and the novels for a space went well. But after a few days even E. Phillips Oppenheim could not hold my attention, and one hot morning, throwing down the book in despair, my eye fell on the *Meaning of Prayer*. I began to browse on it with a vacant mind which rapidly changed to an absorption so complete that I was keenly annoyed by the arrival of lunch-time, three hours later. That afternoon I went back to Oppenheim but, finding him intolerable, took up again *The Meaning of Prayer* with a rather sheepish feeling to be reading such a book. The hours of the afternoon, however, vanished as those of the morning, and supper was another unwelcome interruption — a remarkable fact for a man living on a starvation diet, in whom the pangs of hunger were never quenched.

After supper I sat down to think. This thing looked serious. Here was I for the first time in my life bored with novels and absorbed in worship. Was this the first stage of conversion or the madness which precedes death?

III

After a few days of this sort, during which I experimented and examined my sensations with scientific coldness, I was convinced that I was not mad. Something different was in process. It seemed that in worship, or prayer, and in my Bible, the solution to the riddle of my universe had been revealed to me; for I was living in a new world of peace, beauty, and gladness, such as I had never conceived. I was devouring the Sacred Books with the hunger of a starving man; the material world with its harassing duties, dangers, and excitements had faded on the horizon, and my wreck of a body (to maintain which in operation at all had been taking most of my time and all of my will-power) seemed a wholly secondary matter which was looking after itself very well.

That condition has continued except that I have returned to the world

[1] By Harry Emerson Fosdick.

of men, taken up again my daily chores with the keenest interest and with a sureness of touch and an absence of worry and excitement to which all my associates can testify, and my health has continued to improve in a remarkable way. My experience was, I think, a sort of 'conversion,' though not of the usual type; for subsequent reading has taught me that the sensations of genuine conversion of the explosive type, such as often occurs to those in middle life, are so ecstatic and ineffable as to be beyond the power of man to describe. Certainly it has never been done. Adjective is piled on adjective, as Ossa on Pelion, but no clear picture results; and as to what might be called normal conversion, of the sort which comes to thousands during adolescence, it is apparently such an easy and painless process as to escape observation, and so descriptive analysis, in most cases. I conclude, therefore, that mine was not a genuine conversion, for the process was perfectly conscious and easily described.

Sitting in my great cool living-room, with the humming of the bees and the sound of the river in my ears; rowing on the river at sunrise; mowing my grass or weeding my garden, or even while putting on my boots, ideas would pop into my mind and automatically fit themselves in with other ideas like the pieces of a picture puzzle. Sometimes they took places apparently without reference to the ideas already there, and for days would hang in space so to speak. But gradually the gaps were filled in and the picture became complete.

At the time, the process seemed miraculous and I had the feeling of being controlled by an external power; but, as I was spending much time in reading the Bible, *The Meaning of Prayer*, *Varieties of Religious Experience*, and other books on philosophy, I now see that the ideas gleaned from these books and sinking into my subconscious mind were simply reappearing after the process of assimilation had reached a certain stage. My mind wandered very much, concentration was never achieved, and it is certain that no reasoning process produced the final result. It was mainly subconscious, but, by a gradual process extending over some weeks, a clear picture was produced, the picture of the relation of my soul to all other souls, and thus to the Whole, the Infinite, or God — Who is the sum of all.

I use the word picture and refer to it as 'seen,' but it is a thing of feeling and not of vision, a synthesis or harmony of the universe, which belongs rather in the realm of music. Life is like a great chorus in which each soul has its certain place. If it finds that place and fills it, it is happy and successful — it lives in Heaven; otherwise it is unhappy and lives in Hell.

Our modern world has its gains as well as its losses, and one of the gains is that it has accustomed us to miracles and we see them for what they are — merely as effects, of which we do not know the cause, but which produce results on which we can rely. My conversion, therefore, while miraculous, did not excite me, for even at first it seemed far more credible and normal than the atomic theory, for example, or electrical phenomena, such as alternating currents, telephones, and wireless; and, as I have examined at more leisure and with more thoroughness what took place, I think I see in it the normal working of cause and effect, based upon laws which are of twin birth with man; a part of the Law of the universe, but one which each of us must painfully rediscover for himself. The truth which has always been known had just dawned upon me, namely, that there is a material body

and a spiritual body; that the spiritual body, in other words the soul, must be tended and fed as well as the material body, and that worship of God by prayer is the method by which it is fed. Without such feeding it will die and, in my case, a starved or ill-nourished soul had produced almost fatal reactions upon my body. The results, therefore, which we see on every hand, of feeding our souls on stimulants and sawdust, — namely, disease and death, — seem to me exactly what we should expect, and the miracles of healing by Christian faith are the normal working of cause and effect. For I take the heart of that faith to be that belief in God, shown by love and obedience to His will, gives men the power to draw strength and life from God.

And there is another way of stating the same thing which I find useful. If I assume that God is Love, Goodness, and Truth, — or, if you prefer, the Harmony of the universe, — I find that He is also Life. For Love, Goodness, and true ideas in the mind do, I find, give me vitality and working power. I find, for example, — and so do other men, — that worship revives and invigorates me, while anger, hatred, and jealousy exhaust and depress. In short, God is Truth and Truth is Life, while sin and error are untruth and so 'not Life.' So far as action is governed by fear or sin it tends to become automatic, a reflex from a false premise in the subconscious, and to that extent the soul has atrophied and died; while action based on true spiritual motives makes the soul more alert, that is, more alive. Sin is a perversion of the soul, like cancer in the cells of the body, and if not eradicated it will slowly eat its way through the whole structure and kill it.

The Christian faith, put at its very lowest, is a working hypothesis like the Law of Gravity, the theories of electricity, astronomy, and physics. In all these cases, if the hypothesis works, by explaining the facts we observe, we adopt and use it. These are acts of faith and appear to me more questionable, far less supported by evidence and far more difficult to believe than the Christian's faith in God. Our faith in God, in the power of His love, and in the life-giving results of obedience and surrender to His will, is supported by the whole history and experience of man. It has been tested and proved, not hundreds but literally millions of times. If evidence from experience can prove anything, it has proved this. It is really amazing what hard work we make of it. Men are skeptical about God because they cannot see him. It is quite respectable to be so. But are they skeptical about an 'alternating current,' or a telephone message, or an atom, because they cannot see it? They would not dare to say so. Times have changed. Five hundred years ago the position was exactly reversed. To confess skepticism about God would send a man to the stake, while all respectable persons thought Columbus was crazy and that of course the world was flat. Now we seem to be ruled by science and machinery. A man may be as skeptical as he will about the power of God, or what is far worse, may not bother his head about it in any least degree; but to question the atomic theory or the law of gravity or the justice of the prevailing industrial system will cause his neighbors to shake their heads.

To-day we deify the intellect and are skeptical about God; but the mystic of the Middle Ages was an example of skepticism of another sort. We usually class as skeptics the men of high intelligence and learning who worship the mind and doubt the existence of God because the mind cannot grasp and ex-

press Him; while the mystic, seeing the proof of God in the whole universe about him, and the wisdom of yesterday proved the folly of to-day, was skeptical about the power of the intellect to grasp and describe the Infinite, but believed in God because he saw His works.

And, therefore, it is clear to me that the true remedy — in fact, the only one — for the ills from which we suffer is a revival of our faith in God. Our lives are torn to rags and tatters by the whirling nebulæ of disconnected activities which fill our days, resulting so often in a final explosion from the centrifugal forces generated by such rapid rotation. Vivid faith will centralize or polarize our lives, giving them a central motive — the service of God — which will unify our efforts, making them more effective and relieving us of the killing strain of heterogeneous action. Faith will construct for each of us the great girders binding the rim of the wheel to its centre, which will be strong enough to resist the pull of centrifugal forces and enable the machine to do its work.

The miracles of science are 'seen' by their results, which we accept without question. We believe them, we say, because they work. But does not our belief in God 'work'? I believe it to be the most dynamic thing in the world! It works more, and more powerfully, than all the works of man. Millions have put it to the test of experience and their lives testify to its truth. What more could be asked in God's name or the Devil's? No law of which we have any conception is so completely and convincingly proved. No rational man, therefore, it seems to me, *who will give his mind to it and will examine the evidence*, can remain in doubt that God is the source of life and that by faith — that is, love and obedience to His will — man can draw life from that source. The reason that so many men doubt is because they have never looked at the evidence. It is time they did.

IV

But how shall we achieve and hold to our faith? Discussions of this problem are as old as man, being discoverable in the oldest books of the Bible, in the teachings of the Greek philosphers, in the Neo-Platonists, in the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and of all the mystics. But each generation prefers to restate its truths, and the discussion best suited to the need of our times, as I see it, is in Hocking's book, *The Meaning of God in Human Experience*.

Briefly stated, what Hocking says is this. There is in this universe a God all-powerful and all-wise, and the existence of man depends upon so regulating or tuning the individual life as to act in harmony with the divine plan. It is the will of God that man should devote much of his time in this world to accomplishing material work; but God's universe is so devised that too great absorption in material ideas, as the result of which they come to be regarded as ends in themselves, produces a subtle poison, or toxin, which saps man's energy, makes these ends appear worthless and thus deprives life of its zest. This is a necessary result of the fact that man, being human, all his efforts must contain a certain coefficient of error which, if allowed to continue for too long a time without correction, will make his course wholly wrong and all his efforts futile. The way to correct the error, the antidote or antitoxin for the poison, is to set aside for a time all material work, and to concentrate attention on God, the spiritual centre of the universe. Just as the sea captain corrects his course by daily observations of the sun, the

centre of the solar system, so man must correct his course at frequent intervals by transferring his attention to God by means of worship or prayer. After the corrections have been made — that is, after God has indicated to him his true course — man's attention must be retransferred to the temporal world and its material duties. This transfer and retransfer is the principle of alternation so illuminatingly stated in Hocking's book.

It seems to me, therefore, that the method or technique by which this is accomplished *must be* the most important study of man; for in proportion to the completeness of his success in devising a method for real communion with God will be his power to tune his life in harmony with the Law of God, with the consequent ability to draw that vitality and power to make himself a useful servant, which is the purpose of life and the only source of happiness and success.

Unfortunately the human soul is the most lonely thing of which we can conceive. No 'communion of souls' is possible in the deepest sense — only communion with God. No human soul can touch any other soul except through the medium of God, so that the method of communion or worship must be unique for each individual and he must discover it for himself. But there are certain general principles which are of universal validity and which are the foundation on which the individual may build. All are as old as man and antiquity is the proof of their validity. But modern science has done much to explain their origin and force and should be accepted for what it can give. The fact that our material and mechanical discoveries may for the moment have overwhelmed us should not blind us to their value. An all-wise God has not willed these developments without a purpose. Our spiritual progress is temporarily in arrears, but the day will dawn when we shall have regained such spiritual mastery as will put these machines in their proper place.

Now the practice of worship by prayer can be approached in many ways, and nothing is more striking, or at first more baffling, than the different ways in which praying men approach it. One of the hindrances most often met with is the argument of those who think of prayer as asking for things, that a wise and loving God knows what we need before we ask for it, and will give us what is good for us. But we must remember that in communion with God, as with individuals, 'the question which has not been asked cannot be answered.' Until we are *prepared to receive* God's gift, that is, until the thing we ask for has become a dominant desire of our lives, our prayer for it *cannot* be answered. We may pray for an understanding of God's love, but until we have firmly grasped the meaning of the Commandment 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' and have an earnest desire to obey it, our prayer for the needful strength must go unanswered.

It is in this aspect of prayer that modern psychology can help us. From time immemorial men have prayed morning and evening and now we know the reason why. Most of our actions and all of the internal functions of our bodies are controlled, not by the intellect and the will, but by the subconscious. The spring of action, whether in our daily judgments or in our digestive metabolism, is inaccessible to the intellect and the will except through the subconscious. The subconscious holds the key. We can, in fact we must, communicate with the subconscious through the intellect controlled by will; all action by the subconscious must originate in the conscious mind, but the conscious mind

cannot control the act. It is to the application of this law that the miracles of healing by suggestion and faith are due, and moreover it has recently been proved that there are what might be called tides in the subconscious; that is, that there are times at which it is nearer to the surface or more accessible than at others, and that for most people these times are morning and evening — the ancient times of prayer.

The value of this principle in its application to prayer is this: in order to get our dominant desire made effective in our lives, we *must use the subconscious;* an important aspect of prayer is the clear and explicit instruction of the subconscious as to what we intend to be our dominant desire in order that it may be accomplished. I find, therefore, that for me an important part of the preparation for worship is the soliloquy, night and morning, in which I definitely instruct my subconscious as to the results of my conscious thinking about my daily life. Before praying for grace to love our neighbors we must first grasp what we mean by that, wherein we fail, and what is in fact our dominant desire about it. This desire we must clearly communicate to the subconscious to be made effective. Then our prayer for the needed grace can be and will be answered — but not before.

And there is another way in which the new psychology has enlightened me. The great class of mental disorders from which men suffer, known as the phobias, can often, we are now told, be attacked successfully if the cause of the fear can be discovered. The destructive power of fear seems to be due to the fact that it originates in instinct and is not grasped by the mind. If the origin of the phobia can be dragged out into the sunlight of the mind, it loses its power and dies like the disease-germ when exposed to the sun. And this same principle can be applied, I think, to our sins and false ideas, by soliloquy or prayer. Self-examination and confession are in fact the ancient application and use of this principle which we have just discovered.

This is supported by what we know of the practice of the men who have made prayer the most powerful agent or working force in their lives. 'Chinese' Gordon, for example, writes, 'This morning I dragged Agag out into the presence of the Lord and hacked him to pieces' — Agag being used by him for a symbol of his own worldly ambitions.

Of course, soliloquy of this sort is not exactly prayer; it is rather the preparation for prayer by laying the foundation for dominant desire, but such a dominant desire, expressed in the constant work of our lives, is a prerequisite of worship and effective prayer.

I think we must admit that the verbal prayers of confession, humiliation, and self-abasement resemble soliloquy more than prayer, and they must be practised with discretion. For the sick soul to dwell upon its sickness is likely to make the sickness worse by concentrating too much attention on it. Mind cure, or the religion of healthy-mindedness is most vital for the sick — which explains the well-known fact that only the very saintly should dwell upon their sins. But that such prayers may be very helpful and profoundly important is proved by the calming and cleansing reaction which they certainly produce, so that perhaps we ought not to be too critical in making an exact distinction.

The miraculous cures that have been accomplished by the disciples of mind-cure, Christian Science, and autosuggestion seem to me to result from a method which is in fact common to all of them, although it has been obscured by superficial differences which have

been overemphasized. Each of them has developed a formula or method by which the mind of the patient is concentrated on the conception of health, at times and in ways which successfully transfer this image to the seat of action in the subconscious. This concentration is the secret of their success, and I am tempted to believe that the miracles of healing of all times rest upon the same foundation. The simplest and perhaps most effective example is the formula of M. Coué repeated twenty times night and morning.

Now it is impossible for me to doubt that if the same concentration can be achieved in Christian prayer, similar but more far-reaching curative results will be produced. I hold that the great problem for each of us in developing the technique of prayer is to ascertain exactly by what method such concentration upon the symbols of his faith can be produced in his individual soul.

V

Our daily prayer, however, and the method of preparation for it, is not, I think, the most important form of worship by means of prayer. The deepest form of worship is communion with God in order that our souls may be fed and the course of our lives directed in true accord with His will. For this the 'Seeing Eye' and the 'Listening Ear' must be developed by an utter concentration of all our spiritual powers — which requires time. Silent attention, with every spiritual sense alert, is the attitude of the worshiper who would hear the word of God.

In developing individual technique, the practice of the great mystics in their preparation for revelation furnishes some guidance. It was a process, occupying days or even weeks, by which the worshiper divested himself one by one of all his bodily and material desires and interests, using the intellect and the will to their uttermost limits, until, having eliminated every thought but the love of God, and with his whole personality concentrated on that conception, he made the final leap, surrendering absolutely to the will of God and becoming merged in complete communion. Something of this sort must take place, I think, in every individual when, turning away from his material work, he seeks that alternation, or communion with his God, which is necessary for his soul's life. The method of preparation for this must be unique in every case. Some will find the best environment in their church, as the greatest symbol of their spiritual life; some in the star-lit heavens; some in gazing at the blue or snow-capped mountain, outlined against the sky, or the lonely desert, or the endless sea. It was the habit of Jesus, when he prayed, to go into the wilderness.

In the course of years, each man must learn, at the peril of his spiritual life, where and how best to develop the seeing eye and the listening ear and, having done so, he must frequently submerge himself in these conditions and surrender himself to silent worship. Obviously, however, this is not a condition of body and mind which can be attained by the worshiper in a few moments or a few hours. It is on a wholly different plane from the level of our daily lives. This process of 'alternation,' vital as it is, takes so long a time that it can be accomplished only at considerable intervals, and, for most men, can never become a part of their daily lives. The periods when we turn to God to adjust our spiritual courses must be systematic and periodic, but can hardly be daily. Such of us as are intended to do material rather than spiritual work must do it with such insight as our daily praying

can afford, sustained and corrected *at intervals more or less widely separated* by periods of retirement and complete concentration on worship. Two things, therefore, become of vital import: that the technique of our daily prayer should be developed with such earnestness and intelligence as to make it as powerful as possible in the support and guidance of our daily work; and that the periodic 'alternations' should be sacredly observed, adequately protected, and, by the use of the highest skill possible to us, rendered as fruitful as our spiritual power will permit. Special periods must be set aside for them, with which nothing, not even illness, should interfere. In fact, if we fall ill such an alternation may prove to be the proper cure.

As a nation we surely have the vacation habit; men in all walks of life, even to the lowest, now take vacations liberally. But how do we spend them? Some of us alternate our city lives with a few weeks at a 'Summer Resort,' where jazzing and the movies, with fireworks and violent exercise, constitute our 'relaxations.' Others pack their wives and children into a motor-car, grasp the wheel, and proceed to tear off more miles per hour for more hours per day than any normal being ever before imagined. There are a favored few who can retire to great and beautiful country estates, and who do so for months on end. But even then they do not seek a revival and re-orientation of the soul. The same round of material occupation goes on. We live in a burdensome luxury and in a whirl of social dissipation. The great American country houses are as laborious to manage as a summer hotel. Such an environment is not the atmosphere of high spiritual life.

Something far removed from this must be devised. The wise old Roman Catholic Church has offered one solution. For laymen as well as for priests it provides places of retreat; places of dignified and spiritual symbolism, to which the spiritually exhausted man may retire for a period of fasting and prayer, to cleanse and call home his spirit and prepare himself to serve again his God in the material world. Something of this sort is obviously necessary for us all as a beginning, and from this each soul must build up for itself, with its highest skill and will-power, a method of cleansing and purification which shall make possible a true communion with God.

Such a method of developing and feeding the spiritual body seems to me to be the cure for that disease of the soul from which I and many of my fellow men are suffering. It will, I think, cure the spiritual madness which I tried at the beginning to describe, and may enable us to save our tottering civilization by regaining control of the great scientific, mechanical, and industrial processes which have deprived us of liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and, almost, of life itself.

THE TO-DAY TO-MORROW

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

STRANGER, you say you ain't been in the mountains of West Virginia so very long? Then I reckon you ain't heard all the tales the fellers tells about Tony Beaver, and that log camp of his'n up Eel River.

Well, *sirs!* Tony he cert'nly *is* a great cuss! And if you'll set a spell now, and spread your years, I'll pour a tale into 'em about how Tony hitched that powerful yoke of oxen he's got him up Eel River onto the wheels of time, and had time running all up and down the days, back'ards and for'ards, whichsoever way he said for it to go.

I reckon that was about one of the *most myrac'lous* things Tony ever pulled off — and dangerous too when you come to study on it; and yit he done it all for nothing in this world but to satisfy a child, what was jest a little feller going on five years old.

That little feller, he used to play round Tony's log camp. He had a crippled foot and could n't walk so very good, so all the hands used to tote him; but his fav'rite riding place was Tony Beaver's shoulder, and I jest b'lieve he thought Tony pulled the sun up with a string in the morning, and let her run down agin at night. Seemed like Tony he tuck a dee-light in doing all sorts of onusual things to please that child.

Maybe you've seen fellers take a bucket of water and swing it round so fast that never a drop will drap out? Well, Tony he went 'em one better'n that. When he got his bucket going good, he stopped it right *spang upside down* over his head, and not a drop spilled! I'll be dogged if *I* know how the feller done it! And the hands they was all jest carried away by the sight; but that kid, he never batted a eye. 'I knowed *you* could do it Tony!' he says. 'Yes, *sir*, fellers!' he says, telling 'em all, 'Tony Beaver *he* kin do it all right!'

Well, that little feller's faith in him tickled Tony right much. It was a kind of a offset to ole Preacher Moses Mutters, what was allus a-hanging round camp, and sing-songing out, 'You *can't* do it, Tony — it's ergin reason!'

Mutters wa'n't that preacher feller's real name, that was jest a way the hands all had of calling him, 'cause he was allus muttering round, and so gloomy like. That ole brother, he set a great store by reason, and he was mightily outdone by all the *on*reasonable jobs Tony pulled off up Eel River. So thar Tony was sorter betwixt the two of 'em. The preacher allus tuning up, 'You *can't* do it, Tony — it's ergin reason'; and the little feller, jest looking at him so trustful, and saying, 'I knowed *you* could do it, Tony!'

Well then, one day, that little feller he tuck down sick, and when Tony got the word of it, he jest fa'rly tore up Jack till he got aholt of the finest doctor in the county. The doc', he come up Eel River, and went up Flint Holler, whar the little feller lived in a log cabin with his mammy, and he looked the young-un all over, and had

him to put out his tongue, and all like that, and then he dosed him some, and 'lowed he'd be all right to-morrow.

'I'll be all right to-morrow,' the little feller says, saying it after him mighty trustful like.

Well, Stranger, right then and thar was whar all the trouble commenced. The next morning when Tony went up Flint Holler, and round Hare Hill, to the little feller's cabin, he found the young-un all in a turrible fret.

Tony, he come right inside — though it's the truth, he don't like to go under a roof, or tromp on sawed boards — and steps over to the bed, whar the little feller was laying all kivered up under a quilt of the Rising Sun pattern.

'Hey now! What's the trouble, Buddy?' Tony asks him.

'I can't git better, Tony,' the little feller says kinder pitiful.

'Why, Honey, the doc' said you'd be better to-day,' Tony tells him.

'No, Tony! no!' the young-un says, all wrought up; 'he said I'd be better *to-morrow!*'

Tony he busts out with a great laugh at that. 'Why, Honey,' he says, 'to-day *is* to-morrow!'

'No, it *ain't*, Tony!' that little buddy answers him back. 'This ain't to-morrow — it's jest *to-day!* An — an—' he says, all filling up to cry, 'how kin *to-day* be to-morrow? We can't find to-morrow, Tony. Mammy and me been a-looking and looking all night for it, but to-day jest kep' right on, and on, and never *did* git to be to-morrow! I want to-morrow, Tony,' he says, crying; 'I can't git better till it comes.'

Thar you see how it was, Stranger — the young-un had got all balled up in his mind, and jest *could n't* git it figgered out that to-day was to-morrow. And when you come to study it over, you'll see thar was some sense in what he said, for it cert'nly is *so*, Stranger — to-day *ain't* to-morrow — it jest natcherly *can't* be! But if it ain't, then whar *is* to-morrow? Even watching it very close, a person can't hardly say when to-day quits and to-morrow commences. And it's the truth, I don't know myself if to-day ever *does* git to be to-morrow — so it wa'n't no wonder that sick child was kinder twisted up over it.

'No, Tony! No! To-day's *to-day* — it *ain't* to-morrow!' he kep' on saying to everything Tony told him. 'I can't git better till it's to-morrow — *you* git to-morrow for me,' he says putting his hand in Tony's so trustful like; '*you* kin do it easy, Tony!'

Well now I reckon that was jest about the biggest job Tony Beaver ever had handed out to him. But he ain't never the feller to turn a job down 'count of it's looking big, so he scratched his head a spell, and then he says, 'Well Buddy, I'll do the best I kin.' And then he come on back to camp to figger how he was to do it.

Ole Brother Mutters 'lowed the way was to set up all night with the little feller, and when the clock struck twelve to tell him now it was to-morrow. 'That's the reasonable way of doing it, Tony,' he says.

'But the reasonable way ain't *my* way,' Tony tells him. 'And more'n that, you know I ain't never a hand to go under a roof and tromp on sawed boards.'

Howsomever the hands all 'lowed Brother Mutters was right, and they got Tony pusuaded to try that way, though he done it ergin his better jedgment.

Well, that night Tony he went up Flint Holler to the little feller's cabin, and fetched hisself in a big gray rock — what still had some moss hanging on it — to set on; for Tony he never will set in a cheer. And he told the little boy that to-morrow would be along late in the night, and he'd be thar to ketch it.

So the little feller went on to sleep mighty trustful and satisfied; and Tony sets down on his gray rock by the fire, and dozes along till it come nigh midnight. Then he tiptoes over to the bed, and whispers that to-morrow would be thar when the clock struck.

'*When the clock strikes!*' The little feller whispers back in a kind of a sacred voice, like he was at prayer-meeting. 'O Tony!' he says, 'let me set in your lap! I want to be setting thar when to-morrow comes.'

So Tony he wraps the Rising Sun quilt round him, and sets down on his gray rock, with the little feller on his knee — and I reckon it was a funny sight to see Tony Beaver setting under a roof!

Well, after a little bit, the clock commenced to wheeze like it was cl'aring its throat for sumpin big, and fetches out twelve strokes, and Tony hollers, 'Here's your to-morrow, honey!'

The little feller looks all about him, up at the joists, and down at the floor, and then back ergin at the clock, and seems like he was kinder blank, like he'd expected to-morrow to jump out from somewhares and be different.

'Is it to-morrow, Tony?' he asks, sorter doubtful.

'Yes, *sure* it is!' Tony says. 'And now to-day you'll git better.'

Well right thar Tony slipped up. He sure oughter of knowed better'n to say that to-day word.

'You said *to-day!*' the little feller hollers out, ketching him right up. 'And this *is* to-day, it *ain't* to-morrow! Tony, you *fooled* me!' And with that he busts out crying like his very heart was broke. 'Put me back in bed,' he says. 'You fooled me, Tony, I — I don't want to set on your lap no more.'

II

Well, that pretty nigh killed Tony, and he come on back to camp fa'rly raging. He give one holler that fetched all the hands out of the bunk-house on the jump, and standing up thar in the moonlight, looking powerful tall, he told 'em all what had happened.

'And *that's* what comes of *me* going under a roof, and trying to be reasonable! And *now*,' he hollers out, 'I'm *done* with reason! And by the sap of all the white oak trees running in spring, and by the breath of the gray rocks, I'll fine me a *on*reasonable way of doing it!'

You better b'lieve all the hands kep' mighty still at that, for they knowed better'n to cheep when Tony busts loose with them cuss words. But course Brother Mutters had to tune up.

'Yer *can't* do it, Tony! Yer can't put *back* the wheels of time, and yer can't put 'em for'ard neither!'

'I can't, can't I!' Tony hollers at him. And with that he let loose sech a blast of a look at that preacher, that I reckon it would of blowed him right off the bank, and down into Eel River itself, if Big Henry, what's one of Tony's stoutest hands, had n't of seen it coming, and ketched aholt of the ole feller jest in time.

'Yoke up them oxen of mine!' Tony hollers out, and all hands jumped like he'd cracked a pistol.

Now, Stranger, them oxen of Tony's air jest about the *most* monstrous animals the world ever *did* see. Maybe you recollect a ole song that runs kinder like this, —

> Tony Beaver had a ox,
> I mind the day that he was born;
> It tuck a jay bird seven years
> To fly from horn to horn.

Well *I* jest b'lieve that's nuthing in this world but a dog-goned lie. But I know them beasts must be all out of the common, or folks would n't tell sech tales about 'em.

Well, when they fetched 'em round, Tony he tuck a powerful stout log

chain, and hitched one end of it to they yoke, and without saying nuthing to nobody, he went off into the woods with the t'other end. The chain it onwound, and onwound, and went crawling away into the bresh after Tony Beaver, looking like the biggest nastiest kind of a snake a person ever *did* see. After a right smart spell, the chain it quit onrolling and lay still, 'cept that every once in a while, it'd give a kind of a jerk, like Tony was fooling with it at the t'other end.

But whoop-*ee!* — all to onct that chain it give a powerful jump and commenced to run back outer the woods like the dogs was after it! Then d'rectly there come the awfulest kind of a battle betwixt Tony Beaver and that log chain. Course the hands they could n't see nuthing 'cept the chain's end of it — but that was a plenty! The dog-goned thing it wriggled and wrastled, and lashed itself up and down, hither and yon, like it was fighting for all it was wuth to bust loose and git on outer them woods. And every now and ergin it'd hump itself up in the middle, like you've seen a inch worm do, and strain and strain to pull free that away. But in the end Tony he won, and after another turrible thrashing and lashing of itself, that jest natcherly cut the bresh all to pieces anywhares near, and even felled a couple of white oak trees, the chain 'peared to give up and lay still — 'cept that it was trembling like a person with the ague.

And you better b'lieve all hands stood back outer the way, looking on with all the looks they had, for you *know*, Stranger, it must of been sumpin' mighty onnatural that would make cold iron carry on that away.

Well, after a spell, Tony come on back outer the woods, with the sweat jest a running off'n him.

'Thar now, *that 's* fixed!' he says, kinder panting like.

And not a one of the hands dast to ask him *what* was fixed, for they knowed dog-goned well it must of been sumpin' turrible strange that would draw the sweat on Tony Beaver.

Tony looks around at 'em all, and he says, 'One end of that chain 's hitched to the wheels of time, and the t'other 's hitched to them beasts — and *now* I 'll have time going to suit me!'

And with that he spits on his hands and ketched aholt of his raw-hide whip, that 's got a lash to it pretty nigh half a mile long, and he swirls it out and cracks it, *Pough!* And them oxen, they bowed they heads and heaved into the yoke. And they heaved, *and they heaved* — but nuthing did n't happen.

'Yer *can't* do it, Tony! It 's ergin reason!' ole Brother Mutters sings out.

'Man! I'm *done* with reason!' Tony hollers back at him. And this time Big Henry wa'n't quick enough, and the blue-lightning look Tony shot at that preacher blowed him clean off'n the ground, and landed him down in a bresh pile a right smart piece away.

And Tony he cracks his whip ergin, and hollers 'Yer-r—*rup!*' at the team. The crack of that whip was like a thunderclap in cl'ar weather, and that holler of Tony's went bounding on down Eel River, chipping the rocks off from side to side, till it jest natcherly bounced out in the levels at the fur end. And *Great Day in the Morning!* Them beasts went for'ards, and the *wheels of time commenced to turn!*

Well, *sirs!* When that happened, Stranger, they say it was like the whole world had busted loose from her breaks, and it made the stoutest hand thar reel like he had the blind staggers — all, that is, 'cept Tony. It ketched ole Brother Mutters in the stomick, and he fell over acrost a stump, and commenced to give up his victuals.

'Whoop-*ee!* I got her going!' Tony sings out. 'By the breath of the gray

rocks! I got time going to suit me now!'

But hold and below! It wa'n't more'n the shake of a lamb's tail 'fore Tony seen he'd slipped up bad. Dogged if he had n't them beasts headed wrong, and what do you reckon! 'Stead of pulling down the to-morrow he was after, he commenced fetching up yesterday, and the day before, and then d'rectly it was last week, and in a nother pair of seconds it was last month itself! Well, sirs! that was jest a little more'n the hands could stand, and they all busts out hollering at Tony to quit.

Stranger, did you ever see the past fetched back into the present?

Well, I ain't neither, and I ain't craving to. You see like it is — we looks down the past through a kind of a haze, like them pretty blue mists you'll see hanging over the mountains in Indian summer weather, and everything looks mighty meller and nice through it. But when Tony set time to vomiting up them yesterdays that way, they come up into the cold light of the present all mother-naked as you might say, and it was a *turrible* sight to see 'em. Big Henry seen hisself drunk last month, and while he'd looked back on it as a kinder glorious *e*vent, when the world was all lit up, and him the biggest Mister Man in it, it did n't look that away now. When he seen that past of his'n laid right out thar in the present, he knowed that was one time he'd jest natcherly been a fool for want of sense. And the t'other fellers seen things too that made 'em all swaller powerful hard.

Every feller seen his own past, but could n't see the t'other feller's; so did n't nobody know what it was ole Brother Mutters seen, but whatsoever it was, it sunt him off in a long explanation to the Lord.

Well, Tony he seen right off he'd made a big mistake, so he drawed them beasts to a halt, and then he had 'em to back, back, and he run all them yesterdays and last weeks down into place ergin, very keerful like. They tell me the hands could hear them past days falling back down the skidways of time, *Plup! Plup! Plup!* to wait thar for Jedgment Day. They say as how it was a mighty strange and awesome kind of a sound — and I reckon it must of been, and not a sound that any common person would crave to hear.

Well, Tony he seen the trouble was he had them beasts headed towards the east, and course they was pulling up the west, which was whar all them yesterdays had went. So he turned 'em round westward; and this time when he cracked his whip, and hollered at 'em, it wa'n't but a minute 'fore they fetched into view jest the prettiest little to-morrow a person ever did see. But it was so all-fired skeery, it was nigh impossible to hold it. It would n't more'n peep over the edge of to-day, when, whoop-*ee!* it 'd run back ergin into its hole like a ground hog what had seen its shadder. Time and ergin them beasts fetched that to-morrow down, and time and ergin, strain as they would, it slipped erway from 'em. So in the end Tony seen he'd have to figger out a nother way of ketching it. And he knowed, too, he'd have to hurry, for by now it was right late in the day, and it would n't be so very long 'fore that to-morrow would be swinging into place at its natcheral time — and course that would n't do that little feller no good at all.

So Tony he studied a spell, and then he had the hands to git to work and sew a whole parcel of feed-bags together. And when they had a big lot of 'em fixed, and all spread out on the ground, Tony smeared 'em over right thick with tar, and then he went on back to his team.

This time he did n't crack his whip or holler at 'em; he jest whispered

sumpin' right easy in the year of one of 'em. What that word was *I* don't know, Stranger, and I never seen a hand what knowed. All I know is that the minute he'd said it, and jumped back outer the way, them powerful beasts give sech a heave ergin the yoke, that they jest fa'rly fetched that to-morrow down with sech a run and a jump, that it bounded out head over heels, and landed down right spang in the middle of all them tarred bags — and *thar it stuck!* The tar it helt it, and when the team was drawed back by the turrible pull of time at the t'other end, that to-morrow it busted loose from the string of tother days, and was left laying out thar flat in broad daylight.

Well, *sirs!* it was the fust time in all of they lives that any of them hands had ever seen a to-morrow laid out along side of a to-day, and they cert'nly was carried away by the sight. They jest natcherly had to hold they eyes in place, or they'd of popped right outer they heads and down into all that tar like a row of buttons. They looked, and they looked, and it's the truth they could n't find nuthing 'cept cuss words to say erbout it.

Don't ask *me* what the dog-goned thing looked like, for I jest don't know, and you kin easy see I ain't no hand to make a tale up and pass it off for truth.

Well, after all hands had jest erbout cussed theyselves dry over it, Tony had 'em to ketch aholt of them bags and tote the to-morrow up Flint Holler. Thar they spread it out in front of the little boy's cabin. Tony he went inside and fetched the young-un out in his arms, and the minute he laid eyes on it, his face all broke into a laugh. 'It's to-morrow!' he says.

It beats me how that kid knowed right off it was to-morrow, for it's the truth, Stranger, *I* would n't know to-morrow from last week — no, sir, I would n't, not even if you was to lay 'em out right side by side! But course you know children is different.

'It's to-morrow!' the little feller says, 'and *now* I'll be all right!' And with that he reaches his arm round Tony's neck right tight, and snuggles his head erginst him. 'I knowed *you* could do it, buddy!' he says.

So Tony he knowed he'd been right in picking the onreasonable way.

III

Well now, Stranger, you mought think after all that big to-do, they could of had some rest up Eel River; but you got to recollect that when any feller's so high-handed as to pull a to-morrow outer place like that, they's mighty apt to see trouble 'fore all's over; and I tell you, it wa'n't but jest a little bit 'fore all that crew run up erginst jest about the worst piece of trouble a person ever did see.

But not knowing what they was heading for, they lef' that to-morrow laying up thar in the holler for the little feller to git well on, and made for camp as onconsarned as you please.

Tony he went off in the woods ergin, and d'rectly that thar log chain commenced to squirm and jump erbout mighty oneasy like. And then all to oncet from 'way off somewheres, they heard Tony holler, '*Look out! Look out!*' And Great Day! That chain come a-lashing, and a-t'aring outer the woods like a black-snake racer — and you hear me, all them hands sidestepped outer its way in a hurry.

Well then, Tony come on back, and he says, '*Now* we'll knock off and call it a day.'

So all hands tumbled into the bunkhouse early, and was snoring along jest as pretty and nice as you please, when late in the night, ole Brother Moses Mutters sets up a turrible lamentation, groaning and moaning.

'What in the *Heaven's* the matter with *you!* Air you tuck in the stumick ergin?' Big Henry hollers at him, mighty mad at being waked up. Only it wa'n't *Heavens* Big Henry said, and he did n't use sech a genteel word as stumick neither, for he's a kind of a rough hand, and'll lay his tongue to any word he pleases, and be jest as apt as not to come right out and call a bull a bull, 'stead of a 'gentleman cow,' like any person what's been raised right knows it ought to be called.

'Big Henry,' says ole Brother Mutters, looking mighty wild and solemn with his hair all tousled up on end, and nuthing but his shirt on, 'Big Henry, git up from thar, and make ready to die — for the end of the world is coming at sun-up!' And with that the ole feller busts out with a turrible howl, and flops down on his knees. 'Lord, I never done it,' he says. 'It was all Tony Beaver's doing! Lord, this is me — Moses Mutters speaking. Do pray take notice *I* did n't have no hand in it, it was that crazy Tony Beaver —'

'*Quit that!*' Big Henry hollers at him, jumping outer his bunk, and jerking the preacher up standing. 'You quit telling the Lord tales on Tony Beaver, or I'll jest natcherly bust your head off,' he says. 'Now then stand up on your two hoofs, and tell the fellers what's the trouble.'

All hands was awake by now, sitting up in the bunks, kinder blinking in the lantern light.

Brother Mutters had to ketch his breath, and swaller some, 'fore he could git his words out, Big Henry'd jerked him up so sudden; but he layed it all out plain enough onct he got his wind.

'Don't you all know we're a-heading for to-morrow jest as fast as the world kin travel — and *there ain't no to-morrow thar,*' he says.

The fellers all stiffened up mighty pale at that, and commenced to cuss to theyselves.

'Well I reckon there's a plenty more to-morrows — Tony he only tuck one,' Big Henry says.

'*Yes!* He only tuck one!' the preacher hollers out. 'But he tuck the one we *got to have!* O my Lord! Tony Beaver's made a hole in the roadbed of time, and we're a-heading straight for it!'

One of the hands rips out a powerful cuss word at that. 'What'll happen when we hit the hole?' he says.

'She'll *drap* — the world'll drap right through it,' Brother Mutters groans. 'She'll either drap *away* from the sun, and all flesh will be froze to death; or she'll drap span into it, and all be burnt alive.'

Well, sirs! At that all hands bust outer the bunk-house, like logs busting over a dam, and made for whar Tony was laying out in the moonlight, with his head on a gray rock.

'Git up from thar, Tony Beaver!' they hollers at him. 'Git up 'fore the world draps!'

And then, turrible skeered, and all clammering at once, they layed out to him what they was all heading for.

'Aw, it'll be all right,' Tony says, gitting up and shaking hisself more like some kind of a wild varmint than a human.

But the hands kinder sensed that for all his bluff he was right oneasy hisself, and that skeered 'em worse'n ever. Some of the fellers was all for rustling round, and trying to run that thar to-morrow back into place ergin 'fore it was too late. But Tony he would n't hear to that.

'Any hand that wants kin take that thar log chain back in the bresh, and hitch it to what I had it hitched to,' he says; 'but you hear *my* horn, I'd as soon have the world drap, as to fool with *that* place ergin!'

And recollecting how that chain had carried on, there wa'n't a hand thar craved to take the job.

'More 'n that,' Tony says, 'that thar to-morrow's jest natcherly ruined anyhow, and you could n't run it back into place ergin, all stuck up with tar like it is.'

That 'peared to be sense, too, and it looked like there wa'n't a thing to do but jest set and wait for the world to drap.

Well, while they was all standing round waiting, — and a plenty of 'em was shaking like they had the buck ague, — the question come up, if the world was to drap, when would she do it? Some fellers 'lowed it'd be at midnight, and some ergin said it would n't be till daybreak. So thar they had it back and forth, and all got so hot, that Big Henry, and Jim Sulivan, that's Irish stock off'n Piney Ridge, even squared theyselves off to settle it with they fists. But the t'other fellers made 'em quit, for they said it'd look kinder ornery, and maybe give the Eel River crew a bad name, if they was to go into Kingdom Come fighting. That ca'med the Sulivan feller, but Big Henry said he'd as leave go thar fighting, as to go any other way. But erbout then some feller had the sense to look at the time.

'Here!' he sings out, 'it's after midnight now, and she ain't drapped yit!'

'Then it'll be at sun-up!' ole Brother Mutters busts out. 'She'll drap at daybreak! O Lord! *I* never done it! Lord this is Moses Mutters speaking. It was all Tony's —'

'Did n't I tell you to *quit that?*' Big Henry hollers at him, dancing up to the preacher, and looking powerful dangerous. 'You shet up now and forever!' he says, 'and more'n that, when we git across into the next world, if I ketch you up at the Golden Gate tattling out tales on Tony Beaver to Saint Peter, I'll jest natcherly bust you down to the t'other place,' he says. Only Big Henry laid his tongue to a stronger word than 'the t'other place.'

Well, that dried up Brother Mutters on that head; for skeered as he was of what was coming, he was more skeered of what was right beside him. So he went off on another trail, and commenced telling the Lord how it looked like a shame to have the world come to a end in sech nice fall weather. And that was kinder funny too, for heretofore, the ole feller was allus preaching erbout the world being a desert drear. But he tuned up different now.

'O Lord,' he blubbers, 'don't let the world drap in fall weather when the ground smells so good, and the trees is all colored up nice. If she's bound to drap, let it come in a cold spell in the winter, or along late in March, when the traveling 's bad, and the mud up to the hubs of the wheels; but *do pray* don't let her drap *now!*'

That set all the hands off sniffling, and wiping they sleeves acrost they noses. For if ole Brother Moses had to tell the Lord how pretty it was in fall weather, he did n't have to tell none of *them.* They jest natcherly knowed for theyselves how the ridges looked, all colored up red and yeller, with the sun shining over 'em, and the squirrels barking up every holler on frosty mornings. 'Now jest look what Tony Beaver 's done!' they says sniffling and using they sleeves: 'gone and ruined the world on a pretty day in October!'

Tony he told 'em to shet up all that foolishness, and he jest kep' a-standing up thar on his gray rock with his arms folded, and trying to make out like he did n't keer nuthing for nobody. But Big Henry noticed he was staring mighty hard at a pint off erginst the sky. 'What's that you're a-looking at, Tony?' he asks him.

'Well,' Tony says, 'I been noticing these last mornings, that the sun strikes

right betwixt them two big pines jest as it tops the ridge. If she don't strike thar this morning, then we'll know that the world is kinder out of plumb.'

Well, *sirs!* That sunt the hands limp, for it looked like Tony hisself wa'n't so sure how things was going to be. And when Tony Beaver's oneasy, you better b'lieve it's time for any common person to be skeered outer his very gizzards. All the fellers bust loose into a turrible cussing and praying and clammering, like a gang of wild geese what had lost they leader.

By now it was drawing on towards dawn, there was a pale glimmer in the east, and them two pine trees stood up powerful black and strange-looking erginst the sky. All to onct Tony Beaver raised up his hand and says, 'Listen!' mighty solemn.

Every feller quit cussing, and ketched his breath at that, and over in the woods they heard a little bird cheep, and another answered it back, and then another and another. Not singing yit, jest cl'aring they throats to tune up. And that was a turrible awesome sound, for every hand knowed it was the forerunner of dawn.

And Great Day in the Morning! Jest that minute a strange kind of a dampness come out all over the ground, like the earth itself had broke into a cold sweat. And while they was all a-staring down at that, and listening to the birds cheep, and knowing they was right on the edge of to-morrow, and *no to-morrow thar* — jest that minute the whole world commenced to tremble and to quiver, and to kind of squat down like a skittish horse what sees sumpin' turrible on in front.

'*She's drapping! She's drapping!*' Ole Brother Mutters screeches out, and fell over like he was dead.

The world give another kind of a long tremble, and then, *whoop-ee!* it give sech a powerful leap and a bound, that it knocked every feller thar right off'n his feet head over heels down on the ground — all, that is, 'cept Tony. For a pair of seconds it seemed like they kind of hung on the edge of sumpin', and then thar was another kick and a scramble, and after that the world settled down like it was over all right.

'She made it! She made it!' Tony busts loose. 'By the breath of the gray rocks, she made it all right!'

Jest that minute the sun come up over the ridge, and hung right spang betwixt them two pines, and all the little birds tuck a big mouthful of song, and commenced to pour it out. The hands set up on the ground looking round kinder dazed; and thar was jest about the prettiest fall day a person ever *did* see, with the long blue shadders laying over the frost, and the mists smoking off'n the mountains that was all red and yeller and joyful.

'Tony,' Big Henry says, gitting onto his feet weak like, 'what happened?'

'Why, you big *idgit*,' Tony says looking him squar in the eyes, 'don't you know this is a *Leap Year?* Do you reckon,' he says, 'I'd be sech a fool for want of sense, as to pull a to-morrow outer a year what could n't leap the hole, and what had a extry day to spare anyhow?'

Big Henry looks at him for quite a spell, and then he says, 'Well, I *will be dogged!*' kinder awestruck.

Well Stranger, you jest can't make *me* b'lieve Tony had it all figgered out as fine as that, for he ain't no kind of a forelooker, and if he wanted a to-morrow, he'd help hisself to it and never stop to think; and I b'lieve him happening to hit a leap year wa'n't nuthing in this world but his dog-goned luck.

But it was all too much for ole Brother Mutters, and they laid *him* out for dead till nigh sundown.

THE PLAIN IRISH PEOPLE

BY MARY E. L. HENNIGAN

THE clouds hang low over Ireland, turning it to a land of horrors; days of labor in the midst of fighting and sudden death; sleepless, watchful nights, when every knock upon the door sounds an answering knock of dread upon the hearts of those who hear. The young and bold again are falling like grain before the scythe; the old are left again to gather the harvest of grief. Even the face of the land is torn and stricken; burned shells of houses stare with window-frames like eyeless sockets upon broken roads, rude, dusty gaps where bridges were, great trees flung outstretched across every lane and boreen. And old Ireland, holy Ireland, Ireland of faith, of peace, of kindliness, hospitality, ready laughter, generous tears, song and prayer and the dancing — is it then gone forever? Or is it still there, hidden somewhere under all the ruin? A while ago I said to myself, 'I shall go and see. If it is there I can find it.'

I have only sunny recollections of Ireland. My earliest ones go back many years to my childhood, when I saw it for the first time. I am often reminded that, 'that was an awful year entirely — sure, it rained rivers every day — hardly ever we got the harvest in — 't was the year, indeed, when the InnisBoffin boat was wrecked below on the strand and the three drownded!' Yet when I open the door of the gallery in my memory where the pictures of that first summer hang, I see only sun-drenched canvasses that show glimpses of glorious mornings — Pool-a-Sogarth,[1] and white little bodies, Ellen and Rose Honnie and Bridget and Mary, churning its cool green depths to hissing foam; shining, blue afternoons, and a race with the shouting wind across lush meadows, hair streaming, long legs leaping ditch and dyke like a colt's; lilac evenings, and tales about the Sheoques, or the black dog of Sikeen; bed, long before the dark curtain of the night had shut out the last rosy light of day.

One or two of my canvasses, to be sure, have little, little shadows that have grown very light with the years: the day I had to wear shoes because 'the lady Gibbonses,' visiting from Castlebar, 'would remark'; days when I left the sea and the races with the singing wind, to sit quiet at strange fireplaces, in other villages, where Grandmother-from-America was making duty calls; the dreadful day of M'ria's wedding, when I let Tommy fall into the big flash, dragging him out, with all his red calico finery muddied to a deep black, just in time to meet the arriving side-cars of the groom's party. Now that I take another peep, I see that Tommy, at three, was quite a shadow in himself. He followed us, Bridget and me. He told things: who skimmed the cream off the big jug in the chest; who, playing doctor, mixed the horrid dose that made poor Rose so ill; how often Biddy took the wrong turn at the bridge and so arrived at Pool-a-Sogarth instead of at school; and that the long white cotton garments which modest Grandmother-in-

[1] The Priest's Bathing-Place.

Ireland always insisted upon for bathing suits were wet from soaking in a near-by pool, not from legitimate use. Yes, Tommy was rather a dark spot in those days. I had forgotten it, perhaps because even at three there had begun to shine through, the earnest, honest, cheery, fine spirit that has since made him seem golden.

I was eighteen when I visited Ireland again. Tommy was ten — a thin, awkward, freckled, eager youngster, who dragged me away from pleasanter pursuits to see a birdeen's nest, or the coves where the 'wather-dogs' had their beds. He had two books, begged or borrowed from someone, which were his treasure. One was an Irish history, the other a collection of Irish poems. 'Wait yet now, Mary,' he would say, waving his book of poems at me. 'Wait yet now, till I sing you this wan.' Then, in a hoarse, harsh, tuneless voice, stumbling over unfamiliar words, he would sing about Dark Rosaleen, and the Rapparees, and Rury on the Hill, and 'There's men can strike for Erin yet, sez Paudge O'Donoughue!' He read constantly from his history, muttering to himself as he crouched on the hob by the firelight. If the tide of victory were swinging to his beloved Irish, he would rise half out of his place, eyes flashing, one hand clenched high above his head. But if, alas, success were on the side of the 'Sassenach' (the English), he would shrink into the shadows of his corner, thumping the clenched fist on the bitter page before him. How often we laughed at him — Biddy, his older brothers, and I — who, admiring them for their size and their steps in the dance, was still too young to know that he, not they, was Ireland. Long after they had settled themselves as good American citizens he was to translate into deeds the patriotic fervor of his poems.

Those were golden times, during that second visit, golden with the light of the fire around which we gathered every evening. The days were negligible, to be passed, somehow, until the night fell. At night the young people gathered in our house. They always lingered half an hour or more around the gable end outside, their suppressed chuckling and whispering audible above the furtive scraping of their heavy boots on the cobbled pathway, before they summoned courage to come in. Then they burst in, all together, and hurried with downcast eyes and low greetings of 'God save all here!' to accustomed places, on the hobs, the meal-box, or the window sills — for chairs were very few. They were shy young people, much in awe of their elders, sadly lacking in initiative and self-possession. Not even close relationship with 'herself,' Grandmother-in-Ireland, who was Aunt M'ria to most of them, or nightly visits, could give them courage to come in boldly and singly. When their shyness had worn off, someone usually produced a violin and the dancing began. Such dancing! jigs, reels, sets, horn-pipes, slip-jigs, the Waves of Tory, the Walls o' Limerick, the White Cockade; such ringing of nailed boots on the cement floor; such hearty swinging by the boys of their rosy-faced partners; such a breathless rousing finish to every set! When I was thirty-four, I touched with tender fingers the little hollow in the floor, near the hearthstone, that my eighteen-year-old dancing feet had worn there. Sometimes we sang. Often we told fairy tales, true stories, 'for I know thim it happened to.' Then we drew in close to the hearth for company's sake, deserting the darker corners in the big kitchen, where the rafters were dim and black above, and the firelight made strange flickering shadows on the low white walls. The story-teller usually prefaced his tale with a cautious glance

around, and a 'God bechune us and harm!' for who knew but that, outside in the purple dark where the wind sighed through the rustling thatch and the sea moaned on the strand, 'thimselves' were listening.

Grandada, gone hours before to bed, but not to sleep, usually broke up the gatherings with a call from his room to Michael. Michael, with seven years of college behind him, had failed of becoming a priest. Since then he had not fitted exactly into the life of the village. He hunted, fished, rode, read, but never labored in the fields, in the bog, or at the kelp. Consequently the day began for him whenever he chose to rise.

'Michael-O,' Grandada would say, 'what time do ye get up in the morning?'

'Oh anny time, sir,' would come Michael's unfailing and truthful answer.

'Well,' Grandada would return, 'anny man that gets up at that time, 't is time for him to be going to bed now.'

Whereupon the boys and girls would stir and rise, preparatory to going. They seldom escaped Aunt M'ria, however, without the rosary. ''T is late! Ye'll have it missed now at home,' she would say. 'Let ye kneel down here now, in the Name of God.' So that most of our evenings of dancing and singing and story-telling ended with all of us, great and small, young and old, kneeling together on the rough cement floor.

I thought then that the Sunday afternoon walks, the jolly evenings in the big kitchen, the moonlit dances on the crossroads, the quay, or the bridge, the shy love-making and the drollery were what made the days and nights so bright. I know now it was kindliness, unity, lack of envy, simple faith, and clean hearts. Those days were carried in my memory untarnished for fifteen years. Fugitive gleams from them have since lighted many days that were dark.

To lose forever the Ireland for which those memories stood would have been a grievous loss indeed. And I seemed to have lost it in those years when, reading accounts of 'cowards refusing conscription,' 'traitors, who stab in the back,' 'gunmen,' and 'murder-clubs,' I tried to fit these things to the small boys, now grown, whom I had known — to Geoffrey and James, to Ritchie and Patrick and Tommy. Tommy who sang so lustily — and so tunelessly — of Owen Roe and Rury on the Hill, and who could not still be sitting on the hob among his dreams if the youth of Ireland were stirring in her name! Much more did it seem to be lost during this last year, when I read of worse things: of brother fighting brother, of mother against son, of ambush and execution. Yet, though Ireland might seem full of death, bitterness, and fear, somehow I believed that the Ireland I knew still lived in the hearts of the young.

So I went seeking it. Leaving the pier at Holyhead I closed my eyes, figuratively speaking, — for the senses often deceive us, but the heart never, — and opened them again when the side-car reached the top of Pat Durkan's brae. From there the Village can first be seen. There are eleven houses in the Village, sprawled on the top and down the sides of a steep, barren, treeless brae, all low-walled, whitewashed, thatch-roofed, each as like the other, inside and out, as peas in a pod. They overlook the small green fields and brown bog on three sides, the restless sea on the fourth. The doors stand open all day long. At night, when they are closed, they are not locked. There is no need for lock or bolt where every one is welcome to whatever is within. Each family has for the other food in the famine-time, help in the harvest-time, tears for their grief and smiles for

their joy. No house lacks fire, food, or wine while they are to be found in any other house. It is a humble, poor little village, with no beauty save that of the wild lovely world about it, and the spirit of understanding and compassion that hovers over it.

Within the house on the top of the brae, built by my great-grandfather more than a century and a quarter ago, I stood upon the hearthstone where I had known so many happy hours, and looked about me. Everything was the same; new windows in that side of the house away from the sea, to be sure; the old loft in the kitchen closed up; a new fashion of putting 'a bit o' distimper' in the whitewash to make the walls of 'the room above' a pretty pink; the old-fashioned canopy beds in 'the room below' replaced by modern brass ones. There was, too, a deep-bosomed, calm-eyed young woman raising a new brood in the old nest. Otherwise, it was all the same. The light of the single lamp shone on the old red dresser with its rows and rows of brown and blue delft; on the rafters richly brown with smoke from the fire that had burned without ceasing for a hundred and twenty-five years; on the busy black kettle that had hung from the same crane for almost as long; best of all, on the smiling faces of the entire Village, come to offer me the old greeting, 'Cead mille failte home again!'

Not only that night, but every night, the friends gathered in. Sometimes we danced — the old dances: jigs, reels, sets, the Waves o' Tory, the Walls o' Limerick, the Lancers — in the old way, with a hearty swinging of partners, a ringing of nailed boots on cement floor, a breathless, laughing finish to every set. Sometimes we sang the old songs, the Foggy Dew, Slieve-na-mon, the Snowy-breasted Pearl. And Tommy, dear Tommy, grown tall and straight and hardy, with his hair as red, his face as freckled, his smile as engaging, as ever, sang lustily — and tunelessly — of Rury on the Hill! The boys flattered me, with the same merry twinkle, as slyly as their brothers had a score of years before. 'Ah, well now! How well ye did n't take ye're time growin' up.' — 'It would be time enough for you to be eighteen now.' — 'Would n't it be a grand thing altogether for us, now, if there was one lassie itself about, like you.' — 'Sure, every lad within in this village is breakin' two commandments, the first and the ninth!'

On my birthday we had a celebration which began at noon with 'a whole lamb 'n' all the trimmin's,' and ended with a dance in the barn that lasted until morning. In the barn Uncle Joe had hung four lanterns — three borrowed, of course. When he speculated gravely as to whether ''T will be enough, I dunno?' one of the boys assured him, 'Arrah, damn it, man! One candle'd do, and that one to blow out!' They all brought me gifts: a teapot, four pounds of tea, an autograph book, a pair of gloves. The last I cherish, because they meant all the spending-money for weeks to come of a youngster who, long ago, had used to grumble because I, a young lady Yank, was given his seat upon the side-car, while he, being only a boyeen, had to walk four miles to mass.

The days were joyous, too, passed as they were, in walking, riding along shining miles of yellow strand, visiting again the coves where the water dogs have their beds. The girls — a new Honnie, another Rose, a second Bridget, come to take the place of the others — took no account of the years between us, but ran in every day to bring me out for a race with the winds down the steep banks above Sikeen, or a chilly splash in the cold green waters of Pool-a-Sogarth.

Not all the nights were passed with dance and song. There was much talk. All Ireland sat in that kitchen at night. There was Mary Lannon, more than eighty-five years, with her delicate, fine old face, her wide blue eyes still merry, her thin sweet voice still lifted often in the songs of her country. There, too, was Richard, her son, perhaps fifty, his long, ungainly body stretched out on the meal-box, his dark sharp face half hidden in the shadows. And, leaning their six feet two of manhood on either side of the dresser, to the imminent peril of the blue-and-brown delft, there were his young sons, Richie and James Peter. About the hearth, playing, or helping with the Irish, which they themselves learned every day at school, the older boys who were acquiring it laboriously three nights a week at the schoolhouse, were the four small sons of the house.

Here, I say, was all Ireland — Ireland of the Famine, and later the Fenians; Ireland of the Land League and the Parliamentarians; Ireland of Easter Week, 1916, and the great and bitter days since then; Ireland about to be. They were all eager, intelligent, fairly well informed. They had opinions about their country, her triumphs, her disappointments, her leaders on either side in the present struggle, her hopes for the future.

What were those opinions? Where did they stand, these people who are Ireland? Ah, well, what does it matter? That is another story for other pens. As for me, I had come to see if, under the seeming changes the years of strife had wrought in them, I could yet find the people I had known, simple, wise, and sane. And there they were, the plain, common, everyday people of Ireland, living their plain, common everyday lives as they had always done, wholesomely and usefully. Bridges were blown up, roads were broken, there were no markets for their produce. Very well, then, they could keep their produce at home. The eggs, butter, mutton, bacon, fowl that had graced foreign tables went to build the magnificent specimens of manhood who were as different, physically and mentally, from their brothers of those years ago as if they were a different race.

No markets meant very little money. Very well, then, while they had food and fire and a roof, they could manage with little money. The small boys and girls went out to school every day, warmly clad in garments and stockings made from wool sheared from their own sheep, carded, spun, dyed, knitted, or woven in their own kitchens. It is many years since that has been so before.

The whole country, to quote the press, foreign and domestic, was in a state of chaos with nowhere authority capable of enforcing law and order. Very well, then, they could keep the law themselves. There were no police, civic guards or other, within a radius of a hundred miles around the Village, which, by the way, is in the wild west. Nor were there any soldiers except a few — no matter of which army — in a town fifteen miles away, to which town they kept close. Yet, in the two months I was there, there was not a single case of depredation, or disorder, or even drunkenness, not to speak of crime.

In our village and the next there were fifty-four boys. Such boys! Clear-eyed, straight-limbed, self-possessed young giants, whose training of the past years was observable in every movement of their splendid bodies. They had, until recently, all been on the same side. Now they had differences of opinion which some of them at least were actively supporting. But there was neither bitterness between

them, nor harsh judgment of each other. They are not being stampeded or terrorized into anything, correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding. Nor will they be. They will fight, if they decide that that is right, on the side they think is right. Until they so decide, they will live each day as usefully and happily as the circumstances permit; they will pursue the old path of hard work by day, cheerful recreation together by night. They will read and listen — but they will *think* for themselves. They will make their own decision. What that will be, I do not presume to foretell. (Every traveler who has spent ten days in Ireland recently, and many people who have never set foot on her shores, can tell you 'what ninety-five per cent of the Irish people want.' These are larger claims than I, who am of the Irish people, flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone, may make.) I know only this, that they have those gifts of the humble, — understanding and compassion, — both of which will enter into their final judgment. When they truly speak, there will be no confusion nor any misunderstanding of their voice. And it is quite as impossible for that final judgment to be wrong as for the sun, which often hides behind dark clouds for long days, not to shine again.

LISTENING IN ON THE IRISH QUESTION

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

If the government of the Irish Free State proves permanently satisfactory to its people, it will deprive the English-speaking world of a subject of conversation that has lasted for more than seven hundred years. It has connected the generations together and made them feel as if they belonged to one acrimonious family circle.

When Adrian IV, the only Englishman who ever sat on the Papal throne, issued a bull graciously inviting King Henry II to go over and take possession of Ireland, he set the tongues of people on both sides of the Channel to wagging. The controversy has not ceased from that day to this. Many things have happened since Strongbow, the valiant Earl of Pembroke, landed in Ireland in accordance with the Papal and Royal will. One question after another has been asked, discussed for a while, and forgotten. But the question of the right of the English to rule Ireland has never been dropped.

In a speech in Dublin in 1866, John Bright called attention to the fact that, five hundred years before, the Parliament of Kilkenny discussed the question: Why is the King of England not a penny the richer for Ireland? We have been debating that question ever since, said Bright, and we are no further on than they were in those days at Kilkenny.

During all that period, not a single new element was introduced into the controversy, with the exception of the

religious animosity that came with the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Neither party changed the subject. The debate was without subtleties. It was a sheer conflict of wills. On the one side was Ireland's will to be a nation; and on the other, England's imperturbable refusal to accept this point of view. Here was a subject that could be discussed for centuries, because each party had only to repeat its former assertions.

If a group of intelligent persons from the different generations that have lived since the days of Strongbow were gathered in a drawing-room, they would find some embarrassment in finding a topic which would be familiar to all. A discussion might be started on the Fifth Crusade, or the commercial policy of the Hanseatic League, or the position of Hampden on ship-money, or the claims of the Young Pretender, or the wars of the Spanish Succession. But the amount of information possessed by the company would not be sufficient to make the conversation general.

'What do you think of the question of investitures?' asks an elderly gentleman of the twelfth century.

'What investitures?' replies a gentleman of the nineteenth century—'or did you say investments?'

The conversation drops.

But let somebody ask, 'What do you think of the Irish Question?' and everybody begins to talk. In the first place, everybody knows that there is an Irish Question and, after a few minutes' conversation, finds that it is the same old question that everybody else knows about. The company is on the easy footing of contemporaries. No matter what generation a person belongs to, he feels perfectly at home. As they all have about the same degree of knowledge, they divide according to temperament. There are those who have made up their minds that the Irish Question can never be settled, and are rather bored by it, and those who think that it can be settled, and therefore want to keep things stirred up. Then there are the moderates, who think that the Irish Question could be settled if it were not for the Irish.

Ignoring the passage of time, we may 'listen in' while representatives of different periods express their opinions. We do not need to draw on our imaginations, for we have their exact words.

Fortunately, we can go back to the beginning of the trouble and interview a countryman of Mr. Lloyd George, who was tremendously interested in what was happening in his day, and desirous that posterity should know all about it.

Giraldus Cambrensis was the H. G. Wells of the twelfth century. He had an alert mind and a keen scent for the kind of news that had historical value and the kind of history that had a definite news value. He conceived history journalistically, and liked to have it brought down to the minute. When his noble Norman kinsmen, the Fitzgeralds, followed the great Earl of Pembroke to Ireland, Gerald the Welshman knew that something was happening that ought to be written up. He held the pen of a ready writer and resolved to do the writing. He entered into his task with zeal. The Irish Question appears full blown.

Giraldus begins his history of the Irish troubles very modestly at the time of the Deluge, though other chroniclers trace the story back to Cain and his progeny. It appears that Noah had a granddaughter named Cæsara, a very independent young lady who seems to have been the leader of the younger set of the Antediluvians. Hearing that her grandfather was building an ark which was likely to be unpleasantly crowded with animals, she persuaded about thirty of the members

of her set to go over to the Mediterranean, where they built a snug little vessel of their own. They would sail away and find some pleasant island where the troubles of the old world would not follow them. Their motto evidently was, 'For ourselves.' So they sailed away, and at last found the beautiful island of Ireland, where they settled with great content.

But alas! Noah's flood proved universal, and they were all drowned. Giraldus replies to those who doubt this story, 'My business is to compile history, not to criticize it.'

He gossips amiably about the invasion in which his noble relatives, the Fitzgeralds, figured so largely. 'O family! O race!' he exclaims; 'indeed they are doubly noble, drawing their courage from the Trojans and their skill in arms from the French.' But he lets it be known that the Fitzgeralds, after conquering the native Irish, are ready to fight any newcomers. He gives the King advice as to how Ireland ought to be governed, and warns him that it is likely to be difficult. The Irish people are never so light-hearted as when getting up a rebellion. They have long memories, and they carry a detestable weapon called the broad-axe. They excel in irregular warfare. While the heavily armored Norman knight is getting off his horse, the Irish rebels will be in the bogs, making ready for a new attack. As for settling the Irish Question, let no one think it can be done in our day. 'The Irish have four prophets whose writings are still extant. They foretold this English invasion. They say the war will last unto the remotest time. Indeed, they say it will continue till the Day of Judgment.'

II

It is a far cry from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, but Giraldus Cambrensis would have found much to interest him in a volume published in 1834: *Dermot Mac Morragh, or the Conquest of Ireland*, by John Quincy Adams. To the ex-President the conquest of Ireland was a matter of present concern. Henry II was as real as General Jackson, and his conduct as reprehensible. Indeed, he seems to have feared that his readers might not believe that he was so indignant against malefactors of the Middle Ages, and might think that he was aiming at his political adversaries.

> Dermot by his subjects was detested
> As tyrants like him never fail to be.

But for all that, he insisted that it was Dermot Mac Morragh, who lived in Ireland in the time of Henry II, whom he was angry at.

> Give me leave to say that I know best
> My own intention in the lines I trace
> Let no man therefore draw aside the screen
> And say 't is any other that I mean.

Like the old Irish bards, Adams ends with a prophecy: —

> Soon, soon shall dawn the day, as dawn it must,
> When Erin's sceptre shall be Erin's trust.

John Quincy Adams was not much of a poet, and we may well turn to one of greater genius, who lived at a time when the kings of England had for four hundred years been absentee landlords of Ireland.

'What do you think, Mr. Shakespeare, of the Irish Question?'

He would answer, 'I'm sure I should n't know what to do without it. It's very convenient in my business as a playwright. In an historical play you have to have something in the background that everybody is familiar with. When I want to get rid of a nobleman of high rank, and don't want to clutter up the stage with his dead body, I send him off to the unlucky Irish wars. This makes a very effective end. It's ever so

much better than having him beheaded or run through with a sword.'

Shakespeare takes the Irish troubles for granted. They had always been going on, though nobody cared to ask for the particular causes of them.

In *Richard II*, Willoughby says, —

'The King's gone bankrupt like a broken man.'

And Ross answers, —

'He hath not money for these Irish wars.

That was a chronic condition in those days.

In *Henry IV*, Worcester says, —

'What with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in his unlucky Irish wars!'

Unlucky the Irish wars certainly were in those days, for all who engaged in them. Ireland is the land of evil tidings. 'The wind sits fair for news to Ireland, but none returns' — at least no good news.

In *Henry V*, the messenger appears with a message familiar to the Plantagenets and the Tudors: —

'From Ireland am I come amain
To signify the rebels there are up.
Send succor, Lords, and stop the rage
Before the wound become incurable.'

Of course, the Englishmen were ready for reprisals, and a new wound was made.

The victories of Henry V in France could not be celebrated on the stage without the audiences that Shakespeare played for thinking of the Irish war that was then going on, and whose issue was still uncertain. The chorus, after describing how London received the news of the glorious victory at Agincourt, expresses the wish that some such news might come from Ireland.

Were now the general of our gracious Empress
(As in good time he may), from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How would the people quit to welcome him.

Another Elizabethan poet, Edmund Spenser, had taken part in these Irish wars, and had very decided opinions on the Irish Question. He gives them at length in the *Faerie Queene*. His patron, Lord Grey of Wilton, was one of the soldiers whose stern measures of repression turned some of the fairest parts of Ireland into a desert. Spenser celebrates him as Sir Artegall, or Justice. Sir Artegall uses his sword in the battle with knightly foes, but he has his serving-man Talus, or Force, armed with a big stick to beat down the rebellious rabble.

Turning from poetry to prose, Spenser put his ideas into the form of a dialogue between a stay-at-home English gentleman and a friend who had lately come from Ireland.

Eudoxus. — If that country of Ireland whence you came lately be of so goodly and commodious a soil as you report, I wonder that no course is taken to reduce that nation to better government.

Irenæus. — Marry, so there have been divers good plots devised, and wise counsels cast, about reformation of that realm; but they say it is the fatal destiny of that land that no purposes that are meant for her good will prosper or take effect; whether it proceed from the very genius of the soil, the influence of the stars, or that Almighty God hath not appointed the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiet state, still as some secret scourge for England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared.

He had heard men of great wisdom say that it 'were well that land were a sea pool.'

Eudoxus. — If it be not painful to you, tell me what things during your late continuance there you observed to be most offensive and greatest impeachment to the good rule and government thereof?

Irenæus. — Surely the evils you desire to be recounted are very many and are almost countable with those that were hidden in the basket of Pandora. . . . The evils are

of three sorts, the first in the laws, the second in customs, and third in religion.

Eudoxus expresses the greatest surprise when he is told that 'there are wide countries in Ireland where the laws of England were never established nor any acknowledgment of subjection made.' When he is told that among the most rebellious of the malcontents are people of English blood, he exclaims: 'In truth this is more than ever I heard, that any English there should be worse than the Irish. Lord, how quickly doth the country alter men's natures!' How many generations of perplexed statesmen have made that observation.

Eudoxus. — Is there any part that has not been subdued to the crown?

Irenæus. — More than once they have been subdued, but never to perpetual duty. What boots it to break a colt and then let him straight run loose at random? Whenever the Irish are left to themselves, they forget what they have been taught and shake off their bridles.

Eudoxus. — But if their ancestors were brought into subjection, should not the present generation acknowledge the same subjection?

Irenæus. — They say not!

Spenser's noble friend to whom he dedicated the *Faerie Queene* came no nearer to a solution of the Irish Question.

The letters of Sir Walter Raleigh teem with bitter jibes about Ireland. 'I hear three thousand Burkes are in arms, and young O'Donnell and Shane O'Neill. I wrote ten days ago of the rebellion, which the Queen made scorn of.' To Sir Robert Cecil he writes: 'Her Majesty hath good cause to remember that a million has been spent in Ireland not many years ago. A better kingdom could be purchased at less price. This accursed kingdom hath always been a traffic in which her Majesty hath paid both the freight and the customs. From this devilish place I have little matter and less hope — and the shorter the discourse the better.'

To the Earl of Leicester, he says: 'I have spent some time here. I will not trouble your honor with the business of this lost land, nor with the good, the bad, the mischiefs, the means to amend, and all in all of this commonwealth or rather this common woe.'

From the petulancy of Raleigh, it is a relief to turn to a bright and airy letter of Sir Francis Bacon to James I in 1606, in which he points the way out. For centuries the attempt had been made to bring settlers from England to hold Ireland for the King. In a generation they had become Irishmen. The English Pale had been the seat of rebellion. Great families like the Fitzgeralds had forgotten that they were not Irish. But would it not be possible to settle the lands in Ulster, which had been depopulated after the last rebellion, with people who could be counted upon to remain at enmity to the native Irish? What of the Scotch Presbyterians, a stubborn folk, as the King well knew? Difference of religion, which made them troublesome in Great Britain, would make them useful in Ulster.

What an excellent division is ministered by God's Providence in the state of Ireland. Let there be a discharge of people from England and Scotland into the waste places of Ireland. So shall his Majesty have a double convenience in the avoidance of people here and making use of them there. . . . It is not possible that many of great means will be attracted to Ulster. But their kinsfolk and tenants will have expectation of a great bargain when the wild Irish are driven out.

Bacon becomes sentimental in expounding this great plan. 'You shall touch the ancient harp of Ireland and, listening to new tunes and harmonies, the barbarous people will discontinue their customs of revenge and give ear to the wisdom of laws and governments.'

This settlement of the Irish Question by the creation of a New Scotland in Ulster seemed good in the eyes of King James. Ben Jonson celebrates it in the *Irish Masque*. He calls upon the people of the troubled island to rejoice.

Come up and view
The gladding face of that great king in whom
So many prophecies of thine are knit,
This is that James of whom long since thou singest
Shall end our countries' most unnatural broils,
And if her ear then deafened with the drum
Would stoop but to the music of his peace.
This is the man thou promised should redeem,
If she would love his counsels as his laws,
Her head from servitude, her feet from fall,
Her fame from barbarism, her state from want
And in her all the fruits of blessings plant.

This was a large *if*. It was soon apparent that the Irish did not love the counsels and the laws of King James. That canny monarch was not unaware of this fact. The plantation of Ulster had involved a good deal of expense, and in order to finance the enterprise, a new order, the baronets, was created. Affluent citizens were knighted for a sufficient sum, which they contributed to the royal treasury. At one of these functions, the candidate who was about to be dubbed showed signs of embarrassment. 'Don't be abashed, man,' said the King, 'you have not so much reason to be ashamed of this business as I have.'

III

The relief furnished by the Ulster Plantation was like that experienced by a patient, when by means of local applications his neuralgia is driven from one part of the body to settle in another. While no part of the English-speaking world has been free from occasional twinges, in the North of Ireland the irritation has had a constancy that has lifted it into the place of a religion. Good people have become martyrs to their antipathies. There is something liturgical in their objurgations. 'Like prayers divine, they say each day the very same.' It is not a sudden storm that spends itself in fury. It is a steady indignation that floweth like a river. There is an unchangeable conviction that compromise is one of the seven deadly sins.

I pick up a little book published in 1640, entitled *Irish Prognostications*, 'wherein is described the disposition of the Irish with the manner of their behavior, and how they are for the most part addicted to Popery.' Its argument is complete and conclusive.

'A conquest should draw three things after it — law, language, and religion. The vanquished should surrender themselves and imitate the laws, language, and religion of their conquerors. This the Irish will not do.'

There you have the Irish Question in a nutshell, or rather in a bombshell. Whenever it is put that way, there is an explosion.

Evidently not much real progress had been made since, in the previous century, John Derek published *The Image of Ireland*, 'wherein is most lively expressed the Nature and Qualities of the Wild Irish, their notable aptness, celerity, and proneness to rebellion; printed in London for the pleasure and delight of the well-disposed.'

Derek must have thought that his well-disposed English readers were very easily pleased, for he gives them no reason to believe that their good disposition would be appreciated by the Irish. The Englishman, conscious of his own rectitude, he thinks, does not understand how much the Irish dislike him.

The more he seeketh them to win
The further off they stray,
As imps that do detest to walk
The straight and pleasant way.

They even make fun of the serious attempts to improve them.

> They harp upon one string
> And therein find a joy,
> When as they find a subtle slight
> To work true men annoy.
> For mockery is their game
> Wherein they do delight.

This temperamental difference which was felt in the sixteenth century was only aggravated by the closer contacts brought about in the seventeenth century by the Ulster Plantation.

During the civil wars of the Cromwellian period, as during the War of the Roses and the wars of the French Revolution and during the World War of 1914, the Irish patriots were singularly self-absorbed. They were so interested in their own troubles that they were oblivious to what was going on in the rest of the world.

It was the story of Noah's granddaughter once again. They were caught in a deluge that swept upon them from overseas.

The maxim, 'England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity,' accounts for a great deal of the Irish ill luck. It has led them, with singular uniformity, to ally themselves in any great crisis with the losing side.

The Irish were against Charles the First, and Strafford was sent to repress the disturbance. He was recalled from the unlucky Irish wars, and sent to the scaffold.

The Commonwealth was established, and Ireland was unaware of the might of the Puritan till it resisted, and Cromwell's curse fell upon it.

The Stuarts were restored, and one might have expected better times. But open Pepys's *Diary*, and we hear the same monotonous complaints. 'Ireland is in a distracted condition. God knows my heart. I expect nothing but ruin can follow — unless things are better in a little time.'

We turn over the leaves of the *Diary*, looking for better news, but affairs grow steadily worse. 'Mr. Llewellen, lately come from Ireland, tells how the English interests fall away mightily, the Irish party being too great. Which gives great discontent to the English.'

There is another revolution in England. The Stuarts are driven out. When the cause of James II is hopeless, Ireland rises in his behalf, and another unforeseen deluge overwhelms it.

IV

As the South of Ireland has, to its own hurt, acted on the principle that England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity, so the North has held fast to the principle that Ireland's importunity must be met by Ulster's imperturbability. Ulster stands fast in its integrity. It will not budge. It looks upon compromise as one of the seven deadly sins.

Long before the days of Sir Edward Carson, the plucky little province gave its ultimatum. It belonged to the British Empire, and it was willing to fight the whole Empire rather than allow itself to be put out of it. It would fight for its inalienable right to dependence as sturdily as other nations fought for independence.

It was from the very beginning a loyal little eagle, ready to scratch its parents' eyes out if they should ever attempt to shove it out of the nest.

I doubt whether loyalty has ever been more genuine, or has ever taken so troublesome a form. Ulster has stuck to the Empire — like a burr. In the days of the Commonwealth this loyalty almost drove the English Parliament distracted.

In 1649, when Ireland was in a state of chaos, and Ormond was leading a Royalist rebellion, the Presbytery of Belfast passed a series of highly pro-

vocative resolutions which it sent to London. They began in a characteristic manner: —

'Considering the dependency of this kingdom upon England, we are encouraged to cast our mite into the treasury.' The mite consisted of enough explosive materials to blow up all parties. There is first a solemn testimony against all who 'labor to establish by law a universal toleration of religion, thus overturning the unity of religion and the first two articles of our solemn covenant.' Then there is a denunciation of Parliament, which is declared 'anti-Christian and Popish, and against the covenant as established by the Church of Scotland, which is now blasphemed.'

Under these circumstances, the Presbytery declared its unshakable loyalty to the government and its determination to express that loyalty in its own way, without fear or favor.

Resolved, that we will not extol the persons of notorious sectaries, the plague of these times, that they may believe lies and be damned.

We will not be drawn away by counsels, commands or examples to shake off the ancient government of these kingdoms.

That we will endeavor the preservation of the Union, remembering the part of the covenant which says, We shall not suffer ourselves directly or indirectly by whatsoever combination or terror to be divided from this blessed union. And finally we exhort every one to avoid all opposers of the reformation, refusers of the covenant, or those who combine with papists. We exhort them not to favor the sectaries, nor incline their hearts to favor the malignants, nor to think they stand in need of the malignants.

As by the 'malignants' were meant all who sympathized with the Royalists; and by 'notorious sectaries the plague of these times,' the English Independents who then were in control of the government, it is not strange that Ulster's mite was not well received.

The resolutions were answered by John Milton in his most vituperative style.

What mean these men? Is the Presbytery of Belfast a small town in Ulster to talk so arrogantly? Are we under the censure of the Presbytery of Belfast?

He taunts them for their very peculiar kind of loyalty.

These priestlings at the very time their lips disclaimed all sowing of sedition were ready to rebel. News has come that the Scottish inhabitants of Ulster are actually revolted.

The more he thinks about it, the more angry Milton becomes.

These ministers of Belfast, with as much devilish malice, impudence, and falsehood as any Irish, threaten us from their barbarous nook in the North of Ireland. . . . These men imagine themselves marvelously high set and exalted in the chair of Belfast to outface the Parliament of England. What are they ministers for, and who set them so haughty in the pontifical see of Belfast, we know not. How dare they send such a defiance? By their actions we might think them a set of highland thieves and redshanks who, being admitted by the courtesy of England to hold possessions in our province of Ulster, have proved ungrateful and treacherous guests.

We can imagine the grave ministers of Belfast reading this tirade of the English sectary. His accusations of disloyalty were preposterous. Of course, if Parliament disturbed the blessed union and cut them off from dependence on the British government, Ulster would fight and Ulster would be right. From that position, neither they nor their descendants would swerve.

V

Again we listen in, to catch what people of intelligence are saying in regard to the situation in Ireland, in the century after Milton. It is Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick, who

is speaking. It appears that the question, Is Ireland a nation? is still a living issue. Swift says: —

They say Ireland is a depending kingdom. I have looked over all the English and Irish statutes without finding any law that makes Ireland depend on England any more than England depends upon Ireland. We have been obliged to have the same king with them, and consequently they have been obliged to have the same king with us. . . . In reason, all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery. We have nothing to do with the English ministers, and I would be as sorry if it lay in their power to redress our grievances as to enforce them.

He tells the Irishman that, 'By the laws of God, of Nature, of nations, and of your own country, you are and ought to be as free as your brethren in England.'

All this seems very modern. If we did not look at the date, we might think that Dean Swift had read our Declaration of Independence.

A little later we listen in to hear what Dr. Johnson may have to say. The Doctor is never in a good humor when anyone tries to draw him out on the Irish Question. Boswell inquires cautiously, —

Would you not like to visit Ireland?

Johnson. — It is the last place where I should wish to travel.

Boswell. — Should you not like to go to Dublin?

Johnson. — No, sir.

Boswell. — Is not the Giant's Causeway worth seeing?

Johnson. — Worth seeing? Yes! But not worth going to see.

But Boswell was not a man who feared being snubbed, and, when the moment seemed propitious, he continued his inquiries: —

But, Doctor Johnson, do you not believe that a closer union with England would be good for Ireland?

Johnson. — Sir, it would only give us a better chance to rob them.

Boswell. — But union with Scotland has worked well. You have n't robbed us.

Johnson. — Sir, the only reason we have n't robbed Scotland is because there is n't anything worth taking.

This was during the time of Grattan's Parliament, when Ireland was for a time granted Home Rule, with a string to it. The Irish Parliament had the right to talk in Dublin, while the legislating was done at Westminster.

At no period was the Irish Question more exasperating to people who were striving for a reasonable solution. In 1780, Edmund Burke writes: —

I have had my holiday of popularity in Ireland. I have even heard of an intention to erect a statue to me. I am glad it never took effect. The fragments of the piece might see service while they are moving according to the law of projectiles against the windows of my friends.

As for the attempts of the government to adopt a policy of conciliation after coercion had failed, he says, —

The awkward parade of tricking out necessity in the garments of choice, the shallow stratagem of defending by argument what is yielded to force, these are things not to my mind.

Coming down to the early years of the nineteenth century, we find Walter Scott meditating on the old question. Writing to Joanna Baillie, he tells of the impressions made upon a visitor: —

I had intended to write about Ireland. But alas, Hell is paved with good intentions. I never saw a richer country, or, to speak my mind, a finer people — but how they do dislike one another! Their factions have been so long envenomed and they have such a narrow ground to battle in. They are like people fighting with daggers in a hogshead. The Protestants of the North are a fine race — but dangerous to the quiet of the country.

As for the particular issue of the day, over which they were violently contending, Scott says: —

I do not believe either party cares much about it. The Catholics desire it because the Protestants are not willing they should have it. The Protestants desire to withhold it because they think it mortifies the Catholics.

Can it be that this long-drawn-out controversy, which was two hundred years old when the Turks took Constantinople and has gone on querulously and angrily ever since, has come to an end? Can it be that the Irish Question is in danger of becoming a matter of purely historical interest? Must there in the future be learned footnotes to explain the allusions to it in English literature? Has it come to such a pass that it ceases to be a stand-by for those who try to start conversation?

Two years ago, this seemed impossible. Now it seems likely. The treaty with the Irish Free State introduced a new idea. There was an abrupt change of subject.

The old question had been, What right had England, or, if you will, the British Empire, to govern Ireland? This question was dropped by the tacit consent of both parties. Instead, another question was propounded: Would it not be for the advantage of Ireland to belong to the British Commonwealth of Nations?

It is this conception of a commonwealth of equal nations, united for mutual protection and bound together by common interests and affections, that has taken the place of the British Empire which Kipling celebrated. Of course, Ireland is a nation, and so is England, and so is Scotland, and so is Canada. These nations, each cherishing its own history and developing its own institutions, are members of one great Commonwealth.

The idea of such a new relation kindled the imagination of Michael Collins, and made him willing to try an experiment that had not been tried before. Thousands of his countrymen have caught the same vision. When they come to discuss the proper relations of the Irish nation to the commonwealth of nations to which it belongs, new questions will arise which must be discussed.

They will prove to be more interesting than the recapitulations of old feuds. A new generation is likely to arise which will ask, What *was* the Irish Question?

A MOMENT IN FLORENCE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

A LADEN cart goes creaking down
The storied street of the fair town
Of Florence, where like jewel set
With subtlest tracery and fret
Of fair-wrought window, carven door,
Or San Michele evermore
Speaks, through the saints' most holy band,
Of toil and beauty, hand in hand.

They trafficked here in corn and wheat;
Here thousands came, with praying feet,
For healing of the gracious face
Of her who blessed the market place.
They fashioned this immortal shrine
To keep the week-day task divine;
Makers of doublets and of shoes
Claimed the high speech that artists use;
Then mason, smith, and carpenter
Bade sculptors fashion forth for her
Enshrined within, — as still is shown, —
Orcagna's miracle of stone,
Saints haloed, living now as then,
The holy ones who walk with men:
So carven lips should speak their praise
For nights of peace and busy days,

Making for them unceasing prayer —
Encompassed round by those aware —
That gracious hands might still assoil
The stains of traffic and of toil.
Of faith and art the golden days
When merchandise was prayer and praise,
And merchant princes vied to dower
With training, young of gift and power,
Making the lilied city shine.
Glory of shapen curve and line
Spoke inmost truth, and art was whole —
Beauty of body and of soul.

The gold dust of November days
Gleams down the street in shining rays;
The mules' bells tinkle through the beat
Of immemorial hasting feet.
The carter's boy looks out upon
Saint Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Saint Stephen, in whose youthful face,
Dawns, in gray stone, the martyr's grace;
Saint George, in all his armor drest,
Saint James, Saint Philip, and the rest —
Saint after saint, in glory met,
Saint after saint, forever set
Above the city's toil and stir,
Wrought by the artist-worshiper,
Niche after niche, the marble still
With youthful heart and mind a-thrill
Of those who had — perchance has he —
Genius of Tuscan Italy.

The carter's boy looks out and sees
The tourists stand by twos and threes,

Reading how statue number one
In fourteen hundred odd was done
By young Ghiberti; statue four
In fourteen hundred ten and more
By Donatello; point to show
Saint Thomas by Verrocchio,
Striving with busy mind to grasp
That beauty, safe within his clasp,
Woven within of subtlest mesh,
Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh,
Aquiver in his heart, alive —
The tourist turns to statue five.

Stretched out upon the load of sand,
Shading his eyes with lifted hand,
Along the Stocking Makers' Street,
Which, as of old, goes on to meet
Façade and campanile, dome,
Where loveliness has lasting home,
The carter's boy goes dreaming on
Of Christ, Saint Thomas, and Saint John.

Had he his chance, what might he do
To set his kind a-praising too?

FEMINISM IN NYASALAND

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

I

For several years after my arrival in Tropical Africa, while living in the midst of natives, and fully conversant, as I imagined, with their customs and their way of thinking, my heart was filled with compassion for the hard-working and submissive black woman. 'What a field!' I often said to myself, 'for the vindicators of women's rights! Oh! if I could only bring here one of those energetic lady champions! What a storm she would raise in the whole world, until she had set rolling the stone which would, in the end, bring if not entire freedom, at least relief to these poor and patient creatures!'

Pending the arrival of a militant ally, I tried my best, wherever I happened to be, to pave the way by word of mouth for a more energetic propaganda in the future; but I must confess, to my shame, that my efforts met with very little success. It is perhaps just as well, under the circumstances, that the expected militant friend has, up to date, as far as I am aware, failed to materialize.

When I tried to explain to a husband that it cannot, in fairness, be expected from the mother of a family to collect firewood in the forest, to bring water from the river, and to carry all the household goods on a journey, I was invariably met by that vacant stare which natives who cannot, or will not, understand know so well how to assume; and as to the women themselves, my discomfiture amounted to a fiasco! They had two attitudes in response to my veiled incitements to rebellion: the one was that of benevolent toleration, if not exactly approval, of my intentions rather than my words, the humoring, so to speak, of the harmless hobby of a good-natured eccentric; the other, more humiliating still, was that of boundless merriment, finding expression in peal after peal of laughter, to which the listeners gave way, and which kept on reaching me from the distance, growing fainter and fainter, as they moved away from my camp.

The native point of view is well illustrated by the following conversation which I once had with a Yao, a tribe in which every man is a born 'sea-lawyer.' As he was leaving his hut, and had already gone a little distance, he called back to his wife to bring him his tobacco.

I said: 'Your wife has a lot of work to do: she cooks your food, she looks after the child, she pounds the grain, she brings firewood and water — can you not go and fetch your tobacco yourself?'

'Have I not,' he answered, 'given her everything she possesses, clothes, and beads, and money to pay the hut-tax; and do I not give her money to buy food?'

'I see,' I replied: 'you look upon your wife as your servant, and what you give her is her salary.'

'But,' said he, 'is it not the same

with the women of the white men? Does not a white man get a wife because he wants her to look after his house and his food? When he wants a new kind of pudding, he tells her, and she looks into her book, where everything about puddings is written, and then she calls the cook and tells him what to do. Is not that the same as with us?'

There certainly was a time when terrible acts of cruelty were perpetrated against women in Tropical Africa; but these acts were not so much the consequence of the women's enslaved state, as of the omnipotence of the chiefs, who, when they chose, treated their male subjects as barbarously as the female ones. From the moment when British supremacy made it impossible for native potentates to indulge in the satisfaction of barbarous caprices, there was nothing to prevent the existence of native women from running its peaceful course along lines made immutable by a practice which has lasted many centuries.

Undoubtedly, the relations of native men and women to one another are based, not on an idea of inferiority of the one sex to the other, but on division of labor. If, in some tribes, like, for instance, the Wayao, the woman throws in, by way of *pourboire*, an outward show of extreme humility and submission, she does so, as I will show later, on an entirely noncommittal understanding, merely, I am afraid, because the cunning creature is well aware of the weak spot in the cuirass of the lord of creation.

When, in the last-named tribe's country, I saw a woman kneel in the dust when addressing her husband or handing him anything, I could not repress a feeling of indignation with the male, for what I considered to be the outcome of insufferable arrogance on his part; nor would I believe him when he replied to my outspoken comments with the words: 'Have *I* told her to kneel down? She is following her own heart.'

I subsequently found out, however, that this excuse was quite correct. In most of the Nyasaland tribes, permanent connubial life is preceded by a term of probation, which can be broken off at will by either party. When the woman has finally made up her mind to stay, she punctuates her decision by kneeling when she addresses her husband. As a rule, she will inaugurate this change in their relations by a little *coup de théâtre*. She will choose an occasion when chance has brought together a goodly number of people, and she sees her husband standing among them. She will then walk right up to him, kneel down before him, put some trivial question, or give some unimportant piece of information, wait for the reply in a kneeling posture, and, after this has been given, get up and join the others. By thus humbling herself, *she has taken possession of her husband.*

In some tribes, as, for instance, that of the Wangoni, where probation is not required, the girls will postpone kneeling until after marriage.

Not only when they talk to their husbands, or hand them anything, are the women of the Nyasa Basin expected to kneel, but also when they minister to their wants, or even when they nurse them during an illness. A common sight is a 'beau's' morning 'toilette' at the hands of his wives. He sits cross-legged in front of a large cooking-pot filled with water, — a device for a looking-glass, — and his wives, supposing there are two of them, kneel, one on each side of him, one of them holding a small bottle of oil and a long-toothed wooden comb, and the other a knife or scissors and sometimes a flat-

iron to flatten the recalcitrant curls, as it is every black man's endeavor to have as little kink in his chevelure as possible.

The Wayao, descendants of conquerors, very intelligent, and very conceited, set the fashion in British Central Africa. The neighboring tribes are gradually adopting their customs and habits, and even their tribal marks. Something similar to this was, before the war, the Anglomania which was prevalent in Europe among the better classes in all countries.

It would be a mistake to infer, from the ostentation of wifely devotion just mentioned, a particularly humble or timorous disposition on the part of the performers. The whole show is a mere conventional formality, like our surrendering of a seat in a car to a lady, or giving her precedence. Barring a few concessions to traditional custom, native women in British Central Africa enjoy to-day a liberty greater than that of most European married women. Were it not that polyandry is unknown, one might almost be tempted to compare their emancipated status with that of the women of Tibet.

Marriages between natives are essentially *mariages de convenance*, and sentiment rarely plays a part in them. But it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the great advantage connected with this materialistic attitude lies in the fact that enforced celibacy is practically nonexistent among natives. Even lepers in the early period of the disease find a mate; it happens that these, even if they are known to be afflicted with that illness, marry persons who enjoy perfect health.

No man or woman is too deformed to marry. Not long ago I saw a woman, a poor little hunchback dwarf. 'Poor creature!' I exclaimed; 'she will never find a husband!'

'She has been married for years,' was the reply.

A couple of years ago, a young Ngoni came to me for medicine for a festering sore on the instep of one of his feet. I asked him how he had come by it, and was informed that it was a bite, inflicted by his first wife in a fit of jealousy, because he had taken a second one. After this act of revenge, she had run away with an Askari. I could not refrain from expressing my pity for the poor woman, who had obviously been very fond of her husband. But Joseph — such was that young bigamist's name — could not be made to accept my point of view. He was a picture of a man, uncommonly tall and strong, and he wore war-medals besides, having been through the campaign in German East.

I met him again about a year later, and asked him how he was getting on, and if he was still happy with his second wife.

'She has left me,' he said; 'she has gone to live with James.'

'James?' I exclaimed, 'the man in the workshop?'

'The same,' he said.

Now this James is a hopeless cripple, who moves about with extraordinary nimbleness on his hands and knees. Like so many native cripples, he is a mechanical genius, and he was, at the time I am writing about, employed in the workshop on the estate of a European. 'You do not mean to say,' I said to Joseph, 'that your wife has deserted you, a strong, big man, to go and live with that cripple?'

'James has got plenty money,' was the brief reply. This, indeed, was retribution.

Nowadays, among the Wayao, the Wanyanja, and the tribes which have adopted their customs, girls are no more bought from the father with cattle or goats, and no girl is given in

marriage against her consent. This is the case also among the tribes of the Livingstone Range. Chief importance is given to the expenses incurred by the husband on account of the woman, in establishing her household. These are considered as imposing upon the latter a moral liability.

A Yao once asked me if Europeans make presents to the father of their fiancée. When I told him that it is the other way, and that the father gives the daughter money for her married establishment, and that her friends give her presents, he inquired: 'Is this because the parents of the girl are afraid that, perhaps, if they give her nothing, later, when the two have been married for some years, and a quarrel arises, the husband might say to his wife: "What! You dare quarrel with me, and yet, when I married you, you had nothing, and I gave you everything!"?'

It is strange how the ideas concerning the conduct which is expected from unmarried girls vary in different tribes. Among the Wayao, and those who have come under their influence, girls are allowed to grow up without supervision or restraint. How great is the influence, for good or evil, of the Wayao over their neighbors, may be concluded from the fact that this laxity of morals has spread even to the Wangoni, although their parent nation, the Zulu of South Africa, punishes girls who have disgraced themselves, by death through warrior ants.

The Wataweta of the Kenia Province allow their young a licence as great as that of the Wayao.

On the other hand, the Wapare of the Tanganyika province, near neighbors of the Wataweta, in order to keep their young girls out of harm's way, were, and perhaps still are, in the habit of shutting them up for periods sometimes extending to four years, often in solitary confinement, in lofts built into the roofs of their huts! They were never allowed to go out, but were otherwise well taken care of. If, in the same tribe, a boy and girl sinned against custom, their lives were forfeited, and they were killed in the way in which, according to Moses (Numbers 25:8), Phinehas killed the Israelite, the daughter of a Prince of the Midianites.

The Elgon natives of the Kenyia province shut up all the boys, every evening, in double-story buildings, and a watch is set over them.

It is to be feared, however, that those tribes which are concerned about the proper behavior of their maidens before marriage, are not so from any appreciation, or even comprehension, of 'virtue' in the white man's sense of the word. Chastity merely increases the girl's value as a commercial asset. That this is the case follows from the fact that it is insisted upon chiefly in those tribes where the girl is bought from the parents by the bridegroom, without being herself consulted; while it is treated as a negligible quantity where the girl's consent is a condition of marriage.

Nothing could be simpler than the process by which, to-day, in Nyasaland, a man and a woman enter matrimony. The following account gives a good idea of how it is generally done. I asked Soliman how he got his wife.

He said: 'I met her on the road and gave her tobacco. Shortly afterward she came in to my hut and brought ugali (porridge). I asked: "For whom is this ugali?" She replied: "It is for you." I then asked her: "Why do you bring me ugali?" She replied: "Because I want you very much." I said: "But you have a husband already." She replied: "No! my husband left me a long time ago." I said: "This is surely a lie." She said: "It is not a lie: go and ask my brother." I then went and asked her brother, and he said: "She has told you the truth: her hus-

band left her a long time ago." I then went to my own brother [his eldest brother] and asked him if he had any objection to my courting that woman. He said he had none and so she came to live with me.'

In due time, when the two came to the conclusion that there existed no radical *incompatabilité d'humeur*, the preliminary arrangement became a permanent one.

What applies to the courting of grown-up women applies in an equal degree to that of girls. Their freedom of movement is absolute. They will go to a young fellow 'on trial' without first informing their parents, until, perhaps, one day, the father asks casually: 'Where are you always going to, taking food-stuff with you?' The girl then replies: 'I go to a young fellow whom I like very much.' Then the swain, after having been informed by his fiancée that the father is beginning to manifest curiosity, will go to the latter and tell him that he wants his daughter; and then the father will say: 'Go and speak with her brother.' It is always the brother, or the uncle on the mother's side, who is consulted as the weightiest authority; but this is not to be looked upon as a disregard of parental authority; quite the contrary, parents are considered to stand so high above their children, that to consult them in anything, or even to begin a conversation with them, would be an unthinkable piece of audacity on the children's part.

Before the two young people agree to live with one another, there is always the same exchange of questions and answers, almost like a ritual: 'Have you not got another man.' 'No!' 'Surely you lie; you have another man!' 'No, truly; I am telling the truth.' The brother is then called upon, for confirmation or otherwise.

If, during the term of probation, the young people discover that they cannot agree, or if the family of one of the two parties objects to the choice made, they separate. In one case, for instance, in which one of my servants wanted to marry a young girl, the latter's family decided, after she had come to live with him, to settle in another district. Now, among the Wayao, as a general rule, the husband follows the woman and lives in her village. But in this case the bridegroom's family, a body against whose decisions there is no appeal, declared with one accord that they did not wish him to leave the district in which *they* were living. So there was nothing left for the two but to separate.

I felt very sorry for them both; but when I asked Hassan, full of sympathy, if he felt very sorry that the girl was leaving him he laughed, and said: 'Not at all!' He was thinking, no doubt, that there are as many fish in the sea as have come out of it.

As long as the bridegroom has incurred no expenses on behalf of his lady, and as long as the relations of both have not been formally and solemnly informed of the union, the separation is not treated as being of any importance. But where all these conditions have been fulfilled, it is sure to be followed by litigation.

II

If the native woman's conduct as a spouse, looked at from the white man's point of view, leaves much to be desired, it must be proclaimed, on the other side, that no words of praise could even approximately do justice to her in her character as housewife and as mother.

Her thrift, her patience, her endurance, her uncomplaining and quiet cheerfulness, are the incomparable qualities against which her husband has nothing to put into the balance

except official representation and the prestige of masculine strength, which, as a protection, is becoming more and more superfluous.

Long before sunrise, long before her husband, she gets up to go and fetch water from the lake or from the river. On many occasions this function is accompanied by personal danger, as, for instance, when the only water-supply is a river or a lake infested with crocodiles; or when man-eating lions happen to be about. These generally choose their victims from women who are on their way to the water or returning from it. I have known of many such casualties; yet I never heard of any woman making this a pretext for staying at home.

Other occupations fill the day, from morning till night: wood-chopping, grain-pounding and winnowing, hoeing, planting, cooking, nursing the children, fetching mud for the huts and applying it (the frames are erected by the men), besides, in some places, making pottery — an art reserved to women, some of whom are clever artists in this industry.

When one asks the men what part of the work is left for them to do, as the women do practically everything, they invariably reply: 'Oh, but do not we get the money for the women to buy cloth with, by hiring ourselves out to Europeans? Where are the women to get money from, if we do not get it for them?'

So great is the glamour attached to money in the native mind, that a man who, by a few months' work on a plantation or as a 'boy,' has earned enough to pay the hut-tax and to buy a few pieces of calico, is satisfied that he has done ample justice to *his* part of the contract, and that he fully deserves, for the rest of the year, his *otium cum dignitate.*

The adaptability of native women to their surroundings, and their equanimity under all circumstances, are remarkable. They are very like gypsies in this respect. Those who follow their husbands on a journey, with or without children, often without any necessity and only for the fun of the thing, find themselves as much at home in a grass hut erected in haste in the bush, as in their own village; and their babies are just the same.

Yet another great quality of these women is the small amount of noise which they make. All the chattering, all the loud laughing and talking is done by the men, who are engaged in incessant conversation on the most futile subjects from morning till evening, and often, when there is a moon shining, all through the night, too, as natives enjoy the invaluable faculty of being able to remain awake at will, without exercising the slightest effort. In a camp, women are scarcely ever heard, unless one of them happens to have a hysterical fit.

Black babies are as admirable as their mothers. They are simply wonderful! Nobody who has not lived in close proximity to them for some time can realize how noiseless they are. Once only in twenty-five years has a black child kept me awake during the night; and I do not know to this day what the reason was, as I arrived after dark and left before dawn, and never saw it!

When I once asked a Yao why black babies make so little noise compared with white ones, he replied: 'The European father teaches his child to make plenty noise and to break everything it touches, because, if it does not, he thinks it is ill.'

The placidity and the contentment of native as compared with European babies is due, no doubt, to their close companionship with their mother, from whom they are as inseparable, *mutatis*

mutandis, as little kangaroos from theirs. During the first years of their life, they spend nearly all their time snugly and comfortably berthed in the *kuveleka*, the pouch formed by the cloth slung over their mother's back. If they want to sleep, they sleep; when they are awake, there is always something interesting to see, or to hear, by peeping round the corner. The larder is always full, the table always laid, the perambulator always ready to start; they are kept warm by the best and most natural of warming-pans.

The facility which the native has in sleeping under all circumstances, and in all conceivable postures, must be the consequence of this existence of the child on its mother's back where it undergoes all imaginable variations of tossing; for, whatever may be the nature of the work in which the woman is engaged, she scarcely ever puts the baby down. And the skill with which she manages to carry, besides, on her head, heavy logs of wood, or a hoe which often balances within an inch of the small passenger's head, is both marvelous and appalling, as it also testifies to her strength of nerve. Often have I been made quite anxious by thus seeing babies, in imminent danger as I imagined, of being brained; and I have even seen native men who were affected the same way; and I have heard them call out to the women to be careful. Yet it would appear as if nothing ever happened.

I once asked a man if he remembered, in his lifetime, a baby having been injured by the load which its mother was carrying. 'Oh, yes,' he replied at once; 'I remember very well, a long time ago, at such and such a place.' 'And what happened?' I asked; 'did the poor child die?' 'Die? No!' was the reply; 'there was a little blood, though.'

It occurs from time to time that women have hysterical fits — fits which have the same character in tribes settled thousands of miles apart. One hears sometimes that the reason why the Chinese occasionally run amok is the snapping of the bonds of self-restraint imposed upon them by their crowded existence; the fits of black women may have the same origin. There is, however, nothing dangerous or violent about them. They consist, as a rule, in an avalanche of words, chiefly accusations and complaints, which nothing on earth except violence can stop, culminating sometimes in a headlong flight from the village into the bush, with the avowed intention to await death there. Fortunately, however, the crisis always ends before it comes to this. Husbands, when their wives are taken that way, have two alternatives: either to beat them until they stop, or to run away and keep at a distance until the hurricane has passed.

As was indicated above, among the Wayao and those tribes which their influence has penetrated, woman rules supreme in the household and in the village. I have spoken with many men who, after some hesitation, ended by admitting it. In the villages it is the women who make or mar reputations, as they did in Europe before the advent of the suffragette, and in the house the men follow their advice in almost everything. It is they who decide whether a stranger shall be allowed to settle in the village and to remain there, and whether one of the community who, for some reason or other, is making himself obnoxious, shall be given, by the men, the *consilium abeundi*. When the wife of a native servant desires a change, she will prevail on her husband to leave his situation, however much he may like it personally. 'Boys' who have been scolded in the presence of their women invariably give notice; most thefts committed by men are due

to direct or indirect instigation by their wives. Black men are extremely sensitive to ridicule, and what they fear more than anything else, is to appear ridiculous or weak before their women. The latter know this, and harp on that string with consummate virtuosity.

What gives the women of the Wayao such a hold over the men is the unique custom that, after marriage, the man follows the woman to *her* village, not *vice versa;* and if, later, the man goes to reside in another place, — as, for instance, when he finds employment on a plantation, — it seems to be left to his wife's discretion entirely, whether she shall follow him or not. Frequently she refuses.

I once had a servant named Moses — a good-natured, blear-eyed, pock-marked, flat-nosed, squat fellow, very partial to *pombe*, and particularly unfortunate in his dealings with the fair sex. One day he informed me that he had got a new wife (his third), and that she wanted to come and live with him. So I put at his disposal a large and comfortable hut which stood empty. But anything like the tantalizing behavior of this princess could not be imagined! For weeks she kept on sending messages announcing her impending arrival, without ever turning up. I tried, by scathing comments, to rouse poor Moses, who was daily growing more depressed, to an assertion of his authority; but he was evidently much too afraid of being deserted, to risk incurring his Dulcinea's displeasure.

One morning, when I asked him if his bride had at last arrived, he replied, in English, which he spoke rather well: 'No; she sent her little sister instead; did you not see that little girl who came yesterday?' 'Why on earth does she send you a little girl?' I said; 'why does she not come herself?' To this he replied, in a meek and despondent tone of voice: 'A little sister-in-law for me.' Finally he made up his mind to give in, and left me to join her.

Just as in Europe, it frequently happens that mere boys marry women twice their age, and sometimes nearly twice their size. They make devoted husbands, as long as it lasts; but I imagine that they are rather henpecked as a rule. In one such case which I remember, the wife, a giantess, whom her boyish husband had been carrying, figuratively speaking, on his hands, at last brought matters to a head by requesting him to cook her food! This was too much, and he gave her up that very day.

Yet, such is the power of conventionality, that, if the husband's brother, or his maternal uncle, come on a visit, the wife will at once leave the hut and sit by herself, alone and disconsolately, at some distance, until he has gone. And if one asks her why she acts in this way, she replies: '*Ninaona haya.*' (I feel shy.) The visitor, if the same question was put to him, would probably say, as an explanation needing no further comment: 'Is she not my daughter-in-law?'

One of the chief reasons for the differences between man and wife, which incessantly occur in Nyasaland and are more frequent there than in any other part of Africa which I have visited, is the ease with which the women absent themselves from their homes for varying lengths of time. A pretext is never wanting, and is apparently always taken for granted by the confiding husband.

I have known a Ngoni woman to leave her invalid husband all alone for six weeks; and when I asked him why he consented to being thus deserted in his helpless state, he explained, with perfect equanimity, that she had followed up-country a debtor who owed her sixpence!

Native women who run short of pro-

visions often remedy this by repairing to some village in the district where maize is reported to be abundant, and there hire themselves out to take a hand in pounding it, for remuneration in kind. This offers an opportunity for an absence of many days' duration, during which the control of the movements of the absentee ladies by their husbands is a complicated affair, and quite out of the question when the latter are in fixed employ.

It is deplorable to have to admit that the black woman of British Central Africa, with all her admirable qualities, is sorely lacking in the one essential virtue of her sex.

With the sole exception, possibly, of the few Christian women who belong to the nucleus of *bonafide* converts surrounding mission stations, no native woman is capable of even faintly suspecting that her white sister's attitude toward certain problems of life is either beautiful or reasonable.

A redeeming, although rather ludicrous feature of the question is, that Isolde is expected to make, without delay, full confession of her fault to her husband, who otherwise would die if he partook of food in company with Tristan. This is implicitly believed in by the natives of Nyasaland, and confessions of this kind are of very common occurrence.

A somewhat similar idea is the universal belief that a woman whose husband has been unfaithful will grow ill and die of her next child; or that a child at the breast will die if its father is unfaithful to the mother. All the deaths of women with child, or of a child at the breast, are attributed to this cause. Nothing, however, appears to happen nowadays to the guilty father, except that he is excluded from the family mourning ceremonies.

Open acts of revenge by an injured husband are extremely rare, but that passion may be exercised in a way which cannot be brought home to him. That this sometimes happens I more than suspect — merely from the character of the people. Also, complete indifference is often assumed, in order to procure convincing proof. But even where this has been forthcoming, the end of the whole intrigue, as a rule, so far as the general public is concerned, consists in nothing more tragic than an endless palaver between the families of the two parties, where the fine payable by the guilty person is definitely fixed.

Rarely does it happen that even the most incorrigible of flirts is dismissed by her husband, if she is otherwise of an amiable disposition. One evening I was awakened by the sound of blows and of a woman screaming. It came from the hut of a man whom I knew, the the owner of two wives, one of whom was elderly and steady, the other a wayward young gazelle, who had already twice spontaneously confessed that she had listened to the advances of a neighboring Don Juan.

I rushed to the hut; but when I arrived there, I found the husband only and the first wife; the second wife, caught listening to the blandishments of the neighbor, had, I was told, run away. As I feared that he might have seriously injured the girl, I told the man that, unless he produced her, unhurt, within a day, I should have him seized and sent before the Resident.

I waited two days, and then both appeared before me, smiling, *hand in hand*. They were still living together, and on the best of terms, two years later.

The absolute immorality of the women of Nyasaland, strange to say, goes along with a modesty, both of word and gesture, in both sexes, which could not be excelled in the most respectable and *collet-monté* community of white people. Exceptions occur only when a woman gets drunk.

The rule as to what constitutes and what destroys the respectability of a grown-up woman is a different one in almost every tribe. Where morality is practically nonexistent, as among the women of the Nyasa Basin, nothing, obviously, that a woman could do could injure her honor. Among the Wakinga of the Livingstone Range, again, a hardy race of mountaineers, women are forbidden two things: to accept money in return for their favors, and to bestow them on men not of their own race. To the latter restriction was due, before the war, the total absence of all disease — an inestimable boon, perhaps unique in the world. But whether this happy state of affairs has survived the 'passing of the days of war' is, alas, another question. The Masai woman, in the Nyika of what now forms the Kenyia and the Tanganyika provinces, is a model spouse; but the unwritten law of the nation imposes upon her husband the duty temporarily to surrender his house and its inhabitants to any one of the Elmorao (members of the warrior caste, who are bound to celibacy as long as they belong to it) who desires to take possession of them, and to keep away as long as he sees the latter's long spear sticking in the ground in front of the door. This husband was an Elmoran himself before his marriage.

Ethically, there is a great resemblance between all native women, from the Juba to Capetown; but physically they are as different as white women of different nationalities; and their ideas as to the kind of ornaments best adapted to their particular style of beauty vary even more.

Most Europeans, I believe, imagine that, although a Negro woman may have a fine figure, the general type of the features is always the same, and shaped, more or less, on the lines of the traditional black woman of story-books. No idea could be more erroneous and more unjust. People may differ as to the question whether perfect classic beauty is compatible with a black skin; but, leaving the Somali out of the question altogether, because it is not quite certain if, black though they are, one is justified in calling them Negroes, there can be no two opinions as to whether an ebony Venus of Milo — the term black, when applied to the human skin, has as many shades as the spectrum — is not occasionally met with, very much alive, indeed, among the Wagala or the Waswahili. Perfectly regular features are probably more frequent among the former of these two races than among the English, the Italians, or the Greeks. Besides, the headdress of the women of these tribes — small curls arranged on both sides of the central, longitudinal parting, and converging toward a small tuft, just above the nape of the neck — is not unlike the classic ideal.

The headdress of the Masai and the Wataweta women, where beautiful faces, although of a somewhat different type, are just as frequent as among the tribes just mentioned, is also very becoming and very striking, consisting, as it does, of leather bands forming a kind of skullcap on top, and hanging down on both sides of the face, like the curls of our grandmothers, terminating in huge, brightly polished metal discs, the whole being rather suggestive of the faces of saints on Greek icons. Unfortunately, these women shave off their eyebrows, as did the Gioconda and her contemporaries.

But neither the Swahili nor the Masai headdress has, so far, been universally adopted as a fashion; and no woman's face in the world, were it as beautiful as that of 'the serpent of old Nile' herself, can with impunity support a black woolen pincushion in lieu of a *chevelure*.

Native women, who have not grown either self-conscious or bold by much intercourse with Europeans, often have charming manners: the low laugh, the graceful movements of the head, the subdued gestures, the total absence of affectation (which is in itself the hall-mark of good breeding) — no *grande dame* in Europe could excel them in these; and those whom age has deprived of the charm of youth often astonish the stranger by their wisdom and their sense of humor.

It is a moment of ever-recurring surprise and wonder to me, that the very tribes in which women enjoy the greatest freedom and have most power, namely, the Wayao and the Wanyanja, are also those in which they are ugliest, and where, besides, they do their best to increase this ugliness by disfiguring themselves with their idiotic ornaments. These 'improvements' are threefold; about the most atrocious of the three, the flattening of the breasts, the less said the better.

The other two are called, respectively, the *chipini* and the *pelele*. Both are studs. The chipini is worn in the side of the nose, the pelele half-way between the nose and the upper lip. The chipini is one inch across, the pelele often much larger! Indian women sometimes wear a small piece of jewelry in the nose, which looks very pretty. Natives, however, can do nothing in moderation, and the enormous chipini distorts the wearer's nostril, down and sideways, across half the cheek. It looks horrid enough when the chipini is worn; but when it has been lost, or sold, there remains nothing but the gap where it ought to be; and the impression given is that of a permanent disfigurement due to some accident.

I remember that, when I came to Nyasaland and saw for the first time a woman who had left her chipini at home, I thought she was ill, and told my attendant to ask her if I could help her in any way! Natives always avoid giving a direct reply if they can, and so the answer which I received in this case was that, 'perhaps' there was nothing the matter with the lady's nose.

The women themselves could probably be prevailed upon to give up wearing these horrible things; but, unfortunately, the men like them, and encourage them to wear them. A Yao, a great Don Juan, once announced to me that he intended going in search of another wife. I wished him good luck and added: 'I hope you will find a pretty wife, one who does not wear that dreadful chipini.'

'What!' he exclaimed, horrified; 'nothing at all, like a man?'

If the chipini is bad, the pelele is worse. A peculiarity of the natives of the Nyasa Basin, some Wangoni excepted, is the great distance between the nose and the upper lip; the line, besides, projects outwards at an angle from the nose, almost like a beak. It is midway between the nose and the lip that the pelele is worn, and one asks one's self whether the length of that line is due to the wearing of the pelele through countless generations, or whether the pelele was put there to relieve its monotony. The natives have a theory to explain the invention. They say that, when a woman grows old, she loses her front teeth, and that then her upper lip, by getting into the mouth, prevents her from talking distinctly; but that the pelele keeps the lip up, and that those who wear it can talk just as distinctly without front teeth as with them. Possibly! But why, then, do not the old men wear a pelele, too? They never do.

There exists a surprising similitude between the lower part of the face of a woman who wears the pelele and the

beak of the female trumpet hornbill,— the *Hondo-Hondo* of the natives, — a bird which is indigenous (although not exclusively so) in the countries whose inhabitants wear that ornament. While the male Hondo-Hondo carries, over beak and forehead, the helmet of a Roman centurion, his partner contents herself with a round disc, like a pelele in shape and size, which she wears midway between the root of the bill and its tip. The resemblance is so striking, that the observer involuntarily asks himself if it is not due to something more than a coincidence! Can it not be that, in the long, long ago, some of the women decided to follow the bird's example, as a new and original attraction in their intercourse with man? Or was it a sultan, perhaps, who, in a barbarous humor, experimented as to how his women would look with the female hornbill's jewel, and thus set the fashion?

Unlike the chipini, the pelele is, fortunately, disappearing. It is scarcely ever met with, now, in the Shire highlands, although the people to the east of Lake Nyasa still wear it. The missionaries, I am told, are doing their best to induce the children to refuse to undergo the perforation above the lip, which is necessary for the insertion of the stud.

The indifference of natives to human physical beauty, which practically amounts to its total elimination as a factor in the relations between the sexes, has often been commented upon. A native whose attention you draw to the handsome features of another native — either woman or man — always responds vaguely, indifferently, never emphatically, rather giving the impression that he does not quite understand what you mean. It is significant that there exists, in the Swahili language, no word which expresses handsome, or beautiful, exclusively. The word *zuri*, the only one used in this sense, means good, as well as beautiful, the first idea conveyed, when it is applied to a person, being always that of moral, rather than physical, excellence.

The incongruity which often exists between parties forming a union, almost suggests the absence of even individuality as a factor in these relations. And yet it would probably be incorrect and unjust to explain the phenomenon by the preponderance of mere brute sensuality over all finer feelings; for it cannot be denied that natives are by no means devoid of a sense of beauty. They admire it in animals, in flowers, in pictures, landscapes, and music; they have clever artists; and their perception of what is ridiculous in expression or appearance is perhaps keener than that of the average European, notwithstanding their passion for the odd and the baroque. One might say, that their indifference to beauty is confined exclusively to sex-relations, or that their æsthetic sense is in default only where these relations come into play.

The explanation of this bizarre trait in the character of the African Negro can perhaps be found in the surmise expressed by the famous author of *The Traveling Diary of a Philosopher*, that natives of the Tropics cannot feel love as we do, our love being founded entirely on an imaginative power which they do not possess; for, surely, the faculty to feel love is an essential condition of the faculty to appreciate physical beauty.

SCHOOL CONFORMITY

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

I

It is too easy to write with some fervor on educational matters, and to promote your own ideas based on your own inherited quality of mind and endeavor, thereby to assist in establishing a certain philosophy of education, and even a method of education, which shall stand against the attrition of present and future criticism.

What you do, of course, is particularly to express yourself, and perhaps impress and reassure others who are more or less like you. What you do not do is to convince a great multitude who are not like you, who have a very different origin and habit of life.

From a biological point of view, it does seem rather strange that, with a common ancestry merged into a dense conglomerate extending under water like a coral reef a million years old, there should be such divergence of ideas in the apex, the very small part that is living in the foam and sunlight of the present day.

The animal mind, the greatly preponderating element, is the same; the infantile mind — using Dr. Robinson's divisions — is somewhat the same; the imitative mind is less the same; and the constructive mind not at all the same.

And it is the constructive mind to which we wish to commit our educational fortunes.

It is a constructive mind necessarily founded upon these preceding minds, and so the thing called Fate has a great deal to do with the working of it. It is not free. It has a certain radius, a tether of a rather definite length, which confines the individual to a rather definite area.

Predestination is no longer a popular word, but let no one suppose it to have lost its meaning and retired from business.

The mistake the old religionists made was in thinking that anyone could plot the curve of predestination for anybody else, and observe its terminus in Heaven or in Hell.

Intolerance we profess not to understand any more, simply because it is usually repressed by social consent and by economic necessity. As the world becomes more crowded, certainly the most intolerable thing is intolerance. When people could get away from each other more easily, when there was more frontier, and you could move off and establish your special kind of intolerance in a new country, why, of course, things did not really have to come to the stony eye, the exasperating word, the murderous hand, and the more murderous heart.

Do you remember the scene in the *Valkyrie* when Hunding comes home amid the thunder and scream of the forest storm, strides in with his spear and dark countenance, and finds Siegmund lying by his hearth?

In the long survey that these two elemental antagonists make of each other, while the orchestra surges with

their emotions and destinies, you feel the tension, the irrepressible conflict between Realism and Idealism, between Rationalism and Faith, between Law and Grace. In modern literature Nietzsche and Dostoievsky represent these extremes, the one excluding all but the masterful, the determined; the other — hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things, knowing that even the things that are not shall bring to nought the things that are.

Intolerance is still the threatening phenomenon, and only a few years ago broke out again, with all its torments immensely multiplied. The inquisitor was abroad in the land, and the auto-da-fé blazed in Flanders and France.

The crust is thin yet, and one must be careful not to start cracks in it by inconsiderate ways of talking and of acting.

Well, of course, the intolerance in the intellectual world, if you want to call the school-world that, is a very gentlemanly and ladylike sort of thing, for which we must be duly thankful. For these schools are derived — and recently derived, too — from religious institutions and even from military institutions, and we are doing very well to have got so far from these sources of ferment, where people forgot so easily that what they had in common was to what they differed in as one thousand is to one.

But if you listen to school-talk, if you listen to the leaders of school-thought and of school-programme to-day, you are struck very much by the difficulties that exist to agreement, to what Mr. Wilson so often referred to as 'accommodation'; and you are confronted again with these deep cleavages, the insulations, which people prefer to foster, to increase, and even to advertise.

To be sure, it all goes to increase the interest of the composition, so to speak, by introducing those dissonances — those clashings of tones and that dramatic element without which life would be insipid. What would there be for so many of us to write about then, or to declaim about before the women's clubs?

How we do enjoy robing ourselves in the sombre cloak of denunciation and of prophesy, securing for a moment a fleeting attention, before we make our exit into yesterday's seven thousand years, quite alone and unattended, comforting ourselves as we may, but certainly with no assurance of having 'held a hand uplifted over Fate.'

From your own circumscribed area, then, with its preoccupations, with its passers-by in rags, tags, and velvet gowns, each making a passing gesture and condescending a passing glance as they proceed from nowhere to nowhere — you look and listen.

And among many other things you may notice this — that people get the habit of seeing their own kind far too much. That is a by-product of intolerance, and also a self-preservative instinct. But what we need is more cross-fertilization, and school-people need it very much indeed — almost as much as business men or engineers, for instance. Adventure is another word for it.

If you are a typical business man, what you need most is to stop making business men your constant companions. You need to stop going to that round table at the club for lunch. You get poisoned by the exhalations of the same sentiment in an unventilated place, namely, in a business career. What you need is to see more people, — and get on intimate terms with them, too, — who have very different interests: poets, painters, and craftsmen, who do things for the love of doing them, for the thing and not for its selling-price, or its duplicate production possibilities. Among these people you will find, here and there, one who shall

blow away the webs of your timidities and inhibitions and intolerances, and make your spiritual house a more habitable place.

And if you are attached to the school army, of seven hundred thousand or more, that marches almost daily to the attack on childhood, what you need is less pedagogical regimentation, and more walking with the children themselves, with the onlookers, not the living only but the dead, as they still live in their prose and poetry and music.

II

The great figure of the Puritan, with his face hardened in the rigidities of dogma, with the Book he felt that he alone understood, with his staff for correction and his square-toed shoes beating a ruthless path through the New World — the Puritan's shadow was on all schools and his substance usually in the President's Chair.

Then came two cataclysmic forces, — Darwin and the 'Iron Man,' and together they distilled a very strong antidote for Puritanism and ecclesiasticism in general; and behold, out of a sea of religious psychology, with all its beautiful and its terrible moods, its consolations and its devastations, we get a sea of repressed materialism, becoming more and more expressed as time goes on, filled with the luminosities of pure science, and the vivid gyrations of applied science, and particularly filled with a pelagic species called 'business men,' from whales to minnows.

This water surrounds educational institutions everywhere, and has risen inside to the level outside — or is rising.

And with the water come the fish; and there you see them, as plain as day, around the tables of the Boards of Education and of Trustees, fantastic creatures, so many of them, who plainly are equipped only with gills, and breathe freely only in water, and whose whole effort must be to increase the submergence of education in the business ocean and to exclude the air, the wind, the freedom of that *Spiritus* — that great Roman word in the passion of the cry, *Veni Creator Spiritus!*

Now these water-breathers are very valuable people; I would not disparage them at all if they did not keep coming up too often with that large gaze — the gaze of the successful person; and with the feeling that success in one medium justifies intrusion in another; and with that habitual determination, which made them effective enough to become important, and important enough to be feared.

Whole communities respect them inordinately, and listen too willingly when they speak of things about which they know nothing.

Although as regards schools and colleges they make some gestures and grimaces of compliance with air-breathing, so to speak, it is plain that to them schools and colleges are primarily to enable their children and all children 'in the various levels of social life in which it has pleased God in his wisdom to place them,' to do better and faster and more tirelessly the things society is now engaged in doing, and to increase the proportion of children who can win out — on the survival theory — *in water.*

And when you ask them to compromise; when you, in your most conciliatory mood, and in your most ingratiating manner, and with your most embarrassing arguments, ask them to admit the propriety of some of your claims, you may be treated respectfully; but, after you have gone, the remarks are paternalistic — you are interesting, decorative, amiable, but hardly to be taken seriously.

III

And now the reader can see plainly where this argument goes, and how simply and inevitably the principle of conformity, which has always controlled educational matters, operates here to promote what we may call 'Industrial psychology' among teachers.

Teachers and the teachers of teachers have been captured by it without much resistance, for the following reasons — aside from the 'peaceful penetration' alluded to. First, because teachers of spirit resent their traditional status as outsiders, as a group relegated to the unrealities, to the immature, by that part of society which is dealing in ponderables — in real estate, goods, machinery, and so on.

And is it not a temptation to be able to make obvious common cause with the people who have so much to show for what they do, and who are so much thought of and thought about and remembered?

Sad is the lot of the teacher, who can show so little; who has to be content to die before his crop matures; whose seed develops so mysteriously and slowly; who by Faith must subdue kingdoms, but rarely participate in the triumphal entry. To be able to show results, to measure the product of education, — the increments added yearly, — to keep a balance-sheet to indicate clearly the success or failure of your efforts! Yes, this is a very understandable temptation. Dear Lord, may we not allow ourselves this indulgence, that, in our own time, the work of our hands may be established upon us?

And another reason is that the people who are running schools can find enough teachers capable of performing the functions of record-keepers, — for it is by records, by a system comparable with bookkeeping and cost-accounting, that this business must operate, — and the function of 'test givers'; for it is from standardized tests only that records can be made.

The question is, do you think this kind of teacher may be maximized, and the other kind — the kind whose results you can't measure so easily — minimized, until the premium becomes definitely shifted, the very busy and expert-record-keeping stenographic type becoming the ideal, and this teacher of the by-products from textbooks — this teacher who is his own guide and who cannot live at all in this mechanical place, superintended by a person who should be designing motor-boats or automobiles — finally discredited?

He cannot live there or breathe there, because he is not interested in arriving at destinations, but in enjoying every step of the way by which you go; not in lineal progress and speed, but in the significance of things; not in quantity of ground covered, but in quality of impressions received and stored; not in attainment of mind, so much as in renewal of a right spirit and creation of a clean heart.

This is the teacher who turns on the light in that department of the individual's establishment where court is held, and establishes there a judge, who may become distinguished for his decisions, which judge is eventually that strange impersonal critic of the man himself, capable of putting his own emotions on the witness stand and relentlessly exposing his own pretensions and hypocrisies, until he cries out with shame and contrition; a teacher who assists you to attain, finally, to this beatitude, — the one Walt Whitman emblazoned on his shield, — 'Nothing exterior shall ever take command of me!'

And then there is the mass — the ever-increasing mass, the fecund, swarming, unassimilated, and refractory multitude of recent European origin, and particularly Southern European and

Slavic, — whose adult mental age is between nine and twelve years — how can schools deal with this heartbreaking problem except by mechanics, in some wholesale and 'big-business' manner, whereby they are herded along the runways provided by textbook manufacturers, into some conventional acceptance of standards that provide exterior coatings for very chaotic interiors?

The sins of our industrial fathers are visited upon their children. They satisfied their huge appetites for developing the country, and left us to clean up — to endeavor to compensate for a generation of exclusive association with the ugly assurances and crude ambitions of American municipal life, and American tenements, and American industry.

How many Angelo Patris do we need, and where shall we get them?

Does anybody think the thing called Americanization, with its sterile formulæ and lock-step ritual, will ever do more than whitewash the exterior of this matter?

It begins to have, this new citizenship, with its high birthrate and preponderating bulk, some of the aspects of a glacier on the American social landscape — a cosmic thing, which cause, plus time, carries through to destinations which are entirely hidden, but which are perceptibly changing the contours in preparation for a new landscape, and one which may resemble too much a public park on Monday morning, after the pupils in our schools, and their parents, have enjoyed a Sunday in it.

And, finally, the children themselves are also easily captured by the spectacle of the passing circus — for the flower of this industrial era is something like a circus. They all look out of the windows as the procession goes by. There is the gilded band-wagon, filled with brilliant costumes and very confident music. There are highly decorated ladies and gentlemen on prancing horses, attended by clowns and performers of all sorts — very conspicuous people who are, therefore, enviable people.

To be inconspicuous, to be indistinguishable, is the lot of failure, of the subnormal, of the unprivileged, of the poor, but must not be our lot. The tents are set up in every great city, and the newspapers, as 'barkers,' announce with terrible insistence that the show is now going on. And so, at all costs, let us become visible, by any manipulation of costume or by any possible antic in business, profession, or society, and ride as close as possible to the sounding brass instruments, being careful never to consider what an old sailmaker of Tarsus once said on the subject.

Externality — that is the social disease which schools have to combat, and to which they are, instead, beginning to conform — the thing that poisons life at the source, and will make a hideous parade through this country, unless children can be turned aside from following after and, through the agency of teachers who understand the art of furnishing *interiors*, are rescued from becoming mere gregarious dependents on shows, hollow and dark with the hollowness and darkness that harbor bat-like emotions.

Which does not involve any cloistered timidity and morbid aversion. This pageant of modern civilization makes a most dramatic and fascinating display. All it needs is proper interpretation to prevent that entanglement which produces mutilation. It is a machine, disguised as human, which grinds things up — particularly children whom it catches in school.

The mechanical genius of America, which sent the harvesting machines over the whole world to produce vastly more acreage in wheat, greatly accelerating the tendency of men to believe

that they live by bread alone, is now working on educational method.

Instead of the ox and the ass, who were, you remember, present at Bethlehem, and the individual with a plough walking slowly in a single furrow, we have a tractor dragging a multiform horror of wheels, and filling quiet places with its stertorous cough.

Those who make this machinery, and get the joy of creation, then bestow it 'ready-made' on their heirs and assigns, to whom it proves almost wholly a disaster.

Children must be so busy going through these standardized and standardizing processes that, before their own most precious creative impulses get a chance to grow more than a seed-leaf, they are ground up and rolled out and packaged and disposed of in the general market — the beaming organizers and mechanicians enjoying themselves hugely in retail and wholesale departments.

If the people who are working in the field of children's affairs with machinery of this sort cannot more than compensate for the losses involved, they are likely to produce crops that would not even please them if they could live long enough to see them.

But they do not. After zealously ploughing and sowing, with bland and confident expressions, they may look, in old age, with dim and tired eyes, at something luxuriant, but something that makes them content to die and escape the hardships of recultivating that desperate field, green — bright green — with a kind of poison ivy, which, on the 'body politic,' as it is called, produces a most irritating rash, the leaves that shall heal the nations being of a very different sort.

What shall we say then to these things? What reconciliation can we suggest?

It seems impossible to avoid 'wholesaleness'; and yet 'wholesaleness' will not do. It is always the little things that count, that give all the fertility and all the flavor and all the character and all the hope and all the happiness to human affairs. Bigness is a delusion, and the organization that bigness requires is a snare.

Speed and efficiency seem necessary in order to get the job done — and yet both are sterilizers, and nothing *grows* out of speed and efficiency that the spirit of man can live on at all.

So, if we must have wholesaleness and speed and efficiency in school-management, we surely must insist on adequate compensations, and the trouble is that the folks who apply the former seem wholly inadequate to supply the latter. Another species must be called in, — and called in in increasing numbers, and trusted and honored and obeyed, — and the water-breathers and air-breathers must be happy in each other's company. Is that something they can learn, do you think?

'Let me not,' said Shakespeare, 'to the marriage of true minds, admit impediments.'

True minds! Not minds out of true — crooked — distorted by either immediacy, mass-psychology, vocationalism, or, on the other hand, by sentimentality, and a repugnance for hardness and roughness and endurance under strain.

In the pontifical audience halls of the great temples of industry, of statesmanship, and of politics, the explorers in the huge and almost unknown lands of the spirit of coöperation and national and international toleration and assistance get but formal attention — with suppressed yawns and cynical smiles.

In the councils of the N.E.A., it is too often the man with a mechanical device who produces a crowding and a breathless audience; it is the man who proposes to organize things most per-

fectly and deliver goods in packages ready for use — even to deliver 'leaders,' though beneficent leaders have never been known to come from any self-conscious organization for leadership.

He begins by doing something that all history has discredited — by endeavoring to take this strange, protoplasmic, wholly mysterious human nature, which comes to him in apparently plastic and passive masses, and appraise the individual units and allot their destinies and specify their functions — some to honor and some to dishonor, forgetting that the thing that has always produced the heaviest weights the race has had to carry has been just that sort of thing — the imposition of rigid measuring appliances in the world of spiritual phenomena or mental phenomena and the apportioning of people to high, low, and intermediate stations according to the result — forgetting that after the 'Elaborate futility' of schools, life will make all their confident expression of wisdom look very pale and sickly indeed, its nose broken and its voice a whisper of apology.

Now does n't it all really seem to you, the more you think about it, to have something of the appearance of that most dismal friendship and conspiracy — this alliance of industry and schools — between the Walrus and the Carpenter, inviting the little oysters — in fact, all the oysters — for a walk along the beach?

So genial, that invitation, so ingratiating, so big-brotherly, and so lacking in disinterestedness, little oysters and bread and butter somehow belonging very much together after all, and the pleasant run ending in the picture of the grim two, sitting, distended and grotesque, in the evening light.

The endowed colleges still shake their heavy heads, though, one imagines, their confidence shakes also, as the invitations change in tone to something more peremptory, and the undesirable applicants shake their gates; but, so far, the eldest oysters remain among their humanities and examination-forms, entertaining the Walrus, accepting his gifts and his theory of economics and his social ritual, and smiling condescendingly on the Carpenter, but still retaining a dull sense that, once on a walk with them there is no return, and, so far, decline to walk.

Promoters of education by weight and measure, who underestimate, even if they do not discredit, that *Spiritus*, by refusing to make it the criterion, are likely to be objects for pity and irony, unless the future holds little in store for the individual and for those 'shy and migratory birds of the imagination' and the love and expression of beauty, which are, after all, the greatest gifts entrusted to men, and which machinery invariably frightens off, quite as if it were designed for that very function, when it occupies too conspicuous a position.

There is a certain very fine kind of economics, good housekeeping, involved in this so-called 'scientific education.' It prevents much waste, and it avoids, when handled by wise people, — which is not very often the case, — a great deal of injustice to individuals who might otherwise be tragically harried to do things they really could not do. This article is meant only to indicate the drift, the permeation of the prevailing psychology into regions that should be more critical and more constructive and directive, and not merely occupied by 'fans,' looking on and applauding, and stirred to play the same game themselves — each group on its own rather vacant lot.

And now, to conclude, I wish to refer those realists who feel that they are caricatured and ludicrously mis-

represented in the above series of pictures, to a statement in the preface of that most wise book by Professor Hocking, *Human Nature and Its Remaking*. He says: —

It is precisely the so-called Christian world which, having gone morally to sleep, is now put to a fight for life with the men who persist in reducing their standards to the level of common practice; in reaching their code of behavior from below upward, not from above downward; in keeping their ideals close to the earth, or at least in discernible working connection with the earth. Their creed we may name Moral Realism.

To the competitive element in our own social order we owe much — an impersonal estimate of worth in terms of efficiency, which we shall not surrender; a taste and technique for severe self-measurement; incredible finesse in the discrimination and mounting of individual talents. But we owe to it also an overdevelopment of the invidious comparative eye, a trend of attention fascinated by the powers, perquisites, and opinions of the immediate neighbors.

The eternal standard is obscured; hence we do nothing well; we lack sincerity and simplicity; we are suspicious, disunited, flabby; we do not find ourselves; we are not free. Unless we recover a working hold on some kind of religious innervation, our democracy will shortly contain little that is worthy to survive.

Here, it seems to me, is a perfectly fair statement of the case pro and con — the pros most excellent "pros," — as, for instance, — 'an impersonal estimate of worth.' But, if the eternal standard is obscured — and if the other contras are true, have you anything to hope for? This flood-tide of mechanism — of swirling, eddying, devouring, industrial frenzy — will ebb some day, and if the criteria of education have been dissolved in it, if the Walrus and the Carpenter are to be all that are left, have we any good reason for optimistic interest and devotion now?

THE SHIP

BY ARTHUR MASON

'THE first you know,' said Bonita Sam, 'there won't be one of us able to do a hand's turn on her. She 's getting to be a bloody horspittle, that 's what she is.'

It was his watch below, and he was making the most of it to do his mending. Taking his pipe from his mouth, he held up a pair of pants to the light, and critically surveyed a fine new patch.

Oilskin Jack carefully dusted the dried brine from his sou 'wester, and hung it up.

'The Old Man seems to think 'er tricks is natural,' he said. ''E walks the poop safe enough, but 'ow is it with the rest of us? Wot does 'e say wen she dives and shivers, and one more gets 'urt? Nothink. Just stares at the mizzen with a kind of sadness in 'is eye.'

He picked his jackknife from his pocket and opened it, then reached above his head to the low-set beam of the forecastle ceiling, and deliberately began to add another large notch to the six recent ones which marred its finely finished surface.

'Who 's that for?' inquired Sam, picking up a sock. 'You 'll have that beam all whittled up afore ever we get round the Horn.'

'It 'll be a notch a man, if the whole packet gets whittled,' answered Jack grimly. 'This one 's for the cook. She lifted a pot o' pea soup and dumped on his feet this morning, and him with his boots not laced.'

'Wot did the Old Man say?'

'"Put St. Jacob's Oil on them," 'e says, and marched away talkin' to 'isself.'

An appropriate silence fell.

'I was there wen it 'appened,' said Jack, presently.

Sam nodded, his mouth full of darning cotton.

'I was there wen it 'appened, and a meaner piece of work I never see. Says I to 'im this morning, "Pour me 'ook-pot full of coffee," says I.

'"There 'll be no more pouring aboard this ship, with everybody gettin' 'urt," says 'e, "it 's dipping there 'll be. I don't want any of your notches for me," says 'e. Wit that 'e dips up me coffee and 'ands it to me.

'"It ought to be strained," says I, "it ain't fit for a man to drink."

'"There ain't nobody knows that better than me," he says, "but she ain't still long enough to let the grounds settle."

'"Wot 's all this 'ere for?" I arsks, catching sight of 'ow 'e 'ad every pot wif a wire seizin' runnin' to the stove. Every one, that is, except the pot 'o pea soup, wich 'e was in the hact of fastenin'.

'"Don't arsk such damn-fool questions," 'e answers, turnin' round; and then 'e begins to 'owl from the pain o' the 'ot soup, wich in that time she 'ad lifted and spilled on 'im, in one o' them double-an'-twisted turns o' her'n.'

The Rosabelle was a three-masted bark. Hailing from Cardiff, she was homeward bound with a cargo of grain from Puget Sound. The old crew who took her out from England left her the moment she docked. They had their reasons, they said. When she was loaded, she shipped a new crew, even to the cook; only the mates stood by her.

She was a fine ship to look at while she lay berthed, and her owners never failed to meet her in home waters. They were proud of her, and pointed her out as the model of the fleet for speed and economy. In spite of the complaints that often reached their ears, they were at a loss to know why she changed crews so often. The fault did n't lie with the captain, they knew that. The food was n't bad, and the wages were standardized. Had they made one voyage in the Rosabelle, their doubts would have vanished forever.

Before she cleared Cape Flattery the crew felt of the rope net spread under the flying jib boom, and wondered, and asked questions, but without satisfaction. Discussion ran high in the forecastle, some saying it was there to beautify the ship, others wagging their heads gloomily and guessing that it was meant to catch sailors washed from the flying jib boom.

'Wait and see,' said the mates.

They were reaching away south for the Horn. The air of that far southern latitude was bracing, and the little blue waves bore miniature combers, milk teeth of the angry snap of the stormy Horn. In spite of the helmsman's most earnest efforts, the Rosabelle would every now and then leave her course a point or two, to juggle with the waves on her weather bow. The captain told the helmsman what he thought of him, every now and then, in pretty much the same words; and the helmsman, although from time to

time he was a different man, varied little the phrases he used to describe the ship to the captain.

'I 'm a man that can make allowance for some things,' said the captain to the mate one day, 'but she can't wander all over the ocean with me. I 'm going to take it out of her.'

'What are you going to do with her?' the mate asked.

'Give her more head sail,' answered the captain spitefully.

'She has all she can stand now, sir.'

'Oh, she has, has she! What makes her head run into the wind, then?'

'I was just saying, sir —'

'Never mind what you were saying, Mr. Kane; go forward, haul down the flying jib, unbend it, and send two or three men here to get up the spare inner jib. Let the men have an eye to her while they are on the jib boom.'

'Aye, aye, sir.'

'Wot the 'ell is 'e up to now?' said Jack, as the jib came flapping down.

'His glass must be falling,' said Sam, sarcastically, as he caught a turn with the downhaul.

'Out with ye there, men,' shouted the mate; 'unbend it and send it in. Watch yourselves if her head comes up to the sea.'

'The Old Man 'as two men at the wheel now, and 'e 's there 'isself a-bossin' of 'em,' said Jack, feeling his way out carefully along the jib boom.

'She 's a queer ship, Jack, she is that,' — Sam wove his legs around the boom guys, — ' it 's all the fault of the builders — Look out Jack, she 's a-coming! The Old Man 's waving his arms!'

The Rosabelle had taken advantage of the opportunity between sails to broncho her head up to the wind and sea — suddenly, as the trick of her was. Jack and another sailor were washed off the boom into the net.

'Hold on where you are, Jack!' shouted Sam, from the backstay; then muttered to himself, 'Blast her bloody heart!'

Jack was too full of water to speak. The mate came running forward, shouting, 'Is there any of ye gone out there?' Finding two men floundering about like restless sea lions in the net, he placed his hands around his mouth and called aft, 'They 're all here yet, sir!'

'Get it off of her quick, Mr. Kane, before she comes to again, and bend the inner jib as fast as you can.'

That night Sam came puffing from the wheel, with sweat dripping off his face.

'How 's she now?' Jack inquired tenderly.

Sam was in no mood for conversation. He made for the forecastle without a word. When he had changed his clothes and lighted his pipe, he came back on deck.

'You 're a bit grumpy to-night, Sam.'

' God bless me, why ain't I, with the sweat dropping off me in bucketsfull for two hours, and her a-racing and the Old Man a-cursing, and me a-doing me damndest to keep her from jibing!

'"Put oil on the diamond screw," says he to the mate, "the wheel turns a bit hard!"

'Then he says to me, as if I was a greenhorn, "Catch her with yer wheel when she starts to run off."

'Upon me soul, Jack, I lost me temper. Says I, "Captain," says I, "the divil himself could n't steer her. Look at her now. She won't budge an inch. Stands there and defies us, that 's what she does."

'"She 'll come to in a minute," he says.

'"Not with that big jib on her," I says.

'"Keep your helm down," says he, "and shut up, and mind your steering."

'For two hours I fought her around the compass. How the Old Man can find anything to stick up for her about, I don't see. I heard him and the mate talking.

'"The half of her trouble 's from the barnacles," says he.

'"Maybe," said the mate, looking up at the big jib. *He* knew better, o' course he did. The Old Man stood there looking her over. Bless me if I don't think he 's proud of her.

'"There 's some of the crew has nails in their boots," he says.

'"Is that so?" says the mate.

'"Yes," says he, "I 've seen where they marked the deck. We can't allow that, not on the Rosabelle." I 'd like to know what he'd say if ever he saw the beam in the foc's'le. There 's nine notches now, ain't there?'

'Nine,' answered Jack laconically; 'seven and two more for the net. Don't put it in 'is 'ead to look at the beam. Things is bad enough as they are. Were 'e gets 'is liking for 'er, I 'll be blowed if I knows. "Jack," says he to me this mornin', "when I wants you to scrape teakwood, I wants it scraped, not slivered; and when I wants it sandpapered I wants it sandpapered."'

'What were the job?' Sam asked.

And so they talked and gossiped about the Rosabelle until the moon came up, and changed the white sails into a hazy amber. The yards were off the backstays, the wind was about a point free, and fresh, with clear skies. To leeward the shadows of spars and canvas showed speed as the bark surfaced the foamy backwash of the waves.

She was smoothly, powerfully beautiful there, under the flattering moon's silvery gaze; and such beauty is dear to the heart of sailormen, for all the vixenish ways of her. They fell into a contented silence, broken, presently, by the opening of a door amidships.

'How 's the weather?' inquired the cook, sticking his head out of the galley door.

'It 's a beautiful night,' said Sam.

'How is she?' The cook came out on deck with bandaged feet, and walking on his heels.

'She 's as unsartain as a eel, and yet to look at 'er you 'd think she was 'armless,' said Jack, as he followed the cook's example, and lighted his pipe.

The cook looked at Sam thoughtfully.

'How does it happen that you 'ev been on her over a month, Sam, and never got scratched up yet?'

Sam slobbered and snickered. 'It ain't her fault, doctor; I 'm just a little wiser than she is, that 's all. The minute me eye fell on that net, I says, "She 'll be wet and tricky, by all the signs"; and tricky she is.'

'Tricky all right, but not wet,' said the cook sagely. 'If she were wet, things would be different. A man might feel happy in his galley.'

The words were hardly uttered, when the Rosabelle gathered up a wave on her weather bow, and sent it racing away to the scuppers.

'Blast your bloody cruel heart!' said Sam, between his teeth, shaking the water out of himself like a black spaniel.

Jack helped the cook to his room, and he could be heard talking there long after eight bells.

Soon after this the captain inspected the ship. She was pointed around the Horn now, and was beginning to feel the force of the southwest winds. He wanted to make sure that all was in order, in case of bad weather.

Everything seemed satisfactory until he came to the forecastle. Then his

sharp eye traveled to the notched beam, and rested on it like a homing eagle lighting on his craggy nest. There was dead silence in the forecastle.

'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve,' counted the master; and then he fell on those unfortunate few, demanding to know the meaning of the notches. One man shifted a bandaged hand uneasily; another started to put his thumb in his mouth, and thought better of it when it was halfway there. They all weakly protested that they did n't know a thing about it.

'You don't, don't you?' snapped the master. 'Well, I 'll find out. Great Heavens, men, this is an outrage! Why, what will my owners say! Mr. Kane, Mr. Kane!' he called to the mate. 'Call all hands aft, every one of them! I 'll get it out of 'em,' he murmured to himself.

The crew laid aft to the main deck, some with sober looks, others brazen about it. Jack, the guilty one, swore that the notches were cut when he came aboard. The captain turned to Sam. 'You know,' he said, with a wicked look, 'who whittled the beam of my ship.'

Sam squirmed under the master's gaze. Jack cleared his throat hoarsely.

'Tell the truth, Sam,' coaxed the captain, 'and the man who did it will sandpaper it out in his watch below if it takes till the Judgment Day.'

It was a tense moment for Jack, and a worse one for Sam.

'The ship can't go back to her owners looking as if she had schoolboys for sailors,' said the captain shrewdly. 'I know by your face, Sam, that you are going to lie to me. It will go hard with you if I find you out. Mr. Kane,' he continued, turning to the mate, 'Sam 's the man that did it. Look at him wriggle. Look at the liar. What did you do it for? What in hell possessed you to cut up the Rosabelle?'

'I did n't do it, sir, as God is me judge!'

'Well then, you know who did.'

'I 'll tell you, sir, it was this way. You know there has been a lot hurt on the ship since we came on board; twelve to-day, and God knows how bad the thir —'

'So that 's it,' interrupted the captain; 'one notch for each one hurt. That 's all you have to do, eh? Come aboard of a man's ship and start carving her!'

In spite of himself, Sam looked from under his eyebrows at Jack. The captain understood instantly. 'So you 're the one?' he said. 'Ho, ho! so you 're going on to cut a thirteenth notch, are you?'

A perceptible shiver ran through the crew.

'Yes,' said Jack, 'I may as well out with it. I 'm the bloke as cut the beam.'

'Mr. Kane,' said the captain, 'see to it that he has plenty of sandpaper, and that he works in his watch below. Remember, I want a smooth beam before we reach England. That 'll do, men; go forward.'

Sam kept to himself the remainder of the watch. The crew would have none of him. They did n't soften even when he passed the word along by Sailor Pete, the temporary cook, that he would relieve Jack in his watch below, and work on the beam.

That afternoon the wind was strong and the sea came lumpy. The Rosabelle was hard to manage. The pivot waves wore on the captain's nerves. Never had she acted this way before, he told the mate.

'Take in the royals and the gaff topsail, Mr Kane, and see how she behaves.'

Even that did not quiet her. She

would not stay on her course, in spite of the united efforts of the captain and the mate.

'I 'll have to insist on her going into dry-dock at Cardiff,' said the skipper.

'It 's an awful expense,' answered the mate awkwardly.

'Well, maybe we won't'; the captain looked relieved.

While they were talking, the weather fore-sheet carried away. The cannon noise brought all hands on deck. The captain and the mate ran forward, the captain shouting over his shoulder to the helmsman, 'For God's sake, don't let her come to!'

Sam and Jack, whose watch below it was, came cautiously out of the forecastle.

'Man the buntlines, men, man the buntlines, before she loses the sail!'

The captain was so excited that he, too, pulled on the buntlines.

'Pull with a will, men!' he shouted, and to Sam, 'Catch a turn before it 's too late.'

Sam had not the time to obey. With foresail strain gone, a tugboat could not have kept the Rosabelle from broaching to. She lifted a green sea over her bows. As it swept down the deck, Sam and the captain, locked in each other's arms, went rolling along. The sea had a bite of Arctic icebergs; boisterously it raced along, bearing its human playthings with soaking, squashing force, finally depositing them against the bulwarks, as it raced away through the scuppers to rejoin the ocean.

As Jack unwove from a web of tangled ropes, he saw the captain lift himself clear of Sam, who, being the buffer, lay huddled in the corner where they had finally lodged against a bulkhead.

'Blime me,' he cried, 'poor old Sam! Got 'is this time. Who would 'ave thought it, and 'im so 'appy this morning!'

Sam groaned: 'She 's got me in the rib, she has, and me the thirteenth — stove up off the Horn!'

The captain said never a word. Shaking the water out of himself as he went, he jumped for the poop deck. A fire-axe hung on the after part of the cabin house. He grabbed it, and with blazing eyes and grinding white teeth, he swung past the helmsman.

'Lord ha' mercy!' said the man at the wheel.

Straight to the spot where he had landed went the captain, paying no attention to Sam, who looked on with interest from the scuppers. Up to the beautiful teakwood rail he went, and swung high the axe, the while he called the curse of Heaven upon every rope and spar of the Rosabelle. Down came the axe, and a monstrous teakwood chip ricochetted in the air, and fell at the foot of the helmsman.

'There,' cried the captain, 'that 's for you. Take your notch to your Cardiff owners!'

A NOTE ON THE SOLILOQUY

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WHENEVER our Juvenile Highbrows are lured into a consideration of mid-Victorian drama, they are likely to denounce it, not because it was unduly theatrical and pitiably empty, but because it bristled with asides and with soliloquies; and whenever one of their diatribes happens to fall under my eye, I wonder why they fail to distinguish between these two devices. They may say what they will against the aside, and I shall not be moved to protest; but when they scoff at the soliloquy, I ask myself if they are not a little too sure, as is the wont of youth, that this device dear to our grandfathers is not going to be found useful by our grandchildren. I am inclined to believe that the protest against the soliloquy is shrill only in the mouths of those who write about the theatre, and that those who write for the theatre are less emphatic, to say the least. Few dramatists to-day dare to let their characters soliloquize; but I doubt if they are all of them convinced that they ought to respect the sentence of death which has been imposed on the soliloquy by the criticasters.

I was confirmed in this dubiety when I recently read a charming essay on 'Realism on the Stage' by Mr. George Arliss, an accomplished actor who is also a skillful playwright. Mr. Arliss asserted that 'The soliloquy has passed away during my own time on the stage; I should say, roughly, within the last twenty-five to thirty years. That is generally regarded as a step forward in construction· whether it is, or is not, seems to me open to question. It is true that the soliloquy was artificial; but was it any more so than the thing which has taken its place?'

What gives piquancy to Mr. Arliss's question is the fact that he propounded it in an article written at the time when he was impersonating the Rajah of Ruhk in the *Green Goddess* of Mr. William Archer, and while he was at every performance ending the play with a soliloquy. Mr. Arliss was so deft in his acting that the audience did not notice that his final speech before the curtain fell was not addressed to any character in the play and was, in fact, addressed directly to the spectators. I note also that Mr. Archer, in his stimulating study of the 'Old Drama and the New,' was severe in his strictures on the mid-Victorian playwrights who were given to a clumsy and unintelligent employment of the abhorrent trick; and yet here he is, using it himself — but so dexterously that he was not caught in the act. And when the soliloquy is utilized with this unobtrusive felicity it justifies itself; and it reveals itself as too useful a device to be discarded merely because bunglers have misused it.

I am reminded also that Bronson Howard, a popular playwright, who might have been one of the modern masters of the drama if he had not been born two or three decades too soon to profit by the advance in dramaturgic technic, and who was also one of the rare artists capable of doing the right thing in the right way and of being

able to explain why he had so done it — I recall that Howard once said to me, 'I believe so strongly in the necessity of the soliloquy that if I were to write a play without one, I should go over it to find a fit place to insert it; thus asserting my right to employ it when I needed it!'

When he said this, he was engaged on the last play of his to be produced, *Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam* (in which I was his collaborator). As I recall it now our play did not contain a single soliloquy — but it was none the less unsuccessful.

Mr. Arliss admits that the soliloquy is artificial, that is to say, out of nature, not in accord with the facts of life. So is the blank verse of Shakespeare, so is the rimed hexameter of Molière, so is the compact prose of Ibsen; so is the room with its fourth wall removed, that the spectators may behold the action on the stage; so is the raised voice of the hero when he makes love to the heroine; so are all the other conventions which are necessary to the existence of the drama and to its fullest effect. No author ever risks the prolixity of real life; and no actor (if so be he knows his business) ever stands or walks or talks as he would in real life; on the stage he can seem real only by skillfully disguising the unreality imposed on him by the theatre. I doubt if there ever was an actress who conveyed the impression of absolute veracity more adequately than Duse did; but hers was the essential reality of consummate art, not the reproduction of unpremeditated nature.

No one can deny that the soliloquy is artificial, although Victor Hugo did attempt a futile defense, alleging that in moments of emotional stress a man is likely to speak aloud. This is true enough; but what a man utters at these moments is, more often than not, 'unfit for publication.' Hugo's feeble plea does not validate the long soliloquy of the King in *Hernani*, with its hundred couplets of rimed Alexandrines. But, if Hugo's excuse is invalid, is there any other more acceptable? And the answer to this is that there are two different kinds of soliloquy; that for one of them it is difficult to find a good word, and that for the other there is much to be said. The one kind, being beyond justification, has properly fallen into disrepute, and the other has unfairly suffered for the villainy of its double.

In the *Conférences chez Beaubichon*, a light and lovely little farce, acted at the Variétés, in Paris, in the sixties of the nineteenth century, the scene is laid in the apartment of M. Beaubichon, and when the curtain rises he comes down to the footlights and begins at once to explain the delicate situation in which he finds himself. This opening speech of his is addressed to no one in particular, and he is alone on the stage. When he has put the spectators in possession of all the facts needful for them to apprehend the action of the play, he concludes by remarking: 'They say the soliloquy is unnatural. Well, it may be — but just see how convenient it is!' Then another character enters, and the soliloquy is succeeded by dialogue.

That is as simple and as frank as the prologue of any one of the plays of Plautus; and the writers of the French farce had not the excuse of the Latin author, since the Parisian audience was not as dull or as illiterate as the mob of freedmen which noisily assembled in the Roman theatre. The French collaborators — I think there were three of them — had shown an impudent ingenuity in compacting their exposition into a single speech; and the joke was on the audience, which was willing enough to laugh with them. While

these collaborators were franker than was customary sixty years ago, they had precedents for utilizing the soliloquy as the swiftest method of supplying the information that the audience would have to have if it was to understand the events about to be set forth. Molière had done it before them, and he had been only following in the footsteps of the Italian performers of improvised comedy. And the Italians had been carrying on the tradition of the mediæval drama, in which it was not uncommon for each of the chief characters to name himself and to describe himself at his first appearance on the stage.

This mediæval method survives to this day — or until very recently — in the so-called 'mummers' plays,' inherited from the Middle Ages and performed annually in out-of-the-way corners of England. In Mr. E. K. Chambers's solidly documented account of the *Mediæval Stage*, he records that in one of these degenerate dramas, the Devil comes before the spectators and immediately informs them who he is: —

> In comes I, Beelzebub;
> On my shoulder I carry my club,
> In my hand a wet leather frying-pan;
> Don't you think I'm a funny man?

In another of these mummers' plays the speaker of the prologue, begins by saying, —

> Here comes I, Father Christmas; welcome or welcome not,
> I hope Old Father Christmas will never be forgot.

Was it from the mummers' plays, I wonder, that W. S. Gilbert borrowed this device? Certainly he used it in more than one of his merry ballad-operas. Sir Joseph Porter narrates in verse his origin and his rise to power, until he has become at last 'the ruler of the Queen's Navee.' Of course, Gilbert did not venture to employ a device as crude as this in those of his plays which were to be said and not to be sung, in *Sweethearts*, for example, or in *Pygmalion and Galatea*. Yet Shakespeare had done it as unhesitatingly as Molière. Iago and Richard III, when they are alone on the stage, talk straight to the spectators, to the gallants on their threepenny stools, and to the groundlings standing in the yard. Both of these bold bad characters unbosom themselves in soliloquy, revealing their dark designs and letting us see into their black hearts.

The reason why no modern playwright would dare to do this is twofold. First, the bare platform of the Tudor theatre (with a part of the audience seated on the stage and almost touching the performers) has slowly evolved into the picture-frame stage of our twentieth-century playhouses, equipped with scenery, furniture, and properties, all chosen to produce an effect of reality, whereby the actor is admonished not to 'get out of the picture,' as he would do if he were to come down to the footlights to take the audience into his confidence. A change of theatrical conditions makes imperative a change of dramaturgic methods; and the comfortable theatres of the twentieth century are as unlike as may be to the rude and unroofed playhouses of the early seventeenth century. What was tolerable to our forefathers of three hundred years ago would be intolerable to us to-day, accustomed as we have become gradually to a subtler mode of conveying information.

Then there is a second reason for the disappearance of the explanatory soliloquy: our playwrights are more adroit than their predecessors of the nineteenth, eighteenth, seventeenth, and sixteenth centuries. They may not be equal to their elders in poetic power or in creative imagination, but they are more consciously and more conscien-

tiously artistic in their construction. Mr. Archer carries conviction when he asserts that the craftsmanship of today is far more expert than the craftsmanship of yesterday. Our modern playwrights recognize the difficulty of solving the intricate and delicate problems of playmaking, of planning the unseen steel frame which supports the stories they set before us on the stage. They do not take short cuts across lots; rather do they strive diligently and successfully to force stumblingblocks to serve as stepping-stones. They have the joy of the artist in grappling with technic; and they find their profit — their artistic profit — in overcoming obstacles which may seem insuperable. Here they are treading the trail blazed by Molière, who did not allow Tartuffe any of the self-revealing soliloquies such as Iago indulges in whenever the spectators need to be reminded that he is a villain of the deepest dye. Tartuffe never drops the mask of piety even when he is alone; and yet Molière has so ingeniously presented him to us that we know him for what he is — that we know him better than he knows himself.

In other of his comedies Molière is not so scrupulous; and in some of his more farcical ones he uses the soliloquy for exposition almost as frankly as the authors of the *Conférences chez Beaubichon* were to do two centuries later. He even goes so far in one play as to let a character who is soliloquizing discover another character about to enter, whereupon he concludes his soliloquy by hoping that the newcomer has not overheard what he has been saying. And Shakespeare lets Romeo in the garden below overhear the soliloquy of Juliet in the balcony above.

Juliet's soliloquy is not for the purpose of conveying information which the audience needs to have; it has a wholly different purpose; it is to reveal to us the state of the heroine's heart, and to let us know what she is thinking. What she says then, when she is alone with the night, is what she would not say to any other character in the play; it is too intimate, too sacred for actual conversation. So Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' conveys to us the thoughts which were surging in his brain, and which could not be conveyed to us unless Hamlet was permitted by the poet to think aloud. These two soliloquies, therefore, of Juliet and of Hamlet, are entirely unlike the soliloquies of Iago and Richard III. They are not merely methods of allowing the spectators an insight into the real characters of these two villains — they are windows to the souls of Juliet and of Hamlet at those crises of their several fates. Juliet and Hamlet tell us what they are feeling at the moment, whereas Iago and Richard III express opinions about themselves which it is inconceivable that they should hold — since they are made to describe themselves as they really are and not as they probably believed themselves to be. So it is that the speeches of Iago and Richard III to the spectators are not thinking-aloud, as are the speeches of Juliet and Hamlet; and that these soliloquies disclose themselves as false in psychology as they are primitive in dramaturgy.

Professor Bradley puts the case concisely when he tells us that 'in listening to a soliloquy we ought never to feel that we are being addressed.' Now the soliloquy in which the character unpacks his heart and lays bare before us his inmost thoughts belongs plainly to a different class from the soliloquy which has been used mainly to convey information. In listening to the one we do not feel that we are being addressed, and in listening to the other we cannot help feeling that the author is talking to us through the mouth of the character. It is the information-

soliloquy which strikes us nowadays as absurdly artificial, as an artistic anachronism, as a device unworthy of any self-respecting modern dramatist. And it is the thinking-aloud soliloquy which Mr. Arliss regretted, which Mr. Archer utilized subtly at the end of the *Green Goddess*, and which Bronson Howard desired to reserve the right to use.

That even the thinking-aloud soliloquy is artificial, that it is 'unnatural,' in the sense that it is contrary to the facts of everyday life — this must be admitted. And what of it? The drama can exist only when it is allowed to depart from the facts of everyday life. In everyday life rooms have a fourth wall; a lover proposing does not so pitch his voice as to be heard by an audience of a thousand; heroes and heroines do not express themselves in blank verse; and Hamlet and Juliet and Julius Cæsar do not speak English. These departures from the facts of everyday life, and a host of other departures, we accept without cavil when we go to the play. We accept them without remarking them; and if our attention happens to be called to them, still we accept them because they conduce to our pleasure. We want to understand Hamlet and Juliet and Julius Cæsar, so we want them to speak English; and if the theme is lofty, we want them to speak also in blank verse, the cadence of which enhances our delight.

Now that the picture-frame stage is the only one we know, the information-soliloquy has departed, never to return; and there are none so poor as to regret its leaving. But the thinking-aloud soliloquy will be needed whenever there is a revival of the poetic drama, whenever we shall be blessed by the possession of a playwright who is a poet, or of a poet who is a playwright. And in the meantime it can be employed without discovery by dramatists as dexterous as Mr. William Archer.

THE OLD ENEMY

BY SARA TEASDALE

Rebellion against death, the old rebellion,
  Is over; I have nothing left to fight;
Battles have always had their meed of music,
  But peace is quiet as a windless night.

Therefore I make no songs — I have grown certain,
  Save when he comes too late, death is a friend,
A shepherd leading home his flock serenely
  Under the planet at the evening's end.

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF THE STATES

BY ARCHER WALL DOUGLAS

I

I ALWAYS think of my vocation in the terms in which Satan, in the Book of Job, gave an account of himself to the High Court of Heaven — 'going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.' In my case, these journeyings were restricted within the boundaries of the forty-eight states, though it was not until after many years that I made this segregation of the Union. Originally the country was a mere geographical division of conventional sections, — North, East, South, and West, — interesting principally from the nature and comparative importance of the business done in each section. Enlightenment came to me in a journey I made from northwestern Oklahoma to Louisiana, heading South by East.

My first impressions of Oklahoma were those of a commonwealth without form and void, an inchoate and heterogeneous land that had not yet found itself. It seemed doubly so after the certainty of purpose and fixedness of resolution that marked Kansas, which I had just explored. Gradually there came to me the perception of a definite, human atmosphere, that of the endless, wind-swept plains around me. Something of the spirit of youth; self-reliant, quite sure of itself, but not boastful, keeping company with the older states, but not making obeisance to them. All the while conscious of its ability to work out its own salvation, and with no thought of fear and trembling.

Then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, it was borne in upon my consciousness, that the most important discovery that I had made was one whose existence I had not even suspected. Yet it was obvious and fundamental, and my study and observation culminated in something far different and far better than I set out to find. The states were revealed to me as no longer mere geographical expressions, but rather as forty-eight separate, human entities, utterly dissimilar in their heterogeneous statehood, and agreeing only in their homogeneous nationality. This accounts for the deathless grip with which they cling to their rights as something inherent in their being; their sufficiency unto themselves; their passing jealousy of each other. As a necessary corollary of such differing, the matter of business, or any other venture, lies not so much in the nature and extent of their material resources as in the nature and character of their people.

Now it was obvious that the people of the country through which I was traveling had both resourcefulness and endurance, else they had not been able to remain there at all. For it is a thirsty soil on the borderland between the gamble of agriculture, and the somewhat less precarious business of cattle-grazing. It is a land of often scanty rainfall, and of sometime recurring seasons of rainless heat with hot winds that blast all vegetation as with the breath of a furnace. Yet I saw

much agriculture along with flocks and herds.

There were drought-resisting plants, alfalfa, Kafir corn, Sudan grass, brought from the arid regions of Manchuria, South Africa, and the Sudan, that man here may cope with an oft-hostile nature. Farming in such regions is a venture with Fate; but year by year the tillers of the soil make slow gains and consolidate them as they go.

Further eastward, rainfall is more constant and orderly, the soil more fertile, and there are great discoveries of oil, and of zinc and lead ores, but everywhere there is the same spirit that is neither stampeded by failure nor made overweening by success. Sometimes in the West, where sudden success comes like a thief in the night, the natural tendency is to copy the ways, in a minor key, of the great cities of the East, and to follow the beaten track of expansion and expression that comes from Aladdin-like overnight prosperity. But the urban people here had ambition to do things after their own fashion and in accord with their environment. Successful men who got in the limelight of accomplishment did so in a large way and in a manner that best expressed their own hopes and desires. Gifts, bequests, and endowments were almost invariably for the benefit and advancement of their own community, or for some state-wide matter.

Wherever I went, I saw in full flower that local pride which was constantly the saving grace of an otherwise drab and monotonous situation. Little villages in the oil fields that grew suddenly into thriving cities were often remarkable for fine residences and public buildings erected by those who made fortunes from the oil wells and who, instead of migrating to the great metropolitan cities, stayed at home and built up their own communities. If natural conditions were fundamentally different in the extreme eastern and western sections of the state, it was not so with the spirit of the commonwealth; save in the eastern portions, it was crystallized into more definite form and expression. It had seemingly greater visions of the future of the state as a distinct entity, rather than as to its separate parts, and of what must be done to fulfill these ambitions. The larger cities were all alike, sure of what the future held for them. Any present depression had for them no other significance than of a mere passing incident. Contrariwise, they took their good fortune, where it prevailed, as a matter of course and as merely symptomatic of more that was to follow.

I got much light upon the trend and quality of native thought from a ranchman whom I chanced to meet at the breakfast-table in the hotel in Tulsa. I opened the conversation by speaking of the country I had just traversed. 'I know it well,' he said. 'I was a cowpuncher in that section before I was married. Did I like riding herd? Yes, it kind er expressed to me what the country is, and why my family and I spend most of our time on the ranch.' Then it came out by degrees, and in simple phrases — the indefinable charm of the endless plains, their ever receding horizon, their immensity under the silent stars; for cities and their civilization seemed to him cramped and confined, and reeking with all manner of unnaturalness. He was not lacking in education, in a certain amount of reading, and, like most successful Americans, he instinctively picked up, absorbed, and digested all manner of information as he went along. Oklahoma people were his kind. They were willing to try new ventures. The principal impression he had about the East was the way they hung on to the things

often past. 'We have got a great state here,' he went on. 'It is n't tied to the past; we ought to blaze the way for the other states.' It seemed that he had made money; and I gathered from stray hints in his talk that he was getting into public affairs — sometimes for profit, sometimes because he wanted to see things done for the benefit of the people of the state. Physically, he was a type of many that I saw, strongly built but not heavy, and impressing you by the force and determination of his make-up.

It is but a brief trip from southeastern Oklahoma through a narrow strip of Arkansas or Texas to the Caddo oil fields of northern Louisiana. There are some characteristics common to all oil fields, whether they are in Kansas, or Texas, or California; but I realized before I had been long over the border of Louisiana that I was in another world of thought and feeling, of expression and sentiment, even though the landscape had altered but little in my short journey. I felt the difference at first rather than analyzed it. It grew upon my consciousness with the steadily changing scenery. Yet that did not all account for it. But the dialect of many whom I met, and the foreign-derived names of localities, furnished the key to the difference. It was an Old-World factor of inheritance, seemingly unchanged and unchanging, that gave to portions of the state an atmosphere such as I had not met elsewhere in the Union. In the French quarter of New Orleans it had the flavor of historic interest, but otherwise was a stretch of backwater in the tide of modern progress. Out on the countryside, and in the little towns, it was still an exotic in American life, a derelict from the past, with its flavor of romance, but at odds with the rush of modern days as I saw it in Oklahoma. In the villages, it united with the traditions of the cotton planters and sugar planters to tell of days where it was always afternoon. The moss-draped oaks, the cypress swamps, the palms along the coast, the orange groves, the fields of waving sugar cane, conveyed a far different sentiment from the long-stretching Oklahoma prairies, swept ceaselessly by the winds from the far-distant Rockies. For I had long ago learned that men are largely as their environment and their employment, and that in time these two factors exercise a far more profound effect upon American humanity than do tradition and inheritance. Nor did this truth fail me in this instance.

In New Orleans, the erstwhile citadel of conservatism, redolent with legends of things that once were, I encountered a definite expression of the newborn spirit which is remaking and remodeling the state. I was lunching in the French quarter, in one of those restaurants where both cooking and service are still fine arts. Naturally I expressed my feeling about the cuisine to my host, who was most prominent in the business life of the city.

'You know, some day,' he replied, 'we shall be known throughout the country for matters other than good things to eat, and our natural desire to have our visitors feel welcome. Possibly I am a Philistine, but long acquaintance with many things among us of Old-World inheritance and tradition makes me see the tawdriness, superstition, and deadly inertia underneath the disguise of their foreign-born romanticism and tradition. We have got to that point where we are commercializing these inheritances for the entertainment of our visitors, and that is the last stage, indicating only too truly how the spirit has gone from them. I am of that mind now where I had rather the French quarter were sanitary than picturesque, and where

the charm and hope of New Orleans and Louisiana lies in the future rather than in the past. You asked me to tell you of the real spirit of the city and state. Come with me to-morrow and I will show it to you in the making.'

The next day I saw the true New Orleans and the true Louisiana, which are here, and are yet even more to be. Innumerable beautiful residences and their grounds, with a charm and character, and an absence of modern conventionality, such as I had not met before. The beginning and growth here and there of the ways and methods of higher education. The many fine country roads that took you out into most enchanting scenery. The great canal that is to make easier access from the city to the sea. The cut over cypress swamps that were being transformed from malaria-breeding morasses to cultivated fields. Finally, at Chalmette I got my first comprehensive view of the mighty Mississippi rolling its mighty flood to the Gulf, and bearing on its bosom the commerce of one of the great seaports of the nation. As always in this country of ours, the herald of better and newer ways and thoughts in social and political life is the stirring of the commercial spirit along ambitious and untried lines.

This curious mixture of age that told of past glories, and of youth that thought mostly of the future, got new interpretation in the brief stop I made at Baton Rouge, the site of the State University, in whose grounds I saw the Varsity football team practising with the Freshman team. Rugby football is a comparatively new sport in Southern colleges, but it was welding the English, French, and Spanish strains of the youths into a compact fighting machine for the glory of their Alma Mater and their natal state. The players were of that tall, rangy type so common in the South. They were quick and agile, rather than of that Western brawn which holds for four downs on the one-yard line. As I watched, I got the story of how fast they were.

The Varsity back had the ball, and instantly was through the line, and flying through the broken field like a racing steed. The waiting guard came at him with a fierce, lunging tackle; they went down together, the back on his knees; then staggering to his feet, he fell over the goal, still clinging to the ball. You understood then how Pickett's men went up the slope of Cemetery Ridge, and how Lee's ragged gray line died in their tracks at Cold Harbor. As I headed north toward the Mississippi line, I had a new conception of the spirit of a state, whether in the making, as in Oklahoma, or being made over, as in Louisiana, but ever-changing, pervasive, intangible, felt rather than seen, yet definite and, in all its phases, telling the story of its birth.

II

From Natchez northward to Memphis stretches the Mississippi Delta, a strip of alluvial soil of inexhaustible fertility, and the embodiment of the story of Cotton, and of the South, for the two are interlaced and interwoven. The first impression I got was of the transplanted life of the South Atlantic States in the days before the Civil War. There were great plantations that perpetuated the ways and methods of cotton culture, and are the economic and agricultural stumblingblocks of the day. There were spacious Colonial mansions, groups of cabins about the negro 'quarters,' that told of times when Cotton was king, and all other forms of agriculture were of small account.

Until a generation ago, this persevered unchanged and unchanging, like some ancient form of historic life

stranded amid the evolutionary results of the day. Then came the invasion of the cotton boll weevil, and the labored fabric of the past fell into sudden and general ruin. Later, ensued the great discovery that cotton could still be raised, if not so exclusively as before, yet with even greater success as the integral and central factor in new methods of diversified farming. It was again the story of the break-up of old economic ways of thought that changed likewise the social and political face of the state. I saw the outward and visible signs of this great revolution in town and country, in the modern dwellings, each with accompaniments of lawn and garage, and all the things of sanitation and comfort. There were fields of grain where once only cotton grew.

Evidences of the new life in agriculture and in business multiplied as I went up away from the river, and up into the hill countries, where flocks and herds came more upon the scene, and dairy cows were a common feature of the landscape. In a little city of some few thousands, the modern hotel was cheek by jowl with an ancient Colonial mansion, sadly in need of repair. The stately structure of the recently erected bank faced an old-fashioned, elongated store such as now they build no more. On the outskirts of the town, on the fine gravel road leading out into the country, was the pride of the community, the splendid high school, just finished and in use.

That night, after supper, in the house of my host, I got a vivid impression of the new-found spirit of the state. My host was at once a cotton planter and a merchant, and like many intelligent men in small towns and cities, much of a student and a thinker. His talk was of the present, and of the problems which the future held. He had the instinct of men who lead simple lives of facing facts, however unpleasant or unpalatable. First his own community claimed his thought and interest as one of the necessary incidents of his daily toil and duty. Beyond that loomed the changing scene in the state, which he knew well and to whose progress he had given much patient thought and study. What direction this progress would assume was perfectly apparent to him, for he was familiar with all the factors in the equation. Succeeding time has shown how true was his vision. In his conversation there was scarce a trace of the once prevalent fashion of his people of dwelling upon the charms and glories of the past as of halcyon days never to return. He struck an entirely different note, that of pride in his forbears, in their ways and their accomplishments, measured by their environment and their opportunities, and with the consciousness that there were giants in those days. Yet to his thought, to project the ways of the past into the present, was a mere anachronism, and could meet only with failure.

As he talked, there crystallized in my mind the true source of the changing spirit of the state, that of transmuting the past into the present by the process of adapting the early pioneer spirit to the new problems of the day. Nothing better illustrates this transmission and inheritance than that the apparent obsession of the past as to raising cotton and practically little else besides was in reality the stubborn consciousness of the planters of those days that it must perforce always be the great money-crop of Southern agriculture and nothing else could ever take its place. This is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago, the only difference between now and then being the modification of the one-crop idea into that of diversified farming, with cotton still holding the centre of the stage.

It is but a night's run from the cotton fields of Mississippi to those of southeastern Missouri. Wherever cotton is grown there are certain inalienable characteristics which pertain to its culture, and to those who raise it. There is not the same tendency and custom to rotate it with other crops that is found in other agricultural staples. No amount of damage by weather, or hostile predacious insects, ever causes the growers to abandon entirely its cultivation. It possesses the man who raises it and absorbs his thoughts and interest. It is not alone a vocation, but a lifelong and incurable habit.

Yet, withal, cotton culture in Missouri is not just the same pursuit as in Mississippi. For in the latter state it is a matter of generations, and in the former a thing comparatively modern. Not so long ago the eight counties that are known as Southeast Missouri were largely swamp lands and, since the days of drainage districts, they have taken on new life and spirit. Now they typify that curious commingling of incongruous elements in the spirit of the state that puzzles and interests you from the moment you come in from the Arkansas border until you go out into Iowa. It is an innate conservatism, temperamental rather than mental, the result of tradition and inheritance in general, and only in part caused by environment, and often in utter defiance of it. In contradiction to this are the number of localities where intense modernism and progress are the distinguishing traits of the people.

Southeast Missouri illustrated both of these phases. In the days of swamps it was reckoned as the backwoods portion of the state. In the present times of drainage it is in the van with all manner of outward and visible signs of advancement and progress. Good roads, fine schools, towns, farms with every convenience and every invention and discovery in sanitation, and community life, were found wherever I went. One little city of some twelve thousand inhabitants has constant visits from the symphony orchestras of the West, and they rally crowded audiences which, for intelligent attention and appreciation, match any I have ever known. Not far away were the Ozarks, peopled by the mountaineers of Tennessee and Kentucky, and in whose recesses there are still some spinning-wheels in use, and there hangs over the fireplace the old squirrel rifle that was known to Dan Morgan's men. Means of communication are not many or good, as yet, in much of this hill country; but ever and anon you run across charming villages, pictures of cleanliness and thrift, where everything modern is to be found. It seems that all that is needed is some sudden impulse, some stirring of the dormant desire for better things, and the mental attitude of conservatism falls away like a garment. The people have only 'to be shown' and the deed is done.

It so chanced, early in my travels, that I found myself at the state capital, at the banquet board with representatives from commercial organizations all over the state. On my left was an interesting personality, that of a preacher, who had developed political aspirations, as any Missourian is liable to do at most any stage of his existence. He told of the elemental people he knew 'up the Creeks'; of the descendants of the original French settlers in the eastern portions of the state; of the atmosphere of old-fashioned ways and customs, and modes of speech and thought. How both their native and inherited conservatism still clung to them, although their 'foreignness' was nothing now but mere veneer; while a little farther north were scattered German settlements of those who fled

from Europe in the days of 1848. Yet how innate was the conservatism that still clung to them, in spite of their modern ways in farming and in every form of industry.

'It is curious,' he said, 'how apparently contradictory elements still tend to produce in us that doubting-Thomas state of mind toward new and untried ways of thought and life. This is a true analogy,' he went on, 'for once being assured, we are afterwards most eager and progressive converts. You probably discovered in your travels in Oklahoma that the natural tendency of the people is to say "Yes" to new things, while ours is to say "No." They illustrate that tendency by voting amendments to their Constitution, while we mostly defeat such proposals, apparently on general principles. The gentleman on your right is a fine example of Missouri progress and conservatism.'

And so in truth I found him. A sturdy wholesome man, just past middle age, and from the rich lands north of the Missouri River which, in the early days, were settled from the aristocratic commonwealths of Virginia and Kentucky. He told me how he found in his travels through Missouri the deep-rooted convictions of the people as to the fundamental truths of the principle of the Republic of the days of Washington and Jefferson. How these convictions yet went along with the utmost enterprise and modern spirit as illustrated in his own college town, which was one of the most progressive and the most charming in the state. He was the founder of one of the many little colleges which dot the central portion of the state. 'It gives me courage,' he said, 'to note the eagerness for learning among the rural communities. How one of their unceasing demands is always for better schools, and how each little town has more pride in its high school than in any of its other possessions.'

I had opportunity to see what the real spirit is on that score in the little city of Columbia, the site of the State University. It was the day of the annual football game with the dearest foe of the home team, their ancient rival from a neighboring state. There was nothing else in all the world that day but the game. All business houses closed at noon to witness the parades of the two teams, each led by its student band; and the stadium was packed at two o'clock by thousands who came from all over the state, and an immense crowd of students from the far-away university of the rival commonwealth. All the Western state universities are coëducational, and the girls sang and cheered along with the boys after a fashion that disposed effectually of the delusion that I once entertained as to some things that women cannot do as well as men. Every state university is known by the name of its state, and not by that of the town or city where it is located. So the Alma Mater and the football songs come unconsciously to blend the state and the university as one, thus following the general trend of education at these institutions, which has for one of its principal objects that of sending forth budding citizens whose ambition is to make their state a better place to live in. So the last phase of this great function was illustrated, when the game was over, as the vast throng stood bareheaded and sang their Alma Mater hymn, 'Missouri.'

One ever-present element of the state spirit was the deep-seated feeling for personality rather than for things, and the regard for the individual oftener than for policies, or even principles. Certain men in history and in the present seemed to typify the virtues and glories as well as the peculiarities of the

people — men of strong convictions and of forceful character, of courage and of determination, and always very human; men who embodied the robustness, the vigor, the independence of the American of lineage and history.

Iowa is a disappointing state as to impressive characteristics, if you judge it only from the train, for it is a long rolling prairie, with not many rivers of moment and scarcely any continuous forests. The scenery is mostly agricultural, and you are not surprised when you learn that the principal products are hogs and corn; and the reason came to me when I stopped over at the State Agricultural College at Ames. We are apt to think of most industries as embodying in their operations the inventions of science and genius, and the latest and most intelligent methods of efficiency, but of agriculture as being learned only by experience and hard work, and not to be acquired after any other fashion. So it was something to realize, at this pioneer among the agricultural colleges, that hogs and corn were the study of all that science and intelligence and experimentation could bring to bear upon the subject; and that this little community of five thousand students was a microcosm of the state and its people; so that when the young men and women went back to the countryside from which most of them came, they were equipped for the business of life on the farm after such fashion as their forbears had never dreamed; that such homely things as selecting seed corn so that it germinates with certainty when planted, and how to feed hogs so as best to fit them for the market, lay at the foundation of the wealth and prosperity of the commonwealth, and also that it was the foundation of its widespread intelligence. For, expressed in figures, if the few Negroes and foreign-born be excepted, the percentage of illiteracy in the state is about one half of one per cent. This intelligence had the rare ability to see the fact that the things it could do best lay close at hand — products of a soil of rare fertility; for other than this, the natural resources of the state were not many compared with more fortunate commonwealths. Yet Iowa has far outstripped some of these more richly endowed sisters because of the ceaseless intelligence she applies to her problem.

On my way back to Des Moines, I drifted into conversation with a farmer and his wife who had been to Ames to see their youngest daughter, who was to be graduated the coming summer. Their eldest son was a member of the State Legislature, along with a number of other graduates of Ames and of the University of Iowa. It came out incidentally that the two lived near a small town of some twelve hundred people in the northern portion of the state. That they were well-to-do seemed to be due to a knowledge of farming, which Ames had done much to impart. Evidently from their conversation they knew their own country well. 'Yes, we have traveled a good deal,' they said in answer to my question. 'Mostly in our Ford.' They had been up through Wisconsin in the summer-time, and over to Chicago more than once. Last summer they went out to Glacier Park and the Yellowstone. Sometimes they followed the Ames football-team into other states, taking their daughter along. 'It 's good to get home, though,' said the farm woman, 'for Iowa is a pretty good state to live in.' And it developed that among the good things of Iowa were widespread means of education, simple wholesome living, and intelligent companionship.

Once more in the way of figures, Iowa makes larger appropriations to

her State University and Agricultural College than Western states having greater wealth and larger populations. The distinctive spirit of the state differed essentially from that of any other state in my journey, in that it was not easily felt or perceived, but had to be sought for with care and discrimination. When once found, it was obvious that it had been in full sight all the time, but had escaped discovery because of preconceived opinions which, having eyes, see not. In a word, it is a form of intelligence with whose expression we are mostly unfamiliar, and which, therefore, we fail to recognize. We are apt to think of culture and education as the finest flowering of civilization, and expressed often in rare and unusual forms, sometimes in fantastic manner, sometimes in the originality of genius, and sometimes in learned and scholarly fashion.

I found the key to the Iowa problem of culture in a little city of some six thousand inhabitants, which had everything in the way of fine buildings, well-paved streets, handsome residences, stately churches, the invariable high school, parks, and recreation grounds that you look for in a great metropolis. Nor was there wanting a finely appointed hospital, with an adequate and competent staff. I spoke that evening before the local Commercial Club, which included in its membership not only business men, but likewise women, lawyers, doctors, the bar, the bench, and the clergy. The Western states are acquiring songs these days; and that of Iowa tells of 'where the tall corn grows,' and it was sung by the entire audience as the climax of the evening. It was the song of a people of widespread education and intelligence, much-traveled and much-read; of an unpretending democracy of higher learning that found its best expression in the development of the state and in the welfare of its people. It had a wholesome air, like the breath of the west wind over the prairies of its own state. It was wholly natural and essentially progressive, like the spirit of each state I had visited, yet unlike them in all things save one; and that common bond is the spirit of nationalism that grows with the expansion of the state spirit and as its unfailing accompaniment. That is why such states resent the purblind and pharisaical criticism of the unknowing, who see in intense local state pride only the self-absorption of narrowness and provincialism, when in truth it is the one abiding characteristic which saves the commonwealths from being mere provinces, instead of living and separate entities in the great union of the forty-eight commonwealths.

THE LITERATURE OF DISILLUSION

BY HELEN McAFEE

I

I HAVE heard frequent complaint that the years since the Armistice have yielded no imaginative masterpiece of war literature. By which is meant, I suppose, no tale of adventure equal to the *Odyssey*, no drama of pity like Euripides' *Trojan Women*, no philosophic projection of the fate of man on the height of Œdipus the King or Hamlet the Dane. This is one of the minor disenchantments of the disillusioned period in which we are now living.

I am not sure that we should have recognized such a masterpiece if it had appeared. For we are too close to the facts of the war as we have had them from the soldiers, from correspondents like Gibbs, from letter writers like Page, to be able to see in true perspective their imaginative interpretation. We are still so much under the sway of the overwhelming emotions aroused by the newspaper reports of the Marne and of Gallipoli that we are not quite open-minded toward their treatment in fiction. Art cannot in such a case compete with its raw materials.

This is from the side of the reader. The difficulties for the writer are still greater. An artist, we glibly repeat, must not stand too near his subject. The psychological reasons for this have not yet been fully explored. Generally it is suggested that material, to be convertible into art, must go through some process of maturing. We used to say that the aloofness necessary for re-creation could not be attained until memory had played upon it, exercising a selective function, time itself inducing a kind of chemical change. To put the same idea in more up-to-date terms, we now assert that raw material cannot be used to advantage until it has been assimilated in the subconsciousness of the artist, and, perhaps, of the community.

It is by some such theory that we explain why *War and Peace* and *The Dynasts* were not written within ten years of Waterloo. That this has held true of our own history, Bliss Perry attests in discussing the books that immediately succeeded the Civil War. 'The significant American literature of the first decade after the close of the War,' he writes, 'is not in the books dealing directly with themes involved in the War itself.' The best men went elsewhere for their subjects. Thus, although some genius may arise tomorrow and knock this hypothesis into a cocked hat, the experience of the past seems to indicate that we had no business to expect as early as this a direct revelation of the war in the form of supreme art; and the chances are that we shall not very soon get one.

Mechanically, the war — especially the war-casualty — has been useful, too useful, to novelists in turning a dangerous corner of the plot, or in getting rid of a character (always a more difficult feat than introducing one) in order to precipitate the dé-

nouement. Some of them have also yielded to the temptation to draw on the great common fund of war emotion for the purpose of reinforcing their own private professional affairs. Others, like Miss Cather in *One of Ours*, have made a legitimate, though many feel ill-advised, use of war experience. On the whole, it has certainly hurt more plots than it has helped.

Yet the general reaction to the war appears to be the motive behind most of the literature we have been reading that has any sort of vitality. Indirectly, if not directly, it is influencing choice of material and manner of approach. About some of these moods which the war has given dominion over our present literature, and about the way in which they have worked out, I should like to speculate.

The most obvious and the most pervasive is the sense of frustration. This is doubly powerful because it controls, though in different degrees, both readers and writers, combatants and noncombatants. The one thing on which thoughtful men to-day seem agreed is that the achievements of the peace have in many ways belied the sacrifices of the war. The last five years have seen an acute spiritual deflation. Most of us who had not been previously so affected were swept off our feet by the terrible spring of 1918 into an apocalyptic state in which an intense idealism mounted to meet the tragedy of the last great Allied retreat. 'Will the Germans get to Amiens?' I remember hearing one man ask another five years ago this month. 'No,' was the reply, 'though I don't know why I think that — unless it's what you call Faith.' You don't hear people to-day talking in that key of current events. Looking backward, we see that the ideals on which we set our wills were unattainable; but the shock of a realistic peace was none the less great for all that. And the defeat of those high hopes has left the minds of many men in the condition that poets have described as a 'waste land,' or, still better, a 'scarred acre' on which, it seems, the grass will never grow again.

It is natural that writers should wish to share this mood of frustration. As if we who did not actually see the fighting with the physical sight were not sufficiently disillusioned, eyewitnesses must further disenchant us. The incompetence and unworthiness of staff officers and others in authority at the front (on which Tolstoy had something to say in *War and Peace*), Philip Gibbs has illustrated for us in unforgettable scenes from the censored pages of his notebooks; while the younger men, like Dos Passos in *Three Soldiers*, dwelling chiefly on the hardships and mistreatment of the rank and file, have incidentally lowered our opinion of their efficiency and devotion. The authors of *The Undertaker's Garland* in their picture of the brutalized life of the trenches, have spared us no detail, down to the six obscene postcards in the dead soldier's pocket. 'My pen falls from my hand,' wrote Voltaire, 'when I see how men have treated men.' This is not the reflex which the sight of the atrocious facts of war has had upon the authors of our war stories.

Mr. C. E. Montague, with less device and more effectiveness, has turned the power of his pen chiefly against the noncombatants, the 'dogfish' who took the war profits and sought an ignoble peace. His *Disenchantment* is the disenchantment of the ex-soldier who returned after four years to a civilian world as full of lust and hate as ever, and found that he had fought all but in vain. So now each side knows the worst of the other. The noncombatants who read *Three Soldiers* may conclude that those who got to the front were exclusively preoccu-

pied with physical discomfort and sexual desire, while the ex-service men may learn from *Disenchantment* the lower depths of civilian greed.

By his indictment of the profiteers — the crowd who, unlike King David, did not fear to drink 'the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives' — Mr. Montague has served humanity. Yet the force of his thrust is somewhat broken by his failure to take account of the disillusionment of the noncombatants, and their suffering. Over against his instances must be set the common tragedy of Claude's mother in *One of Ours;* and such stories as I heard in a little English village, of an old farmer, the father of ten sons, of whom seven were killed in France. 'He could n't seem to think of his living sons,' so they told me. 'He would always be thinking of the seven who were killed, and he'd go off into fits calling their names; and one day he went into a terrible fit, and cut his throat, thinking of his seven sons that were killed.'

In part, the revulsion of feeling that such books as these depict was to be expected. Under pressure of war emotion we did undoubtedly idealize one another, — at least, all those on one side, — and we sometimes forgot to judge men's motives on the basis of our accumulated knowledge of human nature. The rebound to self-criticism and cynicism had to come. But another element has entered in during these last five years. 'Happy is he who suffers and knows why,' says one of Claudel's dying heroines. With the spectacle of the peace before them, and its aftermath in Europe, some men no longer see why they suffered.

Certainly the most striking dramatization of this depth of confusion and bitterness is Mr. Eliot's *The Waste Land.* As if by flashes of lightning it reveals the wreck of the storm. For this effect it is clear that the author has consciously striven — indeed he refers to his work as 'my ruins.' The poem is written in what is called the Expressionist manner — a manner peculiarly adapted to the present temper. It does not present the social order in a series of concentric circles, as in Dante, with the individual passing from one to the other in mathematical succession; or as a wall against which the individual dashes himself, — usually in vain, — as in Tolstoy or Ibsen. It rather presents his mind, or his mood, as the centre around which the world gyrates wildly, and with which it makes few contacts, and those chiefly enigmatic. To students of psychology the method of procedure in *The Waste Land* must be highly significant. Impressions, fragments of experience, memories of other men's writings, drift through the author's consciousness at the bidding of the subconsciousness. There is little attempt at completion of any one pattern out of the mass of details and allusions, or at logical climax. But the parts move with a certain rhythm, — the rhythm of daydreams, — and, dream-fashion, resolve one into another and so achieve a whole. It is mood more than idea that gives the poem its unity. And that mood is black. It is as bitter as gall; not only with a personal bitterness, but also with the bitterness of a man facing a world devastated by a war for a peace without ideals. The humor — for it has humor — is sordid, grotesque. Yet even in the barren ugliness of *The Waste Land* there is redeeming grace. After quoting a bit from that most delightful of all spring poems, the 'Pervigilium Veneris,' and two other lines equally fine, Mr. Eliot seems content to rest his case — 'These fragments,' he writes, 'I have shored against my ruins.'

At the opposite pole from *The Waste Land* in all externals of subject and design stand A. E. Housman's *Last*

Poems, shot through as they are with that spirit of epigrammatic beauty which we call Greek. Yet at philosophical bottom they are not far from Mr. Eliot's mood. Pessimism is, to be sure, no new phase with the author of 'The Shropshire Lad,' bred of war or peace. And not many of the poems in this volume — only a fourth, according to the Introduction — belong to our period. But Mr. Housman's measure has always been a matter of quality rather than quantity; and a darker shadow falls across those pages that seem to come from the spring of 1922 than is to be found in his earlier work — so that those who read them cannot but 'fasten their hands upon their hearts.'

This sense of frustration has, of course, produced its obverse. How to get out of the narrow house — as full of spiritual sickness and squalor as Evelyn Scott's novel of that name. The sheer drive of feeling has compelled both readers and writers to find a way. It has driven us to take what may be called the long view of life. In order to endure the present, we have had to go far back in history for a new perspective, a fresh basis of generalization — back to 'the trailing past' that Whitman in a more confident hour bade us leave to 'the singers of yesterday.' In the war years we were faced with an undreamed recrudescence of physical savagery, which still persists in sublimated forms. Novel interpretations of history and science and psychology, which would in some manner account for all this and at the same time point the road to the future, became a necessity of the popular mind.

This necessity has been variously and copiously met. For the English-speaking world by the 'Outlines' of Wells and Van Loon and Thompson, still going through new editions, and the Outlines by Drinkwater and Orpen recently completed; by histories of civilization in the United States and elsewhere; by Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, and Mumford's *Story of Utopias*, and Robinson's *Mind in the Making;* and more significantly, perhaps, by the many volumes on Primitive Man and the layman's edition of *The Golden Bough*. Diverse as these works are in intention and approach, they exude a general odor of optimism, which is what we as the disenchanted war-victors require. Their common implication seems to be that, if we understand the long and difficult road we have come by to this present Slough of Despond, we shall once more take heart and dig ourselves out. The least positive voice in this group is that of the churchman, Dean Inge, whose phrase 'the superstition of progress' suggests the complexion of his thought. Similarly, Spengler's drift is indicated by his title, *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* — the Downfall of the Western World. His work is said to have achieved a popularity in Central Europe comparable with that of Wells's 'Outline' with us. Naturally the defeated nation derives satisfaction from the thought that all civilization has crashed with it.

But many readers crave something more than the cold comfort of philosophized history and science. All of us at times feel the need of books that are a little more personal and less cosmic. And this need has been supplied, in a degree, by the memoirs of the period just before the war, now being produced in quantity. The year 1914, like 1789, marked the abrupt end of an era. To the imagination it was a full-stop in history. Thus it is an obvious vantage-point from which to look back upon the pleasant days before yesterday.

'They who did not live before 1789,' Talleyrand once wistfully remarked,

'knew not the sweetness of life.' It is with a similar wistfulness that men turn to-day to the leisurely reminiscences of the Edwardian régime, as to an Age of Innocence happily untroubled with our troubles. We can enjoy the delightful flavor of Blunt's 'Diary' without worrying our heads about all the political and social problems in which it abounds, because the world's account with them has closed, or has been entered on a fresh page. And so with the fat volumes of biography and autobiography, of letters and records, of persons in all walks of life, from the Kaiser to Harry Kemp, and from Mrs. Asquith to Mrs. Fields, which each publishing year brings forth.

II

Another complex left behind by the war and still unresolved is the obsession of abnormal psychology. I do not mean to say that there was no such obsession visible in our literature before — far from it. But the war vastly extended its scope and authority. This was inevitable. For war itself is a pathological state of society; and so is the readjustment to a world at peace but the poorer by millions of souls and by the loss of four years of healthy living. Hardly in a generation can the effects of the shock be expected to pass away. Thus surrounded by abnormal conditions without, men's minds have turned inward upon themselves and fixed upon primitive 'instincts' at the core of being, with sex as a centre. In this introspection they have been abetted by the rising school of Freudians and other psychoanalysts.

The forms this obsession has taken in literature hardly need to be enumerated. They constitute nearly all the 'new' fiction, poetry, and drama that has been written in the last five years. Yet their great diversity should be noticed; and their wide range, from Proust's enormous evocation, *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, in five parts, the first part alone in the English translation filling two volumes, Joyce's *Ulysses*, almost as difficult to lovers of humanistic fiction as a medical report, Lawrence's *Women in Love*, and Anderson's *Many Marriages*, surely as single-minded as a scientific paper in its concern with one function, to Hergesheimer's *Cytherea*, O'Neill's *Diff'rent*, and Rebecca West's *The Judge*.

And another thing should be noticed — the fact that this imaginative literature of twisted subconsciousness has engaged a large majority of the finer minds among the young writers. Not all take it quite seriously. Aldous Huxley and Cabell play with it wittily. Some, like Virginia Woolf and May Sinclair and Clemence Dane, perform all manner of brilliant experiments with it. On the readers' side of the fence it is noticeable that those who rail against books of this sort will seldom bother about anything else. As a matter of fact, there has been lately little else to bother about, if one must have material with any vitality.

In the rapprochement between science and literature that has come about, as the term indicates, in this psychoanalytical art, the scientists have surely met the writers more than halfway. Indeed, in many instances the scientists have invaded the territory of literature ruthlessly, and the result has been devastating. With one learned professor declaring that 'Personality is a characteristic of the nervous system'; another regarding it as 'a body-mind complex dominated by the internal secretions,' and dismissing a recent play with the fillip that it is 'a study of libido variation, with endocrine variation, at two stages of the inner chemical life'; and with all the psychoanalyst

doctors chorusing that the professional interpretation of dreams is the golden key to the secrets of personal experience, it is small wonder that mere novelists have been somewhat intimidated, and that they have sought the protection of an alliance with one scientific group or another.

A quaint suggestion of the new collaboration is to be found in a newspaper account I read the other day of a well-known American author and his bacteriologist friend in the London apartment in which they are now living. The reporter pictures our author as striding restlessly up and down the room, pouring forth a copious monologue. 'The bacteriologist,' he writes, 'an impassive fellow by comparison, sits on the floor beside the fireplace reading, to be interrupted whenever the author wants a correct scientific term, which is about once every 25 seconds.' Perhaps this is suggestive of the way novelists of the future may be imagined as going about their business.

We have heard a good deal lately about the break-up of the novel — or its breakdown, according as the speaker approves or disapproves the endless amount of experimentation now in process. However this may be, science is for the moment the prism upon which the refraction is taking place. It has made of the older realist tradition a thing of many colors. The new realists are dividing into groups, following the groupings of psychologists and biologists. Lawrence and Joyce, Anderson and Rebecca West, lead the Freudian company, though each has an individual application of psychoanalysis. They are all introspectionists of a modern type, taking literally the line that 'we are such stuff as dreams are made on.'

In *Babbitt* and *Main Street*, Sinclair Lewis stands boldly for an opposing school — the behaviorists, who advocate 'study not of our own self, but of our neighbor's behavior.' Others take as a point of departure Berman's theory of the glands as the regulators of personality; among these Mrs. Atherton with *Black Oxen* has come most recently into the limelight. We have not yet arrived at the physico-chemical novel, though it was brilliantly forecast as long ago as Butler's *Erewhon*, in which the question is raised whether or not 'every sensation is not chemical and mechanical in its operation . . . whether there be not a molecular action of thought whence a dynamic theory of the passions shall be deducible? Whether, strictly speaking, we should not ask what kind of levers a man is made of rather than what is his temperament.' In this as in some other speculations Butler was far ahead of his time, and indeed a little ahead of ours. But perhaps there will be a day when the physical chemists will be able to count the atoms in the human body and give us their atomic numbers — and so make an end of all our literary guesswork.

The time has not yet come for any oracular judgment about the effect of the new science upon the new literature; but so far it is impossible to escape the impression that, although it has reinvigorated it, it has not made our fiction more readable. Even among zealous followers of changing literary fashions, out of ten people who talk about *Ulysses* and *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* nine have probably not read either quite through. I am among the nine. Indeed, the less the appearance of scientific content, the pleasanter is the effect. *Wintry Peacock* is certainly more readable than *Women in Love*, as *The Judge* is more readable than *Ulysses*, and the first half of *The Judge* is more readable than the second. Like the facts of history the facts of science, it would seem, cannot be of

great service to literature until they have suffered a twofold process of assimilation by the subconsciousness of writer and community. Nor will modern higher physiology be fully available for fiction until it has been related to knowledge that has already been assimilated. It must have occurred to most readers that many of the alleged new psychological equations in our novels are in reality classic. Some have been used over and over again by writers as far back as Shakespeare, or Sophocles, or the recorders of the earliest folk-myths. Probably the Freudians did not tell Shakespeare anything that he did not know, when they psychoanalyzed Lady Macbeth. Nor could they tell Wagner much about Kundry. A considerable part of recent psychology — at least of what filters into fiction — seems to me largely a matter of restatement. Therein also lies a good deal of its charm for the novelists. One can have an interesting time pouring old wine into new bottles. It would be as amusing as a game to rewrite in the modern style the themes of the books of other centuries dealing with abnormality — *Wuthering Heights*, for instance. And, conversely, to think what Fielding would make of *Many Marriages*.

'It is all very estimable, no doubt,' remarks one of Aldous Huxley's male characters about the modern literary treatment of sex. 'But still I for one should like to see mingled with this scientific ardor a little more of the jovial spirit of Rabelais and Chaucer.' — 'I entirely disagree with you,' retorts the girl to whom he is speaking. 'Sex is n't a laughing matter; it 's serious.'

Nearly everything is serious to novelists to-day. In fact, some of their work seems to be over-serious, and verges so closely on the ludicrous that a critic writing about it cannot help being fearful of appearing a bit foolish. Humor is pretty generally lacking in our scientific fiction. Probably it would be truer to say that it is pretty generally suppressed, for there are signs that some contemporary writers have more of it than they are willing to display. Joyce, for example, seems in totality a rather humorless novelist; yet there is in *The Portrait of the Young Man as an Artist* an interlude so comic that one feels the more keenly through all the sombre remainder of the volume the absence of this quality. One might guess that some writers are denying free play to their mother-wit out of deference to the high seriousness with which they take their new rôles, in the manner of a very young man in love. Incidentally it is interesting to have to suspect people of suppression who are constantly preaching the danger of unfulfilled desires. Of course, fundamentally this general absence of humor has also something to do with war — a suggestion that I should like to return to later.

III

But a still more serious matter, so far as readability goes, than the failure of humor in our fiction with scientific leanings is the failure of geniality. And this may, I think, be very definitely set down to strain — the effort involved in handling new materials which, in turn, seem ever to demand new forms. Such continual experimentation in untried mediums is necessarily harrowing. For the psychoanalytical novelist there exists to-day no inn of tranquillity where he can take his ease with his art. He is tied to the onerous routine of the laboratory. And geniality does not and cannot be expected to result. It is the lack of this quality above all others that has prevented much of the most brilliant recent work from appealing to a very wide public.

The big reading public — and by this I do not mean the wholly undiscriminating public — has gone elsewhere. It has consoled itself in this country with the more humorous social satire of the Middle West and with the South Sea romances. The South Sea tales that I have read, barring one or two things of Somerset Maugham's, have not, pleasant as they are, interested me very deeply; and I do not believe that in itself this school of writers will interest anyone very much thirty years from now. But the work of Mr. O'Brien and his colleagues will continue to interest people as a psychological expression of our time — that is, because it has been for us a true literature of escape, from the war and the war neuroses, including literary pathology. Fortunately for Mr. O'Brien, his Pacific Islands never became mixed up in the war. Writers who wanted to get away from the memories of the front — like Hall and Nordhoff — set sail as soon after it as they could for the South Seas, carrying a large public of vicarious adventurers along with them. Fortunately, too, for their purposes, the Marquesans and a good many other Islanders have never been much involved in that thing called Western Civilization, which has done nothing but worry us since August 1914. From pictures of the organized savagery in Europe it has thus seemed a relief to turn to the naïve savagery of the East. The figure of the Noble Savage of the eighteenth century has been replaced in our South Sea literature by the figure of the Happy Savage — a creation not borne out, by the way, by the glimpse of the primitive mind one gets in *The Golden Bough.*

To a world harassed by every sort of doubt as to its technique in handling the 'instincts,' an impression has been conveyed that the natives of the Islands, especially where uncorrupted by contact with us, manage all such fundamentals better than we — particularly sex. Thus this region of the globe has taken on the glamour of a sort of lost Paradise. When the love-affairs of four young people in a smart comedy lately on in New York become hopelessly entangled with one another and the American conventions, someone suggests that the logical way out is emigration to the South Seas. To many people life, partly no doubt as a result of the war, has begun to seem too drab, too difficult here. So they sit down and read *Mystic Isles of the South Seas* or *Atolls of the Sun.*

Another region pleasantly dissociated from the scenes of bloodshed is our own Middle West, which has also been exploited during the last five years, though in a different fashion. It did not lend itself to romantic treatment, for it was too close to us to have glamour. Besides, it was too much a part of our national life to escape the ruthless mood of self-flagellation which the war brought upon its participants. But it has proved a rich field for social satire; and it should be in the end a more productive field for permanent literature than the South Sea Islands, just because our writers are better equipped and trained to work it. The three who have cultivated its soil in this *genre* most notably — Sinclair Lewis, Zona Gale, and Sherwood Anderson — have all produced their greatest successes, which are likewise their most significant works, since 1914. All profited by the impetus that war psychology gave them as writers, and their public as readers, toward a reaction from nationalism, and from belief in the status quo, or, to put it in positive terms, toward criticism and satire. It is interesting to note in passing that their vogue has served to enhance the popularity of other writers in the same field, though not in the same tradition

— Willa Cather, for example, who is not primarily a satirist and whose art had come to maturity before the present period.

It is further to be noticed that the one of the group who has the most abundant humor, Sinclair Lewis, has reached the widest public. Now humor is not logically a direct by-product of war, like irony and satire. Such humor as does immediately spring up is apt to be thwarted by a satirical purpose — as in Mr. Strachey's *Queen Victoria* and the plays of Karel Capek, and in the parodies with which our bookshops are now well stocked. Most of these satirical parodies, it is true, like the hits at the 'Outlines,' at Mrs. Asquith, and at the South Sea romance, by Donald Stewart, Captain Traprock, and others, are very good-natured, though occasionally one comes on a bit of humor with a dangerous edge, like Montague's story of war decorations in *Fiery Particles*. Yet the public after a shocking struggle is naturally more insatiable than ever in its appetite for pure humor, and often must go back for it to an earlier time. As London audiences immediately after the Restoration had to return to the comedies of Jonson, so London audiences of today have had to return to the eighteenth-century *Beggar's Opera* for merriment on the stage. The minds of the leading playwrights — of Barrie and Shaw, Galsworthy and O'Neill, for instance — have been filled with other things. So the boisterous humor of *Babbitt* and *Main Street* came as a boon to the reading public; but although it has augmented their sales, it has not altogether obscured their primary function as social satires.

IV

Of another form of literature of escape that has felt the influence of the war by indirection — the fantastic romance — there is no need to speak at length, though some of the finest writing of our day has been done in this medium. I am thinking of the work of such men as Byrne and Cabell on our side, and Machen and de la Mare in England. Machen and Cabell had been writing fantasies of one sort or another for more than a decade; but not until the last five years can their work be said to have reached their predestined public — and books are never quite books until they are read. But Mr. de la Mare's ironical romance, *Memoirs of a Midget*, belongs body and soul to our time, and it is one of the few things whose quality I feel sure later generations will envy us.

In these speculations about the influences of the war upon our literature, which I see working everywhere though often indirectly and often merely in acceleration of forces already released, I have had to roam rather far afield. It has been necessary, too, to speak of the war as still going on — or, perhaps I should say, of the peace as not yet achieved. Whatever the political facts may be, this is true so far as literature is concerned. It will be a long time, one may hazard, before we shall get to the end of psychological studies of readjustment to a changed world. The young writers should, of course, reach the end first, but for the moment they are in the most difficult situation of all.

Both in literature and outside of it the war created a precocious Younger Generation — too early matured by the shock and prolonged tragedy, as a child may be by the struggle of the slums. (Of one of their number Mr. Galsworthy has done a memorable portrait in *Loyalties*.) It is this group that has given us the books most definitely marked with the war neuroses, as well as the most characteristic ac-

counts of war psychology. Its work has met with some severe criticism. 'It is morbid.' 'It is macabre.' 'It does n't get anywhere.'

To this the Younger Generation has sharply retorted: 'We have a right to be morbid. Life as we have seen it is macabre. Civilization is n't getting anywhere.' They have been charged with being irreligious, uninterested in spiritual things, and have not bothered about a reply. *Civilization in the United States* contained no chapter on religion. An advocate might answer for them that, with the amount of fresh biological and psychological knowledge which they are being called on daily to digest, they can have very little energy left for theology, and it is no wonder that their talk for the moment is all of complexes and never of souls. Whether their introspection be spiritual or secular (and the distinction is rather a fine one), it probably engages too much of their time for their own good, as things are.

As for their work, I choose to think it will be a salutary thing for future generations to have for reference all the dramatizations of the war-reactions that can possibly manage to survive the rude usage of time, if only to illustrate the text of what four such years as 1914 to 1918 can do to youth. Anyone with imagination, it is true, might envisage all this without the aid of tales like *Three Soldiers*. But too many people are blind in the inward eye; and the race memory is notoriously short. The psychology of war has been too half-heartedly searched heretofore, and too tragically forgotten.

If we are troubled by our literature of disillusion, we can take some comfort from reflecting that our time has, after all, not yet produced anything so cynical as some of the choice specimens of the period following the Civil Wars in England. Also it is well to remember that the old physic could 'not minister to a mind diseased,' or 'pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,' or 'cleanse the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart.' Thus for health's sake alone it may be well to give the modern method of uninhibited sense-expression a fair trial. From the standpoint of literature, which is the chief concern of this inquiry, there is no need to worry about the self-revelation of the Younger Generation as long as it comes with so clear an impulse of truth and art as a recent sonnet of Miss Millay's, which ends: —

> That April should be shattered by a gust,
> That August should be leveled by a rain,
> I can endure, and that the lifted dust
> Of man should settle to the earth again;
> But that a dream can die, will be a thrust
> Between my ribs forever of hot pain.

In the mass of printed matter that owes its origin or direction to moods left by the war, there is a small body of such work that, one may be sure, will long outlast them; and a good deal, besides, of an empirical nature that is at least straightening the way to more permanent forms.

HOLIDAYS

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

'THIS,' said we, 'is slavery.'

We had found Queen Victoria doing her endless knitting in the warm shade of the honeysuckle vines that clustered round the porch of a New Zealand hostel, and we had been living under her régime.

I was her Peel, her Palmerston, her Disraeli, and I held her wool. Virginia was one of those unfortunate women of the Court, who must be continually retrimming their old hats in order to hold the regal favor. We were both quite surely sinking to an 'Albert state of mind.'

'Let us,' we said, 'upset the royal ménage and assert our independence. This vine-perfumed cottage, where an old Queen sets the fashion, has stolen our wills. To-morrow we will take the road and seek adventure. We will go south, by the highway where the larches turn silver in the sun, and look over the edge of the hills.'

So at break of day we started out. We went over the stile that the bull once climbed, and along the road between the blue gums. There was the soft noise of bees, and a breeze chased in and out, touching sometimes our hair, sometimes our eyes, and always cool, like sweet water dashed into our faces. As we looked around, we saw white farmhouses that stood the other side of softly clicking gates, where sweet peas ran gayly up, winking their colored eyes at us and jauntily tilting and turning on their long graceful stems to the gentle push of the summer wind.

But when we reached the top, we saw only more hills going on and on, so we dropped down the other side, into a valley by a brook, where the willows stood on either side and trailed their long green fingers in the water. The air was heavy, so we sat and leaned against a rock. This was a sweet season, when the hills were waving with tall grass, waving a silent lullaby for one to dream to; so we forgot the Queen's monotonous needles, and fashioned fancies for ourselves out of the pleasant noises the brown water made as it ran by the stones. Now, as we watched and listened, we saw come sailing down, bobbing and curling and madly swirling round, what seemed to be a pure-white giant butterfly, and getting nearer, turned into a paper boat upon a desperate voyage. Then, as we waited for its pilot to appear, we saw it was a folded piece of paper, and Virginia, quickly curious, seized one of its white sails and rescued it.

We found it was a letterhead from some Swiss mountain hospital — one of those hospitals where sick people bathe their limbs in sunlight all day long, and, when their chief helper disappears, sink behind horizons into discouraged dreams of illness. There was just one short paragraph on it; the rest was gone, or it had never been. It said just this: —

'Yesterday there was a scarlet fluttering in the wind, a drooping wilted shape, a spark of restlessness defeated and laughed at by the breeze. In walking up the village street, I saw it

hanging from a balcony, a gay flag of distress to passers-by; and later, rumor, which spreads faster than color on the autumn leaves, whispered that a woman, finding life a dreary thing, had left it, jeering, in a scarlet dress.'

'Paul,' said Virginia, 'it is as if the brook were tears and this had floated down it from the heart of sorrow.'

As we sat there wondering how such a thing had come in such a place, a man came down the stream. We saw him striding toward us, looking neither to the right nor to the left, absorbed apparently by something in his mind. And this, besides, we noticed. His step, while large, was heavy, as if he carried care like irons shackled to his ankles.

As he approached us, he raised his head, which had been bent. I could not say that he looked at us, for something seemed to stand before his eyes, which blurred his vision, and gave him the far-searching helpless look one sees sometimes about the blind. Virginia says he was not more than thirty-five, with short black hair and gray eyes, and had the color of hearty weather in his cheeks; but all I can remember is that Pain had stripped herself of all her compensating rags, and shone in her undecorated nakedness from out his face.

He asked us if we 'd seen a paper in the stream, and as we handed him the letterhead, he turned to go without a word. Virginia called to him in a clear ringing voice. I heard her words, but all my mind was bound up in my sight, so that it was as if the pencil of a slate had written on a sheet of paper; and yet, if I seek down those long black corridors of semiconscious memory, there comes a sharpness struck across the blank, and then a sigh of some such sounds as words like 'don't' or 'wait' would make.

At any rate, the man turned round; and then, because we had no better thing to say, we asked him if he would not help us eat our cherry jam and rolls; and he consented, with a half-ungracious shrug, as if to say, 'What does it matter?'

We sat and ate and talked a little, quietly as one does when meeting strangers. And then, quite suddenly, because Virginia had turned her large dark eyes on him, regarding him intently, he asked this question of her. He said: —

'Child, how many of your friends, think you, would you be sure you knew, if, when you died, you were transported to the world of spirits and your body left behind to feed the earth? Have you ever wondered when you saw "Character" stealing his way in and out among a crowd, how many of your friends you know so well that you could name them if you saw their spirits? Would it not be good to come so close to one's belovèd, that he or she could be quick-recognized without the help of voice or eyes or hair? Yet could it ever be so?'

Virginia looked at him, bewildered. But he seemed to see beyond her eyes into the heart of the brown waving grass, as if it had been turned inside his mind to a regiment of spirits marching past, and still he kept on talking: —

'How curious it is, our deep dependence on externals. We are conscious of this one or that one from the color of his tie or the way her hair is coiled; and if they change these superficial ornaments, we are directly puzzled as to whether we have seen our friend or no. We boast to ourselves and to our Gods that the soul is what we love the most; and yet, what lover will not forgive a rival who has crushed the spirit from his rose and left the petals of his flower unimpaired. Can we explain it? Perhaps the tie and hair and spotless flower-leaves are simply the expression of the soul. We know that everything

we do or say or think expresses what we are, no matter what we try to hide; and so the suit we wear may betray us to our neighbors if they have the key to our translation. But therein our safety lies.

'It is the multitude of things our spirits are when they disrobe that would confuse us entering another world. We put away so many things in order to keep them from all eyes; so many fancies, thoughts, and longings, that we cover them with veils for different reasons. Sometimes because we 're shy, sometimes because we do not wish to brand ourselves as too unlike our neighbors. But when a soul is seen without its garments, would not all these things stand clustering about? would not the traits we never knew our friends possessed make strangers of them? It is, of course, the thoughts and desires of our souls that are most hid, even from our best belovèd. Perhaps once or twice in a whole life we get a glimpse of what other persons really mean in living as they do, what their sincerest thoughts are, what they think the point of life is. I wonder if, out of a hundred thousand other spirits on the other side, that for the most part would be much alike, I wonder if we could pick the small distinctions of which we caught so slight a glimpse on earth, and find, by those wee variations on the theme of human souls, that which made up our most truly loved.

'Why would not a horrid loneliness gape round us? Or, what is worse, confusion worse confounded? Not a noise as we conceive it, but a loud spiritual tumult, when we were suddenly immersed in a great sea of souls, all of whom were utter strangers to each other. We should come pouring in with all the thousand others, from our world and all the other worlds that sing about the heavens, like mead out of a jug. And does not a still more dreadful thought lead on from that? For, if we are a drop of liquid poured into a sea, we mingle straightway to form a solid whole, and who would lose his individuality?

'The idea holds no charm. Think, child, of your neighbors. How many of them would you wish to be tied to in spirit? How many could you bear to cling to as one drop clings to another? If we find one soul in all the world, in all our years, that we feel thus about, we call ourselves true blessèd. How impossible, how utterly miserable, to conceive ourselves joined irrevocably to a solid mass of uncongenial spirits through eternity!

'And there would be another disappointment. For when we 're full of life and the beauty of the earth the Gods have given us, and yet, when we are snatched away, when the Reaper cuts us down in the heyday of our youth and glory, we give ourselves, to help us through the grim high gates of Death, a compensating thought. We say: —

'"When we have reached this land we 've heard so much about, when we have taken Charon's boat across the Styx, at least we 'll see our heroes waiting in the shades; at least we 'll rise or sink to their equality. We can converse with kings and sigh with queens and brush against the garments of the great philosophers. At last we 'll know the Tsar of Russia's feelings as he died, and see the beauty of the Queen of Scots. We 'll walk with Livingstone, and talk with Rhodes, and fight Clive's battles through again."

'And yet how can we? For we never knew their souls. How can we know which one is which, and whether we are speaking to the Queen or to the cook. We 've simply caught at this far end of the world's years a whisper of the character of each. A low cry of Job, a hint of Pontius Pilate, a scrap of

Socrates. We know their faces, forms, and features, we know their dress, we know the kind of food they ate and what they talked about; and yet, where is the key to fit in the translation and show us how to recognize our friends and heroes by their spirits?

'Child, you will bring comfort to yourself by saying: —

' "I shall be a spirit, too; and as in this life my soul held sympathy with other souls, so in the next will the ones we loved be drawn toward us, and we toward them."

'And yet, if we cannot tell whether it is the soul we seek or some other one that lived a thousand years ago and yet held sympathy with us, how desolate our state will be, forever wandering through immense eternity, dumbly looking for that which we can never find, or, if we find it, not know that we have done so. Think, child, would you recognize the spirit of your best belovèd if you saw him wandering past, a shapeless shadow without eyes to see or ears to hear, or mouth to kiss you with?'

Virginia looked at me and laughed a little; but she could not answer. On her lips I read a question: —

'Paul,' it said, 'is this poor man a little mad?'

I shook my head, and then I spoke to him.

'Will you tell us,' I said, 'what makes your mind turn on such subjects?'

He put his hand deep in his pocket and drew forth the letterhead from that Swiss hospital.

'This,' he said. And after: 'Did you read it?'

We nodded.

'Then I will tell you all the story.'

There was silence for a minute, and then he went on: —

'She killed herself, that girl, from lack of self-expression. I do believe that earnestly. For is not that the horse the whole world wants to ride, the nag of self-expression? But most of them don't know it. They think they 're seeking after love, or money, or success; but they are wrong. What they do really need is just to find a medium in which to pour the goods they have accumulated from the outside world, the thoughts and passions and imaginings. If one is continually collecting, and cannot find a medium into which he can transmit his discoveries and give them to the world; or if by circumstance his medium is forbidden him, he curses fate, but cannot tell us why he is unhappy. She was a Russian, beautiful, I think, as the young princesses, and full of delicacy, gentleness, and charm. She came there ill before the war; and while the sun was showing her the path to health, a man, a Russian, too, and a musician, fell in love with her. Then came the war, and on its heels the Revolution, taking all she had. It was after this that she consented to be married to the man who loved her there. Almost everybody wondered at it, because it was well known that she did not care for him. But here is a point I think they never thought of. The girl wrote plays and stories. Loved it. Good or bad, it does n't matter; the only thing that really counted was that they expressed her, and everything stored up within her found a natural vent. So, do you see it? There she was, a girl whose brain was wise enough to see that, if you stole her self-expression from her, you must steal her life, and yet having to face "work by the piece," and an eight-hour day, to keep herself alive. She did what she thought best. She sold her body for the price of eight long hours every day alone. This was agreed upon before she married him; and then she found her husband was dishonest. He stole that which she had bargained and paid dearly for, and

would not give her any recompense. That was inevitable, and she should have known. Yes, but she was young, and youth is never cautious. Then, of course, not being able to find freedom through the tracery of her pencil, her self-expression flew to other channels, and this led to worse disaster. She visited her sister who lived at Interlaken, and there she fell in love. For a while it did not matter, for she found an outlet to the springs that welled up in her mind, and she was content to talk, just endlessly to talk, and feel a quiet sympathy. You see, she was a sensitive child, who imbibed impressions, thoughts, and ideas, as thirsty ground does water; and all that she took in she must, of necessity, find an escape for. But talk won't do forever between lovers, and lips must meet if hearts and minds do. Presently her husband heard, and went straightway to Interlaken and brought her back with him. I wonder sometimes whether he was just an idiot, or whether he perhaps has in his being the refined cruelty that enjoys the sight of lingering torture. At any rate, he loved her, desperately they tell me — so much, in fact, that now they think he will go mad with grief. Perhaps he was a little mad already; that would account for his stupidity or malice.

'When she came back, he passed a sentence on her. He made her come and sit beside him in a darkened room, while he composed for hour after hour, sometimes a whole day long. What for? He said it gave him inspiration. Lord knows he needed it: I heard him play once! But there she sat, without a thing to do, in that half-lighted room, listening to an imbecile or madman search for notes — and always find the wrong ones. They say she kept herself in hand, she never lost her dignity or pride; but finally so many things piled into her heart, it burst for lack of room to hold them, and the result was what you read there.'

He dropped to silence for a while, and Virginia leaned over to him.

'But how,' she asked in a low voice, 'came you to know all this?'

'I was the man who loved her afterwards,' he answered, 'and there is little that a lover cannot know. I have friends there still, and sometimes I get letters. But all that does not matter now. You see, she went to meet her heroes on the other side; but what I want to know is, will she find them? And, what is more than all the world and life and love and beauty, how am I to know her, look for her, discover it is she, when I am dead?'

Virginia sat still a moment and then looked up to me.

'Paul,' she said, 'what shall we tell this man who is so sorrowful? You and I have sat with Death and Morning on the Silver Horns; surely there is something. We have seen green valleys at our feet, with big dog violets heaped in velvet piles on the grass. Fields like robes of kings embroidered in scarlet and gold. Villages of chalets and a river between, and beyond, through a mist of blue, — smoked blue, which is the color of adventure, — the mountains covered with snow tinted to the shade of angels' wings. Surely there sit the ones who rule our world in the places between earth and heaven, playing games with human hearts and collecting them when they are broken, to play there, too, and make the sky ring with high laughter.

'There one finds the Hymn to Proserpine sung by silence. I wonder, Paul, if I am right. Perhaps the child who hung herself in her scarlet dress had sat and listened, and caught the far end of a whisper of it as it passed from height to height. Perhaps she caught a whisper, Paul, and found it irresistible. Do you think that, if she

had heard a song sung by a God from a mountain peak that she could stay? Listen, would not this blown across the valley lure her?

In the night where thine eyes are as moons are in heaven, the night where thou art,
Where silence is more than all tunes, where sleep overflows from the heart,
Where the poppies are sweet as the rose in our world, and the red rose is white,
And the wind falls faint as it blows with the fume of the flowers of the night,
And the murmur of spirits that sleep in the shadow of Gods from afar,
Grows dim in thine ears, and deep as the deep dim soul of a star,
In the sweet low light of thy face, under heavens untrod by the sun,
Let my soul with their souls find place, and forget what is done and undone.
Thou art more than the Gods who number the days of our temporal breath;
For these give labor and slumber; but thou, Proserpine, death.

'And then, Paul, the breath catches, and following after, when there is perfume round her and poppies before her eyes, comes the song to a close, softly: —

So long I endure, no longer; and laugh not again, neither weep.
For there is no God found stronger than death; and death is a sleep.

'Then she followed the song; but we, who can but see through a glass darkly, call it Tragedy in a Red Dress. So,' said Virginia, turning to the man, 'you will find your lady in the end. For no matter what you say about the sea of souls, there is always this. It 's a sure fact that, if a magnet has a mighty force and if the thing it draws has also power, they will rush together across worlds irresistibly, and scatter what is less to right and left; and they will be so closely joined by their great force, that nothing in the spheres can come between. Paul, could not what I say be so?'

I did not answer instantly, and when I raised my head, I saw that curious stranger take Virginia's hand and kiss its finger-tips before he rose and walked away.

'Virginia,' I whispered, 'how very wise you are! Let us go back now and watch Victoria do her knitting.'

And as we went along the dusty highway, we noticed things we had not seen before. We saw those larches, with the wind turning their leaves the wrong way to, pretending they were wrought in silver. The hills before the darkening sky stood clear against low rolling heaps of clouds, and creeping up the valleys there were pines, black clumps of trees like fluffy blots of ink spilled on a paper. Close by the road grew gardens, where roses leaned their weary heads over the gates and fences. We saw them straggling in and out between the rails and lying lightly on the grass.

Just as we turned into the hostel gates, the moon rose, swinging like a yellow bubble through the dark-stemmed trees.

THE LAND OF NOD

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

WHEN I read about other people's dreams, I am often impressed with the idea that these narratives are not dreams at all, but the work of a waking imagination filling in with more or less unconscious artifice the vague outline of the real dream structure.

For dreams — and here is the secret of them — do not always lend themselves honestly to translation into the language of the daytime. At least, mine do not. A few words, a sentence or two, may stand out vividly as I start to regale the family at the breakfast table the next morning; but I almost always have the sensation of having forgotten the gist of the matter, and of trying to supply the lack by logical deductions from the fragments which remain.

This happens even when I dream whole dreams, composed entirely of words — that is, when I have dreamed with my ears, hearing the words pronounced as by some inner voice, without accompanying visual images. Occasionally the words make sense, but more often the sense creeps into them as they are related afterward. For dreams make liars of us all, and nobody is willing to confess how little he really remembers when he can so easily set everything right with a bare invention.

Let me try to tell a real dream, without retouching or filling in. I dreamed it last night, and this is what I now recall.

A sense of lounging on the ground beside a man who is talking — lecturing, apparently, though the impression is one of semidarkness, relieved only by an uncertain, fitful illumination as of a bonfire, and I do not see any audience. We appear to be out of doors, and yet under cover. Certainly there is something above us — oh, ever so high! A roof? Rocks? I knew then well enough, for I still have the feeling of having known. But unquestionably it is bare ground, and not a floor, beneath us.

The man says something about letting another one fall. Another what? I have no idea. In a sort of lane or aisle, — it is something like a path and something like a vista in a cave,— just at my left and at quite a distance, I hear a thud, not very loud. It has fallen. I am conscious of surprise that there was not more noise, *for the others were not so heavy.*

I begin to climb, and arrive at an immense height, where they start from. Here is another man. He appears to be shoveling them in. Into what? I have forgotten, and am tempted to say that it was into something like a car or tank; but as soon as I get to the word 'in,' I can go no further without supplying an idea out of my waking thoughts. Let it go as I remember having dreamed it — he appeared to be shoveling them in. Whether 'them' refers to logs, to earth, or to lumps of iron, it is impossible now to say, though the words taken together seem to have a sort of appropriateness. Again comes the signal. This is a yet heavier one. It falls, and the crash this time is awful — beyond all words to describe. He begins to fill

again. I am mortally afraid. I want to get down before this, the heaviest of all, is let loose.

That is all. I don't know what the lecturer was lecturing about, or what lesson he drew from these repeated falls of heavy masses. But they had a relevancy, and this relevancy lay in their sound.

What a stupid, incoherent dream! Yes; but is there not something suggestive in its incoherencies, something which makes you think of a cablegram made unintelligible by errors in transmission? Already we have made some progress, simply by following an honest report of what arrived at the receiving station, without attempting further to falsify it by guesses. Let us take a second example, dreamed just before the other one.

There were very many examples of something — I won't say of explosives, because I do not know. One of them was coarsely powdered. Cast on shallow water, it grew fine and sank. When it reached the bottom, the country blew up — *faire sauter*, to make to blow up, was the way I first recalled it; in French, just that way, in the infinitive mode.

What amazes me is that learned doctors of psychology will take reports like this, or even those much more seriously garbled, and discuss their peculiarities as if they were the peculiarity of the dreams and not merely of the reports. Freud, for instance, in order to account for the grotesqueness common to such narrations, has invented a personage whom he terms the 'dream censor,' and has then thrown wide the gates of 'interpretation' by admitting the principle of 'symbolism.' That is to say, he tells us that what we dream is not really what we meant to dream, but an allegory. The original, it would seem, is nearly always something which we have good reason to be ashamed of, even while we are asleep; so we clothe it decently from the wardrobes of our unconsciousness, and sneak it past our (still slumbering) consciousness, for the sole pleasure of mischief.

This, I think, is an unnecessarily elaborate theory to account for such a simple thing as the weakness of a sleepy memory and the ready perverseness of the human tongue. But Freud seems to assume that the tales related by the patients at his clinics are made of genuine dream-stuff, intermingled with no dross which cannot readily be detected and removed. Vain assumption. Nod has strict customs-laws, not unlike those in vogue in many European countries at the present time, which forbid the exportation of precious metals. And how easy it is, during our passage through the waters of Lethe, in which is submerged that undiscoverable country from which no traveler ever returns with his wits about him, for the *douaniers* to rifle our baggage and substitute trade dollars for our hoards of the lawful coin of the realm. Nevertheless, I once heard a Freudian tell a dream and vouch for its authenticity, even though it happened to be the dream of another person. When one gets as far as that, naturally all problems are solved.

I am, they tell me, a person having a 'low threshold,' by which I understand a disposition that is not ashamed to dream of anything. If I should have an 'inhibited impulse,' say, to strangle my great-aunt, I should, I have been assured, dream just that, my 'censor' knowing that it would be unnecessary to obscure the meaning of the plot by 'distorting' it so as to spare my feelings. Perhaps I should dream just that, but I doubt if I should remember it just that way. And as for distortions, what I experience is less like distortion than the vague inconsistency

of shapes breathed upon glass, and rapidly disappearing as the sunlight dries them off. Queer outlines and strange vacancies undoubtedly exist in all true dream-patterns, but they seem to be sufficiently accounted for by this simple forgetting of the connecting links and this fading away of the margins. The copy may be little more than a blur. Is that any reason for thinking that the original may not have been a masterpiece of cogency and clearness?

I once had the habit of sleeping with a notebook and pencil by my bedside, making it a point to turn on the light, and write down whatever I dreamed, the instant I was sufficiently awake to be conscious of having dreamed at all. Thus it happened that I jotted down many notes while I was yet half-asleep, and these were by no means as inconsistent as the dream-tales one usually attempts to palm off upon a credulous world at the hour of toast and coffee. Whether it was that I suceeded gradually in penetrating deeper and deeper into the unknown, or that my ability to prevaricate while in a semisomnolent condition gradually improved, I cannot positively say; but eventually I succeeded in catching a complete short story, on the wings of sleep, so to speak, and in publishing it — not as a dream, but as a bit of fiction, almost without altering a line. And it is a curious proof of the faintness of our memory of dreams, even when they have been reimpressed on the mind, that I have now completely forgotten this literary trifle, as well as the magazine in which it appeared. But I have an idea that its atmosphere was weirdly mysterious, that it owed its success to its very lacunæ, the plot with gaps being then very much in vogue.

Another dream-story, written at this period but never published, remains with me thus.

There is a window. I am outside a cottage that is little more than a hut. Gray, weather-beaten boards. The roof slants this way. A feeling of the importance — the blessed importance — of the moment, and of something found and solved.

When I say the roof slants 'this way,' I mean, I suppose, that it slants toward me, and that I am standing under the cottage eaves and not under one of the gable ends. But 'slants this way' better expresses the vagueness that envelops the situation — a sort of fourth-dimensional quality, as if one might be standing in two places at once, or conscious of the roof through some other sense than that of sight. If I knew how, I would make the expression less definite still. For this was not a word-dream, but a dream in feeling and images.

Perhaps it was a toy cottage, and I, a child delighted by the gift, embracing it and thus able to feel all sides. Why can I not remember? My memory is good enough in other directions, and this dream was actually written down and read several times by daylight. But everything having even remotely to do with dreams seems drenched with the certainty of oblivion.

In this slant of the roof, which I feel but do not see, is to be found, I think, yet another reason for the seeming lack of coherency in dreams. The optical and auditory centres are not the only ones which bestir themselves while the terrible, oppressing ego is asleep. We dream not only sounds and sights, but odors, touch-impressions, tastes, and even pure emotions. Dreams are often like music. They give us feelings without any reasons which explain them. We seek for explanations, and immediately we invent. Thus to the difficulty of remembering is added that of translating from one sense to another; of groping back from effects to causes;

and, above all, of giving articulate expression to inarticulate things.

Anyone who cares to make the experiment of looking for it will soon discover that there is always an inarticulate something back of the words he uses even when he is awake. Phrases, sentences come to the mind, but the thought that they are to express was there some fraction of a second before. And during this interval the idea lay naked upon the threshold of consciousness, perfect, undeformed by the clumsy machinery of language which afterward took it up, crushing it to the form of conventional symbols.

Who knows if, save in the instance of a word-dream, this machinery operates at all during sleep? It may be that the wordless space, prolonged, gives us for once the chance to possess the thought or feeling itself, in all its entirety, before its semidestruction between the jaws of verbs and nouns. It may be this which gives to dreams their precious vividness, so sharply in contrast with what we can truly *say* about them — a vividness which often lingers like an aroma after everything else is gone. Words, at their best, are but approximations to the things we mean. To tell a thing is to dip into general experience, — the trimmed and use-worn experiences of other people, — and with types of this metal to try to set up a line not too crudely at variance with that which is within us.

A dreamless sleep is possibly an entirely dreamy one. Only as we retire from the coasts of Nod, do we begin to realize that we were ever there. But the voyage is rough; we are like fugitives fleeing from an island suddenly submerged. If there were only time to pack and make a comfortable journey, what treasures might we not bring back! Usually we arrive at Wakefulness suffering from the amnesia of a violent jolt. In the rarer case, we do what slowly migrating peoples do when they repeat the songs of the country of their origin in an ever-changing language, until finally the first sense is altogether lost, or survives only in new phrases having none can say what relation to the old. Nursery tales are soon all that is left of once magnificent myths dealing with suns and the gods — poor ruins, seeming only to refer to Puss in Boots, or to Jack the Giant-killer.

Ah, that treacherous memory, which refuses to burden itself with what goes on within us while we sleep! What lost paradises do we not owe to its lack of retention — and what lost terrors, too. For is there any horror like the horror of a dream? Any bliss like the felicity which never was on land or sea, yet was ours in the forever unchartable land of Nod?

'THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR'

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

DURING the war it was generally believed that the way to prevent war in the future was to make war swiftly and unitedly on all future Germanys. Theodore Roosevelt, as early as September 1914, had urged the formation of what he called an international posse comitatus against 'outlaw' nations. This same suggestion was adopted subsequently, under the name of a League to Enforce Peace, by Mr. Taft, Senator Lodge, and others. In the spring of 1916 President Wilson was publicly converted to the idea that a war of aggression was the concern not merely of the attacking nation and its victim, but of all civilized nations, that an attack on one was an attack on all, that a breach of the peace should in the future be answered by united enforcement of peace. It was in this context of thought and feeling that a Chicago lawyer, Mr. S. O. Levinson, launched his proposal for 'the outlawry of war.' [1]

Political leaders had not yet divided along partisan lines, and with two million American men on their way to French battlefields none expressed any aversion to European entanglements. Mr. Levinson was safe in assuming that what the United States was then doing, in March 1918, it would in the event of another aggression do again. Therefore, it was naturally in the current of public opinion for Mr. Levinson to argue that the Roosevelt-Taft-Lodge-Wilson theory of a League to Enforce Peace would be strengthened and clarified if war itself were declared a punishable crime in international law. There would then be no hesitant neutrality, no doubt about the right and duty of all nations to join in the war against a nation like Germany. Mr. Levinson's phrase, therefore, seemed less novel then than it does now. For in the mood of those days he had merely found a rather picturesque name for the generally accepted theory of a war against war.

The same idea was, of course, taken to Paris by President Wilson. But of Mr. Levinson's phrase nothing much was heard until a year afterward when the first draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations was printed. Then the phrase reappeared in a speech delivered by the late Senator Philander C. Knox. But there had begun a radical change of meaning. The phrase which Mr. Levinson had coined to clarify the purposes of a League to Enforce Peace was now the name of a substitute for the League of Nations. For Mr. Knox, who was the acknowledged leader of the irreconcilables in the Senate, their most courageous guide and their shrewdest counselor, was not content with a purely destructive attack on President Wilson's project. He acknowledged the need of a substitute, and he started out

[1] S. O. LEVINSON: *The Legal Status of War*, in the New Republic, March 9, 1918; *cf.* also JOHN DEWEY: *Morals and the Conduct of States*, in the New Republic, March 23, 1918.

with Mr. Levinson's help to construct a new plan for peace upon the idea that war should be declared an international crime.

In Senator Knox's first speech, delivered the first of March, 1919, the 'outlawry of war' is still associated with the idea of a League to Enforce Peace. Mr. Knox is definitely opposed to the League of Nations, but he continues to discuss 'a league,' based upon a 'constitution' which is to call upon 'the powers signatory, to enforce' the decrees and awards of an international court, 'as against unwilling states, by force, economic pressure, or otherwise.' However, within a few months, concurrently with the rising tide of American opinion against the League and all covenants to use force, Mr. Knox and Mr. Levinson changed their minds. In formulating their 'plan to outlaw war,' they cast aside not only *the* League, but *a* league as well, and deprived their international court of any power to enforce its decrees.

After the death of Senator Knox the outlawry of war seemed for a time to be forgotten. President Harding alluded to it at the opening of the Washington Conference, but nothing was done with his suggestion. Then early in the year Senator Borah adopted the slogan and the idea, and became the political leader of what is now an organized campaign. Mr. Borah is advocating the 'outlawry of war' and the defeat of the Permanent Court of International Justice.

We find then that the phrase was first employed in order to strengthen a league, before there was a League. It was used to defeat the League after there was a League, and to advocate an international court before there was a Court. Now that the Court has been created, it is being used to defeat the Court, and to advocate another court which does not exist.

II

The phrase is associated then, as a matter of political history, with a perfect record of irreconcilability. But this association is, I think, personal and accidental. It was a chance happening that Senator Knox adopted the phrase in his attack on the League. It is a chance happening that Senator Borah uses the phrase in his attack on the Court. For there are many devoted adherents of the League, beginning with Lord Robert Cecil, who would like to find a way to define war and outlaw it. There are many who support the existing Court, beginning with Mr. Elihu Root, who also would like to outlaw war. The phrase is as appropriate in Lord Robert Cecil's mouth as it was in Mr. Knox's, in Mr. Root's as in Senator Borah's. It is only an accident of irreconcilable politics in the United States Senate which has identified 'the outlawry of war' with active opposition to every established institution for the prevention of war.

How accidental is this association may be judged from the position of Senator Borah. Not once, but many times, Mr. Borah is on record against the League because it is alleged to be a superstate which will destroy our national sovereignty. But this belief about the League does not deter Mr. Borah from employing his eloquence to deride the existing World Court because it has no power to take jurisdiction in all international disputes! Because there has not been formulated by world conference an authoritative code of law covering the matters about which nations dispute! Mr. Borah's confirmed objections to a superstate sleep comfortably in the same mind with his demand for a Supreme Court of the World, modeled on our Federal Supreme Court, having its gigantic powers in conflicts between states,

including, if Mr. Borah's analogy means anything, the power to annul acts of all parliaments, including our own Congress!

A position so illogical must be a political accident. There can be no necessary connection between the outlawry of war and the orthodox philosophy of the irreconcilables. There is, rather, a deep contradiction between them, a contradiction so deep that it has produced the extraordinary spectacle of Mr. Borah objecting to a superstate and at the same time demanding a supercourt, and a superconference to legislate a supercode. We have nevertheless to discuss the outlawry of war in this setting, as a project for world peace offered by the irreconcilable opponents of the existing League and the existing Court. With proposals to work for the outlawry of war through existing international organizations, such as Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Root have entertained, we are not here concerned. We are faced with the fact that the American campaign for the outlawry of war is led by men who have fought and will continue to fight not only the League, and the Court, but even such conventions as were reached at the Washington Conference.

Straight is the path and narrow is the gate for those who wish to join Mr. Borah's campaign for the outlawry of war. The idea of attempting to make war a crime still belongs to men of all shades of opinion. But the 'outlawry of war,' as a political label, is now the name of what purports to be a comprehensive plan of world peace, fundamentally different from any yet attempted, and in the test of action, antagonistic to all.

III

The Borah plan for abolishing war is embodied in Senate Resolution 441, introduced on February 14, 1923. The plan has three parts: first there is to be a universal treaty making war 'a public crime under the law of nations' and 'a solemn agreement or treaty to bind' every nation 'to indict and punish its own international war breeders or instigators and war profiteers';

Second, there is to be 'created and adopted . . . a code of international law of peace based upon equality and justice between nations, amplified and expanded and adapted and brought down to date';

Third, there is to be created 'a judicial substitute for war' or '(if existing in part adapted and adjusted) in the form or nature of an international court, modeled on our Federal Supreme Court in its jurisdiction over controversies between our sovereign states, such court to possess affirmative jurisdiction to hear and decide all purely international controversies as defined by the code, or arising under treaties.'

This is the scheme which in Mr. Borah's opinion is to abolish war. This is the scheme which is to do what the League and Court, in his opinion, cannot do. This is the scheme which has such promise of effectiveness, in the minds of the advocates of the outlawry of war, that they are determined to defeat not only American adherence to the League, but the modest proposal of President Harding to adhere to the Court. It is this scheme, they say, or none. There is no other way to end war.

What they are relying upon fundamentally is not their court and their code, but the treaty 'outlawing war.' They believe that this slogan has the power to arouse and then to crystallize mankind's abhorrence of war. They believe a declaration that war is a crime would legalize pacifism throughout the world, and deprive the war spirit of its legality and authority. The war-maker

would then have to be the conscientious objector, the pacifist would be under the shelter of law and order and conservatism. Once this radical reversal of patriotic and legal values had taken place, war would be almost unorganizable, because pacifism would be the authoritative morality of the nations.

We are dealing then primarily with a moral crusade in favor of complete moral disarmament. If the propaganda were successful, machinery for keeping the peace would not be very necessary, because the propaganda itself, so its sponsors argue, would destroy the will to war. Once nations had learned not to wish to fight, keeping the peace would be an easy matter. Therefore, the advocates of the plan, except for controversial purposes, have given little thought to, and place little emphasis upon, their project for a new court and a new code.

Nevertheless, before men commit themselves universally to a pacifism so radical that it destroys the patriotic code which they are accustomed to associate with their security and their national destiny, it is likely that they will inquire very closely into Mr. Borah's machinery for keeping the peace. He will have to prove, I think, that his court and his code effectively promise to prevent war, if he is to induce mankind to disarm, first morally and then physically. Men will scrutinize rather closely this new code and this new court under which, having rendered themselves militarily impotent, they are to live.

IV

It is clearly easier to arouse large audiences to a denunciation of war in general than it is to persuade them to agree on the principles of a code. Men agree that war is a horror and a crime. They do not agree easily on the fixing of boundaries, the right to secede, the right of revolution, the control of raw materials, access to the sea, the rights of minorities, tariffs, immigration, the status of colonies, the rights of property. They do not agree easily about what constitute, in Mr. Borah's words, 'purely international controversies.' People are fairly unanimous against war. They are wholly unanimous in their professions of love for 'equality and justice.' But they quarrel fearfully about what is just and what is equal. They are divided over the general principles which ought to decide great issues. They are even more divided over the interpretation of the facts in specific cases under general principles.

Shall boundaries be determined by nationality or by economic geography? May Ireland secede from the Empire, may Ulster secede from Ireland, may three counties secede from Ulster? Is revolution permitted? Is revolution assisted by a foreign power permitted? Are the natural resources of undeveloped countries the property of the natives to have and to hold as they see fit, or have European and American nations rights in them, and how are those rights to be apportioned? Do nations which happen to block the access of other nations to the sea owe any duty to landlocked peoples, which ought to limit their sovereign rights over their own ports and railroads? Are national and religious minorities, whether they be Germans in Poland or Negroes in Mississippi, to be protected by any rule of international law? Is the tariff a 'purely' domestic question? Is prohibition applied to foreign ships a domestic question? Is discrimination against immigrants a domestic question? Have colonies the right to revolt? May Mexico confiscate American oil property? May the United States confiscate sealed liquor on foreign ships?

Now when Senator Borah proposes to create a code of international law as a substitute for war he must mean, if he means anything, a code which establishes legal rules covering such questions. But who is to make such a code? Mr. Borah's resolution does not tell us. The Knox-Levinson plan calls for a world conference to perform the feat, and other advocates speak of a convention of experts and jurists. Little attempt is ever made to describe how this code is to be made. The point is passed over lightly with some reference to the codification and creation of international law.

But the word 'creation' is perhaps the biggest word in the English language. To create a code 'based on equality and justice' is to legislate authoritatively on all the major classes of disputes in which nations engage. Nothing like it is attempted under the existing League. For his plan involves, whether Mr. Borah likes the name or not, the setting-up of a world legislature. The conference which was to make the code would have to lay down laws affecting the very existence of governments and the destiny of nations. It would have to legislate on questions touching their political independence, their liberties, their power, their prestige, their economic opportunities, and their pride.

To talk easily about a conference to create an international code is either idle talk, or it is as stupendous a proposal as can be conceived in politics. It requires for the first time in human history the creation of a genuine world legislature. For, if the code was to be anything more than a set of pious evasions, no one world conference could conceivably create it. One might as well have expected the first United States Congress to create in its first session a code of American national law. No: this world conference would have to convene and reconvene, and keep on, in the words of Mr. Borah's resolution, amplifying the code, and expanding it, and adapting it, and bringing it down to date.

This world legislature would unavoidably represent the cabinets and foreign offices of the day. Can anyone imagine a government which did not keep a death grip on a delegation which was legislating on a rule affecting, let us say, the national boundaries? And thus there vanishes wholly the hope that the world can be governed, to use Mr. John Dewey's terms, by 'legal coöperation' without 'political combination.' If there is to be law for the court to apply, there must be lawmakers. And lawmakers are politicians, guided for the most part by the pressures of their constituents upon their own ambitions and habits and personal ideals. Let Mr. Borah ask himself, then, whether he is prepared to entrust the creation of such a code to Lord Curzon, Mr. Hughes, M. Poincaré, and Baron Kato, or to any other men he knows. And then let him ask himself whether he thinks the United States Senate will ratify a code that all the other parliaments of the world will also ratify.

It requires no gift of prophecy to see that if he could induce the world to establish such a code, Mr. Borah and his most devoted followers would be lined up against ratification as irreconcilable opponents. They would hate the result if and when they achieved it. For any code created within this generation would have to legalize the status quo at the time the code was formulated. It is unthinkable that Great Britain, France, Japan, or the United States would agree on any specific set of principles which impaired their empires, their Monroe Doctrines, or their alleged strategic requirements. Lest there be any doubt on this point

I quote from Senator Knox's original speech of March first, 1919, proposing the outlawry of war: 'Under such a code we would not be called upon to arbitrate the policy involved in our Monroe Doctrine, our conservation policy, our immigration policy, our right to expel aliens, our right to repel invasion, our right to maintain military and naval establishments, or coaling-stations, within our borders or elsewhere as the protection and development of this country might demand, our right to make necessary fortification of the Panama Canal or on our frontiers, our right to discriminate between natives and foreigners in respect to right of property and citizenship, and other matters of like character.'

We must not be called upon, said Senator Knox, to arbitrate these questions. In other words, we would go to war rather than yield our position.

One may call this the outlawry of war if he likes, but I suspect that a foreigner would call it the outlawry of those wars which might interfere with Senator Knox's conception of the interests, needs, and manifest destiny of the United States. Let fifty other nations also draw up a catalogue of questions over which they would rather fight than submit to a tribunal, and the amount of war you will have outlawed will not be noticeable.

V

The advocates of this plan are fond of saying that the 'war system,' consisting of armaments, alliances, and the diplomacy of prestige and strategic advantages, rests upon the fact that war is 'legalized.' Whether this be a correct analysis is not important in view of the fact that the advocates of the outlawry of war propose to continue to legalize all kinds of wars. 'War shall be defined in the code,' says the Knox-Levinson plan, 'and the right of defense against actual or imminent attack shall be preserved.' Senator Borah's resolution seems to justify, in addition, wars of liberation. Now if you have the right to go to war for what you call your liberty, and the right to go to war because you think an attack is imminent, it would be a stupid Foreign Office indeed which could not legalize any war it thought necessary or desirable. The only war outlawed under this plan is a war openly announced to be a war of aggression. There are no such wars. Even Germany's war in 1914 was dressed up readily enough as a war of defense against an imminent attack by Russia in military alliance with France.

The wars permitted under the outlawry of war are not confined to the defense of frontiers against invasion. If that were the case the advocates of the plan would agree to submit every international dispute to an international tribunal. We have seen that Senator Knox had no idea of doing any such thing. His list of disputes that may not be arbitrated covered all the really vital disputes in which the United States is likely to be involved. It covered all the main contentions with Japan, the whole field of Latin-American relations, our whole economic policy, our whole strategic and military system, and for good measure everything that 'the protection and development of the country might demand.' Senator Borah, though less specific, is no less definitely against arbitrating vital questions. His way of excluding them from judicial processes is to deny that they are 'purely international controversies.' But of course controversies between nations are none the less controversies because you choose not to call them international controversies. If you feel I am hurting you badly, you are not pacified by my telling you to mind your own business.

The Borah plan to outlaw war consists of a code which, in theory, outlaws war and lays down rules governing all the relations among governments. But it consists also of a set of reservations which withdraw from the scope of the code and the competence of the court many, if not most, of the major policies which cause disputes. Finally it disembowels the outlawry of war by legalizing wars in defense of those major policies which are excluded from the competence of the court and the code.

Mr. Borah, in other words, is proposing to outlaw those wars which can be described as 'purely international.' He is proposing to outlaw theoretical wars which nobody wishes to wage, since all actual wars result out of the conflict of sovereign, domestic interests. A 'purely international controversy' which does not involve, or appear to involve, the domestic safety, domestic interests, or the domestic pride of the disputants is not worth worrying about. Even in this wicked and pugnacious world such a harmless and uninteresting controversy does not often lead to war. To outlaw war simply in respect to such controversies is a lot of trouble for nothing. For, until a man is willing to say that he is ready to submit any and every dispute affecting the peace of the world to adjudication, he has not made up his mind to outlaw war. An irreconcilable senator, who is jealous of American sovereignty, can play with the idea. He cannot really understand it and still believe in it.

VI

It is illuminating to inquire how an idea like the outlawry of war, which expresses so deep an aspiration, should have become so confused and sterile. The answer is to be found, I think, in Mr. Borah's resolution, where he says that 'the genius of civilization has discovered but two methods of compelling the settlement of human disputes, namely, law and war.' Mr. Borah means by law the judicial process, and in my opinion his generalization is utterly untrue. The genius of civilization has invented, besides law and war, countless other methods of settling disputes. It has invented diplomacy, representative government, federalism, mediation, conciliation, friendly intervention, compromise, and conference. The notion that the judicial process in a court is the only method of peace is fantastic. Mr. Borah, every day of his life, is engaged in adjusting disputes between the state of Idaho and other states, between capital and labor, between the farm bloc and the manufacturers and bankers. If he believed that the only alternative to war was resort to the courts, he would not be wasting his talents in a nonjudicial body like the United States Senate. He would either be a judge or be arguing before judges.

Nevertheless he believes, and many admirable people believe with him, that the only method of international peace is 'to create a judicial substitute for war.' It is on this belief that the outlawry of war has foundered. For when you come to the actual task of creating this judicial substitute, you find, as Mr. Knox found and as Mr. Borah has found, that you cannot, or will not, devise a code of international law covering all disputes, and that you will not give to any court jurisdiction over all disputes. Therefore, in the pinch, you find yourself wishing to outlaw war but not to outlaw the wars you may feel compelled to wage.

You find a large class of disputes which your judicial substitute will not cover. They are the most important disputes of all, because they involve precisely those vital interests about which peoples are most ready to fight.

The difficulty is fundamental and inescapable in any plan to outlaw war by a purely judicial substitute. And, if you are really in earnest about minimizing or abolishing war, it is these marginal, nonjusticiable disputes which must occupy the centre of attention.

By the growth of international law some of these disputes can be made justiciable. But, for as long a future as we can forsee, there will remain whole classes of the most dangerous disputes which no code and no court can deal with. For them diplomacy is required, diplomacy working by conference, compromise, bargaining, good offices, and also, in the last analysis, I believe, by the threat of force. One may admit the rôle of force in diplomacy without embarrassment, considering how thoroughly the right to wage war is actually reserved by the advocates of the outlawry of war.

The central fallacy of their argument is this refusal to acknowledge the necessity of diplomacy for just those war-breeding disputes which are not within the competence of their code and their court. For, if diplomacy is a necessary method of maintaining peace, then no plan which does not provide for it can be an effective plan to abolish war. And if the method of diplomacy is necessary, then the reform of that method is one of the most urgent of human needs.

For 'the diplomatic method,' as Mr. Root has pointed out, 'is the necessary method of dealing with immediate exigencies and dangerous crises in affairs. Under such circumstances there is no other way to prevent disaster. Argument and persuasion and explanation, the removal of misapprehensions, the suggestion of obstacles and advantages, conciliation, concession, stipulations for the future, and the still more serious considerations to which diplomacy may finally resort — all these are employed to deal with immediate and acute situations. The slow processes of judicial procedure are not adapted to deal with such exigencies.'

Mr. Root might have added that the judicial procedure inevitably is corrupted if it is burdened with the making of major political decisions. For, if the judges of Mr. Borah's Court are asked to decide questions for which no rule of law exists, they must either invent a law and thus legislate, or, in the guise of law, they must make political deals. Mr. Borah, therefore, is not eliminating political entanglements. He is entangling his proposed court in the politics of the world. The result would be a court with all the vices of politics and a diplomacy as cumbersome as a lawsuit.

This conclusion may be tested by considering another remarkable statement in Mr. Borah's resolution. It is a pronouncement to the effect that our Supreme Court has maintained peace between the states. If that is true, what has been the function of the Executive and the Congress these last one hundred and thirty-five years? Does Senator Borah seriously think that our Supreme Court, existing in a political vacuum, could have adjusted the sectional, group, and class conflicts of American history? He cannot think that, and therefore, when he has stopped to consider the matter, he cannot continue to think that an international court, in vacuo, can maintain the peace of the world.

But Mr. Borah has not fully considered the matter. He speaks in his resolution of conferring upon a 'real' international court jurisdiction modeled upon that of our Supreme Court. Mr. Borah has no smallest intention of doing any such thing. We may dogmatically assert this, because we shall as soon behold the sun stand still in the sky as see the irreconcilable Senator from Idaho argue that nine judges at

the Hague should have the same power to annul a law passed by Parliament or Congress as our Supreme Court has to annul the acts of a State Legislature.

VII

Mr. Borah is not really promoting a practical project that will stand up under analysis. He is giving currency to a metaphor, and a somewhat inaccurate metaphor at that, which, like its predecessor, 'the war to end war,' condenses and expresses, but does not direct toward any organized result, the hatred of war. Incidentally, though that is no part of this discussion, he is exploiting the sentiment which the metaphor evokes in order to prevent our adherence to the only world court which exists, or in this generation is likely to exist. Once more we witness the tragic futility of noble sentiments frustrated by confused ideas.

Once more a fine aspiration, which must be universal in order to prevail, has become entangled in the prejudices and politics of a faction. Once more we behold the spectacle, so delightful to Satan, of men who wish to establish universal confidence and coöperation on earth, refusing in the smallest measure to coöperate among themselves. It is a pity. For if Mr. Borah and his friends took the ideal of world coöperation seriously, and understood its difficulties, they would count it no slight matter that fifty sovereign nations have actually agreed on something, even though that something is as defective as the existing League and the existing Court. If Mr. Borah loved his ideal of coöperation as constantly as he yields to his habit of irreconcilability, he would wish to promote, rather than to destroy, what coöperation there is. For only by practice can coöperation become a habit. And only when coöperation is a powerful habit, will peoples be willing to make the enormous sacrifices which the outlawry of war must finally involve. But to say to the world, as Mr. Borah's associates have in effect done from the start, that mankind must meet our terms or none, and coöperate on our principles or none, is to perpetuate precisely that temper of mind which the outlawry of war will most need to outlaw.

Nor can we say to mankind: 'Under the leadership of an American president we led you into a League of Nations, and under the intellectual leadership of an American lawyer we led you, with the apparent blessing of both political parties, into the Permanent Court of International Justice. Now that you are in, and we are outside, it occurs to us to lead you out of the League and out of the Court. When you are out of the League and out of the Court we led you into, we promise to lead you into a much better court and perhaps even into another association of nations.'

Were the Senate now to reject the existing Court, we should establish our reputation as a diplomatic philanderer. Prudent foreign governments when we made our next periodic proposal would have to ask bluntly whether the young man's intentions were serious and honorable.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER

BY IAN D. COLVIN

I

When Mr. Lloyd George fell and Mr. Bonar Law came back to take his place, it was common knowledge that the arrangement could not last very long. Mr. Bonar Law never had been a strong man; he had borne a heavy burden in the war as Leader of the House of Commons; two of his sons had fallen on the field of battle, and in 1921 ill health had forced him to retire. He had reached an age when health once lost is not easily recovered, and he returned only because he knew that he, and he alone, could save the Conservative Party from division and disaster.

The Conservative Party had then for a good many years been in the bondage of a Coalition. It might have been better for themselves and for the country they served if they had never entered it. England, by an ancient tradition, expects to be ruled in peace by Whigs and in war by Tories. But when the Great War burst over Europe the Conservative Party had been so long in Opposition that it had ceased almost to hope for office. Its leadership lacked nothing in patriotism but something in confidence. It persuaded itself, or was persuaded, that a united Parliament — for a united country already existed — was necessary to conduct the war. And so its leaders, Mr. Bonar Law then being the Chief, offered their services to Mr. Asquith with no conditions attached.

The arrangement did not prosper, and yet it continued. Mr. Asquith being thought too apathetic ever to achieve victory, Mr. Lloyd George accomplished the downfall of his old leader by what has been called a Palace Revolution, and reigned in his place. The new Prime Minister's wonderful energy, his marvelous eloquence, and his overweening belief in himself overbore the doubts and scruples of his Conservative colleagues. He became a virtual dictator, and they were, in fact, his obedient subordinates. It is the chief part of Mr. Lloyd George's power that he has a sort of mesmeric influence over those who immediately surround him. The parliamentary chiefs of the Conservative Party were like Tannhäuser in the Venusberg. They were under a spell. They came to forget that they owed a duty to their party and their principles. Yet the rank and file of the Conservatives in the country never altogether liked the arrangement, for they never could quite shake off their ancient distrust of the Wizard of Wales. During the war this feeling was smothered; but after the war it kindled again and grew steadily with the progress of events.

It is no part of this narrative to apportion the blame; let us use the discreet language of the divorce courts and call it incompatibility. If the American reader could imagine a Republican Party forced to accept its orders from Mr. Woodrow Wilson, he would get a fair understanding of the situation. As Mr. Woodrow Wilson always was, and

always will be, a Democrat, so Mr. Lloyd George always was, and always will be, a Radical. But perhaps it is impossible to conceive of Mr. Woodrow Wilson pretending to be a Republican, and therefore the analogy can never be complete.

Mr. Lloyd George sought to please both parties at one time; to the Conservatives he offered his speeches, and to the Radicals his acts. It was a domestic situation that could continue to exist only by the deception of one side, and the Conservative Party and the country came to understand it before their leaders in the Government. Before the discovery brought about the crisis, Mr. Lloyd George, by the help of the Conservatives, had done a great many things that no Radical Government could have done with a Conservative Party in Opposition. He had made a trade-agreement with Moscow and allowed the Bolsheviki to establish themselves in London; he had applied the principle of self-determination to India and Egypt; he had surrendered to rebellion in Ireland; and had almost — although here he failed — effected a nationalization of our coal mines.

If these varied experiments had brought prosperity to a distracted country, the Conservatives would still have found them difficult to swallow. As it was, they led to open mutiny. A Conservative faction in the House, and the great mass of the Conservative Party outside, could no longer be forced to obey the crack of the party Whip. Mr. Bonar Law had retired before the great departure of the Irish settlement. In that settlement, however, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead had acquiesced, and the results of that settlement, as much as the settlement itself, sealed the doom of the Coalition. In vain the Conservative leaders exhorted their followers to obedience; they were almost compelled to call the famous Carlton Club Meeting. It was at that meeting that Mr. Stanley Baldwin first showed himself the real leader of the Conservative Party.

True, Mr. Baldwin was not then a new or unknown man. He had an hereditary interest in our English politics and in English industry. His family firm, engineers and manufacturers of iron and steel, is one of the largest and oldest in the West. His father, from whom he inherited the business, had been Unionist member for the Bewdley division of Worcestershire, to which he succeeded. He had himself been in Parliament since 1908, had been Secretary to Mr. Bonar Law, and Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He was, then, already known to those who followed affairs, and his reputation, both as a man and a politician, stood high in the circle of this knowledge. But the wider public came to know him only when his Carlton Club speech freed them from the spell of a dictator.

II

It is the custom of the Conservative Party to rule their affairs from the Carlton Club. There they meet on all important occasions and decide the matter at issue by a general vote. The meeting of Thursday, 19 October 1922, would have made a scene in a drama of politics. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, more than usually pale, made a passionate appeal for the continuance of the Coalition. It was a speech well calculated for its purpose. He warned the Conservatives of the imminent danger of the Socialists capturing the Government of the country. They were faced, he said, by a challenge to the fundamentals of their national life. It was not a moment to break with old friends. Besides, he had good information that the Conservatives by them-

selves could not hope for a victory at the polls. They must keep their Liberal allies — and here Mr. Chamberlain admitted while he concealed the real weakness of his case: he did not even mention the name of the Prime Minister.

For resentment against the tactics of Mr. Lloyd George was the underlying sentiment of the meeting. He had decided on a General Election and had persuaded Mr. Chamberlain to agree without consulting the Conservative Party. It would have forced them into a continuance of the Coalition through the lifetime of the next Parliament. In fact, as everyone knew, it would have meant the end of the Conservative Party. And, indeed, it was part of the plan to form a new Centre Party out of the Liberals who would consent to follow Mr. Lloyd George, and the Conservatives who would agree to follow Mr. Chamberlain.

Then Mr. Stanley Baldwin rose, and his brief speech sounded the knell of the Coalition. For himself, he said, if these proposals went through he would stand as an Independent Conservative. Mr. Lloyd George has been described as a dynamic force. 'A dynamic force is a very terrible thing; it may crush you, but it is not necessarily right. It is owing to that dynamic force, and that remarkable personality, that the Liberal Party, to which he formerly belonged, has been smashed to pieces; and it is my firm conviction that in time the same thing will happen to our party.'

He reminded the meeting how the 'Die-hards' of their party were already 'hopelessly alienated.' And so it must go on, 'until the old Conservative Party is smashed to atoms and lost in ruins.' He had esteem and, he might add, affection for Mr. Chamberlain; 'but the result of this dynamic force is that we stand here to-day — he prepared to go into the wilderness if he should be compelled to forsake the Prime Minister, and I prepared to go into the wilderness if I should be compelled to stay with him.'

It was this speech, by all accounts, and the support of Mr. Bonar Law, that decided the vote against Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour.

III

Events justified the decision. The Conservative Party came back with a working majority, and it was inevitable with Mr. Bonar Law as Prime Minister that Mr. Baldwin should be Chancellor of the Exchequer. I need say nothing of his visit to America for the funding of our debt. But there was one incident which suggests the quality of Mr. Baldwin that may not be known to you. On the day of his return he told the newspapers what he had done, and by that public act put an end to all debate. It was another indication of his courage and his power. Nor need I trouble you with an account of how he adjusted the load on the back of the camel without breaking its back, though it was hailed in our city as a great achievement of finance. Let us come straight to the recent crisis.

The cause of that crisis was the ebbing health of Mr. Bonar Law. He had overtaxed his strength and, in particular, his throat, in his long service of the State, and after a vain pilgrimage in search of a cure he sent a letter to the King, being too ill to go himself, placing his Office in His Majesty's hands. This was on Saturday 19 May, and some days of wild speculation and uncertainty followed. The newspapers were filled with names and rumors reflecting the interests and intrigues of the factions they represented. One proposed the return of Lord Balfour, hoping thereby to bring back Mr. Chamber-

lain and Lord Birkenhead. But, in reality, there were only two possible men, Lord Curzon and Mr. Baldwin. The former had all the claims of seniority. He had served the Conservative Government before he went to India in important offices. Since 1916 he had been Leader of the House of Lords, and a member of the Cabinet; and since 1919 Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He had twice acted as Prime Minister and thus had all the formal claims to the succession. But there was one great difficulty. He was a member of the House of Lords, and therefore could not speak in the House of Commons; and in England it is in the Lower House that the political battle is waged and the fate of Governments decided. This was the governing consideration, as much, no doubt, in the mind of Lord Curzon as in those of his colleagues. The King sent for Mr. Baldwin.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was sent for to the Palace on the afternoon of Tuesday 22 May. When he came out the crowd of pressmen asked if they might congratulate him. 'I need your prayers rather than your congratulations,' he replied, as one who knew the weight of the load he had taken on his shoulders. This load became immediately apparent in the choice of ministers. Not that much rearrangement was required. Lord Curzon, who had magnanimously waived his claim to the Prime Minister's office, was willing to continue to serve as Foreign Secretary. Although, according to custom, all the ministers surrendered their offices into the hands of their new Chief, most of them were reappointed as a matter of course. But Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and that small, but influential, section of the Unionists who had gone with him at the time of the split with Mr. Lloyd George, all saw in this change an opportunity for what they called reunion. They conveniently forgot that there was only one office to share between them, or perhaps they assumed that the new men in the new Government would gracefully resign in the interests of reconciliation. That they acted as a group and not as individual members of the Conservative Party became clear as the situation developed.

This group consisted of Lord Birkenhead, who was Lord Chancellor in the Coalition, Sir Laming Worthington Evans, who had been Secretary for War, and Sir Robert Horne, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was, besides, notorious that Mr. Lloyd George stood behind Lord Birkenhead, the most active, able, and strong-willed member of the faction. And there was besides a considerable number of members of Parliament more or less attached by interest or sentiment to the combination. With all these hungry mouths to feed it was obvious that the work of reunion would not be easy. Moreover, Mr. Baldwin, as appeared from the negotiations, refused to treat with these gentlemen as a combination, but took it for granted that they were, what most of them pretended to be, individual members of his party. It is said that he offered Sir Robert Horne the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, an Office which that gentleman had filled in the Coalition. If this offer was made it was refused. He offered no Cabinet post to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, but did make him a proposal no less flattering — that he should succeed Sir Auckland Geddes in your capital at Washington. This offer also was refused. It had been made on Saturday 26 May, when Mr. Chamberlain had paid a long visit to the Prime Minister's country house of Chequers. That same night Lord Birkenhead entertained the group at dinner, and after dinner Mr. Chamberlain wrote an indignant letter to a constituent denouncing certain unspecified influences which

had prevented Mr. Baldwin from carrying out the glorious work of reunion. This letter, it may be easily supposed, has not added to Mr. Chamberlain's reputation.

The influence at which Mr. Austen Chamberlain hinted did not, in fact, exist. Mr. Baldwin is not the man to be browbeaten either by the 'Die-hard' or any other faction of the Conservative Party. He saw plainly that Mr. Chamberlain was still under the dynamic force which he had described at the Carlton Club Meeting as likely to be fatal to his party. If he had surrendered to Mr. Chamberlain's terms he would have surrendered to Mr. Lloyd George, and so far from effecting a reunion he would have opened a fissure which, in the end, must have burst his Government asunder.

IV

The new Chief looked elsewhere for additions to the strength of his Administration. He offered Mr. McKenna, one of the chief bankers in the City of London, the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Here he took a course somewhat unusual, for Mr. McKenna had been a follower of Mr. Asquith, and is still, no doubt, in many of his ideas a Liberal, although, as a matter of fact, he introduced a budget of Protectionist tinge during the war, and supported the Conservatives in the last General Election.

Mr. Baldwin did, however, offer an office of somewhat less importance, the Post Office, to Sir Laming Worthington Evans, a Conservative who had been Secretary for War in the Coalition. Sir Laming, although he had adhered to Mr. Austen Chamberlain after the Carlton Club split, made no difficulty about accepting the post, the warmth of office being a solvent which works wonders on political attachments.

The only other change of consequence was the appointment of Lord Robert Cecil to the Privy Seal. Lord Robert, as you in America know very well, has taken up with the League of Nations, a cause which, in spite of all the propaganda, has not made very much headway with the people of this country. The notion of having our Foreign and Imperial affairs in the hands of a Council, mainly consisting of foreigners, perched upon the heights of Geneva, in the middle of Continental Europe, does not much appeal to the average Englishman. As for the precious word Internationalism, he suspects it, and with some reason. But the idea of anything to prevent another war, even if it be a quack remedy, is popular, and so it comes about that Lord Robert Cecil has a considerable following. Not however in his own party, for the truth is that Conservatism is founded on Nationalism, and Nationalism and Internationalism are antipathetic. These things being so there are some who fear trouble from the intrusion of Lord Robert Cecil into Mr. Baldwin's Government.

However, these are distant and hypothetical questions. The immediate fact is that Mr. Baldwin formed his Cabinet with success, and that the reconstruction was followed by an enthusiastic endorsement by the Conservative Party in meeting assembled. Lord Curzon himself recommended Mr. Baldwin as the new Leader of the Conservative Party; Lord Balfour sent a letter of congratulation; and the only notable absentees were Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Thus Mr. Baldwin is now firm in the saddle with a united Government, and a working majority of firm adherents.

It is true that he has earned the animosity of Mr. Lloyd George, and the resentment of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his group; but to make up

for it he has the staunch support, not only of the bulk of the Conservative Party, but of the great mass of solid opinion in the country. It is curious and promising to note how far his influence goes, and in what unexpected quarters his admirers are to be found. Mr. Asquith is known to hold a high opinion of him; the City is enthusiastic; and as Mr. Baldwin belongs to a great manufacturing company the British industrial world has good hopes that he will support its long-neglected interests. It remembers the stalwart part he played in the Safeguarding of Industries Act. Even the *Daily Herald*, the organ of the Labor Party, testifies to his 'reputation for soundness of judgment, and, what is better still, for kindliness, for honesty, for a real desire to secure both better conditions at home and peaceful, friendly relations abroad.' Probably this high opinion was earned by what he did in his own business as an employer of Labor: —

> As a business man [says the same paper], he had a strong sense of social responsibility. The idea of Disraeli, that the landed gentry of England owe it to themselves to improve the lot of their laborers, he tried to adapt to trade. When there was a lockout he continued to pay the wages of his employees. His aim, of introducing, by means of kindness and consideration, a new spirit of fellowship between employers and employed, may be impracticable, but there is no doubt of his sincerity in pursuing it.

There are other and no less varied reasons for his popularity. For example, an intimate friend writing of him in the *Morning Post* gives this illustration of his public spirit: —

> During the war Mr. Baldwin was oppressed by the consciousness that he could not make the sacrifices for his country which the youth of the nation was so cheerfully rendering. He accordingly had his whole private fortune valued, and contributed one fourth part of the valuation to the Exchequer as a free-will offering.

Such things were done by stealth. But the human and kindly relations with his workmen could not be concealed. And an artisan, when he heard of the news of the appointment, exclaimed, 'There is one thing to be said: we have now got a workingman's Prime Minister.'

V

Mr. Baldwin is an Englishman on his father's side, but of Scotch descent through his mother. His mother was one of the daughters of the Reverend G. B. MacDonald, whose other daughters married Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir Edward Poynter, and Mr. Lockwood Kipling. Thus the Prime Minister is first cousin to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The two men, moreover, are intimate personal friends. They have literary tastes in common. There is a pleasant flavor of scholarship in Mr. Baldwin's speeches, and he is never happier than in his well-stocked library.

Mr. Baldwin's home is at Astley Hall, near Stourport in Worcestershire. There he follows country pursuits. As he has himself confessed, his main desire is to live in the country, to read the books he likes to read, to live a decent life, and to keep his pigs. The tradition of Cincinnatus dies hard in politics. Your great novelist, Henry James, once paid a very pleasant compliment to the Englishman. He said that there were two words which described him, one was 'valiant' and the other 'decent.' And so we may say of Mr. Baldwin. He is a normal Englishman. He went to school at Harrow; he went to college at Trinity, Cambridge. He spends his life, by preference, in his own countryside, with his own family, or such of them as remain in the home. Mr. Baldwin's wife is a daughter of the late Mr. Ridsdale, formerly an Assay-

Master at the Mint. Of his four daughters three are married. Of his two sons, the eldest — the second son being too young to join up — served with distinction in the war, his regiment being the Irish Guards. That regiment, by the way, has a family interest not altogether happy, for it was in that regiment also that Mr. Baldwin's nephew, young Kipling, served and died, a circumstance which led Mr. Kipling to make of the history of the Irish Guards a noble and lasting memorial.

There are notable reactions in politics. For years England has been governed by a succession of lawyers — first Mr. Asquith, and then Mr. Lloyd George, astute politicians, experts in phrases and formulas. For years the electorate has been paid with words and has been deluged with eloquence, but has looked in vain for the simple common herbs of the national interest and the national character. We may suppose that they had a surfeit of idealisms and catchwords, and longed to have once more what they used to possess in the not yet forgotten days of Lord Salisbury, common sense and common honesty. Possibly it was for that reason that they turned to Mr. Bonar Law, a simple man of business, without any of the graces of the politician.

A succession of lawyers is thus succeeded by a succession of ironmasters. And as steel is better stuff than words, we shall probably gain by the change. Not that Mr. Baldwin is no orator, for upon occasions he can speak well and to the point; but his words have that ring of sincerity which comes from a mind accustomed to deal with the strains and tests of solid material. They have, moreover, a simplicity which goes straighter to the heart than a more finished and subtle rhetoric. As, for example, in this very notable extract from a speech in the House of Commons last February, in which he replied to a violent tirade from Mr. Newbold, the Communist member: —

> When the Labor Party [said Mr. Baldwin] sit on these benches we shall all wish them well in their efforts to govern the country; but I am quite certain, whether they succeed or fail, there will never be a Communist Government, and for this reason: that to our people no gospel founded on hate will ever seize their hearts. It is no good trying to cure the world by spreading out oceans of bloodshed and by repeating a pentasyllabic French derivative — the proletariat. The English language is the richest in the world in monosyllables, and words of one syllable contain salvation for this country and the world. They are: Faith, Hope, Love, and Work. No Government without faith in the people, hope in the future, love of its fellow men, and without the will to work and work and work, will ever bring this country or Europe and the world through into better times and better days.

Here we feel is something better than fine phrases — the sincere speech of a good and brave Englishman.

THE BRITISH CABINET AND ITS IMPLICATIONS

BY E. T. RAYMOND

I

FROM more than one point of view the recent reconstruction of the British Ministry makes history.

The modest strength of Mr. Bonar Law — his shrewdness, veracity, and genuine talent for debate and Parliamentary management — would hardly in itself have sufficed to give him any considerable place in history. Six months' occupation of 10 Downing Street make no man's title clear to immortality; and for the rest, Mr. Bonar Law's whole career was that of an inspired understudy. In a negative way he had large importance, and much might have been otherwise but for his faculty for self-effacement. But such neutral characters are soon forgotten, and but for the manner and consequences of his resignation, there would be little to recall Mr. Law a century hence. He would be one with the Robinsons and the Addingtons. But the last irony of a career always ironical has probably secured him a place of permanent interest in the history of British constitutional development. Bonar Law's throat may be even more famous than Jenkins's ear. The latter produced only a war. To the former the historian may perhaps trace the beginnings of a revolution.

For it can hardly be doubted that the tragic collapse of Mr. Law's health has settled the fate of a still more august invalid. The British House of Lords has been poorly ever since the operation Mr. Asquith performed on it in 1911. But it could never be said that some combination of favoring circumstances might not restore it to something like its pristine vigor. That possibility seems to have definitely vanished. The House is not dead, but it is almost certainly doomed. In the English way it may take an unconscionable time in dying. It is not easy to conceive the miracle that can now prevent its death.

Mr. Bonar Law fell at a very awkward time, before the breach in the Conservative Party could be healed, and also before new ability could be developed. In destroying the Coalition, and with it the hopes of permanently establishing a disguised absolutism founded on the sterilization of the two historic parties, Mr. Law had necessarily to build his Administration of rather second-rate material. The most distinguished of the Conservative statesmen, profoundly out of touch with the general body of their supporters, adhered to Mr. Lloyd George. They could hardly in honor have done otherwise. They had given him all kinds of pledges. They had worked with him for years on terms of the utmost cordiality. They were deeply committed to his policies. They could not escape the consequences of what seemed to them a loyal cooperation and what seemed to many of their followers a surrender of party principles and interests.

But the fact was none the less unfortunate for the new Prime Minister. He was obliged to dispense with the mature wisdom and great prestige of Lord Balfour, with the rather garish but undeniable qualities of Lord Birkenhead, with the shrewdness and business ability of Sir Robert Horne, with the not contemptible practical faculty of Sir Laming Worthington-Evans.

There are some to whom the loss of Mr. Chamberlain might seem less grave. But it denied to the new Cabinet a man important in his representative capacity, in view of his position as the hereditary chief of the Liberal Unionists, and important also for his ripe experience, his fair renown as a specially honest statesman, his great knowledge of the House of Commons, and his mastery of the details of administration.

Such defection, though it could never be anything but embarrassing, would have been less serious in normal times. For ordinarily there is a constant undergrowth of political ability, and the succession to a particular office is generally indicated long before it falls vacant. But one of the gravest effects of the coalition system, prolonged after its usefulness had been exhausted, was that it dried up the springs. The close relations between the two great parties implied an oversupply of tested men. During the war all the great posts, and many even of the minor offices, were filled either by elder statesmen or by the business men whom the superstition of the time — for it was mainly a superstition — demanded. Thus few recruits were taken from the back benches; the House of Commons itself attracted relatively little young ambition; and when the Coalition fell, there was a scarcely paralleled dearth of experienced juniors.

Mr. Bonar Law showed a shrewd judgment in making the best of a bad job. Lord Curzon's adhesion freed him from his worst difficulty, that of foreign affairs; he was able to fill the other great posts with men of respectable if not brilliant abilities; and he was especially happy in discerning the high potentialities of Mr. Stanley Baldwin. Nevertheless the Ministry, on the whole, justified the criticisms of being largely composed of 'second-class brains.' It had present respectability and some promise, but no distinction. Legend, so important in British affairs, was wanting. Three only of the new ministers, Mr. Bonar Law himself, Lord Curzon, and Lord Derby, were known outside the British Islands, or even, in any real sense, within them. Could Mr. Bonar Law have lasted another two years, the legend would, no doubt, have been created; or, if that were impossible, some of the old ministers might have been lured back. To either result six months was a period altogether inadequate.

Thus, when the stricken statesman was forced to admit the superiority of a malign fate, the choice of his successor lay between two men, and two only. There was no shirking the issue. On the one side was a personal distinction and an administrative experience which must, but for a single circumstance, have been decisive. On the other side was a personality pleasant and not lacking in force, but in no way remarkable, and an experience singularly limited. The one candidate could be rejected only on the ground that he was a peer. The other candidate must be accepted chiefly on the ground that he was a commoner. If the case as between the two Chambers had been deliberately arranged, there could hardly have been a sharper definition of the issue.

II

There is no need here to expatiate on Lord Curzon's qualifications for the premiership. They were great and obvious. But one relevant point should be given its due prominence. In a political career ranging over nearly forty years Lord Curzon had filled with high distinction some of the greatest posts open to a British subject. To each of them he had been appointed strictly on his merits. His position as a grandee, far from helping him, as it might have done in other times, from splendor to splendor, had been in the main an impediment to his advance. Lord Curzon may be said to be, in any philosophical sense of the word, as much a self-made man as Henry Ford. Granted that his first step on the ladder of promotion was a concession to his birth and high connection, the rest can be attributed to nothing but his personal qualities. His youth was one laborious apprenticeship, his prime one prolonged effort. This peer, haughty and aloof in his attitude toward men, has shown himself, in his conception of public duty, no less earnest and humble than he might have been if reared in a workhouse. His abilities, great as they are, are less extraordinary than his industry. His high conscientiousness, it has well been remarked, is equally intolerant of a mistake and a scandal. Wherever he has served the Crown, ill health, climatic extremes, private grief have never relaxed his energy or dulled his sense of public duty. In the departments he has ruled there may have been occasional failures of tact and sympathy; there has never been sloppiness or inefficiency. Lord Curzon belongs to the grand tradition of English statesmanship — the tradition of spotless integrity, high, and perhaps rather inhuman ideals, acceptance of labor and responsibility as the proud burden of wealth and position. His meticulous attention to the details of administration, his precise and luminous eloquence, both belong to the time when great nobles managed the affairs of the State as carefully as they looked after their own possessions.

In a word, Lord Curzon had almost every qualification but one — he was not a member of the House of Commons. His aloofness may be dismissed; he was certainly not more aloof than Lord Salisbury, or even Mr. Balfour, though he lacked the urbanity of the latter, and was, unlike the former, very conscious of his importance as a grandee. And if haughtiness were a disqualification, how many unimpeachable British democrats would escape whipping? Indeed, the semiofficial statement of the case was, for once, strictly and literally true. It acknowledged that, if Lord Curzon had been a member of the representative House, his claims could not have been resisted. He was passed over because the constitution imprisoned him in a Chamber containing not a single member of the official Opposition. Labor is now His Majesty's Opposition, and in the House of Lords there is no Labor peer. Therefore — so the argument proceeded — a peer Prime Minister must be an absurd anomaly.

III

There is, of course, no suggestion that in emphasizing the claims of Mr. Stanley Baldwin those who had the ear of the King prompted the monarch to a choice unfortunate for the country or for the Conservative Party. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe the appointment an excellent one. Mr. Baldwin quite satisfies his followers; England generally is happy over him; he has achieved a notable success

— of which later — in one of his most important appointments; and, so far as an be seen, his Ministry is much str(nger than that of his predecessor — stronger morally, because Mr. Baldwin, unlike Mr. Bonar Law, was never associated with the most debatable policies of the late Coalition; stronger materially, because the Government is free from the contingent liabilities attached to Mr. Law's always uncertain health.

For the rest, Mr. Baldwin is one of those plain, pleasant, very English types which so often achieve in British politics a success denied to the highest genius. It was said of Mr. Balfour, not altogether untruly, that he was like a beech tree, 'very beautiful, but nothing would grow under him.' High distinction and ability in politics often have this sterilizing effect; while the chieftainship of the mediocre — Campbell-Bannerman was a case in point — is sometimes singularly favorable to the evolution of fresh talent. It is yet too early to pronounce Mr. Baldwin mediocre; he suggests, both in his quiet competence and in his liberal culture, much still undeveloped potentiality. But he is of that genial type which does attract and subdue to its purposes men of still higher talents; which brings out the best in every colleague; which smoothes differences, reconciles rivalries, unobtrusively encourages good teamwork, and as insensibly represses undue personal ambitions. Certainly Mr. Baldwin, despite his exceedingly short official experience, is more hopeful as a party leader than Mr. Bonar Law appeared twelve years or so ago; and Mr. Bonar Law is now universally quoted as the classic instance of the dark horse justified.

But the point is not that the British nation and the Conservative Party can accept with great philosophy the disabilities of Lord Curzon as a peer. Those disabilities, it would seem, would have been equally decisive had the Government benches in the House of Commons presented one monotonous level of obvious and incorrigible inferiority. The doctrine has been definitely accepted that no peer can in future expect to control a British cabinet. He may be talented, industrious, efficient, popular; he may be in every sense the man most fitted for supreme power; but while the present conditions hold, — and nobody pretends to see a future in which Labor will not have a considerable Parliamentary representation, — he must not expect to fulfill the natural ambition of a statesman. Over the portals of the House of Lords are now inscribed the words: 'All hope (except of a departmental job) abandon, ye who enter here.'

This decision, which will undoubtedly be felt at once by the class affected to have the force of a precedent, cannot but accentuate a tendency which has already greatly modified the character of English public life. One of the most noticeable facts of the last twenty years has been the partial abdication of the British aristocracy. 'The Dukes,' as Mr. Lloyd George called them, had been a waning force long before he declared war against them. They have since almost disappeared from the political scene. The debates in the House of Lords are generally limited to the members of what may be called the official peerage — the retired proconsuls and the translated House of Commons politicians — and the newly ennobled plutocrats. In the House of Commons the young aristocrat still lingers, but only a relatively insignificant number of cadets of noble houses can be found to undergo the drudgery of modern electioneering and the routine at once

tiresome and exacting, of an overworked legislature. With the new ban on the Upper Chamber, the temptation of a peer's heir to take up public life must be very considerably diminished; and a further diminution must be expected of the supply of that kind of talent and instinct for affairs which has in the past contributed so greatly to the efficiency and stability of the English polity.

IV

But of course the unconditional preference of the House of Commons over the House of Lords cuts far deeper. It means, logically, that the House of Lords cannot survive. For the declared ground of the preference is that the House of Lords no longer represents the people, or, at any rate, a very important section of the people. 'Labor is and may always be the second largest party in the State; Labor has no peers; therefore what is the sense of the Government having its chief spokesman a peer?' Such was the argument elaborated in every Conservative newspaper friendly — and none were unfriendly or even dubious — to Mr. Baldwin.

But it did not seem to be realized that this argument can be pushed much further. If the chief spokesman in the House of Lords is an absurdity, what of the minor spokesmen? If the House of Lords does not represent the whole nation, what part of the nation does it represent, save and except itself? If Labor has no part in the House of Lords, and is yet recognized as the second most important element in the House of Commons, how long is this anomaly to be defended? For what time is it still to be maintained that the duties of a second Chamber can be left without scandal in the hands of a body of men representing one small wealthy class — for, if we accept Labor and non-labor as the dividing lines, and deny the House of Lords its former claim of representing the nation as a whole, that is the inevitable description of the hereditary branch of the legislature. It becomes simply a soviet of the rich.

Nor is there any refuge for the dilemma of the kind dear to the compromise-loving British temperament. Labor peers cannot be created, for a variety of reasons. The peerage is founded on wealth. No man, whatever his distinction, is created a peer unless there is a reasonable presumption that he will be able to support the dignity in decency. Care is always taken, in the case of men who, while themselves comfortably off, can leave nothing to their descendants, so to arrange matters that the title will not long survive them. The formation of a poor hereditary caste — an aristocratic proletariat — has always been dreaded and guarded against in Great Britain. Therefore a Labor peer could not be, in the vast majority of cases, an hereditary peer. The majesty of England could never endure the prospect of its highest honors descending to a hand in a factory or a peddler at the street corner. The titled classes must rebel at the notion of their inherited or dearly bought distinctions being shared by agitators and demagogues. The Labor peerage, therefore, would have to be a strictly *ad hoc* affair. It would have to be limited certainly to the life of the peer, and probably to his term of office. But what sort of man would accept membership of the House of Lords under conditions of such invidious and derogatory limitation? Even if the Labor Party were otherwise prepared to join the present second Chamber, they would surely reject with decision, and something like anger, any proposals that they should be admitted on terms which implied their social inferiority.

But, in fact, the Labor Party cannot, without stultifying itself, consent to have anything to do with the House of Lords. Its whole philosophy is hostile to the root ideas of that Chamber. It objects to the House of Lords, not only as an unrepresentative, but as an antihuman institution. It stands for the equality of all citizens; and while it would doubtless admit the convenience of purely official titles and distinctions, it is at war with all that tends to class-stratification. If it became omnipotent it would probably retain the monarchy. It would most certainly make short work of all aristocracy. Naturally individuals rise above or fall below their creeds, and no doubt there are many worthy democrats in the Labor Party who would be greatly tickled to be called 'Your Lordship' by their tradesmen and housemaids. But they realize quite well that their influence would be gone the moment they consented to any formula of ennoblement. Labor's jealousy of its own leaders is already a most important and far-reaching political fact; but if it irks the obscure shop-steward to be addressed by a Labor Privy Councillor, it is clear that a Labor Lord would be intolerable and untolerated. In brief, it would probably be perfectly easy to shovel two hundred Labor representatives into the House of Lords. But before their patents were made out, they would have become unrepresentative.

Thus the moral case for the House of Lords, weakened by the admissions of 1910, is destroyed by the admissions of 1923. That does not, of course, say that the House of Lords will go yet; logic does not rule in things English. But it must mean that the House of Lords will henceforward decline continuously in authority, power, and consideration; and that when its position is at last recognized as impossible, it cannot be 'reformed' on the lines made so familiar in the discussions of the 'veto' days. It must be replaced by something quite unlike itself, something in which the hereditary principle plays no part, or at least figures only as a slight flavoring.

'At last' may be many years ahead. The probabilities are that nothing will be done, from the sheer difficulty of doing anything at once theoretically acceptable to the conservative-minded, not ridiculous to the reforming temperament, and tolerable to the practical politician. But such inaction can hardly save the House of Lords. It will become less than ever the theatre of active and vigorous protagonists; it will become more than ever the debating society of superannuated wiseacres. It has long ceased to be a chamber in which aspiring genius could find its fit atmosphere; but it did until quite lately afford an asylum for the more meditative kind of statesman who preferred, in ruling a cabinet, to be free from the constant labor of Parliamentary leadership. If, however, no Lord Curzon, however able, can hope for more than subordinate rank, there will be an end to the Curzons, and the Curzons were, after all, the one justification for the House of Lords.

V

I have dwelt on this feature of the Cabinet reconstruction because it seems to mark the beginning of a change in the British polity which must, for good or ill, have enormous influence on the future. But something should be said of a matter less significant, indeed, than the passing of Lord Curzon, — or rather than the declared reason for his passing, — but still not without a more than personal interest. Mr. Reginald McKenna's conditional acceptance of the great post of Chancellor of the Exchequer puzzled many observers in

England, and has probably not been fully apprehended abroad. Mr. McKenna began life as a most uncompromising Radical. He was, it is true, a Radical of the distinctly gentlemanly type. He belongs to the high bourgeoisie whose outlook is essentially conservative. The McKennas are now chiefly a legal family, but they are, or were, associated with a business bringing them into very intimate touch with the commercial world; and, though they have thrown up in Mr. Stephen McKenna an admirable literary artist, they retain on the whole the hard-headed character of the expansive middle class of Victorian England.

Mr. McKenna has public-school and university culture, got into the House of Commons by the good offices of the late Sir Charles Dilke, made himself a favorite of Mr. Asquith, and became successively Home Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He fell with his old chief, and after some stay in the cold shades, decided to leave politics for banking. As a statesman, he seemed rather like a banker; as a banker, he has revealed himself a very considerable statesman, whose disquisitions on the national finances possess far greater authority than those of any official exponent. Nothing appeared less likely than that he would sacrifice a princely salary for the uncertainty of political power and emolument. Still less possible did it appear that the former protagonist of Welsh disestablishment, the pillar of Free Trade, the framer of an Education bill which was to bring, in his own phrase, 'not peace but a sword,' the target of innumerable Conservative shafts during the 'ginger' period of the war, should join a Cabinet containing a Churchman like Lord Robert Cecil and directed by a Protectionist like Mr. Baldwin.

The explanation lies in a history which, if not exactly secret, is rarely related in explicit print. Mr. McKenna has an ancient grudge against Mr. Lloyd George. That pushing statesman deprived him of the Treasury in 1908; was his special thorn during his tenancy of the Admiralty; and was in sharp opposition to him all through the first two years of the war. Mr. McKenna was for economy; Mr. George for lavishness. Mr. McKenna was prosaic and matter-of-fact: Mr. George was all intuition and vision. On the whole Mr. McKenna was probably quite right in detail and not quite right in gross; Mr. George probably saw the grand contours and nothing else. At any rate, Mr. George stayed, and Mr. McKenna went; Mr. George triumphed, Mr. McKenna suffered eclipse. The one had the glory of 'the man who won the war'; the other the stigma of the man through whom the war might conceivably have been lost.

Unhappily for Mr. Lloyd George, he persisted in trying also to win the peace, which was emphatically not his job, but much more suited to the less poetical temperament of Mr. McKenna. The latter is not likely to have allowed mere personal pique to influence him. His course at the Admiralty proved him a true patriot, and he is undoubtedly a man of high principle, who would not allow a mere dislike to influence his public conduct. But, if he has not seen in Mr. Lloyd George an enemy to be pursued, he has certainly viewed him, all these years, as a nuisance to be controlled and, if possible, extirpated.

Hence his dramatic appearance last October in support of the Conservative candidates for the City of London. He realized that the only hope of keeping Mr. Lloyd George out of further mischief lay in the success of Mr. Bonar Law. With a working Conservative majority Mr. George was power-

less; an uncertain electoral verdict would make him master of the situation. To Mr. McKenna the one evil was more Lloyd-Georgism; compared with that, the difference between Liberalism and Conservatism was but dust in the balance.

The same motives urged him, no doubt, to agree, if his health permits, to relieve Mr. Baldwin of his main difficulty—the want of a first-class Chancellor of the Exchequer. Probably, indeed, the decisive factor with Mr. McKenna was Mr. Lloyd George's indiscreet declaration of unlimited warfare against the new Administration. The Baldwin Government had two obvious dangers. It was weak in debating power, and its finance did not exactly satisfy those who looked to a Conservative government to effect large economies. The last budget was, on the whole, sound, but it contained neither present comfort nor future hope for the payer of direct taxes. Mr. McKenna may possibly do no better for a time; but his presence at the Treasury carries an assurance better than that of the various Bardolphs who have been there since he left it.

If Mr. McKenna is indeed strong enough to restore effective Treasury control; if he can force the Government to face Labor criticisms and defy a certain temporary unpopularity; if, after a year or two of retrenchment and prudent finance, he can effect some manipulation of debt which will relieve the taxpayer of an appreciable part of the present exorbitant burden of interest, he will end by placing the Baldwin Government in an unassailable position.

Mr. McKenna's action is generally interpreted in England as betokening his conviction that Liberal should cooperate with Conservative against the threat of Labor. I doubt very much whether the fear of Labor so much as enters Mr. McKenna's virile and objective mind. What he is afraid of is a return, in some form or another, of Lloyd-Georgism. With the Liberal Party as it is, a Liberal of Mr. McKenna's views can only regard Lloyd-Georgism as the chief danger. Labor is unlikely to gain an independent majority. But it is conceivable that there might be a majority of advanced Liberals and Laborites, which would mean, no doubt, a rapid strategic movement of Mr. Lloyd George to the Left. And if — a very large assumption — electoral fortune should so favor the two Liberal wings as to give them an independent majority, there would still be a high probability of Mr. George returning to a position in which he could put into practice his social theories.

That, to Mr. McKenna, would be the last calamity, however it might be brought about. He quite sincerely believes — and he is by no means solitary in that conviction — that only the collapse of Lloyd-Georgism saved the country, and another dose of the same virus might, he fears, be fatal. In joining the Government he has certainly given Mr. Lloyd George the worst blow that statesman has so far received. Mr. McKenna, though no superman, — and even because he is no superman, — can supply, if his health permits, just the kind of stiffening the Baldwin Government requires. He has no powers of fascination, he can bind no spells, and even were he to perform miracles, they would be received with no particular enthusiasm. But he is trusted if he is not loved; and with many, the knowledge that he would go to the Treasury mainly to prevent Mr. Lloyd George returning to power would add largely to the satisfaction which his conditional appointment has occasioned.

JÓZEF PILSUDSKI, ARISTOCRAT-REVOLUTIONARY

BY RALPH BUTLER

I

In one of the famous philippics of 1840, when the Chartists were instituting the first Labor march on London and well-to-do citizens were enrolling themselves as special constables, Disraeli said in the House of Commons: —

> The time will come when Chartists will discover that in a country so aristocratic as England, even treason, to be successful, must be patrician. They will discover that great truth, and when they find some desperate noble to lead them, they may perhaps achieve greater results. Where Wat Tyler failed, Henry Bolingbroke changed a dynasty; and (this with Lord John Russell listening on the benches in front of him) although Jack Straw was hanged, a Lord John Straw may become Secretary of State.

But the country of the aristocrat-revolutionary *par excellence* is Poland. The most popular man in Poland today is Józef Pilsudski who, before becoming chief of the Polish State, had been in succession an exile in Siberia, a political prisoner in Russia, a brigadier-general in the Austro-Hungarian army, and a prisoner in a German fortress. He is the founder, and the hero, of the Polish Socialist Party; and he is by birth a country gentleman.

It is maliciously reported that he once told a foreign diplomat that there were two decent families in Poland, the Czartoryski and his own. But that is a story which might be told of any Pole. Pilsudski came, in fact, of an old Samogitian family of *szlachta* (country gentry), settled in Lithuania. They lived, when Pilsudski was born, on an estate called Zulów, which had been inherited by his mother, in an old Polish wooden house, low but roomy, full of old furniture and shadows and political legends. It was the very setting for the youth of a Polish patriot; and the turn for conspiracy, which is innate in every Polish schoolboy, had ample and delightful scope. He was born in 1867, and the memories and the wounds of the rising of 1863 were fresh and bleeding. His father, under the insurrection government, — or rather one of the insurrection governments, for the insurgents unfortunately could not agree on a single one, — had held the post of Civil Commissioner for Samogitia. When the rising failed, he had to flee, and lost his own family estate.

The house was a large one. There were a number of useless but devoted family servants, and some of the married children of the family lived there, on the patriarchal model. There were governesses and tutors for the children, so that they should not go to the Russian school. But there were other inmates as well. There were proscribed insurgents, who had returned to Poland under assumed names, and lived for months on end in semiconcealment in houses like that of the Pilsudscy.

There was a sliding panel and a secret chamber, and there may well have been nights when young Józef woke, like Harry Esmond, to find some Father

Holt whispering, 'Silentium! 't is I, my boy!' from the window sill.

The father of Pilsudski was described by one of his sons as 'a many-sided encyclopædic mind, but unfitted for practical work.' He had wished to become a professor, but had been obliged to take over the family estates, as there was no one else to manage them. He wrote occasional articles on agriculture in technical journals, and he built a turpentine factory and a brickkiln at Zulów; but they did not pay.

The mainstay of the household was Pilsudski's mother. Of a family of Samogitian marshals, a Bilewiczówna, of the type described by Sienkiewicz in *Potpie* — she was an only daughter, delicate, aristocratic, fearless, and truthful. She was only forty when she died; but before that she had borne a family of ten, six sons and four daughters. The children, as in most large families, were very independent and got their education largely from one another. But all looked to their mother as to an ultimate authority and a source of inspiration.

Józef has himself written of his mother in his book *Walka rewolucyjna w zaborze rosyjskim* (Cracow, 1902). In the evenings, he says, she used to assemble the family in her room, where she would produce from some hiding-place, known only to her, forbidden Polish books, out of which she would read to the children, making them learn certain episodes by heart.

In the summer of 1874, in the space of two hours, a fire destroyed the house and farm at Zulów and two kilometres of forest: and the Pilsudscy, who had of course omitted to insure their property, found themselves very greatly reduced in circumstances. They moved from the country to Vilna, the nearest town; and the boys were sent to the Russian secondary school. Here Józef Pilsudski came for the first time face to face with the hated Muscovite. At Zulów his mother had never received even the highest Russian officials; and there were no Russians other than officials outside the towns. Contact with the ruling race did not modify the youthful patriot's views. He is said to have been threatened with expulsion for 'writing in Polish on the walls of the school.' We are not told what the writing was.

When he reached the higher classes, he formed a secret society, which combined with the study of Polish history discussions of the social question. Socialism was treated by the boys, says Bronislaw Pilsudski, as 'the great ethical basis of the new life and of patriotism.' The Russian influence was very strong in the early eighteen-eighties in young Poland. The contemporaries of the Pilsudscy used to come down from the universities in vacation, with secretly printed copies of the works of Hertzen, Bakunin, Tolstoy, Turgenev, and Dostoevsky. They affected the 'struggle against prejudices,' and 'theed' and 'thoued' and 'Little-brothered' one another after the Russian manner, instead of speaking to one another, as the Poles do, in the third person. The members of Pilsudski's secret society set its face against this tendency, and took their Socialism with a strong dash of Polish nationalism.

Józef was completing his studies at the secondary school when his mother died. Soon afterward he was sent to the University of Kharkov to study medicine. He was expelled, before his first year was completed, for taking part in student disturbances. There were several others of the expelled ones in Vilna; and as usual they formed a secret society. This time the society was to be not merely for debate and conspiracy: it was to devote itself to 'educational work' as well. They

taught one another, and also, when they could get them, workmen, craftsmen, and young sempstresses.

In the winter of 1887 a delegate of the Russian terrorists visited Vilna, and endeavored to induce the young Poles of the Pilsudski group to join in a projected attempt on the life of the Tsar. Józef Pilsudski was opposed to the suggestion. It was Russia's business, he argued, to change her form of government, if she wished. One of the group, however, Tytus Paszkowski, though he did not tell his companions, was convinced by the Russian's arguments, and promised — he was a chemist by profession — to help the terrorists to procure explosives. When Paszkowski's activities later were discovered by the police, Józef Pilsudski was involved. He was arrested and sentenced to five years' exile in Siberia.

II

In Siberia his outlook widened. His exile brought him in contact with Russians of classes with which he had hitherto had little to do — peasants, religious sectaries, merchants, and criminals. But a Muscovite was always a Muscovite to Pilsudski. 'They are all,' he once wrote, 'more or less disguised Imperialists, not excluding the Revolutionaries. An elemental centralism characterizes all their speculations. They hanker perpetually after absolutism. They do not brook differences. They cannot reconcile contradictions. Perish everything if only the machine is preserved! That is the cleverest solution according to them, for it is the most downright and the easiest. That is why there are so many Anarchists among them. It is a remarkable thing that I have never once found a Russian who was a Republican.'

In 1892 he returned from exile with the martyr's halo, and was warmly welcomed by his relations. His brother-in-law, a doctor with a large practice in Vilna, was ready to find him well-paid work; and his sisters and aunts had carefully matured a rich marriage for the martyr's approval. But he proved refractory. The lure of politics was still too strong.

Vilna was in those days a great rallying-ground for political outcasts. They formed a social circle, where they could talk politics. But they did not do much else besides talk. After his exile Pilsudski found them dull. He turned to Warsaw, and visited the Warsaw politicians of that date, among whom was Roman Dmowski. But he 'found something lacking in them all, something of which they found I had too much.' He fell back on Socialism, and founded the P.P.S. (Polish Socialist Party), which is to-day one of the principal parties in the Warsaw Diet, and with certain scissures and secessions has always remained the faithful exponent, as it has been the principal instrument, of its founder's nationalistic ideas.

In the nineties of the last century, of course, under the Russian rule, a Polish Socialist party could not show its head above ground. The P.P.S. accordingly confined itself to 'educational work,' by which was meant in this case the production of a clandestine newspaper. The newspaper, which was called *Robotnik* (*The Worker*), was entrusted to Pilsudski and Alexander Sulkiewicz: and later on an additional editor was appointed in Stanislaw Wojciechowski, the present President of the Republic. But Pilsudski was the heart and soul of the paper, especially in its earlier years. He was, in fact, at once editor, publisher, manager, printer, and news-agent. It was produced on a hand-press, which he kept hidden in a cupboard in his room in Vilna, and later in Lódz. He used to make long journeys as far as Moscow, Petrograd,

Kiev, and Odessa, distributing copies. He had very little money in those days, and used to sleep in carts, and public parks, and on the benches of churches which opened early. In 1896 he married Marya Juszkiewiczowa, the widow of an engineer; and she helped him with the work of the paper.

The writer has in his possession an early number of *Robotnik* (No. 6, of 24 December, 1894). It is well printed and, except for an abnormal number of divisions of words at the end of the line, does not seem to betray the amateur compositor. It contains articles by the German Socialist leaders Bebel and Bernstein, some verse, paragraphs on recent arrests, a review of current events in Austria and France, and a long article (which from the style looks as if it had been written by Pilsudski) on the recent death of the Tsar Alexander and the accession of Nicholas II. In short, it resembles very closely other clandestine newspapers appearing in Russia at this time.

The next episode reads as if it came straight from the film. One morning the police, making one of their periodical surprise visits to Pilsudski's flat, discover the hand-press in the cupboard. He is arrested and imprisoned in 'Pavilion X' of the Citadel at Warsaw. Here he feigns madness, rejecting food, cutting extraordinary antics, and so forth. The doctors watch him carefully, but are not convinced. After some weeks he gives it up, and begins to take food again. This, as luck — Pilsudski's luck — would have it, convinces the doctors: for such lucid intervals are common in this kind of malady!

Instead of transferring him to the local asylum, however, the Warsaw authorities sent him to the Military Hospital of St. Nicholas in Petrograd. Alexander Sulkiewicz traveled to Petrograd by the same train, and there arranged that a young doctor belonging to the Petrograd branch of the party, Bronislaw Mazurkiewicz, should be given a post at St. Nicholas.

Preparations were then made for the escape. One morning — it was May 13, 1901 — the young doctor sent for the patient Pilsudski for private examination in his room. The examination lasted an inordinately long time, and no response came when the hospital attendants knocked at the door. The door was broken open, and doctor and patient were found to have decamped.

They made their way to Reval, Riga, and from there southwards to Kiev. From here Pilsudski went to a Polish estate in Podolia, where he met his wife who had been released on ticket of leave. Together they made their way into Austria, crossing the Russian frontier at a point in the vast forests owned by the Zamoyski family.

III

After a short visit to London and Paris, he returned to Austria in 1902 and settled down in Cracow. He was warned by the Galician authorities that, if he interfered in the slightest degree in Galician politics, he would be expelled from Austria. But the tortuous internal politics of the Austrian Poles did not interest him. His mind was still concentrated on the main issue, which he saw always as a common uprising of Austrian and Russian Poland, the signal to be given by a European war. The conservative Galician Poles, whose horizon was bounded by the Austrian Reichsrath, laughed at such visionary ideas. But he found friends among the weak but growing Socialist Party of Galicia, notably Ignaz Daszynski, whom he first met at this time; and for the rest, like Louis Napoleon in his English exile, he believed in his star.

When the Revolution of 1905 was on the point of breaking out in Russia the P.P.S. organized a demonstration in the Place Grabowski in Warsaw, which the Russian Government was too timid to suppress. Pilsudski argued hotly for a general rising; but he was opposed by every element outside, and by some elements inside, the party. The Poles accordingly made no distinctive national move in 1905; the Tsarist Government got the better of the Revolution, and Pilsudski retired to Galicia, conscious of failure and convinced of the impotence of improvised Revolution.

From this time on, till the war of which he had dreamed came, he devoted himself to what he called *Organizacya Bojowa*, the organization for war. His idea was to found rifle-shooting clubs, in which young Poles would learn the elements of military training, and the use of the rifle. When the war came, the clubs would form the *cadres* of the Polish legions, which he then meant to create as the nucleus of an army for the future Polish State. Of the vast amount of material and organization that is required to make an army, he knew little.

Rifle-clubs had long been an institution in Austria, and there was little difficulty in obtaining government sanction for their institution. The difficulties came, as with most Polish institutions, from within. The P.P.S. was more than suspicious of the nationalism of the clubs, and eventually endeavored to suppress them. The bourgeois elements were continually breaking off and starting new organizations of their own, while the extremists of the Left were anxious to divert the young men to the work of political assassination in Russia. Pilsudski, who wished to include all classes in the movement, steadily endeavored to hold the balance between the bourgeois and Socialist elements; and the tact and impartiality which he developed in the process gradually won for him a position which left him, when the crisis of war came, the almost universally acknowledged leader of the movement.

But few persons in Galicia at this time shared his belief in the coming war, and recruits were not plentiful. The Bosnian crisis and the part mobilization of Austria-Hungary in 1912 swelled the numbers. In 1912 there were estimated to be some 600 to 800 members of the rifle-clubs, of all parties. But they fell off again; and when the war came at last, it took the leaders completely by surprise.

All through these years of waiting, Pilsudski's house in Cracow, 16 Ulica Topolowa, was a centre for Polish revolutionaries and exiles of all shades, while Finns, Caucasians, and even Russians, of the same way of thinking, would frequently turn up to see how the *Organizacya Bojowa* worked. It was rare that a night passed without beds being improvised on sofas, tables, or the floor. And with the daylight began again the babel of young voices discussing politics. Conspiracy of this sort is meat and drink to a large class of Polish intelligentsia. But with Pilsudski it was only a means to an end.

He was in Paris early in 1914, and the following extract from an address which he delivered in the hall of the French Geographical Society on February 21, 1914, will serve to give the note on which he always harped. After saying that there was a Cretan question, and a Macedonian question, and an Irish question, but no Polish question, he continued: —

'The world has given up considering us in international calculations and combinations. The military movement brings the Polish Question back on to the European chess-board. . . . Since 1904 we have witnessed a whole galaxy

of conflict and upheaval, in which the decisive rôle has been played by armed force. The sword alone weighs to-day in the balance of the destiny of nations. A people which should shut its eyes to this evidence would compromise its future irretrievably. We must not be such a people.'

The last annual camp of the Strzelcy (riflemen) was in June 1914. When it was over, instructors and volunteers dispersed. The treasury of the movement was nearly exhausted. The stocks of arms and ammunition were very low; and there was practically no other equipment. Under these conditions the alarm of war was sounded, and the whole problem of the recruiting took on a new aspect. Subscriptions and recruits began to pour in. The Socialist and bourgeois elements in the movement sank their differences, and for a time — a very short time — even the pro-Russian National Democrats, of whom Roman Dmowski was then the most prominent leader, were cowed and fell into line. Michal Sokolnicki, one of the founders of the movement, hurried to Lemberg to organize mobilization and to smooth over the differences between the various organizations. Pilsudski went to Vienna, to find out what would be the attitude of the Austrian Government toward the proposal to create legions.

He returned from Vienna at three o'clock in the afternoon of August 5. (The Austrian declaration of war on Russia was dated the following day.) The Strzelcy (Socialist riflemen) and Druzyny (bourgeois riflemen), who had collected in Cracow, were drawn up to meet him. Pilsudski, wearing a strzelecki cap and carrying a whip, inspected and then addressed them. He said: —

'From this time on there are neither Strzelcy nor Druzyny! All of you here are Polish soldiers! Particular emblems henceforth disappear. Your only emblem is the white eagle. Until, however, new emblems can be issued, it is my order that you should exchange one with the other the white plate of the Druzyny for the eaglet of the Strzelcy, and *vice versa*, as a sign of the brotherly unity which must rule amongst Polish troops. You will shortly, it may be, proceed to the field of battle, where I trust that the last traces of differences between you will disappear.'

As he spoke, Pilsudski handed the emblem on his own cap to the chief of the Druzyny, and pinned the emblem from the latter's cap on his own. All present followed suit, embracing one another with tears in their eyes. Pilsudski gave a short order to one of the officers, who came forward and called the roll. About one hundred of those present were then told off, amid intense excitement, for active service.

IV

The romance of those hot still nights in Cracow in the first week of August, 1914, will not readily be forgotten by any who lived through them. It was the lull before the storm. The Austrian and Russian mobilizations were still proceeding, and the armies had not yet been launched. The boy volunteers paraded the streets of the ancient Polish town, singing '*Jeszcze Polska nie zginela*' (Poland is not yet lost), and the rest.

At three o'clock in the morning of August 7, the first company of the legions left Cracow for Krzeszowice, the frontier station. They were 160 strong, and they had with them five men with horses and three carrying saddles, for which they were proposing to requisition horses, as soon as they got across the border. They were followed by a second company the next night, with which Pilsudski himself

went; and other detachments with more mounted men followed. The total number of the Legionaries at the end of August, 1914, was 1982 men.

They got as far as Kielce, rather over sixty miles from the Austrian frontier, practically unmolested. In Kielce they set up a provisional government, removed all the Russian lettering from the shop signs and street corners, and beat a Jew or two as occasion offered. Then there was a pause, till the Austrian armies of Dankl and Auffenberg developed their offensive (10–31 August), received their check (1–3 September), and were forced to retreat. Pilsudski's two thousand Legionaries were of course involved in the retreat. They were led by Pilsudski himself, and his mounted men did excellent reconnaissance work, which the Austrian corps commander, to whom they were — loosely — attached, warmly appreciated. The aeroplane had not come into its own in those early days of 1914.

From this time on they were merged in the Austro-Hungarian army. The Austrian Government had informed the Headquarters of the Legions in Cracow, through the Viceroy of Galicia, on August 10, 1914, that the Minister of War recognized the formation of a corps of Polish Strzelcy, would provide it with arms and equipment, and facilitate the transfer to its ranks of the Polish conscripts from the rest of the army. On September 5, 1914, after a solemn open-air Mass, celebrated by a Capuchin chaplain of the Legions, the Legionaries swore that they would 'keep faith and obedience to His Apostolic Majesty, our Most Illustrious Monarch and Lord, Francis Joseph I, by God's Grace Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia, etc., Apostolic King of Hungary, Polish King.' They then went into camps in Galicia for serious military training. Pilsudski was made an Austrian brigadier-general.

By the beginning of 1915 three brigades had been formed: and the number of the Legions remained for some time at about 30,000 men. That was approximately the number of Napoleon's Polish Legion. The Legions took part in most of the Austrian fighting in Galicia and in Russian Poland in 1915 and 1916, and greatly distinguished themselves as fighters. After the occupation of Warsaw by the Austro-German armies, they became restive. The German Governor-General von Beseler, was prepared to recognize them as 'the nucleus of a future Polish army'; but required them to take an oath of allegiance. At Pilsudski's instigation the majority refused to take it, and were accordingly interned in a camp on the borders of the kingdom. Pilsudski himself was arrested and imprisoned at Magdeburg, where he remained until the Armistice.

That was the end of the Legions: and to all outside observers their record was a record of failure. Save for a few weeks at the outset of the war, they never represented more than a section of the Polish people. Their strength, first and last, was in Galicia (Austrian Poland). In the kingdom (Russian Poland) they were received, even in the early days when the enthusiasm was at its height, at best with indifference and often with dislike. In Kielce, when they occupied it in August 1914, they were attacked in the local (Polish) newspapers, and their meetings were interrupted. And in the country it was worse. The peasants viewed them with profound suspicion; and only the presence of priests as chaplains with the Legionaries was able to convince them that the Legions were not bands of robbers. To political propaganda the peasant remained, as in 1830 and in 1863, deaf in both ears. There is a proverb in Poland, of the truth of which the peasant has had

ample occasion to convince himself in the last few hundred years; and it is likely to take as many hundred years before he will unlearn it. The proverb is, '*Czego panowie nawarza tem sie poddani poparza*'; which means 'The lords make the soup, but the peasant's lips are scalded.'

Nothing is impossible in Poland; but it is highly improbable that, if the first Austrian offensive, in August 1914, had succeeded, the Legions would ever have formed the nucleus of a general rising in Russian Poland. Later they were swamped in the vast masses of the Austro-German armies. And in the end, when the Muscovite evacuated Warsaw, it was to the German invader that Poland owed her freedom. And yet, when all this has been said, nothing has been said. Pilsudski's 'Invasion' of Russia is on a par with Garibaldi's descent on Sicily with the Thousand. The significance of such actions is not to be sought in their success.

Three years before the war, Trevelyan wrote in his *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy:* —

> Garibaldi is not to be judged as a professional soldier leading modern armies, but as the greatest master of that special department of human activity known as revolutionary war. . . . Owing to the size and efficiency of modern conscript armies, there cannot be another revolutionary war precisely of the Garibaldian type in the Europe of the coming era. . . . But Garibaldi's claim on the memory rests on more than his actual achievements. It rests on that which was one part of his professional equipment as a soldier of revolution, but which surpasses and transcends it — his appeal to the imagination.

It is here that the secret of Pilsudski's significance is to be sought. The soil over which the handful of his Legions marched was sacred with memories of past Polish insurrections. In Miechów, halfway to Kielce, Langiewicz, the Dictator of the 1863 rising, had fought with the Russians; and Kosciusko and Poniatowski had watered their horses in the streams which the Legionaries passed. There were other Polish legions formed in the war — in the Far East to fight under Koltchak, and with the French army in France. All these were better equipped and better trained and better paid; and doubtless they fought with equal distinction. But they were not treading, like the Strzelcy, in the footsteps of the heroes of the past; and romance was not with them. Their record will find a place in the war histories of the Allied victors, whose cause they elected to support, and will be forgotten. But the record of Pilsudski's Strzelcy is preserved among the memories of the Polish people; and the passage of time will not affect its lustre. 'The history of events is ephemeral and for the scholar; the poetry of events is eternal and for the multitude.'

V

When the German resistance finally collapsed under the Allied pressure in 1918, Pilsudski was released. There was a Council of Regency at this time in Warsaw, consisting of two large landowners and the Archbishop of Warsaw, who had been set up by the Germans to represent the Supreme Power pending the appointment of a future king. As soon as Pilsudski reached Warsaw, the Regents hastened to hand over their powers to him: and from this time on he ruled, or reigned, down to the end of 1922, with (for the greater part of the time) the title of Chief of State. His personal prestige appreciably increased during his tenure of this office, while most of his adversaries, and notably Roman Dmowski, who bulked so largely at the Peace Conference, receded into comparative obscurity. To the Socialists of his old party, the

P.P.S. (outside of an extreme Left wing and a small but growing group of Communists in communion with Moscow) nothing he could do was wrong. His personal demeanor was admirable. Though he lived in the Belvedere Palace, and was surrounded by a considerable staff, mostly in military uniforms, he never tolerated the rigid protocol and super-regal splendor which many of the presidents of the new European republics affect. A student of foreign politics will find it easier to interview the King of Spain than to be admitted to President Masaryk. But Pilsudski has always been approachable. It is one of the advantages perhaps of not being born bourgeois. To the whole of Poland, irrespective of class and party, he is known by the *petit nom*, dating from his revolutionary period, of 'Ziuk.'

At the close of 1922, he laid down the post of Chief of State, to enable the first President of the Republic to be elected. Pilsudski did not himself stand; but a candidate whom he supported was elected — only to be assassinated a couple of weeks after taking office by a Pole of the Conservative Right. Pilsudski took over the post of Chief of Staff of the Army, the previous Chief of Staff conveniently becoming Prime Minister! These things happen in Poland. As Chief of State, Pilsudski had always carefully cultivated his influence with the army by close personal control of promotions and appointments. As Chief of Staff, he is able to continue this policy. So long as peace is preserved in Poland, he is not likely to lose his popularity with the army.

But the marshal is no longer a militarist. The years have begun to tell on him; he is very bent; and his health is anything but satisfactory. More than that, he has tried the intoxication of militarism with disastrous results; *et il s'est dégrisé*. In 1920 he seized a favorable moment to invade Russia, and captured Kiev. The entry to Warsaw on his return was like a Roman triumph. Among the booty was a contingent of camels from a Turkestan unit of the Russian army. They were led in procession through the streets behind the marshal's carriage; and two of them were kept permanently on view in his gardens at the Belvedere. That was in the spring of 1920. Before the summer was out, the Soviet armies were almost within gun-shot of Warsaw, and were arrested only as by a miracle.

The average Conservative in Poland detests Pilsudski, and has consistently accused him of being 'sold' — first to the Austrians, then to the Bolsheviki, and latterly to the Jews. To an outside observer it seems that, if the Polish Conservatives had rather more political sense than they commonly have, they would realize that Pilsudski has really been fighting their battle in the critical years which have followed the Peace Conference of Paris.

It was said of Kosciusko — with very limited truth — that he brought the peasant for the first time into Polish politics. Pilsudski has brought the worker into Polish politics. He has not solved the internal problems, with which the new Poland is confronted. The Land question, the reform of the State finances, and the problem of the development of the new industrial territories in Silesia and of the port of Danzig, all loom for settlement in the future. But at a critical period Pilsudski's influence has steadily held the safety valve open and barred the door to a reaction. The Fates, who are never so ironical as when they are dealing with Poland, have made of the old militant and revolutionary the strongest element of stability in the flux and welter of the new Eastern Europe.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

INTENSIVE FLIVVING

HALF a mile from my White Mountain cottage runs the state highway. It is easily distinguished from other roads by being much wider, uglier, and dustier. In dry weather, every leaf and blade of grass within fifty feet of it is thinly coated with dust, and a faint cloud is permanently suspended above it. All day, along this road, roll countless automobiles, full of people touring the mountains, under the impression that, in so doing, they are seeing the mountains

This is a curious impression. The mountains, to be sure, are visible from time to time in fleeting glimpses from the state highway; but to the motorist they are of secondary importance. The most conspicuous features of his landscape are signs. Signs telling him that he is eight miles from Lancaster; that he is now entering Lancaster, and should consider himself welcomed by the Board of Trade; that he is now leaving Lancaster, to the distress of the Board of Trade, who nevertheless have recovered sufficiently to urge him to come again; that he is only six miles from Smith's Garage, where air is as free in fact as in proverb; that he is two miles from the Tourists' Teahouse (chicken dinners and home-cooking, automobile parties accommodated), or is approaching Jaunters' Joy (home-cooking and chicken dinners, automobile parties a specialty); that he must imperatively buy such-and-such varieties of tires, gasoline, oil, or batteries, and abstain from all others; that his life is presently to be placed in jeopardy by a dangerous turn, or the lives of little children by the imminent approach of his automobile to a school. Sometimes, on a particularly large sign, a little local history is displayed to sugar the pill of a tire-advertisement, thus showing that even history can be put to practical uses.

These signs, of one sort or another, are everywhere. Apparently the enterprising gentlemen who erected them did so with a very fine sense for conservation of scenery. They did not believe in wasting it wholesale on the motorist; they believed in the beauty of the fleeting glimpse, the charm of the elusive. And so, whenever they came to a spot where the motorist had an uninterrupted sweep of landscape before him, these gentlemen discreetly shielded it from his direct gaze.

I have a friend who is so perverse as to differ with these apostles of moderation. He says that he intends to take his views straight, and claims that he has as much right to tear down those blooming signs as anybody has to put them up. So he tears them down, sometimes openly by day, sometimes secretly by night, but always savagely. Already he has assembled in his barn a notable collection. One can enjoy some of the most characteristic sensations of motoring by simply standing in the barn and running one's eyes over the signs. One can watch the distance to Smith's Garage being gradually cut down from fifteen miles to ten, from ten to five, from five to two; and one can learn almost as much about the varieties of motor-oil on the market as in an entire tour of the White Mountains.

The garages themselves form another conspicuous feature of the scene as the

passing motorist sees it. He can enjoy their full beauty without leaving his seat, while the car stops to take on gasoline. In the foreground he beholds the chaste outlines of the gasoline pump, with its serpentine pipe; beyond are the faucet and pipe-line where free water and free air are administered; that man walking out to a waiting automobile, with a quart measure in his hand and an expression of eager service on his face, is a purveyor of oil. Consider the sturdy architecture of the garage building; the scene of activity within, where black-shirted mechanics, like so many surgeons, are gathered about a sick little runabout and deciding whether or not to operate; and the cigar-stand by the door, with its brightly colored cigarette-cases hinting of the romance of the East. Take in the whole picture; don't miss a bit of it; you are now, my dear sir, seeing the White Mountains as the motorist sees them.

There are, of course, occasional automobile tourists who are not entirely satisfied with gazing at signboards, garages, and the dusty road. These people want to see the mountains and the forests and the brooks. Sometimes one hears coming from the tonneau their plaintive cries of 'Oh, wait a minute; there's a waterfall'; followed by replies of 'Stop, George, Harry says there's a waterfall'; and other cries of 'Where is it? I don't see it,' and 'Oh, don't let's stop before we find a place for luncheon!' until at last that plaintive voice closes the discussion with a feeble 'Never mind, it's miles back now.'

There are occasional fanatics who want to stop to look at a view right in a hilly place, where the car, if it loses its momentum, will have to go into low gear, which anybody can see is beyond all reason. But the main interest of most of us, when we follow the state road, is, naturally, in how far we can get before luncheon, how soon we shall have a chance to pass the car in front, whether the road is getting bumpier or less bumpy, and whether we can get up the next hill on high. Sometimes we lift up our eyes unto the hills, but seldom for long; the road demands our attention.

We are watching for bumps ahead, that we may know when to be prepared for a jounce; and for curves ahead, that we may know when to be prepared for a lurch. In our minds is the thought that the machine is doing finely: we have covered seventy-three miles since lunch. Wrapped in dusters, we sit in the tonneau, gazing at the surface of the state highway as it unrolls before us; the automobile carries us steadily along, uphill and down, past signboards, garages, other automobiles, and yet more signboards; and on the face of every one of us is an expression that seems to say, 'Only eleven more miles of this, and then I'll have my chicken dinner.'

Suppose you come upon us later, as we are annihilating the chicken dinner. Are we conversing about the scenery? Not a bit of it: we are discussing more vital matters, such as carbon in the cylinders and the number of miles we can do per gallon. You interrupt us to ask whether we visited Chocorua in the course of our tour. There is a vague moment; then one of us pipes up: 'Oh, yes, of course. I remember. Chocorua was where we got the ice-cream cones.'

For you who may possibly know Chocorua fairly well, it may be something of an effort to adjust yourself to a view of the place in which ice-cream cones are the dominant feature; but you must remember that the automobilist's point of view is a very special one.

Is it, then, impossible to see the countryside from an automobile? Sometimes I think there is just one way of

doing the thing properly. And that is to poke around.

By poking around, I mean setting out with no definite objective, or else with an objective so ridiculously easy of access that there will always be time to stop anywhere on the way; and then driving as slowly as you like; and whenever you see anything that excites your curiosity, getting out and investigating it. This is what one of my neighbors, who owns a small but active car, calls intensive flivving. Steer off the traveled highways, on to the narrow old brown dirt roads, which are listed in no bluebook and are n't of the slightest use to the tourist, and are not embellished with billboards and garages; roads built in the old days for carriages, and even now showing hoof-marks in the middle. They may be a little stony here and there; you may have to go very slowly over the jounces in the hollow, where the loose-plank bridge rumbles under your wheels; and you will find that passing another flivver necessitates much jockeying, and running two wheels through the bushes, and cheerful shouting back and forth. But there is time for all these things. What you seek is not speed and distance, but entertainment.

You may like to gossip with the wayside farmers about the state of the crops, which you will invariably find to be terrible on account of the drought or terrible on account of the rain. You may have a passion for pressing your nose against the windowpanes of deserted farmhouses, and picturing to yourself the life that once went on within those cracked and crumbling walls. Or else you may simply crave a chance to see the open country. You can do it, even in an automobile, if you are content to poke around.

Here the road sweeps up to the skyline, and who knows what may not lie beyond? There it curves through a grove of hemlocks, their tips pointing sharp and dark into the blue sky. No dust here, no signs, no roar of traffic, no wayside soft-drink and balsam-pillow booths, no enormous cars intent on going 150 miles to-day and 200 to-morrow. Here the road comes to a gap between the trees, and you have a vista of orchard and lake, with the clear blue of mountains beyond. Don't drive on just yet; there is no hurry. Turn off your engine, climb out of your car, and stroll out between the trees. The grass is innocent of cardboard boxes and eggshells. You can hear the thrushes singing, now that your engine has stopped. No motorist on the state road hears thrushes. You can smell hay and balsam, which you may prefer to tar and oil. You can see to your heart's content the slow march of the cloud-shadows over the hills. At last, when you are ready, climb into your car and follow the road again.

BARBER SHOPS: NIPPONESE AND MANHATTAN

SCENE: *Like similar places elsewhere, the usual chairs, mirrors, and bottles; the usual odor of the usual hair-tonic.*

CUSTOMERS: *allowing for differences of dress, and the single feminine presence — much the same.*

But here the resemblance ended; for all five waiters were half asleep, including the lady who had dropped round for an eyebrow-shave, and who now nodded, with one kimono sleeve held modestly before her face, like a tired lily. The occupants of the four chairs scarce held up their heads; the very barbers dozed. Blessed little shop, far from Yankee rush and moil; such a spot one might find in Paradise, if — Dantean thought! — the angels shaved.

From my seat by the huge iron firepot, I drowsily fell to studying a near-

by poster, relic of the summer's Sanitation Campaign. 'Swat That Fly Before It Swats You,' flamed the Chinese legend above a little girl pouring oil (or was it water?) on some magnified *musca domestica* larvæ, while her baby brother — in spectacles — looked on approvingly.

Whether it was the weariness cleverly depicted on their chromoed faces, or the sleepiness always associated with flies, or the drowsy contagion of my fellow customers, I know not; but the volume of 'English Humorists' crowding my pocket somehow did not appeal just then, and I also slept — and the scene changed.

I was being shaved in New York.

'Yeh,' said the barber, waving his razor perilously near my nose. 'I 'll say the fat boy has n't a chanct. With Teddy's hat in the ring it's all over but the shoutin'.'

The reader now knows how long, how very long, ago the scene of my dream was.

'But what about Wilson?' objected a lathered face in the next chair.

My barber stropped judicially, his head on one side.

'Has n't a chanct. Not more than you or me has, or them — those guys out there on the coiner. When Teddy's around, who wants a college professor? I seen — saw Teddy last week down to the Grand Central, and I says to myself —'

A neighboring colleague was also pontificating: —

'You've got to hand it to Ty. Best all-round player baseball ever produced. Yes sir, I'll say so. Of course Wagner was a good man in his day; so was Mathewson; so was Napoleon Lajoie; but —'

From all about came luminous phrases: 'Went down for ten' — 'No, I *don't* want a bath' — 'Yes, I suppose so, but make it brief' — 'She says to me' —

'Shampoo, sir?' cooed my barber. 'Scalp really needs it, sir.'

The little Japanese barber was shaking my shoulder.

'Next,' he grinned.

Obediently I took my seat in a fauteuil built after — a long way after — the style of Louis XIV, and gratefully opened my *Thackeray*. What bliss to have one's locks snipped in comfort to the pulse and rhythm of great literature!

'In treating of the English humorists of the past age, it is of the men and of their lives, rather than of their books —'

'Bery hot to-day,' essayed my barber in English.

'Yes,' I agreed pleasantly.

'*Taihen atsui desu*,' repeated the barber, this time relapsing comfortably into Japanese. 'Is it hot in Sensei's country?'

'Very — in winter,' I fear I said.

'What are your impressions of Japan?'

I sighed. 'Really,' I countered with a vain attempt at sarcasm, 'as I've lived in Japan only ten years, I have n't any.'

A fat individual, large for a Japanese, — evidently a crony of my barber's, — planted himself between me and the solitary light, and I closed my book in disgust.

'Who's the foreigner?' he inquired, obviously considering the local dialect a sufficient lingual camouflage.

'Lives up at Hakoshima. Teaches in the Normal College.'

'Oh-h-h. Sa-a-a. *So desuka?* [Is that so?] Young yet, ain't he?'

'Yes,' somewhat hesitatingly replied my barber. 'But not so young as he used to be. See, over the ears here he has some gray hairs.'

The friend looked.

'Sa-a-a. Oh-h-h. *So desuka?* Can he talk Japanese?'

'Yes,' grudgingly; 'but not so well as he thinks he can.'

'*So desuka?* Oh-h-h. Sa-a-a,' the fat fellow commiserated.

After a generous stare, returned with interest, he sat down in the place I had lately vacated.

For a time my barber snipped in silence, and then suddenly shouted, —

'The gentleman in the next chair on your right is a great musician. He plays in the orchestra of the Nisshin Moving Picture House.'

'*So desuka?*' I queried politely in my turn. 'What instrument?'

My barber did not know, but would inquire. In an equally loud voice, he put my question to the gentleman's barber, who put it in a louder voice to the gentleman himself, who replied at length (and not at all gently) to his barber, who, by the same circuitous route, and with ever-rising intonation, relayed the information back to me.

'The violin, piano, 'cello, bass viol, kettledrum, and flute.'

'And I am also master of the cornet, piccolo, and organ — both baby and mouth,' the gentleman himself added modestly.

So far, so good; contrasted with its Yankee contemporary, the Japanese barber-shop could at least offer something piquant.

'Sensei, Waseda defeated your boys last week, did n't they? Why was it? Ichioka's a good pitcher. My theory is they trust too much to his speed and don't stay wide-awake enough on bases. I was just saying yesterday — '

The shop had generally come to life. The fat newcomer was deep in dialectic converse with the man the other side of the fire-pot. Liberally translated, his remarks would run something like this: —

'Sure, 't was a knock-out. What am I tellin' yuh? Under proper conditions and with fair rules, boxin' ain't got a chanct, not a look-in, with jujutsu. Why, at the bout last night up to the Eiga Club, Murata threw Murphy in five seconds by the timekeeper's watch, landin' him on his ear for the count. Naw, boxin' ain't got a chanct, not wan.'

And the barber on my left — the light-colored boy with the knife-scar over his right eye — was discoursing emphatically on politics, the while he flourished a razor perilously near his victim's nose: —

'Baron Kato is n't much of a premier. That's all *I've* got to say. Hara was better. Look at what Kato done at Washington! Sold out to the Anglo-Saxons. Now Japan can't do a thing.'

'Shampoo, sir?' my barber cooed. 'Scalp really needs it, sir.'

THE BROWNIE IN THE BRAIN

Chess-players say that after the first few moves they are not conscious of any further activity of their own minds, but play the game according to the dictates of a subconscious master, a wholly different personality, who comes avidly to the fore and takes command of the intricate tactics.

It is as if a puppet, a small Robot in the brain, were acting for them: while the game is in progress, he works with super-brilliancy and activity; when it is over, he disappears instantly from the conscious mind. Many creative minds admit the same thing — it seems that it is not conscious thought or will-power which produces the poem, novel, or play which delights the world, but the workings of an independent creator, who hides within the brain.

Cordelia, whose delightful essays and stories of modern life are well known to *Atlantic* readers, once told me as we sat before the blazing logs in her library, that her subconscious mind did all the work for which she receives the glory.

'I just start the thing,' she said, reflectively, 'jot down the main points, perhaps describe the characters, start the story, and then — don't laugh will you? — then I put the papers away in my Korean chest — you know the one that stands up in the little room off my bedroom? — and put the whole thing out of my mind. Perhaps that night, when I am dropping off to sleep, I think of the thing again, and then I say, firmly, to my subconscious worker, "I want that thought out and ready in the morning. You know as well as I do that it *must* be ready to go Saturday, or we shall hear from the publishers!" Well! That's all there is to it! He always does it, or almost always. Once in a while I must confess, he sulks, says he can't do anything with that old idea, and I need n't expect him to. But — if I pretend I have forgotten all about it, keep the whole thing right out of my mind, and think hard about other things — why, then, one morning Mr. Subconscious wakes me up with a triumphant, "Here I am! Here's your plot, everything just as smooth as possible. Don't you realize how busy I've been, and that I can't *always* have things ready right on the minute. You might praise me a little; I'm feeling very pleased with myself." Those are the days when I must write, must, must, must! The words fairly hurl themselves from my lips if I am dictating, or on to the typewriter if I am working by myself. Then I get a day's work done that is worth while.'

'Cordelia,' I said, 'why the Korean chest? Would n't your jinni find the notes if they were put anywhere else?'

Cordelia smiled whimsically. 'Perhaps he would,' she said, 'but I have trained him to look there. Do you know, some nights I lie half-awake, and half-asleep, and feel as if I could almost see him. I think he is a comical little sprite, with a puckered, slightly Oriental yellow face. He goes softly to the chest, opens the old brass locks, and takes out my papers; then crouches down and runs away with them. I don't know where he takes them — I wish I did! Sometimes he jumps out the open window, and looks back at me before he vanishes into the moonlight. He has a tricksy, Puck-like expression. Oh, I am well acquainted with that sprite.'

Before I went home I went to look at the Korean chest. It is old red lacquer, with cumbersome flat brass locks. It had an aura, I had to admit; and when Cordelia opened it, the room was filled with a curious, sweet perfume, a faint breath of 'cassia, sandal-buds, and aloe-balls.' In some of the little drawers were small carved ivories, and rice-paper pictures, as well as piles of papers which, Cordelia said, were waiting for the touch of inspiration.

'But, Cordelia,' I cried, 'this is nonsense; suppose you lost the chest, would n't the subconscious sprite work at all?'

'Oh, I suppose he would get used to another place in time,' said Cordelia: 'the chest is just my whimsey. You remember Dr. Johnson could n't write unless he had at hand dried lemon peel, decaying apples, and a purring cat. I imagine all writers have their idiosyncrasies. Surely my sprite may have his when he likes, when he works so hard for me. You will say it is all imagination, and so it is; but you must admit the Japanese have caught the essence of it when they say, "Since reality is never real, how do we know when a dream is a dream?"'

Since that talk with Cordelia I have found that other writers admit the jinn, too. A Boston author has recently published an article on 'The Bewilderment of an Author,' in which she says: —

'But though the author must go into

the streets and the office, to rub against all sorts and conditions of men on their own ground, not his, he must merely cast these variant types into his own mind, to fuse, to fructify, until, on an unprophesied day, some irresistible human picture will rise before him, not of memory, but of creative vision, and he has his story, and needs only to turn it over to the pen. While his pen lay idle, the good genius imagination had been at work.

'There is something so obscure as to be almost incredible in this oblique action of the mind. That never-resting Brownie in the brain! He shows you how he has tied a knot in the thread of narrative that failed to hold. Quietly he moves a piece on the puzzle-board of your conception. And if you are an old hand at Brownie-driving, you do not, after his first sign of activity, pay much attention to him. You do not "think it out." You leave it all to the *unresting mind within the mind, and go to sleep;* and next morning the job is done and you can deliver it with your pen.'

The same thing that Cordelia said, you see.

You know how Barrie referred to his M'Connachie?

'M'Connachie? M'Connachie, I should explain, as I have undertaken to open the innermost doors, is the name I give to the unruly half of myself, the writing half. *We are complement and supplement.* I am the half that is dour and practical and canny; he is the fanciful half; my desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearth-rug among the hard realities of the office furniture; while he prefers to fly around on one wing. I should not mind him doing that, but he drags me with him! . . . He has clung to me, less from mischief than for companionship; I half like him and his penny whistle; with all his faults he is as Scotch as peat.'

Sir Walter Scott always looked to the dawn for a solution of his literary difficulties; indeed, he came to rely on his early morning thoughts. 'I lie simmering over things at night,' he said, 'and if they fail to reveal the wanted ideas, I say, "Never mind. I shall have them at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."'

Maeterlinck's wife said: 'When one is able to follow Maurice's experience, step by step, one gets a revelation of the formidable rôle played by the unconscious in our spirits. His work is not the result of mental attention only: it emanates from a force which is in perpetual movement, always awake, which acts unknown to him, and seems to take on a human voice to dictate to him those profound pages which he has written.'

Philosophers probably explain the Brownies by saying that, in men of genius, a fortunate relationship is established between conscious and unconscious mental activity, and that such a relationship is not a matter of education or discipline, but a gift of the High Gods; but I prefer to think of their work as the result of a magic connection, spun of 'such stuff as dreams are made on,' between our humdrum world and the Realm of Imagination. From this world the Brownies come, and perhaps it was of one of them that Masefield was thinking when he wrote:—

O wanderer into many brains,
O spark the Emperor's purple hides,
You sow the dusk with fiery grains
When the golden horseman rides.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

For the first time since his retirement, **Mr. Wilson** gives written expression to his views of the profound social and economic questions that are agitating the after-war world. His power to embody vital thoughts in a great message is here displayed afresh. **Philip Cabot,** a former *Atlantic* contributor, has had a varied experience — as clerk, trustee, promoter and manager of public-utility corporations, as banker, and finally, it seems, as religious mystic. He has now turned his energies to the work of King's Chapel, Boston. ¶Readers who went 'Up Eel River' with **Margaret Prescott Montague** (June *Atlantic*) may meet again that mythical and superhuman lumberman, Tony Beaver, in 'The To-day To-morrow.' **Mary E. L. Hennigan** is a Chicago schoolteacher, a graduate of the University of Chicago, and a former pupil of Robert Herrick. She writes: —

> To give all sides of a situation as many-faceted as that in Ireland at present would, even for the *Atlantic*, be quite impracticable. Yet I dared to hope you might print just one more point of view, that of the simple lover of the plain Irish. I have read and studied about Ireland since I have understood words of one syllable, visited it four times, twice in the last two years. I live in a suburb of Chicago, on three gorgeous acres of cherry, apple, pear, and plum blossom, with 'Himself,' three boys, and the baby, dogs, pigeons, chickens, ducks, and flowers. I take care of them all.

* * *

Samuel McChord Crothers is Minister of the First Church (Unitarian) of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and famous to *Atlantic* readers as essayist and philosopher. **Margaret Sherwood,** professor of English literature at Wellesley College, is an old *Atlantic* contributor. ¶From his post of observation in East Africa, **Hans Coudenhove** sends us the accumulated evidence of eighteen years concerning the status of woman in Nyasaland. **Edward Yeomans** is a Chicago manufacturer, the author of *Shackled Youth*, and a leader among the new thinkers upon education. ¶Author of 'The Ship' in this number of the *Atlantic*, and of 'The Sailmaker,' and his cat, in the July *Atlantic*, **Arthur Mason** is an old salt who in forty years of sea-faring has sailed on more than fifty ships. ¶Author, dramatic critic, and professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, **Brander Matthews** has written many volumes on literary and dramatic criticism. **Sara Teasdale** has a secure place among American lyrical poets. She is the author of *Rivers to the Sea*, *Flame and Shadow*, and other volumes.

* * *

For a number of years it has been a part of the official duty of **Archer Wall Douglas** to keep in touch with business conditions all over the United States. He is one of the vice-presidents of the Simmons Hardware Company. **Helen McAfee,** associate-editor of the *Yale Review*, sends us expert criticism of the literary by-productions of the Great War. **Elizabeth Choate** is one of the younger generation of essayists becoming well known to *Atlantic* readers. **Harvey Wickham,** a traveled and a traveling essayist, confesses with both embarrassment and pride that he is the author of four books of detective stories.

* * *

Walter Lippmann, formerly associate-editor of the *New Republic*, and now on the staff of the *New York World*, sends us this carefully considered and keen analysis of Senator Borah's plan to outlaw war. **Ian D. Colvin** is the leading editorial writer on the *London Morning Post*. He makes his first contribution to the *Atlantic* in this number. ¶Student and critic of political forces, **E. T. Raymond** adds to his earlier *Atlantic* portraits these incisive studies of certain members of the new British Cabinet. **Ralph Butler,** already well known to our readers through his paper on 'Little Missions,' in the *Atlantic* for May 1922, is

an Englishman and a member of the Reparations Commission. He writes from Berlin.

* * *

Mr. Arliss's attractive paper has brought us letters from a small multitude of people seriously interested in stage theory and practice. Every theatre-goer will, we think, wish to read the following comment from a famous critic and successful playwright, who lately paraphrased an old adage with signal discrimination when he hitched his play to a bright particular star.

My dear Arliss,—

I have just read with pleasure and substantial agreement your article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It pleased me none the less for including a most effective puff of my 'Playmaking.' The anecdote would have been all the more telling if you had added, 'the author of which had never written a play'—which would have been true to all intents and purposes. Who was the actor-dramatist, by the way? The author of 'The First Year'? I forget his name.

While we are on the subject, the title of my book is not *How to Write a Play*. I should have regarded that as far too dogmatic. 'Playmaking' suggests, I hope, a discussion rather than an *ex cathedra* deliverance.

I am entirely with you in thinking that the modern young man, with his symbolism and expressionism, and all the rest of it, is butting into a blind alley. All such movements (to change the metaphor) are mere eddies in the current. They alter the surface aspect of things for a moment, but don't make the Mississippi run backwards or flow into the Atlantic instead of the Gulf of Mexico. Such stuff as *Six Characters in Search of an Author* has no future. It is freak work of momentary interest, if any—it had none for me. I think it 's quite likely that there will be a large departure before long from our current three-or-four-act technique. I have myself written an historical play in seven scenes, instead of acts. But such matters as act and scene division are wholly nonessential. The great point is that there is no symptom of people being permanently attracted by any play which does not tell an interesting story through the medium of recognizably human characters.

I think you are inclined to exaggerate the element of convention inseparable from the best stage-work. The true glory of the modern stage is precisely that it has reduced convention to a minimum. I should say your own acting was a case in point. The fact that it is minutely studied and adapted to the optic of the theatre does not render it conventional. Perspective, in painting, is not rightly called a convention; the convention is in the willow-pattern plate which ignores perspective. Champions of the soliloquy and the aside (I don't seriously accept you as one of them) are fond of saying, 'You can't get rid of the great convention which removes the fourth wall of a room; therefore there 's no good in boggling at any minor conventions.' But this is awful rot. There is *no* convention in the removal of the fourth wall. Nature, in forgetting to provide us with eyes in the back of our heads, has effectually 'removed the fourth wall' of any given room for us, at any given moment. In a modern interior set we see exactly what we are seeing every day of our lives. That is why it at once strikes us as ludicrously incongruous if a gentleman walks into such a room, and says, 'Ha! this dear old drawing-room! How glad I am to see it again after seventeen years' absence as a tea-planter in Assam; and there, over the mantelpiece, exactly where it used to be, is the portrait of my old dad in the uniform of the Blankshire Yeomanry! I have a strong suspicion that he did not die a natural death, but was poisoned by my wicked stepmother, now Marchioness of Carabas. Ha! here she comes! I must dissemble.' (*Enter the Marchioness, back C.*)

Of course, I am not denying that there *is* an element of convention even in the most delicately faithful modern art. But it is a pity to admit too much *vis-à-vis* the latter-day paradoxist—for if you give him an inch, he will take an ell.

On the question of dialect parts, I, as a Scotchman, must venture, with some slight reservations, to disagree. To carry the war straight into the enemy's country: I appeal to you as a Londoner, to say whether we ought to have had Watkins played by an American actor? Of course, it is possible to lay on dialect too thick, as your actors seem to have done in *The Professor's Love-Story*. There are some Scottish dialects which I myself could not understand. In Barrie's plays the dialect must be *generalized;* but any reasonably skillful Scotch actor can do that. Is not Harry Lauder comprehensible all the world over? I shall never forget the torments I endured in listening to the 'Scotch' of the actors in Barrie's *Little Minister* as done by Maud Adams in 1899. True, it went down all right with the Brooklyn audience; but it would have been easy to find Scotch actors who would have made the unskillful laugh just as much and would not have made the judicious grieve. Several English actors have been fairly good at Scotch, but none, I think, *quite* convincing. And when you come to Ireland—conceive *The Playboy of the Western World* acted by an English or American company! How intolerable is

the American-stage Englishman, and the English-stage American! As for stage Frenchmen, it is no doubt true that the conventional type will go down at least as well with the average English audience as the genuine article. It is a case of the public which applauded the man who imitated a pig's squeaking, and hissed the man who had a real pig under his cloak. But I can recall one or two Frenchmen who were very effective in French characters. Surely you must remember Mons. Marino at the old Strand.

I don't believe in the revival of incidental music (in serious plays) any more than I believe in the revival of the soliloquy and the aside; but I can give you a striking instance of the power of music (*any* music) over the emotions. In 1918 I went to Évian on the Lake of Geneva, to see the *rapatriés* from the occupied districts in the north of France reënter their native country. They came in in two daily batches of many hundreds in each, and immediately on their arrival were marched down to the great hall of the Casino where a simple meal—bowls of coffee, rolls, etc., awaited them. I sat in the gallery and watched them. Every place at the long tables was occupied by the dead-weary, listless, one would have said quite unemotional, crowd. But, after ten minutes or so, a band struck up some military march. I did n't know it, but it was a lively air, and I am sure it had no special emotional appeal. Yet before ten bars of it had been played, every soul at these tables (*except* the children) was in tears! It was one of the most curious effects I ever saw. This was the evening arrival. I was again present at the entertainment of next morning's crowd. This time a choir of girls sang the *Marseillaise;* but it had n't anything like the same appeal. There was perceptible emotion, but not universal. Evidently the great effect of the previous evening had lain in the mere instrumental *tone.*

You must thank for this long screed the interest of your article.

Ever yours,

WILLIAM ARCHER.

* * *

In February we began a discussion of Japan's recent attitude toward armament, entitled, 'Japan: A Sequel to the Washington Conference.' The discussion still continues. We are glad to print a letter from David Starr Jordan, Chancellor Emeritus of Leland Stanford Jr. University, critical of that article.

Dear Atlantic,—

Without questioning a single statement of this well-informed author, I think that the publication of this article, with its implication of bad faith on the part of Japan, is most unfortunate. This discussion, with similar statements from less competent authors, has tended to revive the feeling of suspicion toward Japan — for the time allayed by the Washington Conference — and the notorious sequence of suspicion is fear, hate, and open move toward war. There are but two powers in the Pacific, and in each the war authorities speak of the other as 'the enemy' — impersonally of course, but there is no other 'enemy' to be considered. Our habit of discussing 'the enemy' has been the main support of militarism in Japan since Russia abandoned the unpleasant rôle.

This much is clear. The letter and spirit of the Washington Conference has been more fully respected in Japan than anywhere else. Japan, as a nation, has no longings for the Philippines — would not and could not take them even as a gift; if she wastes money in fortifying her own off-shore islands, Bonin, Amami-Oshima, or the Riukiu, it is her business not ours: her people as a whole crave the closest friendship with the United States; on both sides considerate treatment and a civil tongue in the Foreign Office are worth more than battleships; for us to allow international questions to be decided by local referendum is a dangerous policy; nations like nervous dogs flare up after ill-considered barking; and, finally, war in the Pacific for any cause would be a world calamity of the first magnitude. To us there could be but one catastrophe more awful than war with Japan, and that would be war with Great Britain.

Every dollar spent sincerely for peace counts more for 'security' than a thousand spent on munitions. There will be no war in the Pacific unless we force it.

* * *

Dickens, we find, wrote about 'The Experience of Dying' long before Dr. MacKenzie's paper in the May *Atlantic* and asked a question which the philosophers have n't answered yet.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just been reading Dr. MacKenzie's article on 'The Experience of Dying,' and it has brought back to my memory the first time I read *Our Mutual Friend* — not many years after its publication — and a question Dickens asked there of which I have often been reminded since. When Rogue Riderhood's body had been fished out of the river and carried to Miss Abbie's house, they were working over it to see if they could bring it back to life; and while the result was still doubtful the author asks, 'If you are not gone for good, Mr. Riderhood, it would be something to know where you are hiding at

present. This flabby lump of mortality that we work so hard at, with such patient perseverance, yields no sign of you. If you are gone for good, Rogue, it is very solemn, and if you are coming back, it is hardly less so. Nay, in the suspense and mystery of the latter question, involving that of where you may be now, there is a solemnity even added to that of death, making us who are in attendance alike afraid to look on you and look off you,' *etc.*

You will remember that they did finally revive him, but where was he in the meantime? Was he in the same place or state or whatever you choose to call it that he would have been if he had not been rescued from the water? Where was Dr. MacKenzie in those periods which he describes so vividly? Can the question be answered?

EDWARD ROBINSON.

* * *

'And since I never dare to write as funny as I can,' wrote a famous counselor of the *Atlantic*. The author of the happy burlesque in a recent issue of the Club may well make a like resolution after considering all that the National Trade Extension Bureau of the Plumbing and Heating Industries has to say: —

GENTLEMEN, —

In the 'Contributors' Club' of your April 1923 issue, you give publication to an article entitled 'The Plumber in Residence.' Where in the world the authors of such things get their ideas from is a matter of wonder. *The facts* are all entirely in conflict with the impression of the plumber, which things such as this present.

Out of a nation-wide contact with the trade, and as a result of exhaustive research into the facts and figures of the business itself, it is clearly proved — first, that the usual plumbing dealer or heating contractor, considering capital investment, technical knowledge required, and time spent on business, reaps a smaller return than the general run of business men; second, that the grievances charged up as faults of the plumber are 999 times out of 1000 the faults of the householder or property-owner.

A careful reading of this particular article, and a logical analysis leads irresistibly to the conclusion that the plumber is not only a necessary, but a praiseworthy servant of the community. The unfortunate fact exists, however, that the average reader is neither logical nor analytical. Consequently the impression that the average reader gains from this thing is going to be along the line of contrast between the plumber's Buick and the householder's Ford; or between the plumber's superiority and the householder's condition of helplessness.

As a matter of truth the plumber is not the incompetent bungler that he is so often pictured as. On the contrary he is the highly skilled mechanic and designer who invents, installs, and maintains the intricate and efficient means of sanitation, without which the modern community would be impossible. He is not the conscienceless profiteer who is so often held up to scorn. On the contrary, he is too often the man who, through modesty or a lack of financial acumen, fails to charge his customer at all adequately for the result of that customer's own ignorance and stupidity.

Under the circumstances, we would appreciate some indication from you of the reaction to this communication. In it we hope we have seemed as dignified and courteous as we have tried to be. Some small published amends in your magazine would undoubtedly be gratefully received and noticed by the industry we represent.

Cordially yours,

THE NATIONAL TRADE EXTENSION BUREAU.

As ever the plumber is at the community's service. We advise no one to attempt to dispense with him.

* * *

An irresistible impulse impels us to reprint from the *Erie Railroad Magazine*, this successful thrust at an Atlantic 'pote.' Railroading gives a background for literary criticism we had n't expected.

A pome in the February *Atlantic* contains this line: —

Of the dim places where the moonlight burned.

Well, we have seen the moon from a vantage-point in the Bad Lands; from Good Ground, L. I.; from the top of Laramie Peak; from a ranch in the Jim River Valley; from the Prado and the Malecón at Havana, Cuba; from a distillery roof in Louisville, Ky., and a brewery in Milwaukee; from the top of the Chicago Annex and a lumber pile at Escanaba, Mich.; from a ship of the Ward Line in the Caribbean; from Skowhegan, Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, Oostburg, Sarnia, Pewaukee, Oconomowoc, Kewaskum, Painted Post, and Skaneateles; also from Hoboken, N. J. — but we never saw it burn, smoke, or even smoulder.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

Mr. Wilson's Essay in Book Form

THERE is little occasion to talk about the contents of a book of slender physical proportions when it may be read in the first two pages of this issue of the *Atlantic*. But the fact that, simultaneously with the appearance of the August number, the Atlantic Monthly Press is bringing out **Mr. Wilson's** brief essay, *The Road away from Revolution*, between covers of its own is a fact well worth mentioning. The significance of its message — the first that Mr. Wilson has delivered since his retirement to private life — will speak for itself. The bibliographer will enter the small volume in the long list of Mr. Wilson's writings published in book form; and a multitude of readers concerned with social conditions and human progress will want to give it that permanence as a possession which no issue of a magazine can possibly achieve.

To this end the Press is coöperating with much satisfaction.

Summer Meditations

Yet for him who must talk about his shop, it is not an enlivening season. Not only does nobody care to listen to him; but he even takes no pleasure in listening to himself, and thus the last refuge of the ego disappears in a mist of divots and dinghies.

Across the street is the Public Garden, green and golden, with willows whispering at the edge of the water, and lovers whispering on the benches. The Shop-Talker

> turns on all sides
> His shining eyes,
> And sees below him
> The earth and men.

But he cares nothing for the detachment of the gods, and would prefer to be across the road. The tide of spring books has passed and stands at full ebb waiting for the new flood of fall. And, as a result of this figure of speech, the Shop-Talker finds himself stranded on the carpet of his office, alone and comfortless while the fortunate idle laugh at him from the hills and the sea.

Shy Wonder

Thus stranded and solitary, the Shop-Talker reaches vaguely into his memory for further solace and at last he finds it in laughter, not too loud for hot weather, and this mirth arises from remembrance of remarks on *Doctor Johnson — A Play*, seen in the *Chicago Daily News*. The scholastic 'colyumist,' Keith Preston, suggested a screen version of this play. The name of it would be 'The Birth of a Dictionary,' of course, and the moving drama would open with a scene in which Boswell surprises Johnson working on the proofs and is informed that his friend is about to become an author. Then the 'colyumist' suggests, as a sort of stage-direction: 'Shy wonder on the part of Boswell.' The Shop-Talker thanks him for the solace of that phrase.

Mr. Newton did not thank him, however. On the contrary, hearing of this suggestion, he wrote: 'I hope that my informant is in error, but should I be correctly advised, I would say to you, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, "Sir, to be facetious, it is not necessary to be indecent."'

Nostalgia

But this exchange of bright daggers is only a transient balm for the Shop-Talker who finds himself a victim of the common modern complaint — a nostalgia for the place where one is not. Chateaubriand has, perhaps, much to answer for in giving voice and body to the longing of complicated modern spirits for what appeared to his sophisticated heart as the simple and happy life of savage peoples and wild unpopulated places. But this illusion, this longing, is not confined to sophisticated French authors. It existed, for instance, in **John D. Long**, a straight and unsophisticated American, when in the year 1863, at the age of twenty-

five, he made a business trip through the East and Middle West. He saw what there was to see and he wrote in his diary, as a young philosopher should, this judgment:

> What a preposterous fool I am when I can remember me of my own home in Maine — with blinds and curtains, white, snug, and clean, with grounds slopes of grass, shade, — mountains in the distance, and the still life of rural scenery. I am tired of seeing, especially in this journey, everywhere the toil of men. And ah me! [flavor of mid-nineteenth century!] I am wishing I could elbow my way out of the struggle and pushing of the crowd, content to forgo all and to return to humble and obscure retreats and to leave the great world to its own revolutions. It is a weary world.

That is melancholy youth for you; but throughout *America of Yesterday*, the book which contains extracts from Long's lifelong diary, we find this same nostalgia, ripened as he grows older, but always poignant, whether Long was in Boston or in Washington where, supposedly, an American should be satisfied with the preoccupations of a Secretary of the Navy.

Escapings

Yes, the nostalgia lives in us, but there lives also the hope to drown that uneasiness in the serenity of some bright illusion. Such a hope and such a serenity arise calmly from the pages of **Henry Dwight Sedgwick's** *Pro Vita Monastica* — and this has been recognized to be so by the homesick of all creeds.

There is also the escape which lies in the sounds of words. Those who read these columns in July will perhaps have already felt the spell of those three words, which **Charles Boardman Hawes** has chosen for the title of his new adventure-story, *The Dark Frigate*. They reverberate suggestively in that region of our spirits which has not yet become so old and hard as to disbelieve that a frigate can be dark in more ways than one.

But Some Are Even Satisfied

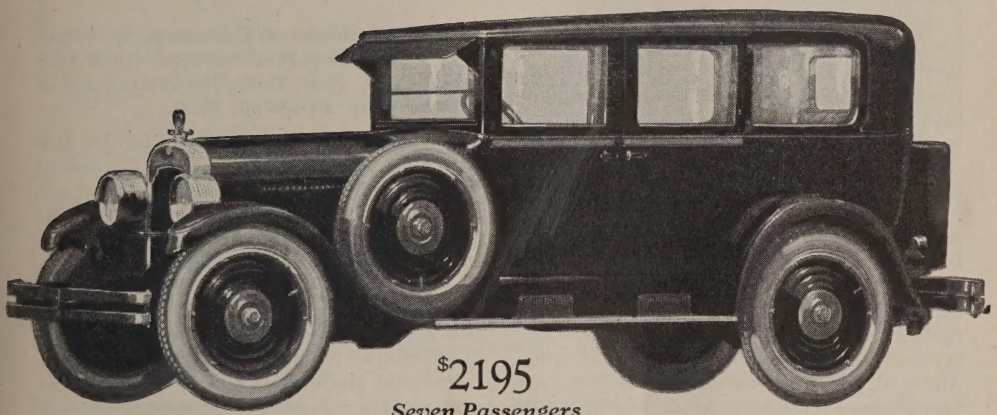
The next diversion of a lonely and discouraged spirit occurs with the entrance of a messenger bearing light from the educational side of the house. It shines in the following:—

'It is with a certain feeling of complacency that we of the Educational Department lean back serenely to view our neat row of texts. We are preparing a new catalogue which necessitates a review of our accomplishments, and we contemplate each volume, as we search for the aptest phrase with which to introduce it to the world. *Atlantic Classics, I and II*, — our firstborn, — admirable in content, comely in appearance; *Essays and Essay-Writing, Atlantic Narratives, Atlantic Prose and Poetry:* thus we progress down the long line of red and gold. At the very end appear the latest books. We eye them fondly and consider their promising careers: *Dramatic Episodes in Congress and Parliament*, containing bits of American history masquerading as Current Events; *Silas Marner*, and *Idylls of the King*, in neat editions suggestive of fine old wine in new bottles; and *Fact, Fancy, and Opinion* with its bright essays snatched from an amazing variety of sources; they are a pleasing prospect.

'It is a temptation to linger over the very newest. Professor Gay has wandered far afield in search of his facts and fancies. Unlike the editors of our other books and except for his flattering spoils from the "Bookshelf" — he has turned his back upon the *Atlantic* files; and he would none of the well-tried literature of other generations. Instead he has plunged adventurously into the realm of contemporary newspapers and magazines. From these he has garnered with unerring judgment. He has plucked here an editorial, there a vignette, and bound them into a volume that will be a joy to any reader, and a light on the path of the wistful writer of daily themes. We close the book well pleased and return once more to the catalogue that caused this slight digression from the day's work.'

Having read this satisfactory exposition of a feeling of satisfaction, the Shop-Talker feels more deserted than ever. Is there no one near to share with him his August megrims? Not within reach, at least, and so he sits, nearly a Byronic figure, as if he were the old, unhappy, far-off thing about which the reaper sang.

The Improved CHALMERS SIX



$2195

Seven Passengers

Five disc steel wheels, oversize non-skid cord tires with spare, double-bar spring bumpers, trunk and trunk rack included. Radiator, lamps, etc., nickel-plated. Price F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added.

City by city, and state by state, the progress of the improved Chalmers Six has been in the nature of a continuous ovation. Powerful, speedy and brimming over with dash and spirit, its air of trim, sophisticated smartness has completely captured the public imagination. Study the picture of the custom-type Sedan, and it will be transparently plain to you why no one could possibly consider a high class Six without giving first thought to the Chalmers.

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Maxwell-Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

A Man From Maine, by Edward Bok. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923. 8vo. xv+278 pp. $3.00.

HAVING been much occupied recently with the excellent life of P. T. Barnum, by Mr. M. R. Werner, I was impressed with the resemblances and differences between Barnum's career and that of Mr. Curtis, as narrated by Mr. Bok in *A Man From Maine*.

Barnum and Mr. Curtis both belonged to the average sturdy type of native New Englander of the middle of the nineteenth century, Barnum coming from Connecticut, and Curtis from Portland. Both started with practically nothing and made their way up by unceasing, determined struggle and effort. Both practised a magnificent, unfaltering self-control, a firm, far-sighted thrift, which was always ready to sacrifice immediate pleasure to future profit. Both had the keenest business instinct, and played the game for the love of it, always alertly awake to a good bargain, yet too intelligent to be small or narrow in their traffic. Both were indifferent to money in itself, and largely to what it would bring. Above all, both frankly admitted that they owed their progress in the world to advertising, to telling the public aptly and insistently what they had to offer it. And both earned the same immense material reward, had the excitement of success, the full intoxication of what Mr. Bok justly calls the romance of business.

But then the difference. With Mr. Curtis you seem to move in an altogether finer atmosphere, purer, clearer. The oppressive, blatant vulgarity that haunted Barnum is absent. And the difference in honesty. Certainly Barnum was not intentionally or consciously dishonest. But he touched things that Mr. Curtis would not go near for any fortune. And one asks oneself whether the difference was wholly in the men, or partly in the improvement of the public attitude. The men were different, no doubt; but one likes to think with Mr. Bok that the business world is higher in tone than it was in 1860 and 1870.

Both these books are stimulating to American youth, though Mr. Bok's in a much nobler way. Be thrifty, intelligent, healthy, self-controlled, — or, as Mr. Bok puts it, have character, — and all these good things of the golden world will be yours. Which is very enticing and delightful. Only, when one is of a perverse disposition, one is apt to think of those who have not character, of the millions of wrecks and failures and outcasts and weaklings, who never get the good things of the golden world at all, never devise any money-making schemes, but only money-losing ones, never drive any successful bargains, but only the other kind. Their own fault, you say. Well, perhaps it is. But the world is lamentably full of them, and the thought of them somewhat dulls the flavor of even Mr. Bok's pæan.

All the same, *A Man From Maine* is a triumphant, dream-compelling book. I wonder just how Mr. Curtis feels when he reads it, if he reads it, and I will bet a good deal that he does.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Economic Problems of Democracy, by Arthur Twining Hadley, President-Emeritus of Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1923. 12mo. x+162 pp. $1.50.

SIX lectures, given at British universities last year, under the Foundation of the Sir George Watson Chair of American History, Literature, and Institutions, form the substance of this volume. Their immediate purpose was to describe to the British public current political and economic tendencies in America, largely through the medium of their historical background. But they are also suggestive and stimulating lessons in self-analysis for our own people.

President Hadley was able to dismiss a discussion of the mechanics of our government with a reference to the admirable treatment of that subject by Lord Bryce, who had delivered the lectures of this course the previous year, and therefore to devote his whole attention to those newer economic forces — and their antecedents — that are sensibly interfering with the service of our governmental machinery and may eventually compel its readjustment. His illuminating development of this theme, from the period when our economic and political life were equally dominated by the concept of individual freedom to the present era of combination and collective bargaining in both industry and politics, throws light on the origin and nature of public problems that are rapidly coming to the fore.

Democracy has just proved again, as it did in the Persian and the Punic wars, its superiority as a fighting form of government, but its supreme fitness for the task of industrial production still remains to be tested. To-day its central problem is 'to train a free people to *work* voluntarily, side by side and yet with due subordination, in the same way that Greece and Italy trained free peoples to *fight* voluntarily side by side and with due subordination.'

A free people will not work voluntarily side by side without friction and mutual interference, in the complex industrial society of to-day, unless there is an enlightened identification of the individual's interest with that of the community; and this extends to questions of eco-

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

The Child at Home — *By* CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Lady Asquith is a daughter of Lord Wemyss and the wife of a son of the former British premier. Her book on child training will be greatly valued. Although it is essentially practical, it is invested with much humor and playfulness and is illuminated with anecdotes about children. $1.75

Through the Wheat — *By* THOMAS BOYD

Fourth printing

"An unusually powerful bit of impressionistic writing. It faithfully portrays the sensations and emotions of the private at the front. . . . Rarely has the impersonalism of modern warfare been more vividly portrayed. . . . It is an inevitable book."—*The Atlantic.*

"Mr. Boyd gives no more in this book than that which he saw at the age of nineteen. . . . After five years of silence youth has spoken of its terrible adventure."—*New York World.* $1.75

THOMAS BOYD

The Hope of the Variant — *By* JOHN GEORGE GEHRING MD., Sc.D.

The "variant" of which this famous doctor writes so illuminating a book is that person who, because of nervous or physical disorder or any one of a hundred causes, varies from what we call normal. This is a fascinating discussion of the possible curative methods. $2.00

Scepticism and Animal Faith — *By* GEORGE SANTAYANA

This book by a great thinker is an introduction to another system of philosophy arrived at through his candid and courageous seeking for truth, a seeking begun in honest doubt and pursued unhampered by academic conventions. $3.50

Evolution and Religion — *By* HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

A distinguished scientist replies to Wm. Jennings Bryan and the "fundamentalists." 75 cents

To be published Sept. 7

EDITH WHARTON'S greatest novel

A Son at the Front

The fiction event of the season

$2.00

Two new popular-priced editions

The Americanization of Edward Bok

The 25th printing of this remarkable memoir fittingly takes the form of an attractive one-dollar edition.

Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children

This new, low-priced edition retains all the illustrations, including the famous picture-letters. $1.00

The Orissers — *A novel by* L. H. MYERS

"'The Orissers' is a strange and fascinating book; it opens up an extraordinary number of channels for speculation."—*The Manchester Guardian.* *Second printing.* $2.00

nomic as well as political welfare. For instance, 'our readiness to overlook the primary importance of industrial efficiency to a democracy constitutes the cardinal difficulty in dealing with the American labor problem.'

The waning significance of party lines and the logical growth of political blocs that take their place but do not serve their purpose, have substituted 'bargains with representatives of separate interests' for the broader appeals to public opinion that — at least theoretically — determined political issues in the past. Consequently the tariff bloc, the farm bloc, the labor bloc, and other groups, legislate by collective bargaining for the people as a whole, whose common interests may not coincide with those of any of these fragments of the nation. The result is to encourage self-centred policies, consulting private and often antagonistic material advantages, and to permeate public life and international intercourse with a spirit of self-seeking isolation, fatal to boldly conceived plans of action, and in the long run to national greatness. 'Among all the problems which confront its [modern democracy's] leaders, I count as most vital the education of the public in the habit of exercising foresight and courage in dealing with international affairs.'

These conclusions, that to attain harmonious community efficiency in production and an enlightened sympathy with world movements translated into action are the great present problems of democracy, are supported by a brilliant historical synthesis. One must look far to find two hours reading more likely to clarify the political thinking of the average, intelligent — but often mentally careless — American.

VICTOR S. CLARK.

The Dance of Life, by Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1923. Large 8vo. xv+377 pp. $4.00.

To read *The Dance of Life* is to observe civilization in perspective, for the author writes as though he did not live in our century — or indeed in any — but viewed all human experience from an external vantage point, above time. Speaking of our own days, he refers to the 'artificial complexities of a temporary and, now it may be, departing civilization.'

His thesis is that life as a whole, not isolated parcels of it, should be regarded as an art. 'Religion or the desire for the salvation of souls, Art or the desire for beautification, Science or the search for the reasons of things — these conations of the mind, which are really three aspects of the same profound impulse, have been allowed to furrow, each its own . . . channel, in alienation from the others, and so . . . have . . . been impeded in their greater function of fertilizing life.'

This is the central thought whose implications are developed in several chapters: The Art of Dancing, The Art of Morals, The Art of Thinking, and others. 'Dancing and building,' the author asserts, 'are the two primary and essential arts,' and the influence of the former he traces through the whole sweep of human development, showing that it was practised as a religious tribal rite among primitive peoples, and, even in the Roman Church, during the Middle Ages, became intimately associated with worship. Also it has been deeply entwined with the emotion of love in all countries and in all ages. Dancing is 'the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself. It is the only art, as Rahel Varnhagen said, of which we ourselves are the stuff.'

Hardly a subject — one might almost say hardly a great author or artist — is not touched upon in the sweep of the book: literature, æsthetics, the eight-hour day, Puritanism, eugenics, Remy de Gourmont, the politics of Aristotle, Einstein, the life of the Bantu savage. Yet the style is limpid and full of shifting colors, and all knowledge is subsidiary to the central theme.

He points out how close art is to science, and how close science to art. Darwin had the inventive imagination of a poet or artist, for 'only a man so endowed could, from a suggestion received on reading Malthus, have conceived of natural selection.' Of Einstein Ellis says: 'He is disposed to regard many scientific discoveries, commonly regarded the work of pure thought, as really works of art.' Again, of religion, he believes that, 'if science is, as we have some reason to believe, an art, if mysticism also is an art, the opposition between science and religion can scarcely be radical, since they must both spring from the same root in natural human activity.'

In his 'Conclusions,' he illustrates and defines in some measure what he means by Art. 'Art for art's sake,' said Nietzsche, is 'a dangerous principle. . . . Art is . . . fulfilling its function the more completely, the more deeply it enables us to penetrate into life.'

This is a book for those who have some knowledge and little wisdom, — and that is most of us, — for the author has much of both. It is the latest, the most comprehensive utterance of a great humanist of our time.

CHARLES R. WALKER.

De Senectute: More Last Words, by Frederic Harrison, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1923. 8vo. ix+201 pp. $3.00.

WHEN an intelligent and observing man retains his faculties into his ninth decade, he becomes by that fact alone an authority both on the period he has lived through and on life in general. This posthumous collection of lectures and essays contains few new facts or generalizations, but it is remarkable, not only as the record of a green and fruitful old age, but as a specimen of Mr. Harrison's unusual powers of encyclopædic exposition. The opening dialogue, 'De Senectute,' written in his ninety-second year, is full of the reasonableness and gentleness of an old man who has remained young in spirit; and the impressive

ALFRED · A · KNOPF BORZOI BOOKS 220 W. 42 Street, N.Y.

THE BORZOI · ALFRED · A · KNOPF

Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé

HOW WILLA CATHER WON THE PULITZER PRIZE

IN this age when novels are casually tossed off in two or three months, it is gratifying to realize that there are among us a few authors who still mellow their work with time and patience.

Miss Cather took three years to write *One of Ours*.

In Paris, the other day, she told a newspaper correspondent that "so long as a novelist works selfishly for the pleasure of creating character and situation corresponding to his own illusions, ideals and intuitions, he will always produce something worth while and natural."

One of Ours, written in this spirit, was one of the most popular books of the past year. Yet it has won this cherished award before a jury that looks, not for popularity, but for the finest qualities in literature. The story of the farm-boy who dreamed dreams and found his longed-for realities at last in the mud and death of the trenches, has thus attained a rare double honor.

If you have not yet read *One of Ours*, buy a copy at once! You will want it to keep and re-read. $2.50 net

Also by WILLA CATHER

YOUTH AND THE BRIGHT MEDUSA

A brilliant volume of short stories. "A veritable Koh-i-noor in the rhinestone and paste tiara of contemporary literature. . . . A literary event which no lover of the best fiction will want to miss." — *New York Times*. $2.50 net

APRIL TWILIGHTS AND OTHER POEMS

In reviewing *One of Ours* for the *Atlantic*, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford said: "The sense of mystery and the sense of beauty make the charm of this book, as they made the charm of the lovely *April Twilights*. . . . verses which have sung so long in my memory." $2.00 net

To be published September 14th

WILLA CATHER'S LATEST NOVEL

A LOST LADY

A beautiful tale of the old West of the railroad aristocracy that grew up when the great transcontinental lines were being built across the prairies. The character of Maidy Forrester, the lost lady, is Miss Cather's greatest triumph. $1.75 net

There is also a large-paper edition of which 200 are for sale. $10.00 *a copy*

In CANADA, from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

lecture on Constantinople during its 2580 years of existence, delivered in his ninetieth year, is a good example of its author's ability to condense a prodigious amount of reading into a brief but clear narrative. If the synthetic philosophy of Comte, which he championed so bravely and so long, fosters such powers, one is almost persuaded to adopt it. He remained a disciple of Comte to the end, and it is fitting that his summary of positivism should be put at the end of his last book.

He was ever a fighter for what seemed to him the truth, and there were times when he had his enemies; but there is no pugnacity in these last writings. In the dialogue which is a disquisition on the pleasures of age, he says: 'It is we very old boys who really drink to the last drop and in full enjoyment all that is great in literature; for we only have ample leisure, no pressing work on hand; have no stuff "just out" to waste our time on; and, above all, we see both life and literature as one continuous whole.' And yet he hastens to add that he is 'not so hidebound to the living past, as to take no interest in the living present, to say nothing of the future in the vast womb of this gravid age'; and we find that he still does his best 'to understand such dominant movements as evolution, the revival of metaphysics, Einstein and his commentators and critics,' and so on. He has opinions, too, concerning recent poetry and the respective values of cricket, golf, and polo. And in the end he asks: 'Why should we fear death? Every wise man has made ample preparation for it. . . . With a grateful sense of the blessings I have received in a long life of moderate well-being, I can still say with the philosopher Gorgias — "*nihil habeo accusem senectutem.*"'

It is an inspiring record of thoughts in 'the last of life, for which the first was made.' One likes his loyalty to the Victorian era through which he lived, quite as much as his frank admiration of Mr. Strachey's analysis of that era. And one likes too his loyalty to the classics, Greek and Latin, and to the half dozen supreme authors of modern times. The 'Victorian Memories' are pleasant reading, and the little essays on Dante, Molière, Fielding, Smollett, and Kingsley, because they record literary enthusiasms, are at least entertaining; but perhaps the most memorable piece in the book is 'The New Age: How to Face It,' in which a new turn is given to the old text, *Laborare est orare.*

R. M. Gay.

The Riddle and Other Tales, by Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1923. 12mo. 290 pp. $2.50.

The next to the last story in this collection gives its title to the volume. The volume might just as logically give its title to the fourteen other tales. For they have a peculiar centrality, an intense, sometimes obscure, insistence on the enigma at the base of experience. Like one of his characters, Mr. de la Mare finds 'a secret, a magic, a mystery in everything.'

And what a strange company he invites us to meet — the Count's 'dear lady,' Nicholas's doubt-tortured mother, the last Lispet, poor mad Miss Duveen, Seaton's aunt with her monstrous head and 'barbarously massed hair,' P. P. in his nightcap! Eccentrics, 'out-of-the-world' people, for the chief part, whom solitude or illness or both have turned in upon themselves. Their business in life has little relation to outside affairs — it is largely, like the work of the artist in that unique firm of Lispet, Lispett & Vaine, between themselves 'and the infinite, so to speak' — just that. These are tales to tease the imagination, and were doubtless so intended.

In less sure hands matter such as this would produce an effect of morbidity; in Mr. de la Mare's, never. The sanity of his humor, his keen delight in sensuous beauty, and his loyalty to the mysteries of the spirit exempt him from the charge made against some of his contemporaries of describing the abnormal solely for the sake of its abnormality.

Then why these weird, baffling themes, this array of 'queer,' unforgettable figures? Well, it is the prerogative of genius to choose its own ground; and the reader of these stories cannot but see that this particular ground suits Mr. de la Mare's genius, and suits his purpose (or what I take to be his purpose) of bringing reality with its beauty, terror, and inscrutability freshly to the notice of a civilization dulled in thought and mood by the endless whirring of machines. It is to the people — and who to-day is not among them? — of whom an earlier poet wrote: 'The world is too much with us; late and soon,' that Mr. de la Mare's souls are commended.

Not all the tales in the volume are to me equally pleasing to read or suggestive to remember. 'The Riddle' itself is for my taste too close to allegory; and 'Selina's Parable,' charming idyll as it is, seems too heavily freighted for so frail a craft. But 'Seaton's Aunt,' 'The Tree,' and that delectable fantasy, 'Lispet, Lispett & Vaine,' are easily among the modern classics — they are the 'captain jewels in the carcanet.' It is hardly necessary to add that this whole remarkable volume is written in the concentrated and eclectic prose style we have learned to expect from Mr. de la Mare, with the rare beauty which can come to us only through a sensuous ear attuned to 'the stir of the frost,' and an imagination that hears the faintest tap 'on the walls of the mind.'

Helen McAfee.

A Life of William Shakespeare, by Joseph Quincy Adams, Professor of English in Cornell University. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1923. 8vo. xvii+544 pp. $7.50.

Professor Adams has done far more than merely give a new turn to an old subject. Of recent years there has been plenty of light on Shakespeare, his associates, his theatre, and his plays, but the divergent rays have been badly in need of focusing. Professor Adams offers an accurate and well-polished lens. Though Shakespeare was

DM | DODD, MEAD & COMPANY - NEW YORK | DM

Over the Footlights

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "My Discovery of England," "Frenzied Fiction," etc.

Laugh with Leacock! Here he is poking fun at plays and films and burlesquing some old and new favorites in a way that is a joy forever. Highly entertaining material by one who is "without doubt the most successful parodist of the present day." — *New York Herald.* **$1.50**

Oliver October

By George Barr McCutcheon

Author of "Graustark," "Viola Gwyn," etc.

There are high adventure and romantic love in this new McCutcheon story. A mysterious gypsy's warning brings in its train strange consequences for Oliver October. **$2.00**

The Life of the Scorpion

By J. HENRI FABRE

Author of "The Life of the Spider," etc.

Fabre's studies of insect life stand unrivalled in the world of natural history. This volume completes the series of translations and is bound uniformly with the author's complete works. **$2.50**

Tutankhamen
Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism

By SIR E. A. WALLIS BUDGE

The religions of Tutankhamen and his predecessors described with historical accuracy by the world's leading authority. **$3.00**

Etching Craft

By W. P. ROBINS, R.E.

One of the foremost authorities on etching presents a comprehensive guide for students and collectors. It is beautifully illustrated with 95 reproductions of prints and 20 illustrations of the technique of the craft. **$7.50**

My Adventures in Bolshevik Russia

By ODETTE KEUN

A Dutch woman of aristocratic family, — a one-time Socialist, — graphically tells of her contact with present-day Russia and its leaders. **$2.50**

Candles in the Wind

By MAUD DIVER

Author of "Far to Seek," "Awakening," etc.

This famous story of Anglo-Indian army life has been in such wide demand that it is now re-issued. A splendid novel of the romance of the service. **$2.00**

Spinster of This Parish

By W. B. MAXWELL

Still growing in popularity Seven large printings have been called for. "It is a work of real literary art," as the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* says, and "a surpassing love story." — *Philadelphia Ledger.* **$2.00**

W. J. Locke's Star Novel

(Ready September 15th)

The Lengthened Shadow

Mr. Locke conceives another of his whimsical, appealing, sympathy-winning characters, and around him weaves a story of love, rivalry, and mystery. **$2.00**

Fancies Versus Fads

By G. K. Chesterton

Author of "What I Saw in America," etc.

(Ready September 15th)

"The nonsense of the world takes on something of the wild interest of wonderland" in this refreshing volume of humorous satire. **$2.00**

DM | *At All Booksellers* DODD, MEAD & COMPANY *Publishers Since 1839* | DM

'for all time,' he was also peculiarly a product of his own age, and it is Professor Adams's special virtue that he places the man and the dramatist against the lively background of the seething period in which he wrote, making him a part of it and explaining his work through his surroundings.

There have been important additions to our knowledge of Shakespeare himself in the last few years, while our knowledge of the theatre in which he lived and worked has grown enormously. Professor Wallace has unearthed facts and documents when the records were thought to be exhausted. Professor Pollard, Mr. Greg, and Mr. Wilson, by patient study of the various texts, have brought to light some curiously human stories — not the least interesting of which concerns the exploits of one 'hireling' member of the Globe Theatre's company, who seems to have systematically stolen one after another of Shakespeare's plays for the benefit of piratical Elizabethan publishers. Much of this valuable and interesting information is scattered, either in technical periodicals — which are distinctly caviare to the general — or else in dozens of books too specialized to be widely read. Professor Adams welds all this into one volume.

The new 'Life' is an authoritative statement of the facts about Shakespeare, in the light of the latest studies, by a scholar whose work on *Shakespearean Playhouses* long ago established his reputation. But it is something more than merely authoritative. Possessing that indispensable merit, it is also preëminently readable — a fascinating book in and of itself.

The book is none the less interesting — perhaps it even gains in interest — because the author has deliberately eschewed æsthetic discussions, which, as he says, 'may be found elsewhere in abundance,' and has bent his efforts to making a human study of the man Shakespeare. In doing this he has avoided the temptation to mere speculation. He has stuck to the facts and to the inferences that they clearly justify when interpreted in the light of his own wide familiarity with the ways and thoughts of good Queen Bess's subjects.

'I have chiefly aimed at clarity,' says Professor Adams in his preface, and it is, indeed, his amazing clarity which gives his work its principal value. Here is no heaviness, no pedantic display of learning, no vague and airy allusiveness — assuming in the reader a knowledge which concerns only the special scholar. Instead he presents us with a close-knit narrative into which he has crowded all the facts and the genuinely significant theories about Shakespeare, without for a moment forgetting that his main business is to give us a living picture of the central figure in English literature.

JOHN BAKELESS.

The Literary Discipline, by John Erskine. New York: Duffield & Co. 1923. 12mo. xvi+231 pp. $1.50.

A SOUND, thoughtful analysis of literary problems, much debated but in large part debated with unthinking prejudice, must surely be of marked value as a contribution to the literary criticism of its own day. *The Literary Discipline* is such a book — and it is more than that; for, basing his argument on the principles that underlie and explain the great literature of all generations, Mr. Erskine has written an exceptionally keen study of literary truths. Unhindered by fads of the moment, untroubled by the simian chatter of those who cannot — or will not — see contemporary literature in its true focus, he treats the profession of letters as a high calling in which the present, like the past, must face the judgment of all time.

A sculptor is denied color; a painter works in two dimensions only; an artist in words, one might think, must have all the possibilities of speech, the universal form of expression. But *The Literary Discipline* is rightly named for, freed from the emotional and the personal, Mr. Erskine states with keen discrimination and most fair-minded appraisal the demands which his art makes upon a writer, and the limitations of his medium: the necessity for producing in others the emotion he himself feels, and the stern, indeed the absolute, laws which determine his success or failure in so doing. These laws make up 'the decorum of his art,' and are more important, and more exacting, than information, than self-expression — more important and more exacting even than morality, as morality is understood, or misunderstood, by the moralists. By these laws are shown the true positions of naturalness, of originality, of personality, of sincerity — a revelation indeed.

Of course, a book that punctures accurately the complacency of a section of the writing and reading public will incur a certain unpopularity, expressed, very likely, in grudging reviews. Truth is a weapon that makes distinctly uncomfortable those who oppose it; and *The Literary Discipline* is armed with truth.

It is a book for the general reader who is interested in the literary activities of his own time; for the writer who should know the lasting elements in his art; and especially for the advanced student of composition who is contemplating literature as a profession. *The Literary Discipline* and that admirable compilation of extracts from Stevenson which is published under the title *Learning to Write* ought to be in the hands of every college senior of literary bent, and in every public library in the land.

CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.

WHAT IS MARRIAGE?

BY A. MAUDE ROYDEN

[*On both sides of the Atlantic, the frequency of divorce is, perhaps, the most threatening social question of our time. Although the British problem is complicated by the peculiar relation of Church and State, the fundamental principles at stake are everywhere the same. The* Atlantic *has, therefore, asked Miss A. Maude Royden of the City Temple, London, to discuss, with the candor the subject requires, the British situation.*—THE EDITORS.]

I

IT is probable that there is no subject on which ecclesiastical and secular opinion is so keenly divided in this country as the subject of Divorce Law Reform. So far as public opinion is articulate, organized Christianity, as represented by its officers, is practically solid against any extension of facilities for divorce, except for a rather academic belief that there should be equality between the sexes; while the laity are as a whole, but by no means so solidly, in favor of it. There are always, of course, a few ecclesiastically minded who will out-Herod Herod on ecclesiastical topics. There is also a considerable number of working-class women whose opposition to easier divorce bases itself primarily on economic grounds. But, on the whole, the great mass of the people are in favor of reform, and the demand for it, though still largely inarticulate and unorganized, is undoubtedly growing stronger.

It is an interesting point for a prophet, whether this is not the issue on which the disestablishment of the Church of England may be decided. There are few questions, indeed, on which the Established Church feels more strongly than on the Establishment; few therefore on which she will not compromise or yield if that is threatened. She has endured the domination of her affairs by a Parliament, membership of which need not and does not involve Anglicanism, or even Christianity. She has accepted the appointment of her bishops by Presbyterian[1] or Baptist[2] prime ministers; of her parish priests by patrons who may be of any religion[3] or none. Even her 'supreme head,' the reigning sovereign, is not a whole-time Anglican.[4] All this the Church endures with equanimity. But if there is a point at which her tolerance and genius for compromise seem likely to fail her, it is on the question of marriage and divorce. It is even believed that she will risk the Establishment rather than accept another law than her own.

It will be a curious irony if this really shall prove to be the rock on which the Establishment is doomed to strike; for

[1] Mr. Asquith.

[2] Mr. Lloyd George.

[3] The late Lord Stanley of Alderley, patron of several livings, was a devout Mohammedan.

[4] The sovereign must, by law, be a member of the Established Church; hence he is an Episcopalian while in England, and a Presbyterian in Scotland.

it is the Establishment that is the cause of offense between her and the Free Churches; and this question of divorce is one on which she and they are absolutely at one. When Lord Buckmaster's bill for increasing facilities for divorce was introduced into the House of Lords, expressions of opinion on its merits were published in all the leading newspapers. So far as one could judge by these, representative Free Churchmen were as unyielding in their opposition to all reform as their Anglican and Roman Catholic brethren.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether clerical opinion here represents anything more than a small minority of the congregations behind the ministers. But it is certainly noteworthy that official and articulate churchmanship (whether Anglican or Free) is immovably opposed to divorce-law reform now, while organized Christianity in the past has been exceedingly uncertain on the question.

Lord Hugh Cecil, one of the most distinguished of Anglican laymen, affirms that opposition to divorce is based on the express teaching of our Lord Himself, given to us in the Sermon on the Mount and further elucidated, in answer to a question from the Pharisees, in Matthew 19: 4–6. Here, says Lord Hugh Cecil, our Lord explains to us the nature of marriage, and makes it clear that divorce is not only inexpedient or wrong, but, in fact, literally *impossible.*

> Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female,
>
> And said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh? . . .
>
> What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

'They twain shall be one flesh.' This is 'marriage.' And therefore Christ's teaching is that according to the original plan of God, man and wife are in marriage joined together for life and cannot be put asunder. Any second union is, therefore, the original parties being alive, adultery and not marriage. Remarriage after divorce is not merely wrong but is not marriage at all. It is not an unworthy marriage or a loveless marriage — it is adultery. . . . This same point, that our Lord did not merely prohibit divorce but revealed what marriage is and how it is inconsistent with divorce, at once disposes of all those not very clear-headed persons who seem to think that the Church ought to conform to the law of the land in respect to the dissolubility of marriage, whatever that law may be. It is clear that, if in the mind of God marriage cannot be dissolved, nothing that the State or, for that matter, the Church, can do will make any difference. An Act of Parliament could as effectively regulate the conditions of regeneration, or enact that murder is consistent with Christian charity,[5] as that the remarriage of people wrongly divorced is marriage and not adultery.

This very interesting and — if the premises be granted — very logical theory of marriage is worth considering in detail, as it is evidently one which is likely to be adopted by 'high' Churchmen in the future. It has been developed at some length by so learned a champion as Canon T. A. Lacey, and, when laid before the National Assembly of the Church of England by Lord Hugh Cecil at a recent session, made a very great and (I think) favorable impression.

It is clear, however, that though this may be the accepted teaching of the Church in the future, it has certainly not been so in the past, nor is it quite consistent with the Church's attitude in the matter at present. In an appendix to the Report of the Divorce Commission of 1912, we are reminded of the length of time which elapsed before the Western Church accepted the view that

[5] Surely the Church and the State alike affirm that 'killing is no murder' — in war.

marriage is indissoluble; of the devices by which the hardships inevitable to such a view were escaped; and of the fact that the Eastern Church has never adopted it at all, and the Church of England abandoned it in the middle of the sixteenth century.

Neither the Early Christian Emperors nor the Early Fathers were able to take up a definite attitude on the whole question of marriage and divorce. . . . In 449 A.D. divorce was limited to some eleven causes, but divorce by mutual consent was not abolished. This legislation practically represents the law of Greece to-day as accepted by the Greek Church. In Russia the Orthodox Church has adopted a more limited range of causes, namely: adultery, impotence, loss of civil rights and deportation, desertion for five years. . . . Justinian, a century later, restricted divorce by mutual consent to cases of impotence or captivity, or where either party wished to enter a monastery; subsequently this liberty was practically abolished by Justinian; but in 566 A.D. his successor, Justin II, restored the free right of divorce by mutual consent, and it was not until the beginning of the eleventh century, at the moment when in the West the doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage was at last receiving universal assent, that in the East divorce by mutual consent was abolished.

Even now 'the entire Eastern Church has an extensive liberty of divorce with the right of remarriage,' while at the Reformation the Church of England adopted the curious device of granting the right of remarriage after divorce for adultery by a special Act of Parliament in each case — a costly remedy which made divorce a luxury of the very rich, and which was replaced in 1857 by our present Divorce Act, which, without altering the causes for which divorce might be granted,[6] made it attainable by a judicial instead of a pseudo-legislative process.

[6] That is, adultery on the part of the wife, or adultery *plus* cruelty or desertion on the part of the husband.

It will be seen, therefore, that neither in the Western nor the Eastern Church, nor in our own Church of England, has the view advanced by Dr. Lacey and Lord Hugh Cecil, that marriage is by its very nature (or 'in the mind of God') indissoluble, been consistently held. It may indeed be argued that this was because of 'the hardness of our hearts' and the slowness of our understanding, which has compelled the Church to advance only by slow degrees to a complete realization of our Lord's meaning and purpose.

Such a contention would be perfectly justifiable, and has indeed been advanced with regard to other matters — the teaching of the Church on slavery, for example; on the position of women, and so forth. But a further difficulty presents itself when we learn that even Lord Hugh Cecil admits the necessity of granting divorce for a single cause — adultery.

It is true that this exception to a general rule is of doubtful authenticity; nevertheless, 'in face of the text of St. Matthew's Gospel as we have it,[7] it cannot be said that there is culpable perversity in believing that our Lord permitted divorce and remarriage for the cause of fornication only.' Yet, in view of the general rule, 'remarriage after divorce must be at the best a rash and undesirable thing.'

But this is to abandon the whole thesis! If marriage is *of its nature* indissoluble, to dissolve it cannot be rash or undesirable, but is simply impossible. To admit even a single exception is to wreck the whole theory, which is based on the nature of marriage itself. It is equivalent to an assertion that, in the nature of things, once a man's head is cut off, he cannot grow another; coupled with an assurance that, if he does, it will be a rash and undesirable act. The whole point is that a man's

[7] Matthew 5: 32, and 19: 9.

body is of such a nature that it *cannot* grow a second head, and marriage of such a nature that it *cannot* be dissolved. If this ground is abandoned, what remains but a mere difference of opinion as to the cause or causes for which dissolution ceases to be 'rash and undesirable' and becomes just and expedient?

II

An attempt is made, however, to escape the dilemma by entering into a discussion on the nature of marriage. It is indissoluble except — doubtfully — for adultery, because adultery in itself is a breaking of essential marriage.

This brings us to an issue which has been evaded too long by the opponents of divorce reform: one which should have been the first, not the last, to be faced. What *is* 'marriage'? We are told that our Lord taught that marriage is of its nature indissoluble; we have never yet been told what our Lord meant by marriage, or in what it truly consists. Yet here is a vital matter, and one on which it is very easy to disagree.

Those who hold, for example, that divorce may be allowed, however reluctantly, for adultery and for adultery only, because adultery destroys the very essence and character of marriage, appear to overemphasize the physical element in marriage, to an extent which to others seems to degrade it to the level of animal mating rather than human marriage. There is a certain piquancy in quoting the late Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead, in such a connection, against the Archbishop of Canterbury; yet there are many who will find his statement far more convincing than that of the great ecclesiastic, and much loftier in its estimate of true marriage.

Said Lord Birkenhead, speaking in the House of Lords in a debate on the Matrimonial Clauses Bill, on March 24, 1920, —

The ecclesiastical case has been adopted under the influence of an almost unconscious opportunism — the case, namely, that, although marriage is not otherwise dissoluble, it may nevertheless be dissolved in cases where adultery has been committed. I, my Lords, can only express my amazement that men of experience, men of affairs, men whose experience and opinions we respect, should have concentrated upon adultery as the one circumstance which ought to afford relief from the marriage tie. Adultery is a breach of the carnal implications of marriage. Insistence upon the duties of continence and chastity is important. It is vitally important to society. But I have always taken the view that that aspect of marriage was exaggerated, and somewhat crudely exaggerated, in the Marriage Service. I am concerned to-day to make this point, by which I will stand or fall — that the spiritual and moral sides of marriage are incomparably more important than the physical side.

This question is fundamental, and I invite your Lordships to consider it with the greatest earnestness. It seems to me that there can be no doubt as to which is the higher and more important side of marriage. If we think of all that marriage represents to most of us, — the memories of the world's adventure faced together in youth so heedlessly, and yet so confidently; the tender comradeship, the sweet association of parenthood, — how much more these count than the bond which nature, in its ingenious teleology, has contrived to secure, and render agreeable, the perpetuation of the species.

I do not know whether one of your Lordships would be bold enough to say that the physical side of marriage is the highest. I greatly doubt it. I do not think that the Most Reverend Primate, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, I believe, is to follow me in this debate, would for one moment, if dialectically he were a free agent, lend the weight of his authority to the position that the physical side of marriage is the highest. And yet, be this observed, that those who oppose this bill must say that, and for this reason, that, if they say that the physical side of marriage is not the highest, they are committed to this monstrous and mediæval

paradox, that they assent to divorce for a breach of the less important obligations, and they deny divorce for a breach of the more important obligations of marriage. I conceive this to be an insult to the spiritual and sacramental conception of marriage; and it is just because I place other elements in the marriage state far, far higher than I place the physical relationship, that I make this fundamental in my argument. I specially desire that any answer to that argument may deal with this point, that a breach of that which is higher must be treated by the State as not less grave than a breach of that which is lower.[8]

Such an argument is hard indeed to meet. It can be met, if at all, only by a very clear definition of what true marriage is 'in the mind of God,' or 'in the nature of things'; and this definition has been far to seek. Those whom God has joined together man must by no means put asunder. But whom has he joined together, and by what sign are we to know them? The physical union cannot *in itself* constitute marriage, or many would have many mates. It is true that I have heard it seriously argued that the first sexual connection *is* marriage, and that such a marriage can never be dissolved. When I pointed out that, if this were so, a woman might find herself married to a man who was not married to her, and *vice versa*, I was assured that this was undoubtedly the case and 'made no difference to the facts'!

The idea of a world full of wives whose husbands were not their husbands, and husbands whose wives were other men's wives, filled me with confusion and alarm. But if we are to avoid this terrifying conclusion, how are we to do it? The granting of divorce for adultery *only*, suggests that the physical bond is the whole of marriage. If it is not (and it is impossible to suppose that the Archbishop of Canterbury or any other decent person thinks it is), what is it that constitutes marriage 'in the mind of God'? There lies the real point.

Let us examine the grounds on which, under canon law, a marriage was held to be no marriage and was therefore declared null. It is startling to find that among them occurs the following: —

> Where one or other or both of the parties does or do not freely consent to marry the other, *not understanding the nature of the contract.*[9]

A startling doctrine, indeed, and liable, one would imagine, to nullify the greater number of marriages made, in view of the blank ignorance of 'the nature of the contract' with which most women have in the past commonly entered into it! But, however interpreted, it at least forbids the belief that sexual connection, even when permitted and blessed by 'sacramental marriage' in a church, *in itself* constitutes marriage 'in the sight of God.' When, therefore, we consider the great affirmation, 'What therefore *God* hath joined together, let not man put asunder,' we are immediately confronted with the question — whom has God joined together? And this question the mere statement that 'marriage is indissoluble' entirely begs.

I have known women 'married' to men only to be at once infected with a disease of whose very existence they were ignorant; men and women 'married' in a state of intoxication; 'married' for any kind of reason — wealth, position, safety, and so forth — which could possibly desecrate the idea of marriage. Were all these 'joined together' by God? From his wide judicial experience, Lord Buckmaster gives us some instances of women infected by disease or victims of

[8] Speech on the Second Reading, by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Birkenhead, March 24, 1920.

[9] The italics are mine.

unspeakable savagery, or chained to an adulterer who has deserted her and in all but name is not her husband. Are these marriages in the sight of God?

Let us examine the teaching of our Lord again. We find it in the Sermon on the Mount: —

> It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:
>
> But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

It is now very generally believed that the phrase 'saving for the cause of fornication' was added by the evangelist, and formed no part of our Lord's original saying. Personally, I believe that this is so. Christ was laying down a principle, and the exception turns it into a rule — a thing in itself most unlike Him.

But throughout this great discourse, the evangelist represents our Lord as laying down principles of conduct. The 'sermon' here divides itself into paragraphs each of which begins: 'Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time . . . but I say unto you . . . ' We are not to kill, not to commit adultery, not to take oaths, not to revenge our injuries, not to hate our enemies; and later, not to give alms, pray, or fast in public.

To which of these principles do we yield a literal obedience? The Church again and again has sanctioned war and capital punishment. Every bishop on the bench, every incumbent of a living, every witness in a court of law, takes oaths.

No country executes a man for murder because he admits that he hates his brother, nor literally regards a lustful glance as adultery. Neither does the Church excommunicate Christians who refuse either gifts or loans to those who ask. Yet it is urged that Christians who have almost universally disregarded the *literal* meaning of every other principle enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount must *literally* obey the injunction against divorce on pain of disloyalty to their Lord! I have even heard it argued that this one injunction, though, on the surface, singularly like the others, is in fact couched in terms more definite, more peremptory, and clearer than the rest. I have already quoted these definite and peremptory instructions. Look now at those concerning the taking of oaths: —

> Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths:
>
> But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne:
>
> Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.
>
> Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.
>
> But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Is it possible to be more clear, more peremptory, more definite? Yet hardly any Christian scruples to take an oath, and, I confess, the spectacle of a Quaker punctiliously 'making an affirmation' instead always afflicts me with a sense of unreality. Is it upon such meticulous observances that our Lord would insist? Surely He meant us to understand that we were called upon to be so utterly sincere that oaths would be no longer necessary. There can be no great or fundamental significance between 'taking an oath' and 'making a solemn affirmation.'

So at least the overwhelming majority of Christians have believed. Can they, however, completely set aside the necessity for literal obedience to a whole

catalogue of requirements and, with any appearance of logic or reason, apply a rigid literalism to one alone?

If they are justified in doing so, they must at least not immediately refuse to do anything of the sort! This sounds like nonsense; but in fact just so nonsensical is the position of rigid supporters of a literal obedience to Christ's words about divorce. For He also says: 'What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' Yet (making the huge assumption that all legally 'married' people are joined together by God) there is not a church in the world which has not admitted the necessity of, sometimes, putting them asunder.

'No branch of the Catholic Church requires a Christian spouse to continue living with one whose temper or behavior has become unbearable. Divorce is, and always has been, recognized as a sad necessity at times. What it does require in the partners so separated is a single life.' So writes — and quite correctly writes — an opponent of divorce with freedom to remarry. And everywhere Christian people and Christian churches have acted as she describes. In Great Britain, 'the number of separation orders granted during the thirteen years ending 1908, the latest date for which statistics are available, totaled no less than 89,960. This represents an average for each year of 6689.'[10]

No one denies that such separations are sometimes absolutely necessary. But they *are* separations. They constitute a complete 'putting asunder' of married people. Those who were 'joined together' are now definitely and legally 'put asunder.' What then becomes of our *literal* obedience to the principle laid down by our Lord? He says nothing about partners *so separated* leading 'a single life'; He simply forbids the separation. Yet those who oppose the extension of facilities for divorce admit with glib readiness the necessity for 'putting asunder,' and then go on to formulate a totally different injunction. 'What (the Church) does require in the partners so separated is a single life.' Well may we ask, 'By what authority?'

The very people who claim that this one principle, alone among all those enunciated by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount, must be *literally* obeyed, by an apparently unconscious, but not less palpable, jugglery substitute for his command, '*Let not man put asunder*,' their own rule, '*Let them be put asunder and not marry again*,' and, with innocent effrontery, demand a literal obedience to their own invention! The very writer who urges literal obedience complacently remarks that no Christian denies the necessity, on humanitarian grounds, of the putting asunder which his authority, *ex hypothesi*, forbids!

Consider then the real significance of Christ's words: 'What therefore *God* hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' Can anyone be found to believe that by the joining-together of God, the Lord of Thought really meant no more than a legal contract, or even a religious rite? Is that like Christ? Is not the most salient characteristic of all his teaching its almost terrible emphasis on reality? Must not the real marriage of which we speak mean something which would make a 'divorce' or a 'legal separation' a horror? Yes — or any other device for keeping apart those whom God has joined together.

Worldly considerations, or a social organization which defers or prevents the physical union of those whose spirits are one in love, surely stand condemned before so great a saying as

[10] It should be remembered that hasty (and disastrous) 'war weddings' have enormously increased the number of legal separations.

this. Has the Church troubled itself greatly at the obstacles placed by custom, by society, or by the law, in the way of perfect and sacramental marriage of those to whom God has given a depth of spiritual unity, a oneness of love which should, must, truly join them together?

No! It is not possible to believe that such a teacher as Jesus of Nazareth regarded as 'marriage' the unions described by Lord Buckmaster. In such there never was, or there has now ceased to be, anything left of what — I do not say Christ but — any ordinarily decent-minded person would regard as the essentials of marriage. Neither love nor respect nor forbearance, nor even the absence of active and odious cruelty, is there.

So clear is this that no Church can dare to urge the continued living-together of these 'married' people. All admit that there is no true marriage here; all admit the absolute necessity of divorce; yet some, having abandoned the belief that such a marriage *is* a real marriage, still insist on the now empty legal form, and do so — oh, strange irony! — in the name of Christ!

Would He then have insisted on a legal form from which all reality had departed?

III

It is impossible to base our laws on legal interpretations of Christ's sayings. If we did so, not only must the legal separation of married people be forbidden, on the one hand, but, on the other, divorce must be granted for a lustful glance (since Christ declared that this was equivalent to adultery), and men must be hanged for hatred, since the same Authority made it equivalent to murder. What we Christians have to do is to create and uphold such an ideal of marriage as Christ would recognize as 'made by God,' to which the very idea of separation would be abhorrent.

It would involve absolute fidelity — to the ideal before marriage, to the person after marriage. It should, being a spiritual union, be permanent, and, being physical, be sacramental. It should be the outward and visible sign of the grace of a spiritual union. No one should dare to marry unless he truly believes that his love is for life, and is prepared to accept the responsibility for such a love. He should know that body, soul, and spirit all go to a perfect union, and should regard the physical as the sacrament of the spiritual love. Sacramental in that it not only expresses but actually conveys and intensifies love; sacramental also in that it must ultimately cease to be,[11] not because something is lost but because it is transcended. He should realize that passion, glorious and essential as it is, must inevitably pass at last, and should not confound its passing with the passing of love, but realize that love is something greater and deeper still. No one therefore should be allowed to marry in ignorance, and on this the Church should strenuously insist.

Every boy and girl should grow up to the knowledge that sex is a great creative impulse, and, being creative, is most sacred. They should learn that it is not part of our lower natures but, on the contrary, is associated with the higher forms of life, and becomes conscious, powerful, and individual, not as life sinks, but as it rises in the scale of created things. They should realize its significance to the race, and the meaning to human progress of the prolonged helplessness of human infancy. In a word, they should understand all the responsibilities of sex-love, both to each other, the home, and the race. They should know *all that can be rightly known without experience.*

[11] In Heaven we need no sacraments.

But when that is said, how much is left unknown! All that can be known without experience! No one believes more strongly than I in letting the light of knowledge into hitherto dark places; no one hopes more from it. But to the end of time — as long as we are human — how tragically possible it must be to make mistakes!

Nothing is more glamorous, nothing more deceptive, than physical passion. With all the wisest teaching in the world, with all the good-will imaginable, men and women sometimes will be deceived, and they will shake the stars with mutual vows of love who have in fact nothing but passion in their hearts. Such should know that love may still come, and should strive and long for its coming. Again and again they will succeed. In no case should failure ever be regarded lightly or accepted easily.

But why shut our eyes to the fact that a failure will sometimes happen? And if it does, — if the time comes when we are forced to admit that, of all the elements that make up a true marriage, *nothing* is left — let us admit the facts. I maintain, in the face of more 'orthodox' moralists, that to pretend that a marriage is real when it is not is the real immorality, because it is dishonest.

I urge therefore that divorce should be granted when marriage has *in fact* ceased. It should not be granted because any one or all of a schedule of offenses has been committed, but because the marriage is no longer real. I have no desire to extend the list of causes for divorce. I believe that to do this — though it would be better than no reform at all — would leave us still in the quagmire of legal fictions, perjury, and 'collusion,' which makes proceedings for divorce a joke to the indecent and a horror to the decent-minded. With regard to this form of lawlessness, it is notorious and apparently impossible to check.

The *Journal* of the Divorce Law Reform Union for October, 1922, quotes the case of a man who had been driven by her intolerable conduct to leave his wife and who was thereupon ordered to pay for her maintenance. He refused, knowing her to be leading an immoral life, and was imprisoned in consequence.

This was Charman's position when his wife, through solicitors, informed him that she would not further prosecute him for maintenance if he would give her evidence on which to obtain a divorce — 'for business reasons it suited her to marry again.' The man, delighted at the prospect of getting his freedom, and having 'heard talk of hotel evidence,' gets a friend to go to tea with him at a hotel, but no misconduct took place. The wife petitioned for divorce, and shortly before the case came on, Charman found out that his wife had given birth to a child a few months previously, which could not be his as he had not lived with her for three years; he also learned that even if he got his freedom, as the case was undefended, and she would in all probability win, he would still have to pay her a third of his income for life. So he put in a defense, denied adultery, and the young woman produced proof to the same effect. The wife's divorce suit was dismissed, and the papers sent to the Public Prosecutor, and Charman was arrested for conspiracy and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. . . .

The point of the case is that it is by no means exceptional. It is notorious that a large number of people have been doing this sort of thing for years, but, being in a position to employ the right kind of lawyers and counsel, have never been caught; while this workingman, ignorant of the law and its operation, the first to be prosecuted for conspiracy, is punished; while a prominent man, who did the same thing, and courageously published it to the world at large, with the object of showing how ridiculous the law is, was not touched.

The *Journal* points out that, 'so long as adultery is the one and only ground

on which freedom from an intolerable burden can be obtained, people will either commit the act or manufacture evidence.' But this is hardly, in my judgment, a just comment. In the case of a wife (in England) adultery is not 'the one and only ground' for divorce: she must prove cruelty or desertion as well. The consequence is, however, the same. She has to 'manufacture evidence' of one of these also.

My point is that the whole method of 'obtaining freedom from an intolerable burden' is a mistaken one. A marriage should be declared legally dissolved *when it has actually ceased to be a real marriage;* it should not be regarded as real by a legal fiction when it is not real. Attempts to pretend that that is real which is not real will always result in attempts to prove that offenses have taken place which have not taken place, because the system itself is based on a refusal to recognize the truth.

It will at once be retorted that no judge can be expected to decide when a marriage has ceased to be a 'real' marriage. Certainly such an issue is not an easy one to decide; yet it is decided every day when a 'legal separation' is granted.

A legal separation is an admission that a given marriage is a hopeless and complete failure. No judge would or could refuse to adjudicate on such an issue. Lord Buckmaster, writing on this point, says: —

> In no case that I tried did there appear to me to be the faintest chance of reconciliation: the marriage tie had been broken beyond repair, and its sanctity utterly defiled; nor, again, though I watched with extreme vigilance, was there any single case where collusion could be suggested. With regard to cruelty, there was no case which a competent lawyer, skilled in the knowledge of witnesses, could not have tried.
>
> I was, of course, faced with the question as to what is cruelty, which, we are informed, is so difficult that you want the King's Proctor as an expert in cruelty to keep the law steady. I made my own rules. If a man who was sober kicked his wife in the stomach when she was pregnant, that seemed to me enough; if she were not pregnant, and he was drunk, he might have to do it again, or else her complaint might be due to what the most persistent opponent of my bill called 'nervous irritation.' So, also, with kicking her downstairs, or making her sleep on the doormat in winter — all of which cases I had to consider. I had no case before me involving the question of lunacy or criminality, for these, as the law stands, are irrelevant considerations in connection with divorce; but the evidence on that is near at hand. Within the last few months two women have been left eternally widowed, with their husbands fast immured in criminal lunatic asylums, and in this unnatural state they will remain while the shadow of the years lengthens and life's day grows dim. Surely the desire to help such people is not, as some appear to think, prompted by Satan, but is a humble effort to carry out the principle of the supplication which asks that, while our own wants are satisfied, we should not be unmindful of the wants of others.

It is urged, says Lord Birkenhead, that cruelty shall constitute a ground of divorce. 'I assure your Lordships that we shall find no difficulty whatever in formulating a definition which will be sufficiently lucid for the guidance of the Courts . . . the conception of cruelty will be examined much more closely by the Law Courts when we are divorced from *our present unreal system of law.*'

Already, lawyers, magistrates, and judges have to consider and put their own interpretation on the facts advanced in claiming a legal separation. There would be nothing new in their having to do so when called upon to make the still more serious decision as to complete divorce. Mr. Freke Palmer writes: 'In advising a woman whether she had a case or not, I should not consider so much the time since the wife

was deserted, but I should more particularly consider whether the circumstances were such as would convince a magistrate that the man *intended to desert his wife.*' Not the fact merely, but the intention, is taken into consideration. I urge that, in claiming or granting divorce, the same judgment should be used, and the point at issue should be, not whether one or other specific offense had been committed, but whether in the judgment of the Court the marriage itself had ceased to be in any respect a real marriage.

I suggest that the case should not be decided by one judge only, but by three at least, and that both sexes should be represented on the bench.

If the decision goes against the divorce, the matter should remain in suspense for a period of years, the length of the period to be decided by the law of the land, in accordance with the best possible expert opinion. But I hold that if, at the end of such period as the law decides, the married partners remain immovably and reasonably convinced that their marriage is not valid or 'real,' the Court should not have power to refuse divorce. If, however, only one of the partners should desire it, the decision should then be with the Court.

Will such a system raise or lower our ideal of marriage? I maintain most strongly that it will raise it. However we may camouflage it, the present position is that marriage consists in a legal contract, followed by sexual intercourse; and it is maintained that this *is* 'marriage,' even though not one single respectable element of true marriage remains. By what amazing sophistry is it claimed that this is to uphold a high ideal of 'marriage'? It is, on the contrary, to degrade it. It is as immoral as it is dishonest.

I am well assured that marriage is not merely an affair for the individual. Both Church and State do well to concern themselves with it. But let them do so at the right end — that is to say, at the beginning.

To fail in marriage is a great and tragic failure — tragic for the married partners, even more tragic for their children. Everyone should be taught to think of marriage as a high and sacred responsibility. Both Church and State — but especially the Church — should regard it as a grave indictment against themselves that any of their members should marry without knowing what they are about.

Ignorance and levity should be made impossible, so far as any teaching or moral authority can make them so. No one should be allowed to admit failure lightly or quickly. Every effort should be made to create a deep sense of responsibility, to induce those who have failed, to try whether success be not yet possible.

But so long as either Church or State bases its laws upon a fiction, — as long as their morality leans upon a dishonest but absolutely rigid pretense, — so long will they shirk the harder but truer duty of inculcating so high an ideal of marriage, so deep a sense of mutual and racial responsibility, that both separation and divorce will at last become as rare as they are always tragic.

HISTORY AND THE LOWER CRITICISM

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

'WHERE there is much smoke there must be some fire' is a saying which has contributed, perhaps, as much to the world's store of error and the social unhappiness of individuals as any other of those proverbial sayings which form the stock in trade for thought of the man who does not think. That there has of late been a very considerable amount of smoke raised above the discussion of the integrity of our school texts in American history has been obvious to the most casual reader of the daily press.

To those who have been following the results of historical scholarship for the past quarter of a century, and whose sense of perspective and of balanced judgment has not been wholly warped by the heats of the recent world-conflict, the charges made by those who fear that our Americanism may suffer a discount in the hands of bought historians and the international bankers may offer a subject for humorous rather than for serious treatment. It is a busy world, however, and it is not the fortune of even a small percentage of our citizens to have the leisure or the inclination to follow the work of historical specialists, or to examine for themselves the untroubled sources of historical narrative. For them, therefore, it may be well to try to blow away some of the smoke that has been raised and to look for what may be underneath, or, to discard the misleading metaphor, to try to ascertain whether, because there has been a great deal of talk, there is any sense in it.

As I write this article there is a discussion going on in the City Hall in New York as to whether the long-suffering taxpayers of that community shall pay a thousand dollars or so for the printing of a forty-thousand-word report by their Commissioner of Accounts, — one David Hirshfield, — on the dangerously unpatriotic nature of certain texts used in the schools there. The subject had already been investigated, some months ago, by a committee of the Board of Education which made its own recommendations to publishers and banned certain histories — a subject which might be considered by itself. This action, however, aroused little public interest; whereas many news columns have been devoted to the wider sweep of Mr. Hirshfield's vision, which has discovered nothing less than a concerted plot (according to newspaper analyses of the yet unpublished report) among the 'international master minds' to regain the lost American colonies for England and to form a new Anglo-American union based upon British supremacy.

He is said to find that the 'banking octopus' and the 'super-money-power,' the Cecil Rhodes Scholars Alumni Association, the Carnegie Council, the Carnegie Libraries, the Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the Carnegie Pension Fund for American Professors, the Sulgrave Institute, the

Pilgrim Society, the Church Peace Union, the Sons of St. George, the English-Speaking Union, the Magna Charta Association, the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches, the National Security League, and American judges and American historians are all, among other foundations and individuals, engaged in the task of so influencing public opinion and sentiment as to bring America once more into the British Empire. For this purpose, according to the *New York Times*, Mr. Hirshfield claims that they are using the 'newspapers, magazines, moving pictures, books, churches, banks, and many other institutions' for the purpose of bringing about a state of things in which they would subordinate themselves to an alien power and system — a truly stupendous if somewhat incomprehensible undertaking.

One of the chief characters in Mr. Hirshfield's drama of national shame and fantastic crime is the traitor historian, who deliberately suppresses or distorts the truth in order to sell his country to the imperialists overseas. Let us examine briefly the case in which Mayor Hylan, the Commissioner of Accounts, and Mr. Miller of 'the Hearst newspapers' are the plaintiffs and the leading historical scholars of America are the defendants, for it is from the latter that for the most part the school-text writers have derived their facts and ideas. We choose this case and these plaintiffs not because of their importance, but because they have enjoyed greater publicity than others.

II

One noteworthy feature of many of the recent attacks upon the historians has been that the sore point in the minds of those who make them is apparently the treatment accorded by the 'newer school' to Anglo-American relations. For example, in the first section of a law passed this year by the legislature of Wisconsin in regard to the history texts to be excluded from the public schools, we find it set forth that 'no history or other textbook shall be adopted for use or be used in any district school, vocational school, or high school, which falsifies the facts regarding the War of Independence, or the War of 1812, or which defames our nation's founders or misrepresents the ideals and causes for which they struggled and sacrificed, or which contains propaganda favorable to any foreign government.' Note that nothing is said about the truth of the texts in general nor is any care shown for the truth in particular of the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, or any of the great movements or characters other than those related to England. Here we have the real animus of these guardians of our patriotism, naïvely but clearly exhibited in statute form.

It is true that they point occasionally to what they state to be ungenerous references in histories to France or other countries, or to unpatriotic accounts of the Mexican or Spanish wars; but these criticisms from them are so slight and so scattered as to bring out all the more forcibly the constant and bitter dwelling by them upon the fact that the recent historians are no longer influenced by hatred of England or by ancestor-worship, but that they endeavor, on the one hand, to mete out justice to both branches of the English-speaking peoples as far as possible, and, on the other, to see our ancestors as they were and not as demigods.

This is a movement that has slowly been gathering force for many years. Its sources and development are an open book to anyone who is familiar

with the growth of American scholarship. It is a movement wholly natural, and yet one in which we can take satisfaction. If we go back to the contemporary literature of the period of agitation and discussion from 1763 to 1776, immediately preceding the Declaration of Independence, we find ourselves in the thick of a pamphlet literature of marked ability but strong feeling, and naturally of special pleading on both sides. When men's passions are aroused and their interests deeply affected, they speak and write to convince, not to weigh soberly or to judge fairly.

Then came the years of the Revolutionary War, years of intense struggle, of bitter suffering, and of white-hot passion. Propaganda was no discovery of the last great war. It is a natural weapon of the writer or orator, and the years of the Revolution had their full crop of propagandist writings. Next followed the period of uncertainty and of slow welding of the new states into a nation. To that period belongs the first American history on the grand scale, Bancroft's *History of the United States*, of which the first volume was published in 1834. The early volumes in particular were a pæan in praise of democracy. As has been said, they 'voted for Jackson.' Written to a great extent from original sources, they were, nevertheless, uncritical, and the men and events of the colonial period were wrapped in a haze of golden mist from which they were long in emerging. Some voices, more coldly critical, were indeed raised to suggest that the history of the United States was not that of the Kingdom of Heaven, and that our worthy ancestors may have been of like mind and flesh with ourselves. In 1849 Richard Hildreth wrote the first words of the advertisement of his six-volume history which was to paint the picture in more sober colors. 'Of centennial sermons and Fourth-of-July orations, whether professedly such or in the guise of history, there are more than enough,' he began. 'It is due to our fathers and ourselves, it is due to truth and philosophy, to present for once, on the historic stage, the founders of our American nation unbedaubed with patriotic rouge, wrapped up in no finespun cloaks of excuses and apology, without stilts, buskins, tinsel, or bedizenment, in their own proper persons, often rude, hard, narrow, superstitious, and mistaken, but always earnest, downright, manly, and sincere.'

It was toward the close of the last century, however, that history tended to become more critical, to adopt the methods of science in its examination of facts, to develop the impartiality of the scientific spirit, and to undertake the examination of new spheres of human interest and achievement. From the events of the political forum and the field of battle it turned to survey the hitherto little-considered fields of social and economic life. Historians delved into archives and every possible repository for new documents; they did so with the desire of the scientist to discover facts, not to illustrate a theory; and they interpreted these facts from new angles. Americans went abroad and examined the vast accumulations of materials among the manuscript collections in the Public Record Office and elsewhere in England, as well as in the leading archives on the Continent. From all this emerged new facts, new points of view, and a new interpretation.

In 1883 began the publication of the Johns Hopkins 'Studies in Historical and Political Science,' continued ever since. Eight years later commenced the somewhat similar series issued at Columbia University. By the turn of the century men trained in the new methods, illuminated by the new spirit,

and familiar with the new material were advancing to middle manhood. In 1905 was published the first great synthesis of our historical knowledge as related to America, in a form to reach the general reader, to whom the special and technical studies which had preceded it had necessarily been almost unknown. In *The American Nation: A History*, — edited by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, — Professor Andrews of Yale, Professor Greene of Illinois, Professor Van Tyne of Michigan, and others, gave to the public in readable form the latest views of scholars as to our colonial period, as to our relations with England, and as to the American Revolution.

In addition to this — for the time — definitive summary of our knowledge in popular form, there had also accumulated a mass of special studies in print, as well as many new printed collections of sources, such as the earlier volume of the *Calendar of State Papers, Colonial*, for England, and a multitude of American colonial records and documents of many sorts. By 1905 the popular writer and the writer of school-texts thus not only had an invaluable guide to the general outline of the nation's story in the twenty-seven volumes of the *American Nation* series, but he had also at his elbow in any first-class reference library a vast collection of studies and sources utterly beyond the reach of similar writers of a generation earlier. It is little wonder then if they began to see American history in an entirely new perspective.

Meanwhile the world had been moving outside as well as within the scholar's closet. The rapid development of science and the pride which the scientist took in his impartiality and open-mindedness had naturally affected the historian. History is not, in my opinion, a science in the narrow American meaning of that word; but the use of scientific method and the growth of the scientific spirit led the American historian to judge his material with an impartiality which had been alien to a great extent to the spirit of American history until well toward the close of the nineteenth century. Moreover, the mere lapse of time, the century of Anglo-American peace which was fulfilled by 1912, enabled him to survey the past without prejudice or bias. No one to-day can write the story of the Great War in an absolutely impartial spirit. In 1866 no one could have done so for our Civil War. In 1812 no one could do it for the war of that year with England, or for the Revolution. But is the historian of the year 2018 to write the story of the Great War solely in terms of the propagandist literature of the year 1918? God forbid! The historians of the period from 1890 to 1910, then, were in a particularly favorable position to recast the story of our colonial period. They had a vast mass of new facts; they were under the influence of a new spirit; and the lapse of time had removed old subconscious prejudices and prepared the way for a judicial survey.

The public is necessarily somewhat behind the march of historical or scientific studies. The historical field is now so vast that only a large group of workers can handle the material relating to even one period. Their studies are usually embodied first in articles or books unattractive to the general reader and indeed usually unknown to him. Before it is worth while for anyone to undertake the rewriting of a period in the light of such fresh studies, a considerable number of them must be written, which takes time. It was the work of the whole period from 1885 to 1905 that made the *American Nation* series possible. The appearance of that work was in itself a stimulus to renewed activity along the lines laid down; and

since then we have had more and important special studies, notably such as Professor Schlesinger's *Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution*, as well as more popular summaries of new views and facts. The growing tendency to publish records, such as those of the colonies, towns, courts, and churches, without deletions, is a most encouraging advance. The older editors, particularly in New England, had no hesitation in leaving out recorded but unpleasant facts, — without any indication that they had done so, — through a mistaken filial piety. The new methods, if they occasionally reveal the fathers as sinful, at least reveal them as human beings and not impossible saints.

It is evident from this scant summary of the development of American historical writing down to 1905 that for some decades before such a catastrophe as the Great War was dreamed of there had been a steadily broadening movement in historical research, which had as a sequence a recasting of much of our early history. From that time onward the movement simply continued in its already well-established and appointed course. With the opening of the war in its first phase, from 1914 to 1917, and with its continuance in its second after we entered it, there was, as everyone knows, a vast deal of propaganda put forth by writers of every nationality and with every motive. For the most part it is not difficult for the reader to detect it in all its crudity. Occasionally it was better done and far more subtle. Aside from conscious propaganda, it was also natural that men's sympathies should be deeply stirred and that their views should be unintentionally and unconsciously affected. In the historical writing of the past nine years, since the war began, there may be found statements in which I personally think that the authors have leaned too far to the English side in their discussion of the colonial case. That, however, might be true at any time of writing on debatable questions. In considering the writings of our leading historical scholars who have dealt with the colonial period in works published before, during, and after the war, I fail to find any evidence that they have been biased by that event to put forth statements which indicate any radical change in attitude from that to which the historical movement I have noted had long been leading them, and to which, indeed, they had already attained.

III

Let us now consider very briefly, in the light of what we have been saying, one of the school texts to which Mr. Hirshfield devotes special attention in his report — Dr. Muzzey's *American History*. The first quotation to which he objects, as given in the *New York Times*, is as follows: —

> This great event [the American Revolution] has too often been represented as the unanimous uprising of a downtrodden people to repel the deliberate unprovoked attack of a tyrant upon their liberties; but when thousands of people in the colonies could agree with a noted lawyer of Massachusetts that the Revolution was a 'causeless, wanton, wicked rebellion,' and thousands of people in England could applaud Pitt's denunciation of the war against America as 'barbarous, unjust and diabolical,' it is evident that, at the time at least, there were two opinions as to colonial rights and British oppression.

Again he quotes disapprovingly: —

> When we review, after a century and a half, the chain of events which changed the loyal British-Americans of 1763 into rebels in arms against their king in 1775, we see that the cause of the Revolution was a difference of opinion as to the nature of the British Empire.

That there were at the time two very distinct opinions, not only in England, but in America, as to the war is a fact that is beyond dispute. A patriot and participant, John Adams, said that, if it had not been for New England on the one side and Virginia on the other, both Pennsylvania and New York would have sided with England. From the Congress at Philadelphia he wrote that 'every important step was opposed and carried by bare majorities.' In all the colonies there were many Loyalists, and the best estimates place those wishing for independence at one third of the colonial population, those wishing to remain within the Empire at one third, and the remainder as caring only to choose the winning side. Everywhere Loyalists could be found among the most conservative and able men in the colonies; and of the three hundred and ten, among the several thousand who left Massachusetts, who were particularly singled out for banishment, it was said by a patriotic historian thirty years ago that the list of their names reads 'like the beadroll of the oldest and noblest families concerned in the founding and upbuilding of New England civilization.' One has only to read the contemporary pamphlet literature, the diaries and letters of our troubled ancestors at that period, to realize that there were two sides, both taken by honest men, as is always the case in such times of fundamental crisis in a state. The Revolution itself was made up of many strands, for, as I have tried to point out elsewhere, revolutions are not made in a year, and least of all in communities mostly composed, as were the colonies, of an agricultural property-owning class.

For a long time, under the new conditions in America, a new people had been developing, with new aspirations and with different political ideas from those in the old country. Their views as to the nature of imperial control differed, and although Professor Muzzey's statement may be a little summary and too condensed, it certainly contains nothing revolutionary. The controversy as to the nature of the Empire was carried on in many of the newspapers of the day, and there are some extremely interesting articles on it in the papers of both Massachusetts and New Hampshire, in which colonists put forth views which read almost like the speeches of General Smuts of South Africa to-day.

Hirshfield also condemns Professor Muzzey for using the word 'mob' to describe the participants in the Stamp Act outrages. This was the word commonly used at the time, and much of the mobbing in vogue became distasteful even to radical patriots who had believed in such violent means at first. Similarly he criticizes him for using quotation marks when speaking of Hancock, Warren, Otis, and Adams as 'patriots' in 1774. As Massachusetts at that time had not seceded from the Empire and as the only 'country' to which they belonged, aside from the Province of Massachusetts, was the British Empire, the use of quotation marks is certainly justifiable to indicate an anachronism. They could be properly and emphatically dropped when speaking of the situation two years later.

The Commissioner's criticism that Professor Muzzey devotes only ten pages to the military events of the Revolution illustrates amusingly some of the difficulties of an American historian. As we have pointed out, the interest of history has shifted during the past generation to a great extent from the military to the social and economic; but, in addition, there were organizations at work before the late war to reduce the space devoted in school histories to military topics, in the hope that the young idea might

cease to shoot — at least, in that direction. Now that the tendency has been somewhat reversed, the poor historian is accused of belittling the cause of war as earlier he had been of belittling that of peace.

In all of this, and the other comments of Mr. Hirshfield, there is certainly slender basis on which to raise a pro-British plot. Indeed, if Professor Muzzey — to whom I apologize for the suggestion — were trying to turn American history into a pro-British document, he missed one opportunity that would be somewhat surprising. Although I do not wholly agree with the favorable interpretation placed upon the British Proclamation of 1763 by the two American historians who, perhaps, have devoted most study to it, nevertheless that unfortunate act of the British Parliament is not now generally recognized as having been directed against the interests of the colonists with malice prepense. Yet Professor Muzzey in discussing it says that, despite England's assigned reasons, 'the real reason' for passing it 'was to curtail the power of the colonies, to discredit their old "sea-to-sea" charters, and confine them to the narrow region along the Atlantic coast, where they could be within easier reach of British authority.' This is a view which I do not think is now the accepted one among scholars, but which is certainly an unnecessarily anti-British one for a pro-British plotter to entertain.

One of the most difficult problems for the historian who has a limited number of pages in which to tell his story is the allotment of the number of lines to each incident or topic — the question of emphasis. I do not altogether agree with Professor Muzzey's arrangement throughout, but no two men would agree on every point in such a matter of construction, complicated in the case of a school text by the necessity of considering the effect on an immature and, with due respect to our public schools, a comparatively empty mind. The total impression made by a book depends to a great degree upon what the reader already knows, as well as upon what the author tells him, and a good dietitian does not feed strong meat to babes. We do not, in teaching a child religion, begin with the methods and results of the higher criticism, and just what may or may not be imparted to a school-child as to the real truth of history is a matter which I leave to the educators who have to determine the objects of that study and its place in the curriculum. As I stated above, however, that matter had already been taken up and decided by the Board of Education, and Mr. Hirshfield's report aims at higher game, the whole gigantic plot to enslave the American people. That, too, I gladly leave at this point to those who have to deal with the mentally empty and immature.

The whole episode, however, following as it does others of a similar though less grotesque sort, raises questions that are not without interest and importance to the individual and the state. In his search for truth and his attempt to express it, the historian has technical problems to overcome that are peculiarly his own. He does not deal, as does the chemist or physicist, with 'matter' or 'force,' which may be weighed or measured or tested by instruments, nor does he deal, as does the mathematician, with symbolic abstractions. He has to do with the motives and actions of an infinity of human beings, and not even with those directly but only as they are recorded in a multitude of documents and records of very varied sorts. Even in the narrower field of biography the difficulties are great. Take the case of that 'very vulnerable patriot' John Hancock. In

attempting to appraise the character of the man, how much stress should we lay upon the fact that he practically embezzled the funds of Harvard College while acting as its treasurer, and embarrassed that institution of learning for twenty years? Just how are we to appraise the moral differences between the different classes of smuggling carried on by him and others under the peculiar conditions of the time? In a general history covering a large period most of the characters who cross the stage must be summed up in a phrase, or at most a paragraph, owing to the limitations of space. There is no room for explanations and etching in the half-lights. What standards are we to use? Are we to stress only the high achievement and pass the rest in silence? On the other hand, in the case of a man who outwardly failed, are we to consider

All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount?

Leaving aside for the moment the question of truth, let us consider that of justice. If we wholly ignore the seamy side of Hancock, are we fair to his contemporaries who, knowing it, were influenced by it in their opinions and mistrust? If we palliate and gloss over the intolerance of the Puritans, can we be just to those who fought against it for themselves and us their posterity? If we laud the actions and assumed virtue of all in the colonial army and patriot party, are we fair to those who had to fight the corruption around them?

'Such a dearth of public spirit, and want of virtue, such stock-jobbing, and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind and another,' wrote Washington while engaged in the siege of Boston, 'I never saw before, and pray God I may never be witness to again.' And once more, 'Such a dirty mercenary spirit pervades the whole, that I should not be surprised at any disaster that may happen.' If we paint such men in the colors of virtue, are we fair to the labors of the great leader? If we ignore the facts as to sexual immorality in Puritan New England, do we not, on the principle that 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' propagate an entirely false impression of the results of the Puritan system, and make a false standard by which to measure the progress or decline of society from that day to our own? It is said that of the dead no evil should be spoken; but if we conceal the evil that men did, do we not rob those other dead who fought against those evils of a portion of their just share of renown?

On all sides the American historian meets organizations devoted to the glorification of the past, societies formed to celebrate the deeds of ancestors, racial groups bent on magnifying the share of certain elements in the formation of our country, 'patriotic' groups bent on distorting the glorious story of human America into an allegory of the conflict between the powers of darkness and the powers of light. All these have performed valuable services in their way, services which I have no wish to decry; but within the temple of history, where should preside the twin figures of justice and of truth, the student too often finds that the public and such organizations have set up myth and false legend, enthroned passion and propaganda, and above the door have placed that *noli me tangere* which they warn the historian to violate at his peril.

The advance in historical study and in public knowledge had made great strides during the generation before the war, as we have tried to show. Since, then, however, the forces of reaction

and obscurantism seem to have been let loose and to have gathered fresh strength. Nor is this true of the field of history alone. It is but a few months since the legislature of one of the older states failed by one vote only to pass an act prohibiting the teaching of evolution in any form in the institutions of learning within its borders. The more abstract sciences may, indeed, appear to be safe. Their symbolized formulæ and even their texts are to a great extent an unknown tongue to the public. History, however, for better or worse, speaks in the language of the market-place. Partly because it uses the language of the common man, the common man constitutes himself a judge of its truth, and we have the spectacle of a municipal commissioner of accounts attacking the validity of the scholar's work while a town chamber of commerce defends it. Is it any wonder that many a quiet scholar whose sole interest is in truth should prefer to devote himself to his documents and write only for those fellow scholars who will properly appraise his work and welcome his labors, and whose ideals of truth and justice are his own, rather than give his time to writing for a public which may repay him with aspersions on his patriotism or invidious questions as to his motives?

What then of the future? Is the writing of popular history to be an effort to discover and to disseminate among the people the true story of mankind in the past, or is it to be written as an ethical or political tract, to further the passionate conflicts of the present? Are there to be two publics in this democracy of ours, one which cares only to have its vanity flattered and its prejudices coddled, and the other, small and esoteric, which cares only for a genuine enlightenment? If democracy rejects the truth, will it slowly retire again, as in the Middle Ages, to the quiet cell of its cloistered votary? I do not believe that the test will have seriously to be made, but the influence of democracy in the long run upon intellectual life has yet to be determined, and there rests upon the more cultured elements among the public a very genuine and solemn obligation. Scattered about from coast to coast, in every city, in every town, in many villages and on many a lonely farm, rich or poor, self-educated or broadly trained, are individuals whose ideals are those of the scholarly historian — to know truth, to do justice. It is this public that has a mediating function to perform between the scholar in his closet and the great mass of citizens whose ideals may be differently based, or as yet inchoate. It is, I believe, steadily growing in numbers and in maturity of judgment and in depth of culture. Upon it rests the responsibility for the future of our intellectual integrity. If it should yield to the forces of reaction, if it should come to prefer flattering local legend to critical analysis, if it should demand passionate propaganda in place of reasoned statement, if it should insist on feeding the flame of hot nationalism in preference to the establishment of international justice and good-will, then the outlook for the writing of history which should be both popular and truthful would indeed be dark.

Just a century ago, Bancroft, irritated at having had an article of his for the *North American Review* altered without consulting him, wrote to the editor: 'If I mistake not the character of the American public, there is no need of keeping back any truth from it. The public is willing to be shocked. Ask yourself, if a thing appears good to your own mind; and doubt not that objections which may arise from the fear that this or the other will be offended will prove groundless.' In the hundred

years which have passed since Bancroft thus wrote to Sparks, the American public has, in the main, more than justified his contention and his faith. Partly in consequence of that very fact, American history as written to-day is nearer the truth than that written by Bancroft himself. The exultant rejoicings over democracy have indeed given place to a more sober spirit. Here and there legends have crumbled under critical examination. The propaganda written in times of strain in the past has been subjected to analysis and the statement of fact separated from the appeal to passion. Our forefathers have stepped from their pedestals, but in many cases to attain to a greater stature as living, struggling men than that which had been attributed to them as mere lay figures for the moral virtues. Because the historian has attempted to be just in his estimates of character, faithful in his search for truth, fair in his treatment of the issues, the patriot need fear no danger to the ideals and inspiration to be derived from an ever more painstaking scrutiny of the history of the colonies and of the nation. The historian who most loves truth is most likely to love his country.

AN INVIGORATING AVOCATION

BY WILLIAM LAWRENCE

A FEW months ago, as I was about to enter upon a campaign for a million dollars, President Eliot said to me, 'Do you expect to raise that amount?'

'I hope so,' was my answer.

'It is very hard work,' he replied.

'Yes,' I said, 'it is hard work and a heavy strain; one must be fit and on edge every moment. I hate the job at a distance, but when I once get started, trout-fishing is not in it for excitement. You strike what is called a deep pool; no fish rises, and you go back to camp depressed. You cast into a shallow and almost hopeless pool, and come away with big game. You have all the fun of the gambler and do not gamble.'

'You mean that it is a great enterprise,' answered Dr. Eliot. 'You have my best wishes and I believe that you will succeed.'

Dr. Eliot was right. It is a great enterprise that the leader of a campaign for a beneficent cause or institution undertakes; for by his work, supported by others, great sums of money are transferred, by the consent and often glad approval of the owners, from their pockets to a treasury which will work for good through untold generations.

Who suggested to the young minister of Charlestown, John Harvard, the idea of leaving his modest fortune to found a 'College at Newtown'? What spiritual forces that unknown benefactor set a-going!

Now that I have just completed a campaign wherein the cash and pledges for over a million dollars poured in easily and happily in the course of three months, I am by request jotting down a few suggestions and principles gathered from my experiences in a number of financial campaigns, large

and small, for educational or religious causes.

I dislike the word 'campaign' in this connection almost as much as I abhor 'appeal.' 'Campaign' suggests force or pressure, methods whereby people are dragooned to give. 'Appeal' suggests a call upon the sympathies and emotions of people, melting them to give. Both methods are weak and liable to bring reaction; but as no other words have been invented to meet our ideas, we must use them.

1. My first point, therefore, is this. The American people are reasonable and, on the whole, generous. They want to do the right thing; but they must have facts and be reasonably convinced that the cause put before them is worth their while. If you dominate or dragoon a man by your personality, you may get his money once, but not the next time. If, finding that the facts do not move him, you appeal to his emotions of sympathy and pity, and thereby get the money, you will find him cross the next time you call. You have taken undue advantage of him. My rule is never to allow a person to sign a pledge in my presence. If my facts do not convince him, — if the cause apart from the influence of my presence will not bring his contribution, — I do not want it. And if I should get it by undue personal pressure, I shall never succeed with that man a second time.

2. Hence my second suggestion is that, before you can get support, you must be sure that you have a good cause, one that stands on its own feet. You may fool some people with a poor cause once, but not twice.

There are a thousand good causes, but only a few of them may bring big money. Many causes are not worth big money; and the people find it out. Moreover, if you expect a broad and popular support, even the best cause, be it an institution or a programme, must be linked up with some big cause or problem touching the whole people. For instance, the creation of a pension system for the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church was a comparatively small cause. When we started to put it before the people, over ten years ago, we had on paper the best pension system invented to that date; we had the best actuarial work and the soundest business methods. It was the first time in history that an attempt had been made to meet the accrued liabilities by voluntary gifts; and five million and sixty thousand dollars was the amount that had to be raised — not a dollar less. Our pension system was a rather intricate proposition to explain, and it affected a comparatively small body of people. We soon discovered that we should have to arouse the interest of a very broad sweep of people, a mass of the public, in order to gain such publicity as would make our own people sit up and take notice.

Just then the chief editor and administrator of the *New York Times* asked me to lunch with the staff. As we sat down, Mr. Ochs said, 'Well, Bishop, what have you got?'

I answered, 'Mr. Ochs, I have got something to increase the circulation of the *New York Times*.'

'What is it?' he replied.

'What are you going to do with the old people, Mr. Ochs? What are you going to do with the old policemen, the old firemen, the old teachers, the old clerks, the old work-people?'

'Why,' he said, 'that's just the question that has been bothering us here in this building. What are we going to do with the old men who have served the *Times* faithfully for years?'

'That's all,' I answered; 'everybody is asking the same question. Just talk about it in your columns, and occasionally put in "the old minister" and

tell your readers what a solid job the Episcopal Church is trying to do for its old ministers — the Church Pension Fund.'

As we rose from the table, Mr. Ochs said, 'Anything that you want of the *Times* you can have, Bishop.' And Mr. Ochs kept his word.

We soon saturated the atmosphere of New York with the Church Pension Fund. Within two weeks a friend told me that he had heard people behind him at the theatre talking about the Church Pension Fund. As I was taking dinner in a dining-car on my way to Boston, a man passing quickly by pushed a five-dollar bill into my hand, — that was holding a fork, too, — and said quickly, 'Here's something for your fund, Bishop'; and he shot out the door. The public had caught on, and the Church people would feel the atmosphere and begin to think.

My last campaign for a million dollars had a much narrower constituency. 'The Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge' is about as dull a title as anyone could hope to raise even one thousand dollars for. But the people throughout the country are yearning for spiritual leadership. Even the cynics and worldly minded are sorry to feel, as they do, that the ministry is not what it used to be, and they would like to see the old days back. 'Spiritual leadership in these days of confusion we must have' — so says everyone.

With 'Spiritual Leadership' as a slogan, you can almost raise the dead, provided you have one essential — a school or institution which will send out 'spiritual leaders.' In theological schools with slack standards and slack work the American people take no interest. The most earnest and intelligent people, those who will contribute, want the best. One fact about the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge struck this note. 'Of every thirty living graduates of the School, one is a bishop, a leader; and other graduates hold positions of wide influence.' Reading this statement, the business man asks the question, 'How do you do it?' When told of the high standards, the methods of work and all, he asks, 'How much do you need to put this thing along for another generation?' And the million dollars came practically in ninety days, with ease.

Indeed, I want nothing to do with a campaign where the money comes so hard and with such personal pressure that the people who have given are a bit irritated that they gave so much, or gave at all. No campaign is a success that does not leave every giver in the mood that he is glad he gave and wishes that he could have given more.

In saying that it is my rule not to allow anyone to sign a pledge in my presence, I should perhaps mention three exceptions which occurred during the Church Pension Fund Campaign.

There appeared one morning in my office on the twenty-third floor of the Bankers Trust Company building (since then I have gone up higher, and, though I dread heights, am on the thirty-first floor) an alert man. 'Bishop,' he said, 'I am from the Middle West. They want me to be chairman of your campaign in my diocese, and I have come to New York to see what you have for a system and what you want of me. My father was the Bishop of the diocese thirty years ago: he died leaving mother and us five children without a dollar. The diocese started to raise fifty thousand dollars for mother: they got twenty and then stopped, and everybody thought that mother had the fifty. I was a boy then. The poverty I could stand, but oh, the feeling of dependence, the asking of favors for mother and the rest of us! And I made up my mind that if I could ever do anything to head off that experience from other

boys I would do it. So here I am.'

After fifteen minutes of talk about the system and plans of campaign, he said, 'Where are your pledges?'

I told him that we would send a bundle to him with the literature.

'No,' he replied. 'I want to sign up.'

'But we do not have pledges signed in this office: go slow: think out how much you can give, and sign when you get home.'

'No,' was his answer, 'I cannot begin work until I have signed. My wife and I have talked this thing over and have decided already.' So he sat down, wrote in 'twenty-five thousand dollars,' and signed. 'Now,' he added, 'I can go home and get to work. This young man, my secretary, will stay and study the system more thoroughly and follow me home.'

But the young man spoke up. 'I want a pledge too.'

'You cannot have one,' was my answer; 'we do not have pledges signed in this office.'

'But I will,' he stubbornly replied. 'I am in debt for my college education, but am working that off. I intended to sign up for a hundred dollars, but I am going to make it two hundred, and you cannot stop me.' So he signed.

And my third illustration of the breaking of my rule was this. To one of the most generous men in New York, the late Commodore Bourne, a friend of mine wrote asking if he would see me, adding that my cause was a good and big one. A telephone call from the Commodore brought me to his office. Armed as usual with the little 'Plan' of the system, a confidential list of the larger givers, and a pledge, I met with a cordial reception. In ten minutes I had given him the principles of the system, and answered a few questions. As I left, he said, 'I will give this my consideration.' Two days later, instead of asking me to call again, he came up to my office and, holding out the pledge still unsigned, said, 'Bishop, what do you want me to do with this?'

'Whatever you please, Commodore.'

'But I have the money in the bank; I can send a check.'

'This is liberty hall, Commodore. You will do and give just what you please and as you please.'

'Well, I might as well sign,' he said, as he sat down at my desk.

As he rose and handed me the signed pledge, I noted the figure, — $100,000. 'Commodore,' said I, 'this is very generous; but it is not the amount of the gift which touches me: it is the gracious way in which you have made it.'

'Why, Bishop,' he replied, with tears in his eyes, 'I have the money and I am glad when I can give to a cause so worthy.' He went out, and within two hours the check was at the office. I never saw the Commodore again, but those two brief interviews were worth weeks of hard labor.

3. The leaders in the campaign must be the leading alumni of the institution, men of force in the community, if the people are to have a respect for it. They too can do no half job: they have got to turn in for all they are worth. The people judge a cause by the kind of men who support it, and the kind of support they give. Leading men whose names stand on the campaign committees are of little use unless they themselves go and see people. You cannot raise money by circulars, or even letters. The only way to get money is to go out and get it.

The leaders must begin too by — to use Major Henry Higginson's expression — 'cutting into their own hides' deeper than they expect any person whom they approach to cut into his. To me it is very strange that trustees and campaign-leaders of their own colleges will plan and work and call on people for support before they have

themselves contributed, and at real cost. The very fact that you have put a part of your own self, your income or capital, into the enterprise, gives you a sense of confidence that you have a right to ask others. You can say to yourself, 'No one to whom I turn will make a gift that costs him more than mine cost me. I am playing no game of bluff.' Soon the understanding gets about that you are in it at your own heavy cost of money as well as strength and time. And that affects those people whose only test of sacrifice is in money.

4. Again, the raising before the campaign opens of a sum large enough to defray all the expenses of the campaign is a great asset. Suppose, for instance, a campaign for one million dollars is going to cost four cents out of every whole dollar. 'What!' exclaims someone, 'that involves the gathering first and before the campaign starts of forty thousand dollars in order to get a million. It is impossible.'

It certainly is not impossible, I know by experience. If you cannot get that first fund, and thus anticipate the total expense, it is a question in my mind whether you have the backing to raise the million. One is a test of the other.

Moreover, many people have a suspicion that campaigns are carried on wastefuly sometimes, that professionals get a 'rake-off' of ten, twenty, and even fifty per cent; and they are a bit shy at having the expenses deducted from their gift. But if others have anticipated the expenses, and their dollar counts for one hundred cents every time, they will contribute readily.

5. I have never been responsible for a campaign in which the names of the contributors and the amount of their gifts have been made public. Some newspaper men kindly offered to print lists of names in my last campaign, and I answered, 'Not a name.'

'But givers like to see their names, and it always stimulates others to give.'

'Some do,' I answered, 'but in the long run those who give do not care about the public knowing it. If they give largely, their mail will be heavy with appeals: if in small figures, they would rather not be published.'

At the same time I believe that people who are going to make a somewhat large investment in a cause or institution have a right to know, not only what sort of enterprise it is, but who their fellow stockholders are. Hence a confidential list of larger givers may rightfully be shown to those who may consider giving largely. They can thus have an idea as to what their share is, and most men are ready to do the fair thing.

6. When the officers of an institution are deciding upon the amount to be raised in a campaign, they should have in mind two considerations. (*a*) How much does the institution really need? Most institutions would like to have double or triple the amount that people will give; but no honest board of officers will ask for more than their institution really needs. Even that figure may be far higher than it is wise to ask for. (*b*) A wise board and its campaign-leader will also ask themselves, after a careful study of the field and their plans, what amount, given all the conditions, the people are likely to give. For it is dishonorable consciously to ask for a big figure, in order to get a half or three quarters of it. Large givers, in trying to do the fair thing, give what they think is their fair share of the total asked; and if only half the total is raised, they have a right to feel that they have not been fairly treated. Such methods kill the generosity of generous people. Moreover, a campaign, an institution, or a church is discredited if the final amount falls far short of the figure set. Our war loans and other war campaigns were thus

carefully worked out. The country needed far more than was asked, but the campaign, its plans and work, brought one hundred per cent and over every time. These victories were an element in discouraging the Germans and elating our own people. It is a pity that some church and educational campaigns since the war have not profited by those experiences.

7. In the raising of a large sum of money, quite a large amount should be first quietly pledged by those most interested, or who can be interested, so that, when the campaign comes out into the open, it will have a thrust and momentum. The large body of possible small givers then realize that it is a worth-while proposition, that the men and women behind it mean business, and then they join in.

8. As to publicity, organization, and methods, the subject is too big for anything more than two or three suggestions. An organization, be it small or elaborate, runs so easily into mechanism that I shrink from it; but of course it is a necessity, and demands high qualities and abilities. The great purpose, however, which is sometimes lost in the whirring of the wheels, is to touch sympathetically multitudes of people; and the best organization is that which, having power and system at its heart, keeps its outmost workers as sensitive as the nerves beneath the finger-tips. The humblest solicitor must have the imagination to see his cause from the other man's point of view, and so to present the cause as to commend it from his point of view. Unless the two get together sympathetically, there is no helpful result. The solicitor may get some money, but he has failed unless he has also got the good-will.

Every person who gives at my suggestion interests me. If it be by personal letter and I have never seen him, I should like to see him and know him; and if he responds in a sympathetic way, even if he declines, I want to shake hands with him. Some of the best letters that I receive are those declining. I acknowledge personally every gift of good size (I should like to acknowledge all) and write just as appreciative a letter to those who refuse.

I have never received a rough or discourteous word. People instinctively treat you as you unconsciously think of them. If I call on a man notoriously close or mean (and such a call is always interesting), I determine before I meet him that he really wants to do the fair thing, if he can only be shown what the fair thing is. And if, after my best effort, he refuses, I make up my mind that the fault is not with him but with myself. I must put the case better next time. It is not for me to complain that he does not give, and that he ought to. He owns his property, not I; and I am wise to respect his property rights. As a matter of fact, I very rarely have a refusal from a person on whom I call. Letters are different. Publicity demands quality, not quantity. Tons of paper and printer's ink are wasted every day. It is worth a week's study to set forth the purposes of the campaign and the definite needs in the most compact and interesting form possible; publicity should be so simple and clear that he who runneth may read.

9. With this persistent spirit of optimism must go transparent honesty. I have no use for those campaigners who hold back totals and then throw them on the public at strategic times. The public has come to distrust totals, to the great loss of confidence in campaigns. Those who have given and those who are to be approached have a right to be treated honestly, and will respond to honest treatment.

In the Church Pension Fund campaign we had to have five million and

sixty thousand dollars on March 1, 1917. As the day approached, it became clear that we should overrun: money was pouring in fast. Telegrams came from the West and South, saying that they had hardly got started, that an announcement of five million dollars would spoil their whole campaign, disappoint people, and work disaster to the future system. We at the centre were responsible; and a heavy responsibility it was, to head off perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars by publishing an announcement which we had never promised to make. To some of us, however, it was a simple question of keeping faith with the people. And on March first I announced in Grace Church, New York, and through the Associated Press, the receipt of six million dollars. Nevertheless, by August first there had poured in two and one half millions more. The organization had continued working where it was behindhand, and people gave, not to make up a definite sum, but to support a good cause; and no figure was too big to pension the parson or his widow. People when they have the facts are often finer than we think.

I close as I began, with a reference to the uncertainty of trout-fishing. May I give an illustration — one of many similar experiences.

When on the Pension Fund campaign in New York, I wrote to the late Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, whom I had never met, asking if I could call and tell him of the Pension Fund. He courteously answered that it was impossible, as he was then engaged in adding to the endowment of Vanderbilt University. To this I replied, and with sincerity, that, knowing Vanderbilt University well, and its fine influence through the South, I hoped that he would forget me for the time and concentrate there. A year later I dropped him a line to learn if he cared to see me, and a telephone message came asking me to come to his office at eleven o'clock. Just then another telephone call came from another wealthy man of whom I had high hopes of a large gift, asking me to call at half-past eleven, some fifty blocks farther uptown. It was close work, but a man who is in a campaign must meet the hour fixed by his constituents, and be on the minute.

Entering Mr. Vanderbilt's office, I thanked him for seeing me, spoke of my last visit to Vanderbilt University, and after a few words from him said, 'Mr. Vanderbilt, you are at the head of great industrial organizations; they are all studying the problem of pensions; this system is recognized by experts as the best up to date: it is a leader. I am sure, too, that you want to give where under a businesslike system your gift will go to the support and comfort of thousands on thousands of public servants who have given their lives to help others. Here is a very brief statement of the system, here a confidential list of the larger givers, and here is a blank pledge. Good-morning.'

I may have been in his office five minutes; he may have talked one of them. His face was alert, his look direct, his eye piercing; but no sign of a favorable response.

Jumping into the taxi, I was at the next man's house on time. He too was a stranger to me. He was most gracious, asked all sorts of questions about the system, admired its plan, showed me his works of art, and held me in interesting talk for over an hour.

The next morning, on opening my mail, I found a delightful letter from the second man, closing with the remark that he was unable to give anything. And from Mr. Vanderbilt two lines and the pledge signed and filled in for one hundred thousand dollars.

THE ROBE DE BOUDOIR

BY CATHERINE WELLS

Mrs. Hannaford drove her fast-trotting pony neatly up the railway approach, gave the reins to the garden boy who accompanied her, repeated her directions for being met by the down train at 6.40, gathered up her sunshade, her purse-bag, and her novel, and passed into the cool shadow of the station.

She was making one of her customary excursions to London that happened every fortnight or three weeks, combining shopping with the acceptance of some invitation to lunch or an afternoon 'At Home.' Her husband was a sportsman and a country gentleman in a small way, — ill at ease away from his fields and his gun, and never leaving them willingly, — who visited London, when it was unavoidable, in a humor of ferocity that made him a difficult companion. But Mrs. Hannaford clung with persistence to the convention she had set up, that occasional shopping in London was a duty no conscientious house-manager could neglect; and she would have valued her vote as a badge of freedom very lightly if it had been offered to her against her ticket for the Stores.

One had to manage a little.

'I think,' she would say one day at tea, 'I really ought to go up to town to-morrow, if I can, and get some shopping done.'

She would throw a slightly troubled accent into her voice.

Perhaps Mr. Hannaford would grunt, and in that case she could go on making her plans in fair security; perhaps he would say nothing, but just go on reading the *Field;* perhaps he would make some objection and she would defer her plain necessity until the following day; perhaps at breakfast the next morning he might suddenly allege that he was aware of her intention for the first time, and with the simple statement, 'You 'd better not go to-day,' postpone her excursion. She never felt quite sure of herself till the pony-trap cleared the avenue and the lodge gates, and was well along the wide white road to the station three miles away. And even surer and safer did she feel when the train began to move, and slipped from the familiar little platform away and away and away into freedom, giving her a whole six hours of liberty before the tether of the 5.45 brought her back to her home.

It was delicious — that liberty. But do not let it be inferred that Mrs. Hannaford had ever passed an hour of her life in any but circumstances of meticulous decorum. There was nothing awaiting her in London but the shops, and perhaps the small luncheon-party given by another woman, which were the avowed objects of her journey. But the experience of freedom; of being able to make her own decisions as to what she would eat and when; of being able to go down this street, or, if she willed it so, that one; of stopping here to look into a shop window, or going on without argument or justification or debate, thrilled into her veins like wine. Sometimes she would squander so much time at first in this joyous

exercise of free will, that she would have to hurry immoderately at last to get through her allotted business. She went along Regent Street or Victoria Street or Oxford Street with the *élan* of a cage-bird that has escaped to the blue sky.

Once or twice, indeed, she had done things that seemed to her to beat the very bounds of liberty; once or twice she had gone into a picture gallery; once she had slipped into a concert, sitting in a back seat and looking furtively about her in the fear of seeing an acquaintance who might recognize her; but the anxiety of that and the subsequent strain of concealment seemed to her to overbalance the strange pleasure of the music. For it would be quite impossible to make it acceptable to Mr. Hannaford that she should do, or want to do, anything of the kind. To Mr. Hannaford attendance at concerts and picture galleries was either the doubtful privilege of people in 'society' — a position he would repudiate — or the unhealthy proclivity of people who were 'artistic.' He felt about 'artistic' people the same slightly contemptuous commiseration that he would have felt about colored people. He himself was not artistic, and he would take good care that his wife was not either. And all that body of sound, downright opinion that occupied the basement in Mr. Hannaford's mind would have made it dreadfully difficult for Mrs. Hannaford to explain to him that she had been, alone, to such places — in fact, it made it impossible. It would be like confessing to a moral lapse. It might have the effect of curtailing her freedom to go to London at all.

Once, indeed, she had done something even more inexplicable. In the early darkness of a winter afternoon, changing from a motor-bus from the West End to another for Victoria Station, she passed close by the great shadowed mass and orange-lit windows of Westminster Abbey. There was a sound of music, like a trail of thin smoke across the air. It was as if she saw it for the first time; it uprose in its great height so strangely aloof that it penetrated her with awe and wonder; it was like a giant in still communion with the stars, while the little men ran about their little dark affairs around its feet. The pealing of the bells for evensong beat against the roaring traffic like the legendary phantom peal of a church swallowed long years ago by the encroachment of the sea.

She saw people passing in through a small doorway in the great one, and with sudden daring she too passed into the murmurous, shaded mystery of the interior. She slipped into a chair and knelt; the pealing bells sounded as if they were ringing at an immense distance; the sound of a voice rose and fell far away, with chanted responses; the pattering up the aisles of feet on the pavement, the shrill scroop of a chair — all this soft web of sound enclosed her in a globe of solitude. Her whole being was pierced with a sense of self-abasement, of humility too profound for adoration. She knelt with her face pressed upon her muff; her eyes filled with tears so that she had to seek her handkerchief; she wept. Presently she rose and slipped away, fearful lest she should have lost too much time to catch her train; but she found she had been there barely ten minutes. She concealed that incident of her day with the scrupulosity that another woman might have employed upon a rendezvous.

Those were rare and trepid adventures. Usually she enjoyed the simple pleasure of passing along the streets, the simple exercise of her own free will.

It was a very warm, very beautiful day in June. She was a pretty woman;

riding and country life had kept her fresh and young. There was the usual group on the platform, of three or four neighbors, some farmers and workpeople; no women she knew, she was glad to see, since they would have traveled up with her; the men would make off to smoking-carriages.

There was Colonel Burton, raising his hat.

'You coming up, Mrs. Hannaford? Beautiful day. Wonderful weather.' And so on, as usual, for five minutes.

The train came snorting in. Mrs. Hannaford parted from the colonel and got into her own compartment. She opened her novel.

Now novels were a source of imaginative stimulus unreckoned with by Mr. Hannaford. He knew about pictures, he knew about music; he knew that they led women into trouble and tended to break up a man's home; he knew that a conspicuous interest in religion could be neutralized by red beef and exercise and a little auction in the evenings; but he did not know, since he never opened one, what novels were like nowadays, and how astonishingly they illuminate the female mind. Mrs. Hannaford did not obtrude them. She changed them at the library inconspicuously.

The floating population of novels and other popular works that came and went were accepted by Mr. Hannaford as part of the furniture proper to a country house. People who came to stay expected them, as they expected to find the newspapers about and things to smoke. He was not a reader himself; he had too much to do. He would have been immeasurably shocked to see a French novel among them, and would quickly have put a stop to that; but, lulled by the long security of the Victorian era, he never thought of opening them or doubting their innocuous fatuity so long as they bore titles in English. Among them, unsuspected by him, were translations from Russian, from French, from Italian — wolves in sheep's clothing. And so it came about that Mrs. Hannaford had glimpses, and more than glimpses, not only of reality, of the mental and emotional workings of nearly every sort of human being in the world, but of adventure and experiment and peril and happiness, and of all the beauty and tenderness of love that the most ingenious minds of our age can devise.

As she read, something like the weight of a big clumsy hand resting upon her mind passed away. She reached Victoria in the highest spirits. It was an extremely beautiful day.

She determined on a bus to Sloane Square. There was a shop there where they had pretty clothes in the window, and an attractive old furniture shop; and then she liked to walk up the length of Sloane Street — she liked its breadth and clarity, the long stretch bordered by gardens, and at the top the bright, interesting, individual shops. And then the great glossy curved plate-glass windows of the big drapers' shops in Knightsbridge, where she would make some small purchases.

The warm summer air was still fresh with the morning; women passed her, charmingly dressed; there was a sparkle in the sunshine that made people smile at slight provocation. It was pleasant to linger under the broad awning of a florist and breathe the scent of the gorgeous mass of blossom banked against the cool depths of the open shop; it was pleasant to see the neat baskets of glossy, pampered fruit, the speckless gleaming glass bottles of a *parfumeur*, the smart, luxurious stationer's, with its profuse elaborations of letter-writing.

She walked along very gayly, now in the shade, now in the sun, humming a

little soundless tune, her parasol drooping back over her shoulder. The branches of the trees swayed in their full green of summer; the smartly fronted houses had hung out striped sun-blinds over window boxes blooming with that high pressure of achievement peculiar to West-End plants; taxis passed with a swish, motor-buses with a heavy impetus; there was the glittering passage of a water-cart, a keen, fresh smell, the swirl of water in the gutter. She had a wonderful sense of happiness, of looking charming, of being admired by passers-by while she kept her eyes quietly upon the shop windows or the interests of the traffic. It was pleasant, it was delightful. And she had five hours more.

The big shop in Knightsbridge, where she meant to buy some gloves, foamed and frothed over with the light gossamer of summer raiment, stocked with an exuberant abundance. In the lingerie department, through which she had to pass, were lying on the counters and displayed on stands fragilities as lovely and light as soap bubbles. She marveled at a series of transparencies, sheaths of chiffon faintly flushed with color, their low décolletages edged very simply with lace, and labeled 'Robes de Boudoir.' Mrs. Hannaford had never seen their like before; it was, in fact, the first season that that particular kind of garment appeared in the department of feminine wear which has of late years done so much to rid itself of its old partnership with scarlet flannel. She looked, and then went on, just a little embarrassed by those wisps of chiffon. They were so different in every particular, in every characteristic, from anything she had ever possessed. But they were lovely. As she sat among the austerities of the glove department, they were enormously alluring to think of; they took insolent possession of her imagination; they clung about her like cobwebs. It was a scrap of the world of imaginative beauty become fact and reality; it was as if a figure from a floating, quivering mirage had suddenly thrust forward and touched her with a living hand. Such things existed. They were made; they were bought.

She would buy one.

She went back a little nervously through the lingerie department, as if she were casually strolling; she stopped in front of one of the coveted coquetries and fingered its edge with an expression of sternness, as if she were debating whether it would wear well.

A pretty young saleswoman approached her. 'These are just in, madam. Are they not charming, madam?' And she twirled the stand to show it off.

'Very pretty,' replied Mrs. Hannaford with dignity. 'I think this one would look very well, lined with blue silk.'

Fatally she caught sight of a quick spasm of amusement that lit up the pretty young saleswoman's face. She dropped the edge of the chiffon wrap as if it were hot, turned straight about and walked off, out the department, along a series of shops toward the street. She was not thinking, she was too confused; but as the heavy swing-door was being pulled open for her, something like a voice spoke straight into her ear:

'Some day you will be dead!'

She turned away from the open door, feigning to examine a festoon of lace. Then in a moment, she walked with straight swift resolution back to the *robes de boudoir.*

'I will take that one,' she said very gravely, as soon as she got there.

'Two and a half guineas, madam,' said the saleswoman, whipping it off the stand.

'Thank you,' said Mrs. Hannaford,

with a sense of having just jumped off the edge of a precipice and of floating, floating in mid-air.

'No, I will take it with me, thanks.

'No, thanks, I will pay for it now.

'No, please do not put it in a box. A small parcel please.'

She took the little flat parcel and doubled it up again. It might have contained a veil.

She continued her shopping methodically, a little entranced.

Punctually at 6.40 the train from Victoria brought Mrs. Hannaford back to her station. She gathered up her novel, her sunshade, her parcels, and looked out of the window.

She was astonished to see her husband waiting for her on the platform.

He had a jackdaw curiosity about parcels. He liked to see that she had got good value with his good money. Her idiotic dress had no pocket.

The train stopped. Very quickly she took the slim little parcel that might have contained a veil, and slipped it as far as possible down into the crack between the seat and the back of the carriage.

TO A WILD GOOSE OVER DECOYS

BY LEW SARETT

O LONELY TRUMPETER, coasting down the sky,
Like a winter leaf blown from the bur-oak tree
By whipping winds, and flapping silverly
Against the sun — I know your lonely cry.

I know the worn wild heart that bends your flight
And circles you above this beckoning lake,
Eager of neck, to find the honking drake
Who speaks of reedy refuge for the night.

I know the sudden rapture that you fling
In answer to our friendly gander's call —
Halloo! Beware decoys! — or you will fall
With a silver bullet whistling in your wing!

Beat on your weary flight across the blue!
Beware, O traveler, of our gabbling geese!
Beware their weedy counterfeit of peace! —
Oh, I was once a passing bird like you.

OF LUXURIES AND HARDSHIPS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

Often you read in books that the missionary lives in luxury, and you are to believe it. He knows it himself — none better than he. When he comes back from a tour of his part of the African forest, and the luxury of his own clearing bursts upon him, he is amazed by it. There it is, like a cup full to the brim with luxury.

Those little mushroom houses of his own planning are shaggy with the thickest of palm-leaf thatch; they stand on ironwood stilts; there is glass in every window of them, and a stove in every kitchen of them, and a batch of white man's bread in every oven. There is a rose before the door and a cabbage in the garden. There is a black boy in the garden — he is the gardener; and another under the house washing out the clothes — he is the wash-boy; and a boy in the kitchen baking the bread, and one in the middle room playing a crooked game on the table with knives and forks that are twisted.

These are the wonderful servants of the white man. They cry out with joy when they see him returned from his journey — and I ask you, when did your servants do that? It is a luxury. And they rush to tell the white woman — for there is a white woman in that house, and a calendar (which is a thing of the white man entirely), and the white woman has been telling off the days on the calendar against the luxury of her husband's return. And for that day she has planned the most luxurious meal. She hopes there will be fresh meat, but if the huntsman fails her she means to 'kill a tin.' They will have kippered herring or a tin of sausage for supper, and tinned asparagus.

There they will sit under the clear bright light of a double-burner angle-lamp, — double-burner, mind you, — with their bark walls about them and the forest wall pushed back from their roof and the large expensive stars above their clearing, — or the moon in the sky, and the sound of dance-drums rising from the valleys, — and the degree of their comfort is excessive. They reread their home letters and the paper that is two months old or the latest novel of three years ago — the sort of thing you would not be found dead doing. Or they look at the butterflies and beetles they have bought for fish-hooks, instead of having caught them themselves.

Nothing could better it — unless it rains. If I could tell you what they feel when it is a night like this and the rain roars on the thatch and from all the eaves there is a fall of water that shines in the lamplight, — and the two of them together there, lapped in luxury, — you could not bear to hear of it. Envy would bite you, and you would break the Tenth Commandment. It is just the sort of spectacle that makes anarchists. When it rains, none of their thousands of friends come to see them; they go to bed at nine o'clock; and when, I ask you, had you a chance to do that? You see what I mean.

And if their skies are furnished more elaborately than their station justifies,

— as they are, — why so are their houses. There is furniture in those houses that is famous for miles about. Black women come from a distance, and creep up the white woman's stair on their hands and knees — a most hazardous adventure — to look at the mirror that is there.

I remember a chest of drawers in such a little cabin, and it was priceless. Money could not buy it. The possession of it was a corruption. I owned it for a year, and the thought of it obsessed all my journeys — I would rush untimely home from a professional itineration, to verify its presence. It furnished my room when I was at home and my heart when I was abroad. It had three stomachs, each of these larger than the one above it — all bulged. It was painted to simulate mahogany, but it was more vivid than mahogany, as a painted girl is more vivid than a girl. The three drawers of it must have come inland on the back of a carrier and the body of it on another back. It was the only imported article of furniture in the house, and I witness here and now that one luxury may make a summer. I cannot think how I bore to part with it, as I must have done. The drawers of it stuck in that humid air, but this was not a flaw — that chest of drawers was flawless. It was full of roaches.

And the roaches were there for the people who are sure that we endure the most crushing hardships. They expect so much of the animals and the cannibals and the climate that you hate to disappoint them, and you tell them about the roaches. How big they are, and how silly. How there are so many of them, and that they are forever leaving their little Gladstone bags full of their little foundlings on the steps of your most private doors. That you lace them up in your shoes and pull them out of your pockets and pour them out of your teapots. And once — but no, you think, I won't tell them that. Besides, these people who are enamored of hardships are not to be put off with a cockroach. Surely, they say, there are days when you live above the level of your cockroaches.

And you are bound to agree that on the days when you have looked higher for your hardships you have found them. You wonder if you will tell these amateurs that there are days when the major hardships are as many as there are missionaries at the station, and the minor hardships are as many as the things they say and do; that the character of such a day is evident from its dawn. You know what you are in for at breakfast; and if you are very, very wise, you know what the other fellow is in for. If you are as wise as that, you take the quinine yourself as well as prescribe it for your neighbor. Neither dose on such a day is superfluous, or ever entirely adequate.

Refinements of technique do not come amiss on such a day. Do not discuss the postman's schedule — where he should be sleeping the night, or what may be the day and the hour when he will cast his shadow in the clearing. If there are two of you, — and the nature of this hardship is based on the gregarious quantity, — these speculations will produce an optimist whose postman is winged, and a pessimist whose postman has been drowned in a river that has risen under a rain that is about to fall. For that same reason, do not discuss the schedules of steamers; avoid discussion of the merits of station clocks, personal watches, and the time of day. Differences of opinion and desperate loyalties to opposing timepieces in a forest where there is no umpire but the sun, due to set among hills, might breed the hardship of murder. And oh! do not claim inordinate virtues and excessive talents for

your house-boy. Let him be as other house-boys are. And don't diagnose this, either.

Best of all, if you have a job twenty miles away from the station, go off in the morning, and take your day of hardship to yourself. Savor it while you may, for it will not last long. In a respectable mission, where there are no heroes, and there is a bias against the chronicle of adventure, the intoxication of hardship is brief. Presently you will be protesting that it was not like that at all, and that you have had a most wonderful day. You will come limping back to the station where all the clocks are right and all the food is good, and the house-boy and the wash-boy and the cook are all your friends, and your fellow missionary is your brother; and you have had the most wonderful day, or ten days, or month, in the most wonderful country, and the most wonderful profession, in the world. Such is the effect of the hardship — or is it a luxury? — of fatigue.

There is an essential jewel of fatigue so costly that it must be a luxury. It is a pearl for which you pay many another pearl, and it is done up in endless wrappings of efforts and of hours. You are drawn to it by endless paths in the rainy season — you wander through the débris of the forest, you cross rivers on little bridges that are under water, you struggle through sand by a sea that thunders under an excessive moon. You think not at all of the luxury of fatigue, until suddenly it is night: the stars are out; there is your fire by the way and your pot on the fire. You dry those tears. You drink your coffee. And you feel a rapture. Something from the very bones of you sings under the long pressure of the thorn of fatigue.

I know my metaphors are mixed, and so is the matter of fatigue. It is, indeed, a wine and a thorn and a pearl and an unforgettable rapture. There is no wanderer in the world — soldier, sailor, flyer, missionary, tinker, or other vagabond — but remembers with an extreme and unforgettable nostalgia the rapture of such an end to such a day of effort. There is none of them but is lost when he smells a blend of bacon and coffee and wood-smoke — and is far away in a camp that was broken long ago. There he sits, in a ragged canvas chair by a little fire on the ground; and there is a black boy beside him, or a yellow boy, or a boy enameled in tattoo, who squats before the fire. That ring of light is the exact centre of a shadowy world. He is there at rest, and he is alone. He is altogether lulled by the luxury of the firelight and the silence and the solitude.

Sometimes solitude is a luxury, but not always. Often I have thought of the fishermen of Theocritus, lying against the leafy wall of that wattled cabin by the sea. Because there were two of them, one might tell his dream to the other. And the Two Orphans — each had a sister. Or Dick Whittington — he had his cat. You think of these things when you are lonely, on a night of the rainy season when the rain is like a wall about the little house where you sleep. Or you are lying at night in a house by the sea, and it is the breathless hour of interval between the land-breeze and the sea-breeze. You hear an empty surf at your door, and you are lonely. Or you have been all day on a journey among strange villages, and you come at night to sleep among strangers. By the light of your lantern in this village where the townsfolk sleep you are reading *Macbeth*. 'Out, out, brief candle!' says Macbeth; and you alone there by your lantern, which is the only candle in the whole diameter of the darkness of the forest — you are loath to put it out. Or it is the horrible hour of midday on a journey by the

sea, and two of your carriers are quarreling. You sit on a log in the lee of the forest. You hear their grievances, and you administer your languid and impeccable justice; but in the face of these passionate alien furies you feel your isolation and a loneliness. Your carriers regain their customary aspect and are at peace again, but all that day they are strange to your heart — there is everywhere a strangeness. Or you are at home in a village all day, and you have friends in every hut of that village; but in the evening there is a strangeness: there is a shadow of degradation. Dusk falls on that village, and in your heart.

Every missionary in the world knows what I mean, and every girl who is wishing to be a missionary should be told of such hours, and cannot be told. There is no way to be telling her.

All the hardships of which she will have account are tangible, like leopards and cannibals and driver-ants — carnivorous hardships. The leopard that took the German police dog from beside Mrs. Adams's bed. The cannibal who threw the boy's head under the eaves of the little mission outpost, saying, 'There is the white man's portion; let him come and take it!' The driver-ants that do truly drive you from your house — and even on a Saturday night before a communion Sunday, which, in face of the agitations of Saturday and Sunday, is indeed a hardship. These are the favorite hardships. There is a permanent demand for them at home, and in the heart of every young missionary an adequate and fostered fortitude with which to meet them. The last thing such an one looks to see is a reed shaken by the wind. And yet there you are — the woods are full of them — reeds shaken by the wind! And this is the hardship of anticlimax.

There are the leopards and the cannibals and the driver-ants, all truly numerous and truly carnivorous; and for years and years and years you survive them. The cannibals make friends with you. They beg you to visit their villages, where they feed you on chicken stewed in peanuts. There is a leopard's spoor on the trail and the mark of a big paw, but all you ever see of the leopard is the thrilling striped length of a dead one. The snakes that fall from the trees never fall on you. And when the driver-ants swarm over the little cabin where you live, and you rush away with your clothes gathered up as you go, your kitten escapes with you, the hens are let out of the henhouse, the shepherd delivers the sheep and the goats, and it is all quite matter-of-fact and different from the event as imagined.

It is all quite different. The sheep set up a clamor in the night and you are sure they are menaced; it will be a leopard, you think. You rush to the window, and there is a mist of light among the high grasses about the path to the sheepfold. It is old Ngalli the shepherd, with his torch of reeds. By that little light the white trunks of the trees flash out and the little log-hut at the foot of them. The savior has come to the sheepcotes, and that high hysterical crying subsides.

You cannot go to bed, the night is too lovely. You watch the stars, until Ngalli comes back to put them out with his torch, which has burned low, and is a light on his feet, and his loin cloth that is the color of earth, and his old brown body, and his withered face that is kind. 'It was nothing,' he stops to tell you. There is a little new lamb in one of the sheepcotes. And you are to go to bed, leaving him to care for the sheep.

'Sleep well,' says old Ngalli. 'Am not I the shepherd of the sheep?'

THE ARMY AS A CAREER

BY JAMES G. HARBORD

I

It is a delicate matter to offer advice concerning the choice of a career. The selection of his life work is an intimate personal problem for the young man. It is easy for an older generation to intrude upon this intimacy, and rudely to ignore the romantic visions of youth, from the practical viewpoint of age and mature knowledge.

Ours is a material age, and Americans particularly are accused of being a 'material' people. In a world now discouraged and discontented, we alone have very great national wealth, and many of our young men appear to make the acquisition of wealth their chief aim in life. Such men confound the aim with the means of its achievement. Under the history of most of our great fortunes, however, lies a record of accomplishment. The youngster who wins his way from poverty to riches must have energy, enthusiasm, and ambition. He who strives only for gold may lose the treasure that was his inheritance. Accomplishment is truly the American aim, and success must accord with the Christian ideal of service. Men's lives are their answers to the question of destiny; and America has called those lives great which have been of greatest service to mankind.

In this word *service* lies the measure of a career. To youth, peering forward through the obscurity of inexperience, the necessity of service in his own life is not always apparent, nor its meaning clear. If he will believe that service is not a compulsory process of subordinating his own aims, but is rather the means which will enable him to achieve them, he can pursue his ambition with a minimum of the confusion and stumbling which are often the experience of youth. In groping for the answer to 'What is a career?' I conclude that there are as many careers as there are men and women. There is, however, a common denominator of success for all, and in this sense the successful career is *service*.

In choosing a life work the normal young American of good physique, proper home-training, and average attainments has early to elect between the pursuit of mere wealth, with the power it brings, and a career of accomplishment with less of material reward. If thoughtful, and capable of weighing considerations before making a choice, he will probably decide for or against an army career in the light of answers to such questions as these: —

Will it be congenial employment? Shall I like it? Does it offer sufficient remuneration to enable me to live decently, to marry, and raise the family to which every normal young American should look forward?

How does its opportunity for a service to country and humanity balance as against a career of commercial activity, with the power that attends success in business life?

What opportunity does it offer for

distinction, for fame, for such accomplishments as will make my name live beyond me?

The reply to the first of these questions is so much a matter of individual taste that it may be answered only by the youth standing at the threshold. The old army life, so dear to our frontier days, of a small selected community socially sufficient to itself; of summer Indian scouting and winter garrison schools; of long isolation on duty in the distant West, with an occasional leave of absence and return to Eastern civilization, is a phase of our history which has passed with the buffalo and the blanket Indian. It was a life of romance and adventure, wherein survived something of the chivalry of a bygone age, and in which the lives of fair women and brave men were sweetened by mutual dependence and self-sacrifice. The last of those who knew it and loved it are now at an age when all the associations of youth are fast receding in the purple haze of memory. In its place have come tours of duty in the Philippines, Panama, Alaska, and Hawaii, stations near the larger cities, and much service with the citizen soldiery. So much of the future duty of our Regular-Army officer in time of peace will be with the National Guard and Organized Reserve that he can hardly expect more than two years with Regular troops in each grade, as he climbs the commissioned ladder. The posts with Regular troops will be small, and the social activities will depend upon the nearest city rather than on the garrison life which was so attractive in the Old Army. His brother officers will still be gentlemen — for the traditions of 'an officer and a gentleman' have stood the test of time, and outlasted many storms of legislative displeasure. Duty, Honor, Country, are still the watchwords of the Regular service — as the record of many a gallant officer, and many modest headstones in our national cemeteries and among the hills of France bear witness!

On duty detached from troops, the officer will find himself quite often the associate of civilians whose individual incomes far exceed his own. Since the World War the necessities of national economy have imposed upon the Regular Army much hardship through enforced life in temporary camps and cantonments. There are to-day many army families living in unpainted, unplastered wooden buildings, erected in 1917 for an average life of three years, and located in more or less barren and unattractive surroundings. These hardships are less felt, however, than would be the case in civil life; for the entire military community shares the same fate, and is spared comparisons with wealthy neighbors. Many an old wooden gymnasium, once used to train the great overseas army, or an old Liberty theatre, in which the Welfare Workers entertained the homesick recruits of 1917 and 1918, now lends itself well to decoration, and witnesses within its dingy walls hospitable occasions graced by gentle army women. The enjoyment of such gatherings is not destroyed by the flavor of a Spartan environment.

One of the interesting phases of army life has always been the care-free manner in which an entire army community submits to being transplanted from the midst of a city to the frontier, or to tropical wilds, without much disruption of its social activities, and even with an increased development of camaraderie. When the nation returns to normal financial prosperity, and the reaction in Congress which follows each of our wars has once more spent itself, the proper housing of the Regular Army will doubtless receive its due attention, and conditions which

are now disgraceful to our country will be remedied.

No man who yearns for sheltered ease and the fleshpots is apt to adopt a military career. He who seeks the companionship of gentlemen and gentlewomen, and the attractions of a disciplined and orderly life, will find them in the army. For one who enjoys working with men in the open, with occasional opportunity for foreign duty, and the constant knowledge that he is preparing himself and those he commands to serve his country in her time of need, I know of no career more attractive than that of the American army officer. The profession of arms is one of the oldest, and there is none more honorable.

The remuneration of the army officer is quite moderate. He, frankly, is not so well paid as some branches of skilled labor, nor so liberally remunerated as many positions in civil life above the grade of laborer, but which demand less of education and character than does the army. The compensation of a major-general after twenty-six years of service, including all allowances, may not under the law exceed nine thousand seven hundred dollars per year, less the liberal subtraction for income tax. A lieutenant in his first three years of service receives per year some twenty-three hundred dollars, including all allowances. Formerly army pay corresponded to rank, and was presumed to increase with added responsibility. It is now based upon length of service, and does not necessarily correspond either to grade or to responsibility. At the discretion of the President it may be slightly varied each year, to correspond to the rise or fall of the cost of living. There are fairly liberal allowances for quarters when not furnished in kind, and certain increases for growing family responsibilities. Medical attendance is free for members of the army and their families.

The average young man is apt to gauge a place by its remuneration and, from the foregoing, army pay may not seem attractive. With the army system of retirement, however, the pay may be considered in the nature of income drawn upon the investment of a commission. The problem of saving for old age does not have to be solved in quite the same way that it is by the civilian. Insurance can safely be carried, since steady pay is not threatened by sickness or absence from duty. In case of physical incapacity for active service, due to accident or broken health, the army officer is retired for life upon three quarters of the pay he is drawing at the time of such retirement. At the age of sixty-four, he is similarly retired. After thirty years of service he may, on application, be retired, at the discretion of the President; and after forty years he can demand it. If an officer dies while on the active list, his widow will receive a small pension; if he dies after retirement, the law provides no such pension. There is therefore the continual urge of economy throughout life, and constant facing of the fact that there is no other class of public servant from whom so much is expected in proportion to his pay as is exacted from the army officer.

The matter of pay is important when the officer contemplates marriage. In many walks of life wealth is the measure of the young man's ability to support a family, and determines his eligibility in the mind of the potential father-in-law. This is not so literally followed in the army. There the rewards are of a different sort, and it is the unworldly fashion of the service to prefer reputation to riches, and honor to opulence.

A commission in the army gives the

entry to as good society as there is in the world; and since frugality is demanded of all, there is little competitive dressing or spending. There is no stratum of our modern life in which there are relatively more happy marriages than in our good American army. In mere statistics army marriages stand next to the bottom in divorce ratios. In these days of the high cost of living no army officer can maintain a family on his pay without practising close economy, but in normal times, while lacking luxury, the life is comfortable. The delightful associations of army life make up in a measure for the absence of luxury. Service has its compensations.

The army career compares well, in its possibilities for service to country and humanity, with the power and opportunity that attend success in business life. The modern army officer must be a composite of business man, lawyer, statesman, and priest, as well as soldier. There is a popular misconception as to the usefulness of an army career, due to the belief that because soldiers are dressed alike, and drilled in masses, they are therefore stamped in a mould which crushes originality and initiative. There must be in the military organization discipline and teamwork; but beyond this, the army of a free people is made up of individuals, each with his own hopes and ambitions, and his own ideas of accomplishment. It is this development of individuality which has distinguished the American soldier above those of other countries, and which indeed is principally responsible for the success which attended our arms in the World War. The common tie among our soldiers is the sense of service. Their discipline during the World War was largely a self-imposed code, founded on their belief that it was necessary, in order to accomplish that for which they had come to France. In the army one serves the country, while finding at the same time an opportunity for development along a chosen line.

In the long uneventful drowsy days of peace between our Spanish-American War and the stirring times of nineteen seventeen, the average American citizen thought of his Regular Army only as an organization which was comfortably housed in military posts, whose original location had been due to something connected with Indian wars and frontier protection, or as standing guard at picturesque and rather useless old forts, conveniently situated with reference to fashionable summer resorts along the seacoast. He understood that it drilled a little, danced a good deal, paraded on national holidays, and performed a number of other vague and unimportant duties — all at considerable cost to the taxpayer. If it be true that the ideal self-government can come only through knowledge, the average American citizen's pre-war knowledge of his Regular Army would have entitled him to little participation in those historic institutions through which he thinks that he governs himself.

With the coming of the World War, the transformation of our young manhood into the great National Army, to be commanded and administered largely by officers trained in the Regular Army, brought home to the average citizen the fact that in the regular establishment lay much of the hope for success in the great military adventure which our country was undertaking beyond the sea. A year's contact on the Rio Grande border during the threatened trouble with Mexico had brought the National Guard and Regular Army into closer understanding than had ever before existed in their history, and had strengthened their mutual esteem.

The Regular Army, as the repository of the military traditions of our country, the exponents of the latest military teachings of the world, with the indispensable habit of discipline, and long experience in handling soldiers, enjoyed the confidence of the citizen soldier to a higher degree than ever before.

The national administration wisely kept high army appointments out of politics when we entered the war, and to a larger extent than had been the case in our other wars made its appointments in the higher grades on a merit basis. It was thought as wise to keep the highest command in the hands of the Regular Army as it is to appoint only lawyers to the Supreme Court, and to keep only experienced navigators on the bridge during a storm at sea. The war ended so quickly after we began to get our divisions to France in effective numbers that there was little opportunity for that rise to distinction through the actual practice of war which, during any long conflict in which our country has hitherto been engaged, has always brought to high rank our best type of citizen-soldier. Consequently the commander-in-chief, the army commanders, corps commanders, and the majority of the division and brigade commanders were officers of the Regular Army. So too, in the higher grades of the staff, the leaven of the mass came from the Regular establishment.

The strength and support brought to our military establishment, both in the army and in the War Department, through the splendid men who came to it from every field of business and professional life, can never be calculated. It was the support of her gallant sons which has never failed our country in her time of need, the memory of which may well alleviate the indifference that still half stuns the demobilized soldier in this land of short memories and brief regrets. With all this array of business and professional training at the disposition of the high command, and the rallying of our incomparable young manhood to the colors, the intelligent direction which the Regular Army was able to give to our military effort resulted in a share of the credit for the final triumph of the Allied arms, the assessment of which we may confidently leave to history.

Since December 1918, when the victorious armies of the Allies marched to the Rhine, the presence of our contingent there, though small in numbers, has been the strongest steadying influence for peace in that war-weary region. Its attitude has been that of a mediator, seeking to allay misunderstandings and irritation, and so conducting itself as to reflect credit on the American name. The hauling-down of our flag from the silent fortress of Ehrenbreitstein in January last, closed, at least for the time, our military adventure across the Atlantic, — the greatest the world has ever seen, — in which the nation transported its men by millions across three thousand miles of ocean, and counted the cost in billions, as well spent in a good cause.

II

From the days of Lewis and Clarke, in the first years of the nineteenth century, the development and settlement of our country was largely through the agency of the Regular Army. It conducted practically all the preliminary explorations. It constructed the early roads, built bridges and canals, conducted the surveys and made the maps in the winning of the West. Army engineers initiated most of the accurate methods now employed in our geodetic, topographic, and hydro-

graphic surveys. When our pioneers went west, they traveled by routes laid and constructed by the army, and were protected by its frontier stations. They settled on lands surveyed by it, and the validity of their titles rested on such surveys. The linking of these outposts of civilization with the East was accomplished through railroads located, and in many cases constructed, by the army. Up to 1855 practically all railroads in this country were projected, built, and sometimes operated by our military establishment. The Baltimore and Ohio, the Erie, Northern Central, Boston and Providence, New York, New Haven and Hartford, and Boston and Albany were thus located, constructed, and initially operated.

An army officer built the best locomotive of his time, after his own designs. Another was chosen by the Russian Tsar to build the railroad from Moscow to St. Petersburg. He died before its completion, but a brother officer carried his work to successful termination. The army built the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the old Cumberland Pike from Maryland to Missouri. Practically all our federal and state boundaries were surveyed by it. The Washington Monument, the wings and dome of the national Capitol, the old Post Office Building, the Government Printing Office, the Library of Congress, the War College, the Agricultural Building, the Washington Aqueduct, the parks of the District of Columbia, are the work of military engineers. Army engineers supervised the Lincoln Memorial. Their part in the river, port, and harbor development for a century past is well known, and these activities are still going on as part of a coördinated scheme for the entire country. They are studying present commercial facilities, the hinterlands which can be served, their proper development, and the factors which advance or retard their progress.

Within the present generation our country has faced the problems — always difficult for a representative government — of new possessions. Alaska, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Guam, and the Canal Zone have presented each its problem, and the major part of the solution has been directed by or through the Regular Army. In the Klondike it was the army that opened the harbors, and built the roads and trails leading to the gold. It surveyed the lands and policed the frontiers. The link which bound the Klondike to civilization was the cable laid and operated by the army.

The Philippines, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Panama all have histories of achievement, histories in which the forces of civilization have struggled against reaction and backwardness. That civilization is triumphant is due largely to the constructive work of our Regular Army. Building up public utilities, eradicating decimating diseases, educating the children, creating institutions of self-government, and protecting such institutions from retrogression — in all these the Regular Army has left its record of the day's duty well done. These are generalities true of all lands where our flag has flown outside of our continental limits.

To particularize as to Panama, we made success out of the failure of our predecessors on the Isthmus. The Canal was built under the worst possible initial conditions of sanitation, and in the face of tremendous engineering difficulties. In the last four months of 1922 our government collected a million dollars per month in canal tolls. Seventy-five great steamship lines serve the world through the Panama Canal. Its equipment as a base for fuel, repair, and supply is complete. Incidentally,

it is a tremendous military asset for national defense. So long as it remains in our possession it doubles the value of our navy, though its total cost was only approximately that of ten modern battleships, with an average life of ten years before overtaken by obsolescence. Our occupation already exerts a powerful influence over the neighboring nations to the south. They are beginning to undertake necessary improvements under the stimulus of increased prosperity brought by the Canal. The building of the Canal was a monumental accomplishment worthy of any nation in any age.

So much for the peace-time opportunity for service to mankind and country which the army afforded its officers in the era ending with our entrance into the World War. After the Armistice the cry of American Relief stirred the army in France almost as had in other days the slogan, 'Westward Ho!' Except for the titular head, and some minor officials and employees, the American Relief in Europe after the Armistice consisted of three hundred and twenty officers, and nearly five hundred enlisted soldiers constituted the missions and agencies which distributed relief. In addition, a great amount of convoy and courier service, and much handling of supplies, was done by the American Expeditionary forces. The American Relief was little more than an army activity. Russian Relief has been a similar activity, whose management and administration have been principally the work of army officers.

Our pioneering days in distant lands have perhaps ended. On the eve of a period of construction and progress, which we hope will be one of the greatest our country has known, the army is, however, once more a pioneer. A very significant influence in standardization of manufacture has been exerted by the War Department in its planning for the mobilization of national industries in time of war. The tractor industry has come of military experiments in design of tanks and artillery tractors. The activities of our air service are preparing the way for an aviation industry, and keeping the art alive in the meantime. The aerial development of the army is not only real preparedness, but promises an extension to commercial life. The army has likewise pioneered in radio. It modifies commercial apparatus for military purposes, but its research and development are continually presenting solutions of difficult problems. Among these are the loop, which to some extent superseded outside antennæ, and led the way to the radio compass; besides the invention which applied radio principles to commercial telephones, and made possible broadcasting over telegraph, telephone, and even power lines. The army telephone-system is second to only one other on our continent.

The activities of the Army Chemical Warfare Service promise one of the greatest opportunities for service. The deadly mustard gas is being hopefully tested for use in treatment of tuberculosis. The use of war gases in medical treatment of influenzas and similar diseases is very encouraging. This branch of the army has apparently solved the problem of safe and effective fumigation of ships, warehouses, and other insect and animal refuges. Tear-gases have been demonstrated as effective in controlling criminals, and in supressing jail deliveries and riots. The gas-mask has been tried out with success for mining, and the army has produced the only substance protecting miners against carbon-monoxide gas. The control of the boll weevil will come from the same source. The Chemical Warfare Service has led the way to

the foundation of an American dye industry that should one day be one of the great national assets.

The army has played an important part in the development of the steel industry. It was the original market for steel, and led the entire industry in the specifications for design. The army specifications for high-grade steel have generally been fifty per cent more severe than any others, thus promoting the production of superior quality. Alloy steels were introduced by the army ordnance department. For years the Watertown Arsenal was the leader in metallurgical study, preceding the creation of the Bureau of Standards, and it exerted a strong influence in stimulating the work of the technical schools. Scientific management was largely born of army arsenal methods, and the first card-system of shop-returns was devised at Frankfort.

The Federal Power Commission, organized under the War Department, is now studying the proposed development of waterpower in excess of twenty million horsepower, or more than twice the existing power development of our country, and more than the combined potential resources of Norway, Sweden, Finland, and the Arctic and Baltic drainages of Russia — the principal water-power region of Europe. The chief engineer of the Commission and his assistants and the chief counsel are army officers. Within two years it has studied projects for development of resources under federal control amounting to six times the aggregate of projects for the development of resources under federal control in the preceding twenty years.

Army engineers lead in flood prevention and are assisting in forest protection. During the past year over one hundred thousand square miles of forest lands were constantly and effectively patrolled by army fliers, and over fifty per cent of the twelve hundred and forty-eight fires occurring in the national preserves of California, in the critical three months of the danger season, were reported by the aerial patrols.

The memory of the service of the army in the San Francisco earthquake in administering the forces of order is still gratefully cherished at the Golden Gate. In the Galveston disaster of 1915 it made a record of heroic achievement. Its constructive value was felt in the Mont Pelée cataclysm, and during every great Ohio and Mississippi flood, for many years.

The chief coördinator under the Director of the Budget is an army officer, and is assisted by nine others. The army furnishes a governor-general to the Philippines, an ambassador to Cuba, a fuel administrator to the great State of New York, a Director of the Budget, the active member of the Alaskan Roads Commission, the governor and the chief engineer of the Panama Canal and Zone, and the chief administrator of the railways of Alaska. The Assistant-Secretary of War, with his army assistants, is performing one of the most complicated and extensive tasks that has ever confronted an industrial organizer, in the army plans for industrial mobilization in event of war.

The Act of June 1920, gave this country the first real military policy it has ever had, and made it permanent, subject only to the pleasure of Congress. The function of the Regular Army in this three-part army of the United States, is the chief concern of this act, and is the paramount opportunity of our times for service to kin and country. The military policy itself is a conservative insurance policy against war and internal disturbances. In addition to assisting to train the National Guard and Organized Reserve, the Regular

Army constitutes the first line, which, in time of national danger, would guard strategic points on our frontiers against invasion, while behind such protection there would be formed the armies necessary to guarantee our national safety in the war to follow. It further constitutes at the present time the dependable land force available in case of internal disturbance, and against destructive radical forces which are steadily working to overthrow our governmental institutions and loot the products of our industry. It is insurance of the participating kind. The training for national defense will always bring returns to the country in the physical and hygienic betterment of the young manhood of the nation. The draft statistics of the World War showed that about fifty per cent of our young men have disabling defects, most of which can be corrected by physical training and instruction. This is one of the most serious and interesting aspects of the army opportunity.

This is an age when many serious people are studying problems of race betterment. The World War gave the opportunity for a survey of the physical condition of the nation. The majority of our World War recruits were narrow-chested, awkward, and under weight in proportion to height. Many basic diseases and disabilities, such as weak arches, weak backs, malaria, social diseases, incipient tuberculosis, and numerous other troubles were discovered in time and eradicated. Inoculations and prophylactic treatments resulted in new minimum records for prevalence. The occurrence of these diseases throughout the country has been much lessened as a result of the medical administration and training of young men during the war. Camps were made models of neatness, and personal sanitation and hygiene were taught as fundamentals. This experience will largely govern the administration and conduct of the summer training camps under the Act of June 4, 1920.

Such achievements are the work, not only of the medical officer, but of his line brother. Yellow fever, malignant malaria, and tropical anæmia have largely disappeared from our neighbors to the south as the result of great constructive work by the Army Medical Corps. It is a work in which line and staff pull together in the team. The influence of the summer camps is a continual education against intemperance in all its forms. There can be no higher usefulness than to share in this regenerative work. The common thought of the best statesmen in our hundred and fifty years of national life has been that a programme for continued peace is best served by plans for defense. The army has always stood for peace. 'I know of no war in which America has been engaged, offensive or defensive, which was brought about by army pressure, or, indeed, stimulated by military desire,' said Secretary of War Baker.

The power that comes to the successful leader in civil life is very great. With such power comes the obligation for service. It is met in a very splendid way by many great chiefs of finance and industry, of whom all Americans are proud, and to whom humanity owes a great debt. But in civil life such opportunity comes to a man as the result of success, and when his years are few. In the army the opportunity is present all through life, and the improvement of such opportunity for service is itself the success one seeks, and it depends only upon the individual desire and ability. The accumulated experience which makes the officer of value to his country in a time of great emergency is itself born of

what he has made of his opportunity for service to others.

What does the army offer in the distinction which ambitious men seek? How shall one's name live after him? Does the military brow ever wear the laurel? The Regular Army has furnished two Presidents of the United States and one of the Confederate States. Senators, cabinet ministers, members of the lower House, state officials, ambassadors, and ministers have been proud to point to a Regular Army record. The army has furnished forty-six presidents to universities and colleges, and a great many professors. It has graduated eighty-seven presidents of railroads and other great corporations. A bishop of the Episcopal Church, a graduate of West Point, gave his life as a lieutenant-general in the Confederate Army. The military establishment has to its credit a great number of editors, clergymen, engineers, bankers, judges, consuls, artists, and authors.

History will honor the names of a great many professional soldiers of the United States Army. The verdict of history is generally just. In our country, or any country with a tendency toward pure democracy, the professional soldier seldom finds favor with the politicians. It is well recognized that the regular officer and soldier, being without the vote, are generally without much serious representation among the statesmen of the Republic. The reaction which seems inevitable in the United States after every war has sometimes resulted in belittling the accomplishments of our successful soldiers during their lifetime. The full recognition of our great leaders of the Civil War was long delayed, and in some cases never granted. Sheridan received a full generalcy only when the world knew that he was dying. Forty years after the Civil War was ended, a succession of lieutenant-generals was appointed who had held only insignificant rank in that great conflict, but Meade and Thomas went to their graves unrewarded.

A certain grim philosophy prevails among officers of the army, and it is recognized that the best reward that can come to the American officer as he nears the end of his career is the approbation of those with whom he has served. If those who knew him best, who have shared with him the dangers of flood and field, the vicissitudes of peace and war, of prosperity and adversity, appraise him as a real man, when the riderless horse with the reversed boots is led slowly behind the flag-draped caisson, and the volleys and the trumpets sound in his honor for the last time, the servant of his country may well trust his fame to the verdict of history.

There is much about the army that is naturally dear to one who has given his best years to it. The heart of any true soldier must tell him that his is one of the noblest professions. Prophecy of the future does not lie within the soldier's domain, yet he, like others, may read the future by the past. Looking backward, he can find predecessors among those who in all ages have been great through service. At the waning of his days, if he has kept the faith and held aloft his standards, Duty, Honor, Country, he who chooses the army as a career will merit that tribute which the poet gives — and which can be won by neither wealth nor wile:—

His work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure.

A GLUT OF FRUIT

BY H. E. ALLEN

I

STRANGE things happen to the English climate, and one spring and summer the sun shone day after day. The next year was generally dark and cold, but the sunshine was stored, and the blossom burst forth in an effulgence over orchard and hedgerow, and there was a glut of fruit.

That was the year when James Turner and his American wife and his American-born daughter came for a visit to his old home near the East Anglian coast; and when they pushed open the gate into the little garden of his old home on the marshes, all the old trees that he had known so well were bearing heavily. The trees had become woodier with the years, bent farther away from the sea under the influence of the biting winds that blew across the marshes; but here were still the miniature dessert-apples that had looked luscious to James's eyes before he had known the fruitage of a land of more sun; the rosy-cheeked neat green apples that bloomed in their foliage like flowers; massive red-cheeked pears, hanging in thin leafage; harvest bullaces, like golden beads bronzed on one side; sloes, like grape-colored beads; damsons, and greengages. There was even a scattering of purple fruit high up on the tall poplar-like plum tree that had almost become barren in James's boyhood.

Already, in the train bearing them from the port, James had discerned the wonderful harvest of fruit. It hung in the low orchards, against the high garden-walls, on the stiff trees trained — as if in mystic shapes — on the southern ends of the brick farmhouses.

'There, father,' cried Margaret, 'you said there'd be plenty of flowers but no fruit, and the fruit's as plenty as the flowers. The trees are very little, but they're loaded to the ground.'

'I see,' answered her father absently, being absorbed at that moment in his own inner consciousness. He had come on this trip half-heartedly; for he was a man who found his peace in continuous, forward-looking action.

'You have n't a bit of sentiment, father,' said Margaret during the negotiations for this journey, looking up at him with a half-teasing, half-mystified expression.

'I suppose that's like a man,' put in her mother, a trifle seriously, as if she did not like to find anything in her husband hard to comprehend.

James hardly understood what they were talking about: this trip was to his mind an unnatural turning to the past, a boring experience which he felt should be accepted by him loyally, as a good husband and father. However, the day he landed and saw the chimney pots on the dirty rows of brick cottages at the port, something wakened in him: he had forgotten that such things as chimney pots existed.

His unsettlement went on apace during the journey to his old home. As the two women excitedly looked,

questioned, and commented, he sat with a heavy air, as far as possible silent. How different it all seemed to them and to him! They would be surprised if they knew that in spite of appearances he found it vastly more interesting than they. He felt suddenly detached from his family — that firm bond that he had felt ever since he had had them was somehow loosened a little. The stirring of memory made him restless: like an adolescent, he hardly knew what to make of himself.

'Still a-plenty of white ducks on the common,' he was thinking as they neared their journey's end. 'The grass looks so green it's fair blue. How dank the pits look! That's where old man Riches fell in and got drowned. Though he was a stargazer, he did n't prophesy that, and folks did n't set much store by such goings-on after he died.'

He was half smiling when the train drew into the market town near his native village. As usual, the liner landed on a week-end, and they reached his old home early on a Sunday afternoon. Mary and Margaret broke into delighted exclamations when they saw the innumerable village children everywhere blotching the scene by their white pinafores, and James felt a thrill of pride when he explained that all English families, however poor and miserable, thus neatly observed the Sabbath. Curiosity stirred as to the antecedents of all these children. Could he recognize their breeds?

They quickly settled themselves, and under pressure from Margaret set out for James's old home. Green things had grown, but brick and stone had hardly altered. Sometimes familiar sights looked strange; harvest was just over, and James found his eyes lingering with surprised delight on the shapely thatched ricks everywhere grouped about farm-buildings. On this fine afternoon they gleamed across the levels like pale golden pagodas, so ethereal as to bely the hard labor which his memory associated with their construction. 'They have good farmers about here,' he said aloud.

When they reached the poor little farm that had been James's home, he was touched by the excitement which he saw on the two blond faces; and with a half-remorseful twinge of tenderness he put himself forward and opened the wicket in the hedge. Once in, the fruit burst on him, and he stopped, as if a message had been flashed to him from his boyhood. At that moment his discontent disappeared, and he began again to be satisfied with the moment — which was his natural condition.

Then the bright door-knob was turned, and a middle-aged woman came out. With that, the Turners remembered their manners and went forward.

'Please excuse our coming in in this way,' began James, lifting his hat in his best manner. 'I lived here till I went to America, and we came to ask if I might show my wife and daughter around.'

'Step you in and set you down,' was the quick impersonal answer, given in a pleasant voice, with the manner of perfect courtesy. The travelers found themselves in a tiny room, with a diminutive grate in which burned the smallest fire that the women had ever seen. Tall glazed-china dogs were on the mantelpiece, homemade rugs of clean bits of black wool on the floor, and roseate mahogany chairs with concave seats stood about, as highly polished as if they had just been varnished. Confronting the doorway stood a fine grandfather's clock. The women perceived with astonishment that this neat little room was sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen combined.

Here they all sat for a moment, uncertain, and before anyone had spoken a tall young man appeared at the doorway, coming from the ancient flint and

brick barn at the side. He stood hesitating a moment, thrown into relief by the light, and his bony features, gray eyes, and flaxen hair marked him as a near relative of the mistress of the house.

'Abner,' she began, with a touch of formality in her manner surprising to the visitors from rural America, 'here be wisitors now come from out foreign to take a look round Gorse Cottage.'

At her words something snapped in James's consciousness: the old-fashioned name, the family resemblance, had awakened memories. He jumped up. 'You be Myleses,' he stammered.

'And who might you be?' returned the young man, in a mellow deliberate voice.

'James Turner,' answered the other. 'My father and grandfather lived here till my father lost the place. Abner Myles was the millman at the Black Mill.'

The strong face of the woman had lighted. 'Jimma Tarner!' she exclaimed. 'I would n't ha' thought it. You have got into the American talk, like—beggin' your pardon, mum.' She made a courteous inclination toward Mrs. Turner, as if to excuse her familiarity. 'I be Emma Barrett, Emma Myles that was. My poor husband got drowned a-fishin', and I come to do for Abner when he set up for hisself in Gorse Cottage. Some judge me for his mother, but we be brother and sister. I'm the oldest and he's the youngest.'

She spoke as if the relationship were one on which she loved to dwell. But her rustic suavity did not let her linger on her own affairs. 'How the memory come,' she continued, as she sat with her rough hands folded across her white apron, looking at James smilingly. 'Now I see that you be Tarner right enow. That do bring back my young time! There ware a rare lot o' Tarners about that time o' day.' She turned toward Mrs. Turner. 'But they're out o' the parish now.'

'Mostly dead,' said James, shortly.

Emma looked up, slightly startled, as if she had given a wrong turn to the conversation. 'You won't wish to stop indoors,' she said, after a moment; and rising, she led them out to the bright flower-border. 'You'll find some things have got on and some have perished,' she went on.

'The haysel was fair, t' year,' contributed Abner, taking up the discourse with considerably less of the local dialect and singsong. 'The corn's vera moderate. There's a glut of fruit, and it's now fit; but it's nothing gain. The market's spoiled. But I carry my pockets full.' With a smile he put in his hands and handed out to each what seemed to them a wizened specimen. 'I hear you dry and bottle fruit in America?' he ended, inquiringly.

'The woman what lived against ours used to put down bullaces with mutton fat on top. Might I ask, mum, is that the way you manage?' Emma asked with a shy hesitation in her manner.

Here the American family burst into the conversation; for they came from a part of America that lived by fruit, and they knew a whole lore of canning and preserving and jelly-making. Mary spoke up first. 'Margie and I would like to show you how to put up fruit. We do whole cupboards full at home.'

'I'll furnish the bottles and the sugar,' broke in James, seizing the opportunity for action. 'Provided,' he went on, 'that I can help pick.'

As he stood in the centre of the little domain, with fruit as it were showering on all sides, he began to feel again that this country belonged to him.

'Agreed,' said Abner, obviously delighted.

'All right,' said James, eager to repeat the happier episodes of his boyhood.

The women were all smiling, but beneath Emma's polite smile of acceptance was just visible the cautious and puzzled uncertainty of the rustic who receives an unexpected benefit.

It was Mary who in a moment caught sight of the sun dropping into the horizon far across the marshes. 'It's time to start back,' she said.

'We'll go home by the "kissing-gate,"' said James, gayly, his return of mental health showing itself by a half-jocular, half-teasing desire to impress his family with his knowledge of local topography.

'You know,' he was saying as they went out of the gate, 'the lanes are called lokes and each has its name. So have the fields. Stop,' he continued: 'here you see what this country's like'; and, sweeping the landscape, he proceeded to count in the distance five dark brick windmills, like giant four-leaved clovers, and six church-towers, near and distant. The aftermath of the sunset was still lingering, and long sweepings of rose and orange-colored cloud ornamented the broad circle of the sky.

'This old level is about as sightly as the top of the hill at home, don't you think?' he asked, and looked happily from the happy face of his wife to the happy face of his daughter.

'Wonderful!' answered his wife, showing by her low voice how delighted she was.

But Margaret, much as she evidently admired the scene, was too eager to satisfy her curiosity to linger over it. 'Who are those people at the farm?' she burst out, as they went forward.

'Oh, yes,' returned her father, 'I was going to tell you. It's a queer thing their turning up like that. You'll notice I did n't match stories of old times with them very much. 'T was because the stories I recollected of their family mostly would n't bear telling. What you've seen is the flower of the family. There were twenty-two children of them born at the mill over yonder, but they never had more than eight alive at any one time.'

'How fearful!' exclaimed Mary. 'Twenty-two children and only eight alive at any one time! That was "a glut of fruit that was nothing gain"! What was the matter?'

'Well,' went on her husband, 'in old times the mill wings used to sweep the ground, and they made way with two girls — both by the name of Becky. I guess the rest died of their hardships. When the old man was in drink, he'd throw his wife and children into the dike, and drag them about by the hair; and her ears were all ragged where he had tore out the earrings. She was very ladylike, with fine eyes and a skin all little wrinkles. I remember her well. Mother said she could wash and bake and brew all in one day any time — with all those children. Once father saw her husband drinking in at the Maid's Head, and she went right up and smashed in the big window. She knew the publican could n't take action because he was serving a man reeling drunk. They say she had the heart of a lion to begin with, but in the end she had only the heart of a mouse.'

Mary had heard this narrative pityingly, but Margaret evidently relished it as a drama. 'How like a novel!' she exclaimed. 'Who would ever have thought you knew all these exciting histories, father! Mrs. Barrett and Abner deserve a great deal of credit, don't they?'

'That they do,' said her mother.

'They favor their mother,' returned her father. 'I recollect,' he went on, 'when the sister next Emma died.'

They were then crossing the field which separated the marsh from the church, and he paused a moment to look up at the fine tracery of the sound-hole in the tower.

'She was twenty-five year old, and I helped ring her passing bell. They keep them a week about here, — unless they can't because they've died sudden, — but when the week was up this time, the old fellow was roaring drunk, and he got it into his head he would n't let the body out of the house. In the finish they took it by main force, but he followed the procession along the causeway a-cursing. The poor mother had to be fair lifted on either side, to keep her from dropping; and when they got to the grave the rascally old sexton had dug it too deep, and they had to lower the box into water. Then the mother fainted dead, and they had to carry her off. I guess that was when Emma come to the fore, tending to everything. You said, when we come along, it was queer the church was so near the marsh. Well, you see it is too near,' he concluded, turning to his wife.

Even Margaret was a touch affected by her father's last narrative, and they passed silently through the crowded churchyard to the footpath.

But by now James was in full swing of reminiscence and of explanation, and he returned to the village looking first one side and then another, to recognize and be recognized. When they reached their sitting-room at the Catherine Wheel, he turned: 'I see I shall have to thank you two for getting me into a fine holiday,' he said, giving a pat on the shoulder to each of the two partners of his house.

II

The fruit-picking was finished, and in due course the bottling.

'A fine young man,' said James, as they walked home along the causeway, when the operations were complete. 'He'd certainly get on in America, but there's not such a good chance here.'

'"Several" have gone over,' said Margaret, laughing. 'I found after a while that that meant a great many, just as "moderate" means very bad.'

'Don't you laugh at my old neighbors,' put in her father, half smiling at her sharpness. 'Their life's hard, and they don't always dare to come out flat, as we do.'

'No,' said Mary. 'I've been a little embarrassed helping Mrs. Barrett. You'd think she was a stranger in her own house. But Abner's different.'

'Yes, the sauciness ain't knocked out of him yet,' said James. 'Well, we've plenty such in America and can do with more. Why do you suppose he's not gone over?' He questioned his wife, as he so often did on some puzzling aspect of human behavior.

'Sentiment,' she returned, laughing in his face, till they all laughed.

'There you see what good that is,' he retorted, 'keeping a likely young man working hard where he'll never get any forwarder. A season or two more like this, and he'll hire out to a farmer. I hear he does a harvest now to get hold of a lump sum once in the year.'

'Father, father, can't you understand a man's wanting to stay where he's been brought up if he can?' said Margaret, hanging to his arm as they walked. 'I admire him for it. He's got lots of nice feeling.'

'Yes,' said her mother seriously, 'and he's had luck in having that sister with him. She's an old hand at the work. She told me she'd "done her piece" and could have gone to live quiet with her sister, only Abner needed her.'

'They always stick together, that family,' said James. 'Not like some in this parish that could n't recognize their brother's children if they met them.'

'You do tell the funniest stories about this place, father,' said Margaret. 'Not know your own brother's children!'

'Perhaps you'd be the same if you had such a lot of relations as some of them about here must have,' said her mother dryly. 'But it's a good quality in the Myleses to stick together. Yes, they seem very praiseworthy. They don't spare work, and they're proud.'

'By the way,' said James, 'the people at the inn told me Abner made a practice of taking summer visitors out driving to earn a little. They never mentioned that to us — would n't, for fear we'd think they were begging. But what would you say to his taking us out?'

'What a splendid idea, father,' cried Margaret, while her mother seemed to hesitate. 'I want to see the ocean on the other side of the dunes, and go to all those churches sticking up in the distance. Let's go to the one with the pretty name first — Oxtead Turf. I've read the map and lots of places sound charming.'

'All right,' said her father, echoing her enthusiasm. 'That's a good idea. Help them and piece out our holiday. Now that we have got into it, I don't know but what we may as well stay here a little longer.'

'People come here for holidays from all over England,' put in Margaret, as if to justify the move from the point of view of friends at home. Her mother was silent.

They visited the six churches, and at several points saw the ocean roll in on a blank shingle. They were a happy party as they drove about in Abner's little trap; and James decided that his money was never so sweet to him as when he used it in the very neighborhood where he had once been miserably poor.

III

But after a time the mellow autumn weather broke, and the winds began, for which the district was famous. One brilliant restless day they took a drive when the wind was making the dikes flow like rivers, ruffling up the glassy surfaces into waves. The dikes reflected the high blue of the sky, and their bright color and liquid hardness as they ran off into the marshes made a striking contrast to the general softness of the sun-melted levels. That evening Mary complained of neuralgia, and went early to bed, remarking that the fine weather had broken and they had better move on. She was unexpectedly firm on this point; usually she did not insist on any arrangement that was suggested by her own comfort.

James was mildly surprised, but he took her suggestion as a sign of the severity of her attack. 'So you don't want we should stay our month out. We'll talk it over in the morning,' he answered gently. 'Sleep now, my poor girl.' And he kissed her and went out to write his letters for the American post.

It must have been close to midnight, and James was sealing his letters, when the door opened and Margaret came into the sitting-room. To his amazement he saw that her fair hair was blown in streamers about her face and she was dressed in the round little cap and broad cape which had been her costume on shipboard.

'You've been out, Margie,' he said slowly, giving her a steady look.

She stood firmly in the doorway, doing nothing to right her appearance, but gripping her cape as if for support. She looked at once younger and older than he had ever seen her.

'Yes,' she returned absently; and before her father could question further she went on, 'Mother said we must leave at once.' She paused, as if it were difficult to surmount the obstacle of her mother's comfort, swallowed hard, and continued, 'I think the wind'll drop. Anyhow, I — can't — go.' Her pauses

gave her last words emphasis, and she dropped her head.

James stared, and he cursed his wife's illness, which had apparently thrown a delicate situation on him.

'We'll talk it over in the morning,' he answered; 'but where have you been now?'

She looked up sharply. 'Out walking with Abner Myles.' As her blue eyes flashed, they filled with tears, her face became convulsed, and she turned and ran.

Her father was left struck to the heart with amazement, anger, grief, and uncertainty. In a moment he followed her, and knocked gently at her door. He could hear intermittent sobbing within, but the intervals in her weeping bore no relation to his repeated knocks. He tried the door and it was locked.

Because of his wife's illness, he slept in a room adjoining hers, and he spent a miserable night. His holiday that he had been enjoying had become hideous, and his bitterness stretched back into a remoter past. If he had only talked a little more at home about his early life, Mary and Margaret would n't have sentimentalized it as they had done. He should have told them how six of his family used to sleep in one tiny room, lying so close under the window that it could never be opened. But with them poverty had never been combined with brutality, as in the Myles family. When he thought of that young man's aspiring to Margie, he almost flung himself from his bed; but just after he became vaguely conscious of the first show of light, he fell asleep.

He must have overslept, for he knew nothing till his wife — pale but fully dressed — appeared seated by his bedside. 'Mary!' he exclaimed gratefully, reaching out his hand for hers. Both were silent, and James, to his great relief, felt that his wife knew.

'Yes,' she answered to his questioning look, 'Margie looked so bad when she came into my room this morning that I asked her what was up, and she gave me the same answer that she tells me she gave you. I made her go on and she told the whole story.'

James's wolfish curiosity sprang to his face, but solicitude for his wife restrained him.

'I knew you would manage to get it out of her,' he said as quietly as he could. 'Tell me'— he held his breath.

'There's not much to tell so far,' returned his wife quickly. Then, as his face expressed his relief, 'But what can you expect, throwing two young people together like that, day after day?' She spoke almost querulously. ''T was all very well at first when the difference in their bringing-up made a kind of barrier. I did n't want to spoil your holiday; but ever since I saw how natural they've been getting together, I've been anxious. Margie's not like some girls. Appearances don't mean much to her. And I was the same,' she added firmly, after a moment, looking her husband straight in the face.

'What do you mean?' he asked, startled.

'I mean,' she went on, with a slight quiver, as if afraid to hurt him on a vital point, but none the less determined to go forward, whatever the consequences, 'I mean that when I married you it did n't seem a much better match than for Margie to marry Abner. And everyone sees now that I did very well for myself,' she added, pausing a little for emphasis, and to satisfy herself that her husband was taking her words as they were meant. But she saw uncertainty struggling on his face. 'Of course, I don't mean to say that you gave me anything like the hard life Abner 'd give Margie if they married and settled in Gorse Cottage. But you say yourself he'd get on in

America. What young man would you rather have for a son-in-law? In some ways he's got a fine inheritance. What's to hinder your taking him home and letting him clerk in the stores, the same as you were doing in my father's when we got engaged? He'd soon catch on in every way.'

'Never!' roared James, leaping from his bed. 'I don't see how you can compare us. I'd been in America a long time, and was clerking at your father's and making good before I ever made love to you. How does that fellow dare to think of Margie! He's a cad, that sprig of a drunkard.'

He began dragging on his clothes in a fury. Amazement was working through him that his wife should serve up to him, all cooked and garnished in this fashion, the raw and outrageous new subject. He who had been brought up in this parish knew how courtship in the lokes soon ended. Nine out of every ten girls — at the moment he credited Abner with more than the full brutishness of the rustic lover, and he became more and more gloomy as he continued his toilet.

'I'll tell you what I think about it, Jim,' said his wife quietly, after regarding him for a few minutes with wide eyes. 'Just the very fact that it's come so sudden and natural makes me think it may have gone deep. Sometimes even very young girls don't get over these things easily. I suppose Margie must have felt it all working in her last night — especially after I spoke about our leaving: she said she felt she just had to go out to get the fresh air, and there she met Abner — leaning against the big oak, looking up at our windows. He was taken aback and told her he came there every night. He's looked calm enough — I would n't have thought it. Well, evidently this time she caught him off his guard, and when she said we might be going off at once, he asked her to walk down the loke with him. 'T would be the only time, he told her. She says they did n't say more than a word or two; but when they turned by the kissing-gate, the wind struck them fit to knock them over, and he seized her and kissed her. She started to run home and she seems to remember that they faced a kind of battle together. When they got here, they kissed again; but she thinks she began it; he did n't make any advance toward her after she started running away from him — only kept at her side. You can see how it all was,' she finished, appealingly. 'I don't think he's behaved badly. He can't help his affections. I should think you'd have a little fellow-feeling for him, Jim — he's almost like your own flesh and blood —living in your old home, and all that.'

She spoke almost severely, and James had a vision of her as a mother-cat, discreetly protecting her kitten.

'I'll not take any young man into my business in order to help him to marry my daughter,' he enunciated, comforting himself with the conviction that Margaret would never be mad enough to marry Abner and settle at Gorse Cottage. She had always been level-headed. He was doing his parental duty by refusing to make it easy for her to give her children undesirable blood. Mary was weaker toward her child than he would have expected. Poor Mary, she did look poorly! But why had n't she mentioned her suspicions earlier? This holiday had been mismanaged all round, and they were all suffering in consequence. James longed passionately to be at home spinning along the valley roads in his good little 'tin Lizzie.' When he made the round of his stores, every moment had its own neat little problem that it was only a pleasure to solve.

They sat at breakfast silently. Margaret did not appear, and they hardly

knew what to do next in the difficult situation that had arisen.

'We can't drag Margie away to-day,' said her mother. 'She's been brought up too free for that. It might make her desperate. Abner won't communicate with us: it's all too new, and he won't want to commit her.'

'Anyhow, it's not the way in these parts,' said James, dryly.

'He's sure to try to see her, or to write her. The thing for us is to keep in her confidence.'

To this James could accede.

'But I don't feel as if I could let matters drift,' she went on. 'I think you and I had better go down there, as if to say good-bye; and we'll see what happens. But you must n't be violent.'

'Are you able?' asked James anxiously. His wife looked haggard at this moment and he remembered sadly how up to now he had been able to pride himself on her looking more like Margie's sister than her mother.

'I'll take an aspirin, if necessary,' she answered, shortly. 'Only don't be violent.' She looked at him beseechingly, her eyes filling with tears; and he bent and kissed her.

The wind had fallen, and it was a dull day, making for rain. Emma was feeding her fowls — scattering grain, cutting up nettles for their necessary green stuff; regarding each bird attentively, in order to satisfy herself as to its condition and appetite.

She came forward courteously, as always. 'Good-morning,' she said, gravely; and both Mary and James imagined a constraint underneath. Nevertheless, as usual she appeared more at her ease than they. 'Abner now tell me yo' be leavin' directla.'

'Yes, soon, perhaps to-morrow,' murmured Mary. 'Is Abner here?'

'He be now gone on the Green,' answered his sister; then, after a moment of general silence, she added in a low significant voice: 'He did n't let on where he was off to, but he put on his Sunda clothes.'

Her eyes dropped.

James hastily rose, but his wife kept her seat quietly, and put out her hand and rested it on his. 'We wish to thank you for all you've done for us,' she continued formally.

'We have done all our possibles,' returned Emma proudly; then, with a half-frightened look on her face as if plunging rashly, 'If you'd a come after Michaelmas, you would n't ha' found us. I doubt Abner 'll be forced to tarn out. The boy be a man and he have warked, — that he have, — but the weather ha' ben bad, and the prices warse. Fare this year'll be his downfall.'

'Perhaps you'll come out to America,' said Mary boldly, looking her infuriated husband in the face as she did so. Only his knowledge of her headache and his admiration of her grit restrained him from bursting into speech.

'Not I,' retorted Emma quickly. 'England's good enough for me and Abner. He have set his heart on gettin' on over here,' she went on, almost fiercely. 'We know a-plenta get on over there; but here' — She stopped short of the rudeness which she evidently desired. 'You kin go over to the beach and see how wicious the ocean be. That is loud of a winter, and I don't wish for no more on it than what I get. Our fam'la be all in the same mind. None on us hain't never crossed since our aunt, that wore the farst from these parts to go, went by water all the way from this parish. She took a wherry at the staithe and a sailin' wessel when she got to the sea. She ware shipwracked three times and took six months to get there.'

Mary had sat quietly, gazing at Emma during this outburst, while James, fidgeting, kept his eyes on the

floor. His wife had evidently satisfied herself as far as this visit was concerned by the time that Emma had ended, and she then rose to make their adieus.

'You ha' left us a rare fine cupboard full of fruit, mum,' now said Emma in haste, as if fearful of ending ungratefully. 'That will be a pull-up come winter.' Her expression was a pathetic mixture of courtesy, contrition, and unregenerate displeasure.

They shut the gate with ever so little a bang. 'There, Jim,' exclaimed Mary, nervously glancing behind her as they got into the trap, 'you're jealous for your daughter and she's jealous for her brother. You can see she suspicions the whole thing, and is trying to give the impression that our being here has made Abner neglect his work and been the straw that's broken the camel's back so far as his finances are concerned. She has n't any more idea of Abner's marrying Margie that you have of Margie's marrying Abner. Well, I see these people's wonderful politeness don't carry them too far when their human nature gets stirred up.'

James could hardly bear not to whip up the horse to a gallop, so eager was he to be back at the Catherine Wheel and satisfy himself that Margie was not eloping with Abner in their absence. Mary seemed to trust the young people, and she relaxed now that the strain of the call was over; but to James the silence and slow pace made necessary by her weakness gave the memory of the scene that he had just experienced time to rankle. Emma Myles scorning his daughter for her brother! Could anyone ever think of a Myles without remembering their monstrous 'glut of fruit that was nothing gain'?

When the Turners entered the Catherine Wheel, they found, to their surprise, Margaret, carefully dressed, seated writing at the bureau in the sitting-room. As they came in, she quickly rose, handed her mother a letter, and ran out — leaving her father this time furious that she had not stopped to assist her mother.

Mary weakly handed the letter to James to open — thus delighting him. It was addressed in stiff old-fashioned writing to 'Mr. and Mrs. James Turner. By Hand.' It ran as follows: —

Dear Sir and Madam, —

With your daughter's permission I write to say that I love her. But I have no mind to bring her down. I have not got on as I hoped to have done by this time, having worked hard ever since I was a small boy. I will give notice to turn out come Michaelmas — which is near. You will see me in America, and I trust to prosper and to deserve your sweet daughter.

Yours respectfully,
Abner Myles.

James read the letter impassively, and handed it to Mary in silence. She read it with streaming eyes, and an expression of relief. 'Now, Jim, what can we do about it?' she asked, in a firm tone that belied the emotion on her face.

'I told you the other day that John Riches and Frank Borrett were coming over when the work slacked up for the winter, and they gave out they wanted to bring home one or two hired men.'

'He can start with them,' returned Mary dryly, leaning back in her chair. 'England has a glut of human fruit every year,' she went on musingly. 'It 's good luck for us,' she added, reaching out her hand and gently stroking her husband's. 'The poor sister,' she pursued, smiling a little. 'Emma "have done her piece" sure enough; now she can go to her married sister.'

'Let her,' returned James savagely; but of his own accord he bent to help his wife to her feet, that she might go upstairs to seek out the girl.

THE DEBT

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Because the years are few, I must be glad;
Because the silence is so near, I sing;
'T were ill to quit an inn where I have had
Such bounteous fare, nor pay my reckoning.
I would not, from some gleaming parapet
Of Sirius or Vega, bend my gaze
On a remembered sparkle and regret
That from it thanklessly I went my ways
Up through the starry colonnades, nor found
Violets in any Paradise more blue
Than those that blossomed on my own waste ground,
Nor vespers sweeter than the robins knew.

Though Earth be but an outpost of delight,
Heaven's wild frontier by tragedy beset,
Only a Shakespeare may her gifts requite,
Only a happy Raphael pay his debt.
Yet I—to whom even as to those are given
Cascading foam, emblazoned butterflies,
The moon's pearl chariot through the massed clouds driven,
And the divinity of loving eyes—
Would make my peace now with mine hostess Earth,
Give and take pardon for all brief annoy,
And toss her, far beneath my lodging's worth,
Poor that I am, a coin of golden joy.

THE CASE OF JOHN SOBIESKY AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA

BY JAMES BRONSON REYNOLDS

I

JOHN SOBIESKY is a Lithuanian. He came to America a young man of seventeen. He was of peasant stock, strong, erect, clear-eyed, and equal to hard work. His picture is before me as I write. He had a sister, brothers, and other relatives in the coal mines of an Eastern state. These he sought, and asked for work. He found that a straight line was not always the shortest distance between the worker and the job. He inquired for the door to opportunity, and a saloon door was shown to him — one of many between the homes of the workers and the mine pit. He entered the saloon, asked for a drink, and then for a job in the mine. He got both — at least he got a card which got a job for him where previously he was refused.

Strong-armed and sinewy, he began his task. The saloon was a Lithuanian resort, and he went there occasionally for a drink and a chat with his landsmen. But he cared little for drink and was not a good customer. Soon the saloon-keeper called him aside and warned him that the hand that gave could withdraw.

'What you want?' asked John, thereby heavily draining his stock of ready English.

'Spend more of your wages in my saloon if you want to keep your job.'

So he spent a little more time and money there, but his custom lagged and he was reminded sharply of his dereliction. He appealed to his friends, but they told him that the labor boss seemed to have mutually beneficial relations with the saloon-keeper, and he would best heed the warning. The saloon-keeper had declared that a certain miner, who did not demonstrate his appreciation of the saloon-keeper's aid in getting him a job, would lose the job because of his base ingratitude. Soon he lost it. When the labor boss was appealed to, he shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

So John drank more and saved less. He even spent all his spare wages at the saloon one Saturday night, and got drunk. When he next entered the saloon, the keeper clapped him on the back and said he was a good fellow. This commendation raised John in the estimation of his friends. John did some thinking, but his thoughts were not good and his conclusions did not go to the making of a good American.

The making of this American progressed along lines approved by the potent saloon-keeper and the corrupt labor boss. After a little over a year John met another American educator — a doctor. John overstrained himself, producing a rupture, and was forced to suspend work. In a local newspaper he read the advertisement of a cure by a doctor — at least such was the claim, and the proper authorities failed to check the probable fraud.

Fifty dollars was demanded for the cure, to be paid in advance. On the second visit to the doctor, John happened to open his pocketbook and the doctor saw there was something left. He told John he must have more pay for the cure. John protested that he had only $28 and that he needed this to pay for his room and board while he was under the doctor's care. But the doctor was firm, refused to return the $50 already paid when John threatened to call in 'the squire,' and shut the office door in his face.

Then John cursed and swore and spent his remaining cash on a real drunk of despair. When he was in danger of getting sober, he disposed of some of his belongings and got drunk again. The debauch lasted two weeks. It appears that John had developed a case of alcoholic epilepsy in his American sojourn, entirely new to him until the saloon-keeper and the labor boss got to work; and this contributed to his mental and physical downfall.

The last day of John's debauch was Easter Sunday, the Lithuanian church festival celebrated more as we celebrate Christmas. He sobered a bit and called on some of his relatives. Later they swore that he looked wild-eyed, and used rough language to an old woman who criticized his appearance. But the women-folks got the old woman away and soothed John's befuddled brain and sullen temper.

In the early evening John and his roommate took a walk. Two strangers bumped into John and knocked his hat off. This was too much for John's nerves and temper, still smarting with the repressed desire to get even with the doctor. A boy laughed at his bare head, and John savagely warned him to look out for himself. John and his companion returned to their room. John got out his razor and went out in search of the man who had knocked off his hat, while his companion lay down for a nap.

John failed to find his quarry, so returned to his room. For an instant he regarded his sleeping friend, with whom he had never quarreled, then walked over to the bed and cut his throat. The man groaned and John slashed him again. Then he was silent. John threw down his razor and with bloody hands, blood-bespattered clothing, and bare head dashed out of the house, went up to the first policeman he saw, and asked for the police station, saying 'I want to see the captain; I have killed a man.' At the station he repeated his declaration and gave his address. He was put in a cell, slept for an hour, then was awakened, and told the whole story of the killing without reserve. But his real awakening occurred about two weeks later, when he came to himself and asked in a maze how he happened to be behind iron bars in the jail.

Here ended the first chapter of the making of John into an American. In due season he was tried, convicted of murder in the first degree, in spite of the testimony of relatives and others as to his irresponsible condition, and sentenced to be hanged. John afterward stated that, not speaking English, he understood nothing of the testimony against him. He adds, 'I still mistrust myself as being the author of such a horrible deed.'

Only one incident of the trial will be mentioned. A Methodist preacher, who had not known John but came to know him when he was waiting for the halter, had a talk on the night of the murder with the police captain who declared John to have been half-drunk when he surrendered himself. On the trial the prosecuting attorney wished to prove that John was fully responsible

for his deed, and the captain then testified that John was sober when put under arrest. Shocked by his declaration, the clergyman took the stand and repeated the earlier statement to him. The captain stuck to his testimony, however, and the jury believed that the clergyman, like the relatives, lied for sentimental reasons.

One who has seen this clergyman in the militant uniform of an army chaplain which he now wears thinks he is not that kind. At least he had fighting blood, and when the half-baked or half-burned immigrant was ordered to the gallows, he would not let the verdict stand, but went to the Governor and visited the jurors man by man. Eleven of them joined the clergyman in an appeal for John when they were told the whole story unwillingly recounted by John, who was inclined to let the bell, the hangman's bell, ring down the play. His tale was checked up at several points, and the truth was found to be better for him than he represented it. So the Governor commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, and he began to serve his term. His only friend was this Samaritan, though in this case the Samaritan was a Protestant priest, who did not pass by but visited him regularly in prison.

II

A couple of years pass, and we ring up the curtain on a new scene. John was now cured of his bodily infirmities, or seemed to be. A very busy but very kind woman, some years John's senior, took an interest in him. His letters to her reveal what the story might have been if the saloon-keeper, the labor boss, and the dishonest doctor had not been his teachers of Americanism.

This second chapter shall be told in John's own words. Remember that he was an uneducated Lithuanian peasant, whose English was chiefly gained through unaided toil during two years in prison. Did John belong in that prison? On different visits each of five different supervisors spontaneously and independently informed the lady, his new friend, that he did not. The warden, by no means a mollycoddler, also said that he did not. The reader shall decide. No harm will be done by your decision, gentle reader. You cannot release him now.

Let us begin with John's backward glance at his early life and parents in the old country.

Replying to the first letter of his friendly correspondent this uncultured peasant writes (I change only a few errors of spelling): 'I received your most welcome letter few days ago and I appreciate from all my heart especially because I have found a friend to help me in my great troubles and difficulty of my life journey through which I am traveling. It is more than pleasure to trace these lines in the hope of coming to the closer acquaintance, and if possible to the personal meeting in the future. I would like to acquaint you with my character and personality so that you might have an idea what sort of correspondent you have.

'I was born on the 24th of June, 1893, in the country of Russia. My parents being of poor working class of peoples had no means to educate me on any professional point, nor had they an inheritance to bequeath to me. I was put to work from early childhood in order to earn my living and lighten their burden of existence.

'Thus living for several years, I became informed about this country or new world as it is called and I began to think about taking a trip and seeing a better future. I came to terms with my parents and they gathered almost

their last resources and furnished my way over to this country.' He adds that for a time he sent money back to his parents. He records some of the experiences mentioned above and then comes to his prison life.

'Many times I think that my liberty is only in a graveyard so there is the end of my suffering.

'In order to properly introduce myself I am giving you description of my physical make-up. Am six foot tall, weigh 180 lbs., light hair and complexion, gray-blue eyes, normal nose, mouth, and ears, and long face.

'P. S. It is a joy for the man in my surroundings to receive a letter and hear a word of sympathy, far greater than that of a child at seeing sunrise in a beautiful midsummer morning. Nature has endowed me with freedom of my birth and I meant to keep it. My disposition is peaceful and my way is quiet. I rather suffer myself than to see another's suffering. My belief is that every being ought to enjoy this life in eligible way, for it is so short.'

In his next letter he writes: 'You have asked me what kind of life I like best? Undoubtedly it is farming as I was brought up to it and I guess it is bred in my bones for generations.' Of books he says: 'I have read no books until I came here. Since then I am reading anything I get. My favorite authors are Count Tolstoy and Dumas.'

Noting his mystical quality, his correspondent sent him Trine's *In Tune with the Infinite*. But the prison chaplain refused to let him have it, explaining that they felt it best to give the men 'only the simplest Christian doctrine!' One wonders why John was allowed Tolstoy.

At last his correspondent visited him and of this event he writes: 'I feel as if some great and lovely event has passed in my life. The loneliness seems to be less irksome and life itself renders a different aspect altogether.' He deplores his failure to express his appreciation of his visitor's call and in quaint language protests: 'It was a fault of my nervous embarrassment as it is my inborn tendency to remaining mute at a time when I need it most of the articulate speech. I remember reading somewhere that the learned people call timidity a barbaric rudiment.

'Myself and the fern that you brought me are enjoying the blessing of good health though our environment could be much better for that purpose.'

In his next letter he records: 'I am reading now Plato, Socrates, and Epictetus, and *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*. That book is immense. If I could have one hundred part of the moral grandeur, will-power, and benevolence of Epictetus I would consider myself very fortunate. Of all characters I have read about he seems to me the greatest. Socrates I admire too, but his arguments are so artistically brought out by Plato that the man Socrates seems to me a myth. If I could afford, I would keep a copy of Epictetus's Golden Sayings in my cell all the time.'

His imagination touches even his prison abode: 'I wish I could have as much respect for my room as monk or nun has for his or her own cell. Truly I would consider my surroundings happy if I could think but for a moment I am in a cloister instead of prison. I wonder if the cloister inmates feel similar pangs of despair as the prisoners are often subjected to bear? I imagine that the quietness and tranquillity of a cloister life gives more courage and hope for an eternal life.

'My unfortunate fern died in spite of my greatest assiduity of nursing him

in order to keep in life. The reason of his death coming so soon was lack of sunshine. The sun never penetrates my cell in all year around. I am sorry for his death, being left alone, especially because life cannot flourish in the same atmosphere wherein I am consigned to live.'

Of his letters this peasant prisoner states: 'I usually write a copy first and keep on revising until I am satisfied that my thoughts are expressed as clearly as I am able to convey my meaning in the English language.'

Again alluding to Marcus Aurelius he reflects: 'I admire very much his precepts and advices, but I can't help wondering whether he conscientiously practised what he preached, as during his reign the early Christians were persecuted and sacrificed in the arena for their virtuous and brotherly life that they led. His meditations cannot completely obliterate the stain on his character.'

Of the presence of an overseer when his correspondent called on another occasion he comments: 'I regret that you failed to get the warden's permission to speak to me in dialogue instead of trialogue. However friendly an overseer may be still one in my circumstances feels him "de trop."'

'Please write me something of the current events foreign as well domestic. I only wish I could write as good a letter as you and give you a pleasure in a way of reading. In my surroundings here very seldom one can get a good idea to convey to the peoples outside that would be of any importance except longing and loneliness.

'In the clipping that you send me about the war refugees (1915) I noticed among the people from other states that were flying from the German army were the people from the same town where I was from. God knows if my dear old mother was among them. I have been writing several letters and no answer came whatever.

'I have n't been making very much progress in my studies lately. I have been reading fiction only. To-day I am going to start reading Plutarch's Lives.

'I will have many things to be thankful for this coming Thanksgiving. My constant prayer to the good Lord is not for liberty, riches, or health, but to give me and those dear to me, a contented heart and mind so, whatever may happen to me, I should earnestly be able to say it is for the best.

'*Thanksgiving Day, 1915.*

'Yesterday evening I received your Thanksgiving card and my overseer informed me that a box of candy also came from you for me, which I am not allowed to have. I do not know what disposition was made of it. My overseer said he was going to send it back to you. Anyhow I am very thankful for your good intention.'

Of the evidence of spiritualism our untrained peasant writes thus discriminatingly! 'In regards to what you write of proof and experience in psychic phenomena, I think I really meant experience not necessarily personal. If someone whom I knew thoroughly to be level-headed, one who has perfect control of the imagination and has no object to deceive one's self or others, was to tell me that he or she personally had communications with anyone who has departed this life, the statement would tend to convince me that spiritual beings exist, though the belief would be certain knowledge if I should experience the phenomena personally.

'I have to stop writing now, as I hear the overseer distributing our dinner. Our dinner to-day was better than usually, I suppose in honor of the all American holyday. We each re-

ceived boiled "turkeys" and sour-kraut. We call them "doggies." We also got dessert to-day — five apples each. After all I could have enjoyed some of the candy, but I suppose luxuries are not good for my health. Oh well, I 'll just imagine that I have had some, and when I want some more I will imagine again.

'In regards to the sweets that you sent me, which I was not allowed to have, I decided not to ask the warden for permission to receive same as I at first intended to do. The rules governing this institution are formulated by a Board of Inspectors, and one of the rules is, that no food of any description should be allowed to the inmates which the state does not furnish.

'The warden as a favor could grant me permission no doubt to receive a box of candy, but I think it best not to ask for favor to satisfy my palate. The warden will dispose of the sweets by giving them to children who visit their fathers who are inmates here.

'Not so very long ago I used to consider myself the centre of the universe, and was inclined to self-pity, consequently I was more miserable than I should have been. Now when my eyes are opened I can see and realize that self-pity is one of the worst traits in a human character, because it leads to misery the one who indulges in self-pity as well as to those who come in contact with him. I have read somewhere the following quotation, "A man is what he thinks." And I found it to be true to life. When I pitied myself, and thought my life was a burden to me, it was so. Now when I think that all is well with me, I enjoy life from day to day, and my mind gets more tranquil. I am inclined to believe that there is a good deal of truth in the teaching of Christian Science. No doubt you know that Christian Science teaches that all is mind, nothing exists but in the mind. I am not convinced as to the nonexistence of matter, but in regards to the nonexistence of evil, I am inclined to believe it truth. If one thinks that there is no evil, one will never experience what does n't exist to him.

'I made the acquaintance here of a professing Christian Scientist. I converse with him quite frequently and during all the time I have knowed him, I have never noticed any change in his bearing toward those he comes in contact with. He is the most serene and the most tranquil man I have ever known. Nothing ever disturbs him. He seems to be perfectly in harmony with the surroundings and everybody around him when I consider that his circumstances in the outer world were such that he could gratify all his desires as far as money is concerned. He is a middle-aged man of wealth, a university graduate and has traveled extensively over the entire globe, and yet he seems to be the most happy man in prison, where he has to contend with coarse food and all other disagreeable restrictions. I have asked him what gives him that tranquillity of mind that he possesses and the personal magnetism that makes everybody like him, and he told me that by thinking well of everything and everybody, one gets in tune with infinite mind, consequently the immortal mind that all humans possess governs our actions, instead of the mortal part of us. He explained it to me more fully but it is beyond my present understanding. Still it must be a good philosophy of life, such reasoning.

'My best wishes for you and all your dear ones for a Merry Christmas and a bright New Year.

'I wish you health, I wish you wealth, and many a merry day and a happy heart to play the part along the great highway.'

III

In the following year the tone of his letters is tragically changed, and we enter a new phase of his life in the reaction of the prison-cell on both mental and moral enthusiasm.

'You write that you have read the printed account of my trial. If you still have it, will you please send it to me, as I have read nothing about my case and I have a very hazy recollection of the trial and the incidents leading up to it.

'I thank you very much for your kind offer to help me in my studies, but I shall not avail myself of your offer, as I have very little ambition left in me, and my energy seems to be all I have got, the means to fight my awful circumstances and conditions. Besides I think I have intellectual indigestion. I shall read nothing but fiction for a long time to come and of course about current events whenever I get such reading-matter.

'I am afraid that I am getting prison stupor, because I can remember that I used to derive pleasure as well as knowledge from my reading and studying, which lately do not interest me at all. I am inclined to think that society acts stupid as well as vicious to keep a human being in a place like this for a long term of years. Of course if the only reason for imprisonment was punishment, and no other results looked for, society would find justification in the cruel laws of "an eye for an eye," but from what I have read on the subject, all the law officers pretend to send a man to prison for reformation and reclamation as well as punishment. If they were sincere in that, no man would be kept in prison more than two years, because all the good resolutions one makes in the first year in prison, but after a man has been here several years he gets discouraged and loses ambition to better himself, and gets too stupid to learn anything more than he had learned in the first couple of years. Consequently, when the man is finally released after five or more years spent in the surroundings so much different from what awaits him in the outer world, the good resolutions that he made in the first year of his imprisonment are not strong enough to overcome the habit of discouragement that he had gained in the succeeding years. So eventually he follows the line of least resistance, which is to him the life he had known previous to his incarceration and the probability is that he will become again a menace to society, until he is caught committing another crime for which he will be returned to prison again, and will finally graduate into an habitual criminal. Of course there is always an exception in everything but the majority of men I have met in here attribute their downfall to the first cruel and misdealt punishment. It would be laughable if it was n't so sad to realize that private corporations can afford and do employ valuable efficiency experts to save them time and money in their different national affairs, but in all the forty-nine different governments in this country there are thousands of human beings who could be made more efficient to themselves, as well as to society at large, if those in authority would make a sincere effort to reclaim those who had "fallen by the wayside on the highway of life" instead of thrusting them on the junk pile as habitual criminals and hoboes.

'I come in contact here with all sorts of peoples, some of them have been here a good many years, while others are in their first or second year, and invariably those who have n't been here so long are the most intelligent as well as the most pleasant peoples to

speak to. My friend of which I have spoken to you before, went home few months ago. He was with me one year. Perhaps if he had been locked up years instead of months his amiability and general disposition may not have been so good as I found it, though I think that he would have proven himself an exception to the rule.

'I earnestly wish I could comply with your suggestion in regards to taking a course in agriculture. But I am sorry to be compelled to inform you that I have decided not to study any more, not from laziness, but, because no matter how hard I may try, I find myself unable to concentrate my mind on any unfamiliar subject. I have felt that way during the last eight months. As I have mentioned to you in one of my letters formerly, I think that I have acquired a state of mind that is known here as prison stupor. Some men are affected only temporarily while with others it remains for years. I trust I shall get over my indisposition very soon, and feel once more, as formerly, actual pleasure and delight in acquiring useful knowledge. At present any study would be a hard task for me and to no purpose. Therefore I refrain from taking a correspondence course, as I don't like to start in and be obliged to drop out for incompetence. I am inclined to think that I am a better practical farmer than the majority of the graduates from the correspondence schools of agriculture. Of course, those who were raised on a farm as I was, and supplemented their knowledge of farming by theory as well as practice, will be apt to be more competent than I am at present. Otherwise the advantage is with me.

'As you are aware, I am also a full-fledged coal-miner, and if the Dear God would permit me to gain my liberty again, I expect to make my livelihood by mining or farming. I may later on when I feel that my effort would n't be wasted, take a course in dairy-farming but at present I 'll just drift along with my humdrum occupation [several forms of prison labor, permitted him at different times as a reward for being an honor man] in the daytime and light reading evenings.

'I notice, that you don't write to me as often as formerly. I suppose you can't spare the time. Yours is a full busy life. I wish I was n't so rich in idle hours, yet such is life. One has overabundance while the other has n't enough.'

IV

The 'prison stupor' yields to prison despair, and in John's last two letters we mark the fading of hope, faith, and even aspiration. One letter gives the despairing wail of protest of this sensitive peasant, who longed to be, and perhaps might have been, a man of vision, reflection, imagination, and faith. But how much of the blame was his for the events that landed him in the hell that throttled the possibilities of making a sober, hard-working American?

'I expect — or hope — to reach you with this through the "subway." I feel my heart so full and I want to confide to someone, *someone* that will understand as I seem to be misunderstood by one and all! It is most unfortunate as well as sad for me to make an admission that my condition here grows daily less bearable, and God only knows how long shall I be able to endure! I am so much weakened by long confinement and my vitality is at such a low ebb. In a word I cease to feel any longer any enthusiasm or charm that life incites in every living being. It is all due beyond any doubt to the deplorable conditions in which

we are forced to exist. It is really an unbelievable occurrence to me that in this so much talked of land of freedom and in an era of the brotherhood of man there exists such human monsters that rejoice and gloat in satisfaction while inflicting unbearable sufferings upon unfortunate convicts, his fellow men after all and does not feel no moral shame or pangs of conscience of the dastardly acts he commits. We are fed upon decayed victuals no health authorities on the outside would sanction. It is not only that our bodies are run down but even our mental make-up, our minds and thoughts are poisoned by a long and continuous process of innutrition and there is no getting out of it. I read somewhere that it says there are no prisons for one's thoughts or mind, but yet, I found out different! I found it out that your mind, your very thought can be poisoned or stupefied by a bad nourishment of your body by chronic innutrition and there you are in prison both mind and body and no getting away. Dear friend, do not think that I am a glutton, an Epicurean to harp all the while upon the food question, but no, I do not wish no luxuries or things that I can live without. All I want: decent wholesome food to keep my body in repair and protect from disease and wastage. We do not get that here. Last winter I became prostrated with the flu. I had a raging fever. I thought I was near end of my suffering, yet I survived. But my nerves went to pieces. Fever has shattered my nerves on account of lacking proper medical attention. If after the flu, had I got the right kind of nourishment I might have reached normality; but as it is I am left no better than the physical wreck. I can't sleep at nights, I can't eat that rotten food they give me here, it won't go through my stomach. I got those nervous jumps and I lose controls upon my nerves at the slightest disturbance. I can't stand no slurring and all kind of insulting remarks that I have been hearing from those insolent convicts here, those especially that is known in most all the prisons as "moral degenerates." I wonder if you 'll understand what I mean? It is awfully sad to what depths of degradation such people have fallen. There are hundreds of them, who are abusing their own nature and who are priding themselfs in being the subject of alleviating other men's passions. I hate them. I hate them, I shun them, and they in turn hate me and tell the officials here all kinds of lies about me, that I am no good — or rather bad man and dangerous because I tell them to keep away from me or I 'll hurt them if they persist in their immoral purpose. Officials like them from the lowest up and believe them and there is no chance whatever of getting a square deal. When a man is run down, when his nerves are worn out and he becomes easily irritable, the honorable warden and Dr. pronounce him dangerous man, not reformed and therefore must rot in jail, whereas in better conditions such man could be straightened out, nursed back to life and to amiability of temper. However, they don't look in that way. Their object is not to reform a man but to deform him for life — it costs nothing, deny him food, deny him medical attention, let him die by inches, they care none.

'They may tell you all kind of lies. Please believe them not. They are professional liars, they have lifelong practice of it and they have oily tongues to tell it. They almost believe their own lies to be the truth. My dear friend, if you want to help me get out of this hell hole please try to be on the right side of them. It does not pay to buck up against them openly. They

have to much political influence back of them.

'My love to you.

'YOUR FRIEND.

'If you receive this letter, please let me know in your next letter, by writing my name on the front page of your letter right under or above the date.'

'It seems an eternity, but yet a recollection still lingers of the days of long ago, when my soul, too, was filled with joy on this splendid feast of Nativity. . . . Days, months, and years went by, cruel fate has shorn my soul naked of all the earthly joys and pleasures. It remains only a mocking remembrance of all my illusions, aspirations and shattered ideals that the youthful imagination ever so vividly used to reflect! All has irretrievably gone. . . .

'The tides of time rushes us all onward, toward what goal no one can tell. Hope is but a faint illumination that gives zest to all the lifes hardships, and yet at times that faint glimmer of hope are so obscure that one seems to be utterly immersed in the dreadful sea of despondency! How splendid, how perfectly sublime it would be if after life's harsh struggles there was a place of tranquillity and repose, the only well-earned reward after the severe blows that fate has dealt to those with whom Gods of destiny were seemingly displeased. Yes, there will perhaps be a reward, and rest in nothingness which is the only reward of the final heartbreaking.

'I was very much pleased to hear from you again dear friend, and God may recompense you for your generous Christmas remembrance — gift. Many, many thanks for both your very kind letter and a check.

'Please accept my best and most sincere good wishes of the season to you, and to all those good peoples that were kind to think of me.'

So end the last letters. The sequel may be briefly recorded. A few months later the Lithuanian Society, in the state where John was confined, appealed to the Governor for his pardon. There were not many wise or eminent among them, and their appeal failed. Less than a year later some Americans, impressed by the merits of the case, determined on another appeal. One of the group sought a personal interview with John. He was directed to the prison doctor, who gave the last chapter of the making of this American.

The failure of the Lithuanian Society to secure his freedom proved a final body-blow to John. It seemed a declaration that he was doomed to spend all his life in prison. The prison stupor and depression which John himself recorded were followed by other elements of mental and emotional weakening. He became gloomy, then suspicious, and finally violent. Two weeks before the visitor came to tell John that freedom was hopefully near, he was sent to a state asylum for the criminally insane. There he will probably remain until he dies.

What shall be our comment? Can our country afford to tolerate this Americanizing process?

I lived for eight years in the most congested section of New York City, where I saw all varieties of human makings and unmakings. I heard the dreams and shared the hopes of many prospective Americans. I also saw the pitfalls set to entrap them, and the disillusionment of too many. Later, as public prosecutor, I met some of the unmade or badly made. More than once I met such as John.

We shall easily agree as to the iniquity of the enticers and plunderers. But we need stronger social and official

appreciation of the wrong done to our new citizens, and the harm and cost to society of present conditions. Surely such conditions loom large in explaining the shocking volume of crime in our country, and the shortcomings in our social and political life.

And what shall we say of the court, the police captain, and the prison authorities who dealt with the John whom our tolerated plunderers had made? I submit that the judge who condemned John took into consideration but a small part of the case of the People of America against John Sobiesky, and nothing of the counter-case of John Sobiesky against the People of America. Does not the reader of John's letters believe that there was a time when John might wisely have been released? We must have better-trained judges in our criminal courts, and better-trained officials in the other contacts with the subtle problem of crime and its relations to social conditions and abnormal mentality. Is it not expensive, cruel, and stupid, in the light of the opinions of warden, supervisors, and doctors, and his own self-revelation, to support John for life when he might have supported himself and contributed to the support of this 'new world' to which he came with parental sacrifice and high resolve? Like many others, was not his more a case for social justice and for the doctor than for the judge with no social understanding and no knowledge of mental hygiene?

PRISONS AND COMMON SENSE

BY THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

When the ingenious Mr. Boswell was not altogether sure of his ground in some case in which he was interested, professionally or otherwise, he liked to submit the matter to his friend and mentor, Doctor Johnson, whose life he was already preparing to write. The great scholar, disclaiming expert knowledge, would proceed to a careful examination and analysis — going back to the very beginning of things — to make sure there was no weak link in the chain of reasoning.

The delighted Boswell, after expressing his fervent gratitude, would then file away the paper for use in his *magnum opus* — the future biography.

Many articles and books have recently been published dealing with our prisons, some of them of considerable value; but there is great need to reëxamine the foundations upon which our various theories of crime and punishment rest; for while much thought has been devoted to the questions, how to build walls high enough and make bars strong enough to keep men temporarily in prison, we have devoted very little attention to the treatment necessary to enable them to come out permanently cured, inclined to be friends rather than enemies of their law-abiding fellow citizens.

One thing, however, is clear: we are beginning to understand that our prison system has been a failure; that

not since capital punishment for minor crimes was abolished, have we evolved any logical method of dealing with criminals. But we also need to realize that more is needed to solve the problem than a brief spasm of good intentions, a speech or two at a mass-meeting, a few more bills for the legislature to pass or reject. We must have an intelligent plan of prison management, faithful and intelligent officials to carry it out, with a steady and intelligent public opinion behind them.

Boswell writes: 'I repeated a sentence of Lord Mansfield's speech, "My Lords, severity is not the way to govern either boys or men." "Nay (said Johnson), it is the way to *govern* them. I know not whether it be the way to *mend* them."'

If only, like Boswell, we could refer our prison problem to a Johnson, with his keen appreciation of ethical values and extraordinary clarity of mind — that rare quality we persist in misnaming 'common sense!' We can, however, adopt his method of examining his subject *ab initio*. Possibly in so doing we may find a series of more or less self-evident propositions which will receive general assent, and thus make it easier to arrive at a correct conclusion.

I. *Prisons exist for the protection of society; they have no other function.*

This is a proposition so very self-evident that discussion of it would be unnecessary, were it not a well-known and lamentable fact that very many of our prisons are used primarily as spoils in the game of politics. Wardens are often appointed, not because they know anything of the art of handling men, but because of their political services to the party in power, or because of some 'pull' with a local boss. In one prison, with the history of which I happen to be somewhat familiar, the wardenship has never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, been anything but the prize of the political county leaders. In another prison there has been a succession of incompetent wardens, the list including a plumber, a saloon-keeper, an ordinary city policeman, and a race-track gambler. What wonder if the history of that particular institution has been a succession of scandals!

The Federal Government ought to set the states a good example; but soon after the present Administration came into office the Attorney-General of the United States dismissed an excellent warden of the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, in order to make room for the leader of one of the factions of the Republican Party in Oklahoma. It seemed that the head of the rival faction had secured some kind of a Federal job, and trouble was brewing until the Atlanta appointment averted it. The most interesting point of the affair was that, in a public statement to the press, the Attorney-General ingenuously took great credit to himself for his action, in that the disastrous consequences of a split in the Republican Party of Oklahoma had been prevented. Apparently he was entirely unconscious that he might be doing an unwise or discreditable act in using a Federal prison as a political football.

Until we select our wardens with as much intelligent care as we should use in selecting the head of a college, or at least of a factory, we can hardly expect much in the way of moral improvement among the inmates.

II. *The old theory of a three-fold purpose of prison — retaliation, deterrence, and reform — is incorrect.*

Revenge is a motive not only hateful in itself, but directly productive of

hatred and wickedness. If we are to retaliate, it is essential that the retaliation shall be just — 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'; but it is manifestly impossible to determine the exact amount of blame to be attached to the criminal himself. How can we ascertain how much is due to inheritance, how much to early environment, how much to other matters over which the offender has had no control whatever? If we cannot ascertain these, how can we tell just how much retaliation the offender deserves? When a man does not get enough punishment, it is bad; it encourages him to think that he can always escape with less than his deserts; and thus crime is encouraged. When a man gets too much punishment, it is bad; it makes him bitter and revengeful; and thus crime is encouraged. Failure results in either case, and the community suffers.

Incidentally, it is curious how many who call themselves Christians believe in the doctrine of retaliation, which in the Sermon on the Mount is specifically set aside by the Founder of Christianity. And it is St. Paul, following in the footsteps of the Master, who writes: 'Recompense to no man evil for evil. . . . Avenge not yourselves . . . for it is written, Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord.'

On the other hand, the treatment of prisoners on a basis of reform is foredoomed to failure. Neither honest men nor criminals will tolerate a bald proposition from any one to alter their characters or habits; least of all, if we attempt to gain such a change by a system of coercion — and all men in prison are coerced. It is not in human nature to submit to reform from without. Moreover, who are we that we should attempt to reform others? Do we manage our own common affairs with such perfect honesty and efficiency, that we can wisely ask the crooks to pattern by us? We must consider that the criminals know far better than do honest, law-abiding citizens the extent of our failures. Are all the men on our police forces honest? Be assured the crooks know which ones can be dealt with. Are prosecuting attorneys always selected for their high ethical qualities? If there are any weak spots in such officers, the crooks will find them. They know whether a judge can be influenced or circumvented — for even judges are human. And so with revenue officers and other officials engaged in operating our complicated social machinery: the crooks know all the weak spots. A retired burglar was once explaining to me how he obtained the money necessary to pay for his legal defense. 'I got out on bail,' said he, 'and accepted an invitation from a couple of old pals of mine to go out to —— [naming a state in the middle West] and pull off a job on a bank there. The three of us turned the trick all right, divided the money and my quarter share was $15,000. With that I fought my case and got a light sentence.'

'Four shares,' said I; 'I thought you said there were only three of you.'

My friend grinned. 'Oh, the other fourth went to the sheriff.'

Members of the criminal fraternity have very little respect for organized society; they often allude to themselves as the '*honest* crooks'; and most of them look upon us outsiders much as does the Pirate King in Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful opera, when it is proposed that he abandon piracy and return to civilization. 'No, Frederic, it cannot be. I don't think much of our profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest.'

Neither retaliation nor reform, as a practical basis of prison, gets us anywhere. They have both been thoroughly tried, with the result of hopeless failure. They must be ruled out of consideration.

III. *Deterrence is the real aim of prison.*

Although, as individuals, we owe sympathy to the victims of a crime, the only real concern of society is to prevent, if possible, a repetition of it. An act, once committed, is fixed in history; nothing can alter it. But we can take measures to reduce the chances of future crime. After we have punished the offender by sending him to prison, it is the part of wisdom to employ such methods as may most effectually induce him to alter the direction of his energies; cause him to be more interested in construction than in destruction; make him willing and able to live an honest and useful life.

Then, not only will he himself be deterred from future crime, but he will influence others toward the right.

A young lad, who at the age of twenty-four had been ten years behind the bars, — having been originally sentenced to a juvenile institution at the age of nine, — left Auburn Prison after having taken an active part in establishing a system of prisoner responsibility there, in 1914. The opportunity given him in prison for unselfish work for others resulted in a determination to 'go straight.' He came out, secured an honest job; and then, to his dismay, found his next younger brother had started on the same career as a pickpocket that had landed him in the reformatory and the prison. The elder brother's talk and example, which had previously prompted the younger to a life of crime, now turned him back. I know both these brothers; they are leading honest and useful lives; and a still younger brother, the expenses of his education paid by the ex-convict, is soon to graduate from college.

A sensible prison system might be the most effective form of burglary insurance.

If deterrence is our aim, it follows logically that all sentences to prison should be indeterminate. Our present system is as absurd as if the doctor, on sending a patient to the hospital, should fix in advance just how long he should remain. The particular crime, which has resulted in the criminal being caught and punished, may or may not be a good index to his character or his criminal efficiency. A man may have committed fifty serious crimes before he is caught in a minor one. There is nothing more topsy-turvy than the comparison of characters and sentences of the inmates of a prison; if the sentences were drawn by lot, they could hardly be more absurdly inequitable — not so much in relation to the charges tried as in relation to the man's real character and exploits.

If we sent men to prison to remain there as long as necessary to secure the safety of society, it is obvious that some men should be held there for life, while others could safely be let out at once — they would never commit another crime. In these latter cases, however, the effect of a quick release upon other potential criminals must be considered. In all cases it is the deterrent effect which must govern.

How can the greatest deterrent effect be secured?

IV. *The old system of severity must be abandoned.*

It should be considered that when a man is sent to prison he is punished; the restriction of liberty and the stigma

of the convicted felon are the severest penalties society can inflict. The brutal severity which has awaited men after they were locked behind the walls is not punishment, but torture. By this I do not mean alone the flogging, the starvation, the more obvious physical tortures which have been and, in many prisons, are still practised, but others even more destructive of a prisoner's respect for society: the dreary monotony, the long hours of close confinement in small cells, the swarms of vermin, the system of silence, the repression of all natural instincts, the eternal espionage, the filthy food, the daily proximity to unnatural vice, the hourly danger of insult and abuse, the vile language of keepers, the tyranny of intellectual inferiors, the indifference of wardens, the grievances unredressed, the sense of utter helplessness, the impossibility of being heard — the wonder is, not that so many men have gone insane in prisons, but that so many have remained sane.

'Do you know how a man feels when he leaves a place of this kind?' said an Auburn prisoner to me, ten years ago. 'I 'll tell you how I felt at the end of my first term: I just hated everybody and everything, and I made up my mind I 'd get even.'

It is safe to say that such is the feeling of ninety per cent of prisoners when they leave a prison dominated by the old system of severity. Does this mean safety to society?

'The most pernicious infection,' wrote Bacon, 'next the plague, is the smell of the jail, where prisoners have been long and close, and nastily kept.' This is almost as true to-day as it was three hundred years ago; but the physical infection of the jails has not been so dangerous and destructive to society as the moral infection which has come from the unintelligent severity of our prisons. It has been proved, in various phases of human experience, that men cannot be tortured into a change of heart. Fear will keep many quiet for the time being; but were severity really effective, we should have no prison problem to-day, our prisons of the past would have been shining successes instead of tragic and mortifying failures.

Why do we hesitate to give a job to an ex-convict? Partly because we distrust a man who has been caught; but principally because we have no sort of confidence in the training he has received in prison.

'Gentlemen,' says the eloquent counsel for the defense to the jury, in Galsworthy's *Justice*, 'men like the prisoner are destroyed daily under our law for want of that human insight which sees them as they are, patients, and not criminals. If the prisoner be found guilty, and treated as though he were a criminal type, he will, as all experience shows, in all probability become one. I beg you not to return a verdict that may thrust him back into a prison and brand him forever! . . . Is he to become one of the luckless crews that man those dark, ill-starred ships called prisons? . . . Imprison him as a criminal, and I affirm to you that he will be lost.'

V. *Sentimentality must be discarded.*

In many prisons there has been a flop from brutality to sentimentality; after too little freedom, too much. Some prison wardens, after trusting no prisoners at all, turn about, and in the endeavor to be kindly trust too many; and trust the wrong ones in the wrong way. When prison officials select the 'trusties,' they almost invariably fail to pick out good men — for reasons not hard to understand. Prisoners soon learn to become the

most accomplished hypocrites, the cleverest liars, to be found anywhere; deception becomes the very breath of life. The stake for the prisoners is so large, that every faculty is trained to a dissimulation against which no warden can guard himself successfully. This is why the 'honor system' breaks down; it results in a demoralizing system of special privilege for the unworthy.

Of course, the prison officials are usually not aware of this. I know of prisons where the head is a thoroughly conscientious official — although, unfortunately, entirely satisfied with his institution: the machine runs smoothly, there are no riots or other unseemly disturbances; the warden meets smiling faces everywhere, and few men are punished; a number of privileges are granted by the administration and enjoyed by the inmates; everything on the surface is serene. Why, then, is not this a well-run prison?

Because under the surface one finds quite another picture. The trust placed in the prisoners is being secretly violated; the rules of the prison are constantly broken; the smiles are hypocritical; unnatural vice flourishes; the good discipline is deceptive — it is rotten at the heart. No prisoner trusts his neighbor: he is afraid of him, for 'stool-pigeons' flourish. It is practically necessary for the authorities to have their spies out in all directions; for the 'honor' of the prisoners is not really trusted — the whole thing is a solemn, hollow sham.

In one of the prisons which a few years ago was widely advertised as a remarkably successful instance of the honor system, and quite the last word in 'prison reform,' the espionage was carried to such perfection that its very efficient warden openly boasted to visitors that nothing ever happened inside the limits of his prison domain without his knowing it within fifteen minutes, if he were at home; or immediately after his return, if he were absent.

The difference between a system of severity and a system of sentimentality is that one threatens punishment and the other offers rewards — of selfish advantage. The warden makes in effect a sort of bargain with John Doe, convict, by which the warden agrees to give John Doe certain privileges, and expects a certain return. John is housed in a new cell-block or under more comfortable conditions in the old one; is sometimes allowed to work outside the walls; he converses with his fellow inmates, plays ball Saturday afternoons (and possibly on Sunday); and in return he must make of himself a 'good prisoner,' a quiet and well-behaved inmate; thus saving much wear and tear on the warden's nerves.

In the minds of many, the reform of the prison system has been accomplished when a cold-hearted, brutal autocrat has thus been replaced by a kindly, benevolent autocrat. But, so far as the ultimate effect upon the prisoner is concerned, there is little to choose. The former says, 'Do this, or I will punish you.' The latter says, 'Do this, and I will reward you.' Both leave altogether out of sight the fact that, when the man leaves the shelter of the prison walls, there will be no warden either to threaten punishment or offer reward.

Unless he has learned to do right on his own initiative, there is no security for society in the future. You cannot make good citizens through mental or moral pauperizing.

VI. *Prisons must be educational institutions.*

As criminals can neither be coerced nor bribed into a change of purpose,

there is but one way left: they should be educated. We must provide a training which will make them, not good *prisoners*, but good *citizens;* a training which will fit them for the free life to which, sooner or later, they are to return. If men in prison were to remain there all their lives, it would be of comparatively small importance to society how they were treated. Of course, where there is injustice or cruelty, it reacts disastrously on the character of those who inflict it — the bad effect of slavery upon the slave-driver is always more serious than the effect upon the slave; but, aside from that, there would be no danger to the community. The most important thing to bear in mind, in considering the treatment of prisoners, is the fact of their ultimate release. It is of the most vital importance that they should be educated, not for the life inside, but for the life outside.

Not until we think of our prisons as in reality educational institutions shall we come within sight of a successful system; and by a successful system I mean, not one that ensures a quiet, orderly, well-behaved prison, but one that has real life in it, and restores to society the largest number of intelligent, forceful, honest citizens.

When I was warden of Sing Sing Prison, someone said to me, disapprovingly, 'I understand that you have pretty lively politics among the prisoners up here.'

I said, 'Yes, men differ in opinion here as elsewhere; and when they are given liberty to think and act there is more human nature to the square foot in a prison than in any other place I know.'

'But I have heard that politics here are not always clean. Is that so?'

'Yes,' was my reply; 'politics in Sing Sing bear a strong family likeness to politics outside.' Then, speaking seriously, I told of a young Hebrew prisoner whose time had expired. He came to the office to say good-bye and said to me, 'I did n't want to go, Warden, without telling you what I think of this place; for I don't believe you know just what you are doing here.' — 'I have some sort of notion,' said I; 'what 's yours?' — 'Well, as I see it,' he answered, 'you 've started the men discussing questions of right and wrong, from one end of the prison to the other.'

It was quite true; and my duty, as warden, was not to sit idly by and let political discussion end in futility, but to endeavor to bring to the test of practical ethics every question that arose. I welcomed the political discussions — they kept the brains of my charges busy; but I held the prison community to close responsibility for the acts of its members; and when any man went astray, — as human beings appear rather inclined to do both in and out of prison, — the vital question was: what course did the community take regarding the offender? In the answer to that lay the test of the prison community and of our system. In dealing with their own problems, the prisoners were gaining the desired experience.

Thus the education of a prison should be not mere schooling, — teaching the alphabet to illiterates, or even correspondence courses for the more advanced, excellent in their way as both these are, — but training for real life, the free life of an American community.

VII. *Prisoners must be trained in honest labor.*

There can hardly be difference of opinion on this proposition; but it is not always understood that the very worst form of labor education is the

'slave labor' in force in our prisons. When men are placed at work, usually without consulting their preferences or capacities, are held at work only by dread of punishment, and receive no pay, — or very inadequate pay, — there can be no educational value. On the contrary, men come to associate work with prison and so desire to escape it altogether, when free.

In many prisons the work done is of a sort that the men would never, under any circumstances, do outside. Running a sewing machine at breakneck speed to make cheap shirts for some prison contractor, with a dark cell and bread and water, if he fails to complete his daily 'task,' is hardly the sort of labor that will turn a burglar into an honest workman.

The thing is preposterous. Any one of us, after years of that sort of labor and 'discipline,' would find burglary a most refreshing contrast. We should be inclined to wage war against society for the rest of our natural lives; and that is precisely what happens.

Work of vocational value should be the basis of labor in every prison. We should also pay a prisoner full wages for his production, and should make him pay for everything he receives from the state — such as board, lodging, clothing, and the rest. If he has a family, he should contribute toward its support. The balance should be his, to dispose of as he pleases; but no man should leave prison until he has enough cash to his credit to buy necessary clothing and supplies, and to support him until he settles down to a steady job.

It is entirely possible to develop a healthy, natural system of prison labor, which will be in full accord with both ethics and political economy. If we did this, our prisons might possibly become self-supporting communities instead of institutions where we teach men to contract a loathing for honest labor, at the yearly cost of many millions to the taxpayers.

But all attempts to solve the labor problem in prisons, all attempts to solve the problem of discipline, are futile unless a firm foundation is laid under them. So long as men are driven to work, they will not work willingly or efficiently; so long as they are coerced or bribed into good discipline, the discipline will be a sham.

VIII. *Prison training must be based on citizenship.*

In some prison schools will be found a class in 'civics.' That is very well, — all knowledge is useful, — but it has no relation to real training in citizenship.

As every boy knows, the only way to learn to play baseball is to play it. An attempt to make pitchers, catchers, batters, and base-runners by studying the rules and reading a history of the game would be so ridiculous that even penologists have not suggested it; even in prisons where it is permitted, they actually play ball instead of studying it.

So with citizenship: to know how to be a good citizen, — to do one's duty to the community and encourage one's fellow citizens to do theirs; to claim one's own rights without infringing upon the rights of others; to learn by one's mistakes; to trust and not to be discouraged when deceived; to be trusted and stand up under it — to learn how to do even a part of these and other necessary things, a man must actually do them. Fortunately, it is not impossible — even in prison.

At first thought it would seem as if this group of men were the last ones to be trusted with any freedom of thought and action. They are wicked criminals, and have been sent to prison; they should be forced to submit patiently to the bonds of virtue which we

put upon them — such is the general feeling.

Well, Dr. Johnson said that was the way to *govern* boys and men; but he knew not whether it was the way to *mend* them. Were he alive to-day and familiar with our prisons, he would have not even a shadow of doubt. It is no way to mend them; but mend them we must, if we are to stop the rising tide of crime which threatens to engulf us.

Fortunately we do not have to theorize about this matter. Experience has proved that a system of inmate responsibility — '*prison democracy*,' it has been called — not only is possible, but has actually been tried and has produced most astonishing results in the way of temporary good conduct and permanent reform.

The full history of the Mutual Welfare League is still to be written; but the experiences of the last ten years at Auburn and Sing Sing prisons and the United States Naval Prison at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, are full of instruction for those who wish to learn. Unfortunately, the League no longer exists at Portsmouth, it has been crushed out of recognition at Auburn, and it was badly mutilated some years ago at Sing Sing, where, however, it still survives, having converted two wardens who took office as skeptics.

But what has been done once can be done again. A warden who is intelligent enough to be dissatisfied with his prison system and wise enough to plan for the future can easily learn the facts; and while we need not hold with Mr. Gradgrind that facts alone are what are needed in this world, yet in prison affairs they are far safer than theories.

After the Mutual Welfare League had been in operation at the Portsmouth Naval Prison for over two years, my executive officer left for a few months' sea duty; and in his place Lieutenant C——, an officer of long experience in the service, reported for duty at the prison. During the first day he looked about: he found upward of 2000 prisoners, most of them living in barracks outside the prison, with no wall about the grounds; saw a number of prisoners go down to their work in the Navy Yard, accompanied by a few marine guards; saw the rest going about their duties at the prison without any guards at all; saw the working parties return and the guards march back to the marine barracks; saw the third-class prisoners entirely under the charge of their fellow prisoners of the first class; saw, in short, an unguarded prison run by the prisoners.

At the end of his first day, Lieutenant C—— came into my office, looking pale and disturbed. 'Commander Osborne,' he broke out, 'I can't stay here.'

I looked up from my desk. 'What 's the trouble?'

'I can't stay here,' he repeated; 'I 'm scared to death. Why don't these men all run away? I would.'

'Now, don't get excited about it,' said I; 'sit down.'

He did so; and as he dropped into a chair, he fairly groaned. 'I don't understand it.'

'Well,' said I, 'lieutenant, I will tell you something. Please don't give me away, for it 's a secret: I don't understand it either. I 've been trying to understand it for six years — ever since I got into this prison game — and I have n't succeeded yet. However, don't let it worry you; it is not necessary that either of us should understand it. We know, as a fact, that they don't run away, and experience proves that we can proceed with perfect safety upon that fact. Now you may explain it any way you like, but I may as well tell you that I

shan't care a snap of my fingers for your theory; and my theories are of no particular value or interest to you or anyone else.

'Not only that: I have not a single theory or idea about this prison game that I am not ready to alter or throw away the moment it bumps up against a fact. We are learning new facts every day here; because we are dealing with real, live human beings — the most interesting things in the world.'

The lieutenant seemed somewhat comforted; but as he glanced out of window, the troubled look came again into his face. 'But you have n't any wall here, or even a fence.'

'No,' said I, 'we have n't; and I 'll tell you why. When those barracks were built, they had a beautiful plan all mapped out, with a high and heavy steel fence which could be electrified and protected by barbed wire; and this was to go on the water-side as well as the land-side and spoil that fine view that does us all good to look at. I went to the Commandant and said: "Admiral, for heaven's sake don't let them put up that monstrosity. If we have a fence that is hard to climb, of course my boys will all want to climb it. Put up a light wire screen that any fool can get over, and I 'll see that they don't get over it." So they put up that light chicken-wire stuff that you see.

'Do you know what I have said several times at mass meetings to these fellows here?' I continued. 'I have told them: "Of course, you know and I know that it 's dead easy to get away from this place. I should be ashamed of any one of you who could n't escape from here." But I always added: "I should be ashamed of any one of you who did."

'Do you know what is the number of escapes we have had here? Eight out of over six thousand prisoners. And only think how easy it is. And we have had none at all since our last marine guards went overseas and the prisoner police have been on the job. More than that, lieutenant — '

But all that is another story.

If more people had seen the Mutual Welfare League in operation at the Naval Prison during the years from 1917 to 1921, we might add another self-evident proposition to those already enumerated; but perhaps eight are enough for a beginning.

WHAT IS INTELLIGENCE?

BY HENRY C. LINK

An immature science often breeds premature conclusions. Psychology is distinctly an immature science. Twenty-five years ago it was still considered a part of philosophy, and only since then has it achieved the status of what, in university circles, would be called an *independent discipline*. Its progress toward becoming a genuine science has been rapid, and the nature of its achievements such as to engage a lively and universal interest. The human mind is always a fascinating subject for speculation; but the development of mental tests, probably the most notable achievement of the new psychology, has appealed to popular imagination as few scientific achievements have done.

With all respect for merit, Applied Psychology is to-day the Jackie Coogan of the scientific world. Such sudden popularity is rarely conducive to deliberate scientific judgments. In this case it has undoubtedly led some psychologists to make claims for their work which the criticisms of other psychologists would have compelled them, in time, to abandon.

But scientific investigation and analysis move slowly, whereas popular interest, when aroused, moves quickly. The journalists and writers through whom this interest has expressed itself have been quick to exploit the results and theories advanced by psychologists. Their zeal, in most instances, has been greater than their discrimination. Even so, they have performed a genuine service by pushing the implications of these theories to their logical limits and by showing their radical effects in the fields of sociology, racial psychology, and education.

During this discussion, the increasing number of psychologists who disagree with some of the claims made for mental tests has remained inarticulate. One of this number may now be allowed to present his analysis, on the ground that this is, for once, the *psychological moment.*

I

Probably the most widely advertised and most vigorously denounced assertion in regard to mental tests is that based on the results of the army intelligence tests, according to which less than fifteen per cent of all those tested were of very superior and superior intelligence. From these results it has frequently been inferred that only fifteen per cent of the population of the United States are superior in intelligence. It is surprising that these claims should even be questioned; for, regardless of the validity of intelligence tests, it must be obvious to any person that a certain proportion of the people in any group are superior in intelligence to the rest.

Without even using a yardstick, we can say that five per cent of a population are superior in height to the other ninety-five per cent, and that fifteen per cent are taller than the remaining eighty-five per cent. The average

height might be five feet or seven feet, and still this statement would be true.

Just so, without the use of an intelligence scale, we know that five per cent of all people are superior in intelligence to the other ninety-five, that ten per cent are more intelligent than the other ninety per cent, and that ninety-nine per cent are superior in intelligence to the remaining one per cent.

This again holds true whether the average level of intelligence is high or low.

In order, however, to select the five, or fifteen, per cent whose intelligence is superior to that of the rest, it is necessary to apply a yardstick, or a device for measuring the intelligence of the individuals who compose the group. The intelligence tests represent an attempt to provide such a device. Their use has made it possible to arrange individuals in the order of their ability as measured by this scale, and to say that all those above a certain point on the scale are superior to those below that point.

Thus far the use of intelligence tests reveals nothing new or startling. Any test whatsoever, whether of height, weight, spelling, or speed in copying a letter, if uniformly applied, will arrange all those tested in a definite order, or according to certain levels. But though we admit the validity of an intelligence test as a means of arranging people in the order of the ability they manifest in meeting that test, by what authority can we claim that such a test is a measure of intelligence? How do we know that we are testing this particular quality and what do we mean by intelligence in the first place?

II

The question, what is intelligence, will puzzle almost any psychologist, because no psychologist has ever succeeded in giving a satisfactory answer. Indeed, the history of psychology is littered with inconclusive controversies over the meaning of this term. Intelligence has been variously defined as the ability to learn, to profit by experience, to adapt one's self to the environment, to solve new problems, to benefit by trial and error. True as they may be, these definitions add little to our understanding of intelligence. They are no more enlightening than the definition given by a pupil who said, 'Intelligence is that faculty of man, that divine spark as it were, which enables him to rise superior to his environment.'

Baffled in the attempt to define intelligence, many psychologists have implicitly accepted its existence as an inherited force of some kind, a spark divine or mundane according to one's personal belief, and are now trying to measure the degree in which individuals possess it.

This procedure again reveals nothing strange, any more than does the attempt to measure electricity, a force which no one has yet defined. The attempts to measure electricity were based upon careful experiments with its effects.

In like manner, the attempts to measure intelligence are based upon numerous experiments with the responses of children and adults to certain mental problems. The experiments from which most of the claims regarding the significance of intelligence tests are derived were conducted under the auspices of the Leland Stanford University by Professor Lewis M. Terman and his associates, and resulted in the well-known Stanford Revision of the Binet-Simon Intelligence Tests.

The Stanford Revision consists of groups of mental problems, one group

for each step in mental age, and may be illustrated by the tests assigned to designate the mental age of ten.

1. Defining correctly thirty words of increasing difficulty; such as orange, health, plumbing, treasury.
2. Pointing out the absurdity in four out of five sentences such as this: An engineer said that the more cars he had on his train, the faster he could go.
3. Reproducing on paper two designs which have been shown for ten seconds.
4. Reading a sentence of fifty-three words and recalling eight of the facts contained therein.
5. Answering correctly two out of three sentences such as the following: Why should we judge a person more by his actions than by his words?
6. Naming at random sixty words in three minutes.

A person who passes this group of tests is credited with the mental age of ten. He is also credited with from two to four months for each problem which he does successfully in the groups for succeeding ages, and the sum total of his credits determines his mental age. The I. Q., or intelligence quotient, is obtained by dividing his mental age by his chronological age. Thus, a person twelve years old whose work in the tests entitles him to a mental age of six has an intelligence quotient of .50 ($6 \div 12 = .50$), and a person ten years old who tests at a mental age of five has an I. Q. of .50 also ($5 \div 10 = .50$). A child of eight years who tests at a mental age of nine has an I. Q. of 1.12 ($9 \div 8 = 1.12$).

If we bear in mind possible errors in giving and marking these tests, there can be no objection to their validity as measures of certain mental abilities. But upon what grounds can they be called measures of mental age and intelligence?

The answer to this question, as given by the psychologists who make this claim, lies in the method by which they constructed their scale. 'The guiding principle,' says Professor Terman, 'was to secure an arrangement of the tests and a standard of scoring which would cause the median mental age of the unselected children of each age-group to coincide with the median chronological age. That is, a correct scale must cause the average child of five years to test exactly at five, the average child of six to test exactly at six, and so forth.'

In other words, the mental age was set, arbitrarily, on the basis of what the average individual at a given chronological age could do with a given set of problems. And the problems assigned to each mental age were selected in such a way that this arbitrary condition should be met.

This in itself is a perfectly legitimate procedure, common to all scientific research. The inches on a yardstick and the decimetres on a metre-stick, as well as the degrees on a thermometer, Centigrade or Fahrenheit, are arbitrary units. When we apply these arbitrary units in measuring distance or temperature, their significance is generally understood. For accuracy's sake, the physicist, in stating the degree of temperature, adds also the letter F or C to indicate which arbitrary unit he is measuring by.

Now, in the case of the Stanford Revision, the units of measurement were arbitrarily selected on the basis of experiments with children and adults themselves arbitrarily chosen.

For the mental ages of from three to fourteen this intelligence scale was standardized from the results of tests given to 1305 California schoolchildren. These children, according to Professor Terman, represented an unselected or sample group; but he tells us also that, in the treatment of the final results, all children of foreign-born parents, about

four hundred in number, were eliminated. The scale, therefore, actually represents the performance of 905 children, selected to the extent that all of them were in school at the time and, without exception, of native parentage. Consequently, wherever this scale is applied, it measures the abilities of those tested in terms of the abilities of this original group.

For example, when testing children in the schools of New York City, we are measuring them in terms of what 905 children of native-born parents in the schools of California have done. And when we say that children in one part of the country are less intelligent than those in another section, we should think of intelligence solely as defined by this arbitrary scale.

This again, is a perfectly legitimate procedure from a scientific point of view, assuming that we bear in mind the exact significance of what we are doing, and that we refrain from drawing inferences about intelligence which are not implied in the technique itself. But even though this procedure is scientifically sound, there is the question of how it works in actual practice. Can a scale based upon so small a group of selected subjects be used successfully in measuring children in all parts of the country?

The answer to this question is to be found in the results obtained in thousands of schools, in every state in the Union, from hundreds of thousands of children to whom the tests have been given. Obviously, the results could not agree perfectly with those originally obtained with the schoolchildren of California; but they were similar enough to indicate that the scale had a very wide applicability. For example, children of a certain age in the schools of New York City, or Dayton, Ohio, reached about the same mental age in the tests as that reached by the children in the schools of California.

Walter Lippmann, in his penetrating articles on intelligence tests, refers to the tests again and again as 'puzzles' and 'stunts,' and says in one connection that they may specially favor 'the type of mind which is very apt in solving Sunday newspaper puzzles, or even in playing chess.' Undoubtedly, there is an element of the stunt or puzzle in all intelligence tests, or, for that matter, in any mental problem which a group of individuals might be called upon to solve. An original problem in geometry is a clear-cut process for one student, but a twisting and elusive chase for another. The problems and questions in the Stanford scale were selected with the express purpose of reducing the stunt or puzzle element to a minimum.

The degree in which this purpose was achieved is demonstrated beyond question by the surprisingly uniform results obtained with the scale in all parts of the country. These results could not have been obtained with a collection of stunts and puzzles which, regardless of whether or not they were measures of intelligence, did not involve mental activities of a fundamental and very common type.

From this point of view alone, the Stanford Revision should be regarded as a scientific achievement of great note — though only those experienced in the intricacies of standardizing such tests are likely to accord it the appreciation it deserves.

In the face of the inertia which most radical innovations encounter, these tests have won for themselves an important place in the educational system. They have been adopted by thousands of schools as an aid in discovering children whose mental status is such that they should be placed in a higher or lower grade. The classifica-

tions which they have made possible, whether right or wrong, have tended to upset the complacency of teachers and educators everywhere with the traditional methods of grading.

Indeed, these tests have given the educational world, for the first time, a universal language in terms of which all sorts of stimulating and irritating comparisons between the educational and mental status of children in schools all over the country can be made.

III

In view of these achievements, I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that Professor Terman and the psychologists responsible for the development of intelligence tests have made the greatest single contribution to the field of education in our time. Just because their work has claims to such greatness, it is unfortunate that they should saddle it with such statements as the following:—

That the Stanford Revision and similar scales are measures of native or inherited intelligence and not of education.

That intelligence as measured by these tests is affected little or not at all by education.

That the native intelligence of different races and different social groups within the same race can be compared on the basis of these tests.

That the intelligence of most people does not develop far beyond the mental age of fourteen or fifteen.

Let us accept, for the moment, the truth of these statements, and observe their effect upon the interpretations to be made from the application of the intelligence scale. If a fourth-grade teacher tests Johnny Smith, who is twelve years old and should be in the sixth grade, and finds that his mental age, according to the scale, is only ten, it means that he is lacking in native intelligence, not that he has lacked the proper education. Consequently the teachers, the school, and the community may absolve themselves from blame for the fact that Johnny is two years behind in his school attainments, and lay the responsibility upon the Creator, or biological forces which endowed him with less intelligence than the average child.

Or if the children in a rural school, where one teacher has three or four grades, register a lower I. Q. than the children of like ages in the schools of Boston, it is not because the educational facilities of the latter are superior but because the intelligence of the former is inferior.

The lower I. Q. of Negro children in the South as compared with negro children in the North must be attributed to a lesser inheritance, not to more meagre educational opportunities. As a rule, children from the homes of families well up in the social and economic scale have a higher I. Q. than children from families less fortunate in these respects.

This is due, not to a more favorable environment and the better educational advantages which parents of means can afford their children, but to the better heritage with which they endow their children at birth.

And when, as is usually the case, children of foreign-born parents have a lower I. Q. than children of native-born parents, it is not because the latter have the educational advantages of an English-speaking environment, but because the former come from races characterized by a lower level of inborn intelligence.

Whether these facts are true or not, the assumption that the scale measures inborn intelligence, independently of the effects of environment and education, tends to relieve the educational system from the responsibility for the

mental attainments of its pupils. A child endowed with a certain degree of intelligence will attain a certain level of education, not because of the educational system, but in spite of it.

We have it in our power to improve the methods and standards of education, and the testing technique offers a valuable aid toward achieving this desirable end; but why go to all this trouble when the innate intelligence of those to be educated will not permit them to profit by these improvements?

'It is quite commonly believed,' said Robert M. Yerkes in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, 'that intelligence increases with schooling. This, however, is flatly contradicted by the results of research, for it turns out that the main reason that intelligence status improves with years of schooling is the elimination of the less capable pupil. All along the line, from kindergarten to professional school, the less able and less fortunate in home conditions tend to drop out. Not more than fifty per cent of our population are capable of satisfactorily completing the work of a first-class high school. . . . Education, instead of increasing our intellectual capacity, merely develops and facilitates its use.'

Professor Terman and his followers would probably agree to this as a fair statement of the case. Indeed, the outstanding fact in the entire field of tests is the constant agreement between the educational status and the mental status.

Therefore our pessimistic view about the importance of education is probably beside the point.

For, even though education cannot give a boy any more intelligence than he was given by nature at birth, it can at least 'develop and facilitate' his ability to use that which he has.

IV

Inborn intelligence and *acquired facility* in using it! The distinction called for here is the critical point in this whole doctrine of intelligence and its measurement. We may freely admit that the tests in question are measures of the intelligence which all individuals inherit in varying degrees. But common sense compels us to admit also that they measure, at the same time, the effects of education and environment.

The informal tests which we meet every day of our lives are tests of our native intelligence; but they are also tests of acquired facility. We solve our problems with what we have learned as well as with what nature has given us. Our responses spring from all that we are at the moment, beings in whom hereditary forces, physical nurture, the effects of education and environment, are blended into one. Our actions register like a man's weight — so many pounds, regardless of whether he is two-thirds flesh or two-thirds bone.

The intelligence scale, like a weighing scale, registers a single result called the mental age; and this result is derived from all that the individual is at the time. In order to obtain an undiluted measure of native intelligence, it would be necessary to measure it at birth before the effects of environment and nurture had come into play. But the very nature of the tests we are discussing is such that they do not become effective until the child has learned to talk.

Dr. H. H. Goddard, in his lectures on Human Efficiency and Levels of Intelligence, makes the assertion that 'intelligence is an inherited force, while knowledge is wholly acquired. Moreover, they are not to a large extent interdependent.' And yet, no

intelligence test has ever been devised which does not measure in terms of acquired knowledge. When we give such a test, we do not measure an abstract and independent force called intelligence, but a composite of the inborn forces of intellect and character and the many forces exerted by environment and education.

We must think of intelligence, therefore, as something which is not only inherited but developed.

The psychologist who believes that his tests measure inherited intelligence would say to this: Granted that these tests do not measure pure intelligence, but intelligence as developed by exterior forces, they nevertheless enable us to demonstrate a difference between that which is inherited and that which is acquired.

For example, if we apply the scale to children reared in exactly the same environment and under the same educational system, we find that they register different degrees of intelligence. Therefore the differences in their mental ages can be attributed only to differences in their mental endowment. This is a logical inference; but we cannot make this inference until it has been proved that the intelligence of the children in question has been developed under uniformly favorable conditions. The task of proving this involves many serious difficulties. How can we measure the environmental effects of different parents, of different social and economic levels? Even the same parents may constitute a more favorable environment for one of their children than for the other. Moreover, the first-born child in a family helps to create a different environment for the second child, and so on. In school, the same teachers and same studies may constitute a more favorable environment for one pupil than for another.

Conceivably we might, under laboratory conditions, establish for a group of children a uniformly favorable environment and, from its results, deduce the differences in their native endowment. In the meantime, we have been applying our tests to children and adults from every kind of environment and school, and drawing inferences in regard to their mental endowments. 'That the children of superior social classes make a better showing in the tests,' says Professor Terman, 'is probably due, for the most part, to a superiority in original endowment.' Possibly; but until the effects of a superior linguistic, social, and economic environment have been determined, such a statement remains a bare personal assumption.

We saw that the Stanford intelligence scale up to the age of fourteen was constructed on the basis of tests given to children of native-born parents in the California schools. They are, then, tests of native intelligence *as developed by these schools.*

If, on the basis of these tests, a similar group of American children in another community attains a lower mental age, shall we say that these children are less intelligent by nature, or shall we, perhaps, look for a difference in the activeness of the educational systems involved? The control of the latter is within our hands. The control of heredity, even if we could measure it independently, is at present practically impossible.

If the children of non-English-speaking foreign-born parents register, as is usually the case, a lower mental age than the children of native-born parents, must we infer that they come from a race which is inherently inferior, or shall we say that the development of their intelligence has been handicapped from birth, by a poor linguistic environment? 'The vocabulary test,' says

Professor Terman, 'has a far higher value than any other single test of the scale. Used with children of English-speaking parents (with children whose home language is not English it is, of course, unreliable), it probably has a higher value than any three other tests in the scale. Our statistics show that in a large majority of cases the vocabulary test alone will give us an intelligence quotient within ten per cent of that secured by the entire scale.'

Professor Terman might go further, and say that the reliability of the entire scale depends upon the ability to understand and use the English language; that it is a test of intelligence in so far as intelligence has been developed by English-speaking institutions. The admission he makes does not prevent him and other psychologists from using this and similar tests, like the army Alpha test, as a criterion of the innate intelligence of different races and children from different social strata.

In order to overcome the difficulties arising from the use of the English language, some psychologists have devised non-verbal intelligence scales. The army Beta test, which gives directions by means of pantomime instead of by words, is an example. Of such tests it may be said that their results are not to be compared, except for statistical purposes, with the results of a test like the army Alpha or the Stanford Revision.

Intelligence, we have seen, is always measured in terms of how it has grown up. Before we can infer that any race, or any group in the same race, is inherently inferior to any other, we must be sure that every individual has had the advantages of an equally favorable social and economic environment and an equally effective educational process.

There is absolutely nothing in the technique of intelligence tests as applied so far, which warrants any comparison whatsoever between the inherent intelligence of various groups or races. All that we can say is that there is a difference in their scores, and that this difference may be due to any number of factors, of which native endowment is only one.

We have, in our south Appalachian states, over five million people of old American stock, who can neither read nor write. The young men from this group, judged by their scores in the Army tests, possess no more intelligence than the twelve-year-old children of foreign-born parents in the schools of New England. Shall we infer from this that a large proportion of our native Americans are by nature inferior even to the 'inferior' races, or shall we attribute the difference to unequal economic and educational opportunities?

According to the statement by Dr. Yerkes, already quoted, the effects of education on levels of intelligence is only apparent, because all along the line those unable to benefit from further education drop out. Many of the illiterate Americans have never even entered school. Their intelligence has been neither stimulated nor arrested by contact with teachers. And who is so bold as to say that the chief reason for the low average intelligence of the people of the United States, as measured by these tests, is the fact that they have acquired all the education which their native intelligence will permit?

V

Thus far, we have confined ourselves chiefly to the question of measuring the intelligence of children up to fourteen years of age; but since the average adult intelligence is said to be approximately that of the average thirteen-to-fourteen-year-old child, we have not gone far afield in our analy-

sis. There is some doubt among psychologists as to what the average mental age of our population really is. But according to the tests applied thus far, the majority of adults do seem to reach the limit of their intelligence at the age of sixteen or before. If this is true, the results of these tests indicate an extremely important characteristic about human intelligence. But is it true? Do these tests actually prove that a majority of us do not have more intelligence at the age of thirty or forty than at the age of sixteen?

Instead of analyzing the method by which these results are obtained, let us rather begin by an analysis of the conditions which made them possible. All children are born with varying capacities in varying degrees. Just what these variations are, we cannot say, since we have no means of measuring them at the time. Regardless of their original endowment, nearly all children are compelled to develop under the influence of a common language and a common school-system. They must acquire first a vocabulary and a command of sentence structure. Their intelligence in the grammar grades is subjected to a common discipline, consisting of such studies as reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, drawing. During the course of this discipline different children naturally display different degrees of proficiency, due either to differences in innate capacity, home environment, or the quality of their schools and teachers. Nevertheless, there is a genuine continuity and similarity in the attainments of most children under this discipline. It is this fact, above all others, which makes it possible for a scale like the Stanford Revision to measure pupils throughout the country in terms of a common test.

Let us compare the expression of our national intelligence to a tree, and let the trunk of that tree represent the common discipline which our language and institutions impose upon the operations of intelligence during early life.

Between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, about fifty per cent of all children leave the grammar grades before graduation and go to work. They branch off from the trunk and go into the stores, the factories, and commercial enterprises of every description. In these many occupations, their intelligence is subject to disciplines of many varieties, and their attainments become correspondingly unlike. Many remain drawers of water and hewers of wood, but a respectable number of them rise to positions of importance.

A certain proportion of the children who graduate from the grammar grades go to high school, and take either a commercial, academic, or technical course. Each of these courses involves different kinds of studies, in terms of which the intelligence of the pupils must express itself. Many of the pupils, either before or after graduation, take up occupations which again impose upon their intelligence restrictions and stimuli of widely varying kinds.

Some of those who graduate go to college, it may be to a liberal arts school, a normal school, an agricultural school, a school of business administration, or a scientific college for engineers — mechanical, civil, electrical, chemical. Once more we have a process of differentiation, the outcome of which is a collection of college graduates whose intelligence has become specialized in various degrees and in diverging directions.

Some college graduates specialize still further by taking up the study of medicine, the law, the ministry, or some

special subject in a graduate school.

In short, the development of the attainments, if not of the intelligence, of our population takes place in a multitude of diverging directions in accordance with the exigencies and opportunities of our complicated civilization.

We have already pointed out that the Stanford scale, up to the mental age of fourteen, rests upon experiments with children in the schools of California. If the scale had been constructed in the schools of Michigan or Massachusetts, it would have served just as well; for the intelligence of children in these states as well as in most other states is subject to substantially the same discipline. Therefore their attainments lend themselves to measurement in terms of the same tests. But because this scale and similar scales fail to register an increase in intelligence much beyond the mental age of fourteen or sixteen, must we infer that the average person has reached the limit of his intelligence? Or is it more reasonable to say that our scale ceases to measure beyond a certain point, because thereafter the development of intelligence branches off in multitudinous directions?

The physicist and chemist apply accurate scales and measures in their study of the elements. When, beyond a certain point, their formulæ no longer explain the actions of the elements, they do not blame the elements, but endeavor to work out finer and more discriminating measures. In this way new elements are being constantly discovered.

Because our scale ceases to register an increase in average intelligence beyond the point at which most children have a common development, need we deny the further growth of intelligence, or shall we say that the nature of its growth is such that it can be measured only by additional tests of a finer and more discriminating type? Is it not reasonable to suppose that intelligence which develops in specific directions can be measured only by specific tests?

Attempts have been made to devise adequate tests of adult intelligence, and such tests have been successful when applied to homogeneous groups. College intelligence tests, for example, have successfully measured the capacity for making progress in college work, even though their reliability as a measure of intelligence, as defined by success in later life, is by no means certain.

A common test for measuring the mental age of unselected adults, however, has never been successful. And so long as the intelligence of the race is expended in a multitude of directions, — in the achievement of mechanical proficiency, artistic ability, professional skill, wealth, erudition, literary facility, the support of a family, with all the innumerable variations which these pursuits imply, — no such test will be adequate. Each adult reaches the limit of his intelligence, or his intellectual maturity in the field of his specific vocation or pursuit. Obviously we cannot, by selecting samples of intelligence in all these fields, construct a scale of tests which will be an adequate measure of mental age. Such a scale would fail to give due weight to the very factors that constitute the individual's chief claim to mental distinction. To a person who makes assertions about the mental age of adults, the life of intelligence must look like a ramrod instead of like the tree Igdrasil, an infinite conjugation of the verb *to do*.

But, says the psychologist, you are now speaking of specific types of intelligence, which, naturally, cannot be measured by any one scale. By mental age we mean a stage of general intelligence, and no more. The distinction is

an important one though somewhat belated; for in the comparisons so frequently made between the mental status of different races and different groups, the fact that general intelligence exists only because of a common nurture and a general educational system has been quite ignored. The tests may have been intended to measure general intelligence, but they have really been measuring in a wholesale way the effects of many specific conditions upon intelligence. When the psychologist admits the existence of degrees of specific intelligence, his assertions about the early maturity of intelligence and the low mental age of the average adult become meaningless; for if man reaches his full mental stature in terms of a specific achievement requiring specific intelligence, his mental age cannot be determined by any scale which measures only in a wholesale fashion.

VI

Having said so much which must seem destructive, let us conclude by pointing out how valuable an instrument we possess in these tests if their application is properly understood. We shall begin by making a very simple suggestion, which will, nevertheless, make an enormous difference in our conception of the significance of these tests.

Let us think of the tests, not as measures of intelligence but as tests of *attainment*. The controversial claims that we have discussed arose not from the tests themselves, but out of the assumption that they were measures of intelligence as such. We know that this is not the case, but that they measure the mental habits to which, as a result of heredity and environment, we have attained.

If we think of these tests as measures of individual attainments, the scores of different racial groups will not compel us to infer that one race is inherently and permanently inferior to another. We shall simply say that, for any number of reasons, — heredity, economic circumstances, climatic conditions, linguistic difficulties, lack of education, — the intellectual attainments of one race are not equal to those of other races.

When comparing native adults of the South with natives of the North, we may take their scores at their face value and say, simply, that the attainments of one group as measured by certain tests are evidently superior to those of the other.

In comparing the scores of children from different social strata, we shall note differences in attainments but need not prejudice our further investigations by ascribing these differences to only one cause.

The army intelligence tests gave us an excellent survey of the attainments of a large section of the adult population. But to interpret these results solely in terms of innate intelligence is to close our eyes to the many other fruitful interpretations and investigations to which they might lead. As measures of what we have learned or, to satisfy the most meticulous, of how we have learned to use what we have learned, these scales are of inestimable value to educators, sociologists, and students of racial and group psychology.

If we describe tests like the Stanford Revision as tests, not of general intelligence but of common attainments, their controversial impedimenta will drop off and their intrinsic value suffer not the slightest impairment. Indeed, their practical worth will be enhanced; for, when these tests show differences in the scores of individual children, between groups of children in different communities, and between children of

different racial and social environments, we shall not naïvely ascribe these differences to a mysterious factor, heredity, but concern ourselves equally with the many other factors which may have contributed to the result.

Used in this way, such scales are a powerful instrument in helping and stimulating the individual child to attain his fullest development, and in bringing the entire educational system to a more highly uniform level of effectiveness.

Among people who would govern themselves, general intelligence or a certain level of common attainment is the primary factor in the success of their common enterprise. Moreover, a civilization which, like the present, is becoming rapidly more intricate and involved, must evolve also a compensating rise in the level of general wisdom. Now, when we say that the mental age or native intelligence of the American adult population averages between thirteen and fifteen years, it is not only scientifically untrue but extremely irritating. Such a statement arouses widespread antagonism where general coöperation is most to be desired.

However, if we say that the level of common attainments is no higher than that of the average fourteen-year-old school child, our statement will seem not only reasonable but conservative. We recognize the inadequacy of our educational system. We know that large numbers of foreign-born and native adults have had little or no education. We appreciate the economic and legislative conditions which encourage many children to begin working at an early age. The general tendency toward premature and extreme specialization is a well-known phenomenon. All these factors and many others, besides inherited capacity, contribute to a low level of common attainment.

In calling attention to this fact, the tests we have discussed constitute a contribution of inestimable value. Assuming that our system of common-school education is fundamentally sound, psychologists have provided an instrument which will not only help to point out its inequalities but help to elevate its general level. When a higher level of economic independence and common education has been achieved, then, also, will our tests register a higher level of common attainment.

FIRST EXPERIENCES OF A RADIO BROADCASTER

BY FORD A. CARPENTER

MILLIONS of persons have enjoyed 'listening in' on the radio telephone during the year of its marvelous popularity. The history of communication shows no such phenomenal advance. Hundreds of textbooks have been issued, and there are a score of magazines published in the interest of radio telephony. Besides (and here is probably the secret of this remarkable growth) all the newspapers regularly feature radio concerts and lectures. Although thousands of lecturers, musicians, and other artists have used this latest means of reaching the multitude, but little, strange to say, has been written concerning the art of broadcasting. Here, then, is the confession of an amateur broadcaster!

A few days before the occurrence of this initial experience, I had been given notice that I would 'have the air' for fifteen minutes at a certain hour. Realizing that all new experiences provided their own thrills, whether they were flying, submarining, or any other unusual performance, I made careful preparation in advance: the twelve hundred words comprising the talk were carefully written out. This draft was corrected; it was talked into a dictaphone, and in listening to my own voice I detected several faulty voice placements.

These errors were corrected, and the roll was laid aside for a few hours; then, on taking it up, I imagined myself a 'man on the street' picking up the ear-phones, and listening. With that imaginary circumstance in mind, I found numerous spots where the 'story' could be improved. This made another dictation necessary, and another manuscript. In short, nothing was taken for granted.

Fifteen minutes before the fateful evening hour, I hailed a taxi and was driven to the broadcasting headquarters. The radio station was on the roof of a large office-building, the lower floor of which was unlighted save for a desk at the entrance.

As I opened the door, a small figure stepped out. He was in the uniform of a hotel page, which was tight-fitting, begilded, and emblazoned with the insignia of what we shall call 'TFI — *The Tribune*, Los Angeles.' Before I could open my mouth in inquiry, this diminutive person said to me, with a comical insolence impossible to describe, 'Walk to the end of the hall; take the elevator to the roof — they're waiting for you!'

'But — ' I ejaculated, 'I am — '

'That 's all right,' impudently interrupted the boy; 'I "called" you the first time; you 're one of those broadcasting guys, a — a regular scientific gent that comes up here to give the radio fans highbrow stuff.'

I made no reply; for, indeed, what could I say? As it was after business hours, the office elevator was out of commission, and I opened the door of the automatic lift. These highly efficient but mysterious contrivances always fill me with apprehension; I 'd rather take a fifteen-thousand-foot flight any day in an airplane, or get

into a diving-suit, than risk myself in one of those boxes with their rows of buttons marked 'B, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and R.'

I mustered up courage and touched 'R.' There was a clang of iron in the basement, and I rose steadily, stopped; and before I could open the elevator door the outer door swung wide and a smartly gowned girl greeted me with that 'afternoon-at-home' air, but with the addition of that grave, subdued professional welcome we associate with an undertaker's assistant.

'We are all ready for you; just step this way, please. Mr. Smith is expecting you.'

The lobby was hung in lilac tapestry; all lights as well as sounds were subdued; the environment was calculated to fill one with that awesome feeling incident to undertaking-parlors. And when Mr. Smith, who was 'TFI — *The Tribune*, Los Angeles,' appeared dressed in funereal black, patent-leather shoes, and a black moustache to match, I was ill prepared for his cordial greeting. But my fears were realized when, with finger on lip, he opened a heavy, padded door and ushered me into another lilac-tapestried room.

This room was without windows, the walls were thick and evidently soundproof. Softly shaded lights shone from sconces, and the word 'Silence!' glowed in electric letters on the walls. A grand piano occupied a prominent position, and before it, like a lectern, rose a black disc.

There was another such disc on a little desk at which the announcer was about to seat himself. I was waved to a place on a bench already partially filled by a somewhat agitated row of 'artists.' Said the announcer, 'TFI — *The Tribune*, Los Angeles. Master Robert Bruce, the boy soprano, will sing "Autumn Leaves" by Nevin, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Matilda Bruce.'

Robert, who had been apprehensively sitting by me, now rose unsteadily to his feet and stumbled to his place in front of that mysterious black disc.

The fond mother struck a chord, the poor boy opened his mouth; but not a sound came forth. He tried again, and as I sympathetically watched him I saw that, although he stood sturdily enough on his pipestem legs, his knickerbockers flapped about them in his nervous chill.

The mother struck another resounding chord; a faint squeak came from those agonized lips, and 'Autumn Leaves' by Nevin was radioed.

As I fatefully witnessed the performance (such was my own excitement that I heard not a word), my companions on the bench trembled violently in sympathy. I thought of that other performance witnessed many years ago, when Los Angeles was a small town and the schoolchildren came in long processions to be vaccinated. As the public-health doctor scratched the arm of the child in the front row, the child next in line began to bawl, and the cry was taken up, and away down the line of children the wailing progressed. And so it was on that broadcasting bench: the 'buck fever' was infectious.

When my turn came, and the black-coated announcer proclaimed, 'TFI — *The Tribune*, Los Angeles,' and proceeded to give the title of the address and the speaker, I groped my way to the presence of the black disc, thanking my lucky stars that I did n't have to stand, like the boy soprano, but was given a chair, and thus eased my trembling legs.

Realizing that every murmur would be reproduced, I as noiselessly as possible laid the crackling sheets of my address flat on the desk.

'Speak in a natural tone of voice, don't hurry, and remember that every sound you make will be heard by hundreds of thousands of people,' enjoined my undertaker friend.

I began to talk, and I tried to appear unaffected; fortunately my address was memorized, for had dependence been placed on the written words alone, I should have broken down; for huge blank splotches appeared all over the typewritten sheets, and the words of my speech were invisible. It was a case of nervous astigmatism. Again and again I spurned my faltering self to action and to proper presentation. Platform fright is not usual for me; of course, like most public speakers, I keenly feel the focused attention of a thousand or more pairs of eyes; but after the first few seconds, I rally, and then their effect is to produce a tremendous reaction which is stimulating to a degree. Had I permitted my imagination to picture the countless number of men, women, and children from the Pacific coast to the Mississippi River, and from the Canadian boundary to the lonely ranches in Mexico, not to mention the many ships at sea, all 'listening in,' then indeed would my fortitude have forsaken me.

The next morning, one of my friends called me on the telephone: 'Say, that was an interesting talk you gave; I heard you when I was having my after-dinner coffee in the den, and I could n't help but think how comfortable I was, seated in my easy-chair with the ear-phones in place, and how uncomfortable you must be. But you did pretty well for a first time — you only gave three gulps.'

Radio-broadcasting managers tell me that invariably people are afflicted with stage fright when they first attempt broadcasting. Is it not the knowledge that every sound will be registered, and that they get no reflecting sound of their own voices?

Not long ago, 'TFI — *The Tribune*, Los Angeles' received an appeal by foreign mail, from Cuba: 'For heaven's sake, turn off that faucet; I hear the dripping of water every time you put on a programme and I tune in.'

Investigation showed that within sound-registering distance of the transmitting disc was the provoking leaky faucet.

Again, do not all unusual, not to say unnatural, environments inspire dread? I know that my first airplane and balloon flights caused sickening nervousness, as also did my first descent into the sea, although clad in a diver's suit. All children fear their first trip in an elevator as well as their first dip into the ocean or lake.

Doubtless fear of the unseen is largely responsible. With a multitude of people before one, the public speaker or singer becomes stimulated, and accomplishes much more than would have been possible if he had appeared before a few friends. Caruso once said that he would rather sing through an entire opera at the Metropolitan than make one phonograph record.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

AN ATTEMPT AT REAPPRAISAL

BY PAUL HUTCHINSON

THE good churchmen who are building the Cathedral of St. John the Divine all unwittingly have rendered in stone an ironic comment upon the modern position of the Church. In this great pile they have placed nineteen figures, symbolizing the completed centuries of the Christian era. Up to the fifteenth they are practically all ordained servants of religion. The representatives of the eighth to the eleventh centuries are churchly warriors. But after the sixteenth century, which finds a questionable incarnation in Cranmer, not a statue depicts a man whose first interest was the Church. The representative man of the last century was not even a member of a church! In truth, the very stones cry out.

A recent effort to sketch church history by the 'high-spot' method has impressed upon me the growing sterility of Western church life. The book was to avoid details; to treat only the formative events. What were these in the last century? There was but one, the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* — something that happened *to* the Church, not *within* the Church. (The Salvation Army and papal infallibility were too restricted in significance for inclusion.)

The plain case is that the clearest evidence the modern Church can show of its continuing right to a place among the world's moulding factors is not in the part it is playing in so-called Christian lands, but in its foreign missions. Its foreign missionary enterprise is the contribution of the Western Church in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to the making of the twenty-first. Some day the Church *may* contribute a social gospel, substituting service for reward as a motive for society; but this is still no more than a hope. Christian missions are established, and they are affecting the structure of the world.

Then where is the Church in the West left, if its missionary programme withers? If the Church no longer furnishes the leaders of the West, if it lives at home in an atmosphere of small fireside concerns, what fate lies in store if this last commanding adventure loses its power?

To many it will sound like nonsense to suggest any failure of Christian missions. If the growth of the Church continues at its present rate in India, they will tell you, within one hundred and twenty-five years that empire will be at least nominally Christian. That is much less time than it took to win the Roman Empire! The Protestant churches claim to be increasing in membership at a more rapid rate in China than in any other part of the world. And the missionary societies, as they appeal for funds, explain that their needs are the result of success and not of failure.

Yet at this moment, when missionary statistics tell their most encouraging story, it is idle to deny an increasing dissatisfaction. If the percentage of increase among Chinese Protestants is large, it is pointed out that it does not equal one new church member per paid worker per year. If there have been large accessions in India, it is admitted that there are ten men deriving inspiration from the life and message of Jesus for one who joins the Christian Church. And the suspicion of, and even opposition to, Christian missions to be found in the West is not wholly to be interpreted as lack of sympathy for the goal in view.

As an example, take the case of W. Somerset Maugham. In a single season Mr. Maugham has staged *East of Suez*, inspired *Rain*, and published *On a Chinese Screen*. In each will be found an observer's derogatory reference to certain phases of Christian missions. It is not enough to accuse Mr. Maugham of antimissionary prejudice. His accusation is, in essence, that Christian missions, like the Christian Church in the West, have come to occupy themselves with the nonessential. And that accusation, if it could be supported, would spell doom. Fortunately, except in unrepresentative cases, it cannot be supported.

I think it can be proved that the work of Christian missions in the past has been well done. From the time of Saint Paul to that of Livingstone, the men who left home to 'preach the Gospel' saw of the travail of their souls and were satisfied. Of course they were satisfied, for preaching the Gospel was precisely what the situation demanded.

(Perhaps it should be said, by way of an aside, that when these missionaries of the past found their path blocked by unusual conditions, they did not hesitate to turn from a direct preaching to other tasks. It is astonishing in how many cases this took place, from Ulfilas and Cyril with their alphabet-making, to Livingstone with his exploring and his fight against the slaver.)

What was this Gospel that these pioneers preached? Simply expressed, it built on three truths. It taught a universe ruled by a Father-God, with love as its unifying element. It taught that the welfare of every human is of supreme importance to this God. And it taught that freedom from all that is base and life on the highest conceivable level become attractive and possible through the worship of this God as He has been revealed in Jesus.

To teach these truths Christian missionaries found it necessary to give battle to the conception of a universe ruled by numberless nonethical deities, to the conception of society that refused dignity to every human unit, and to irresponsible standards of living. That was the first job that needed to be done. Preaching was the direct means to doing it. Men went out, as Vachel Lindsay says, to

> . . . slay the subtle gods of Greek delight,
> And dreadful Roman gods, and light the world
> With words of flame.

It hardly needs to be said that the task of the Christian missionaries of the past is still of basic importance to the world, and a long way from completed. And there can be no theory of Christian missions, in the twentieth or any other century, that does not include this familiar form of effort.

Any reappraisal of Christian missions, therefore, does not ask whether the preaching of the Gospel in non-Christian lands is a task that must be attempted, but rather whether it is the *only* task, and whether it is the task that the *missions* most need to do. It is trite to talk about a new era and a

new world. I cannot see, however, that the Christian churches or their agencies, the missions, have more than an academic appreciation of this changed situation. If they had, it is certain that they would be readjusting their programmes to easily discernible facts.

The chief of these facts is this, that the increase of the acknowledged Christian community is being held back, not by any lack of attention to the preaching in non-Christian lands, but by a lack of evidence that the Gospel can be, or is being, applied to the ills that threaten the life of the world. An intelligent native of a non-Christian country is more often than not ready to admit the high ethical level of the Christian Gospel, while he holds Christians either blind to denials of those ethics, or actively engaged in flouting them. And he stands aloof from Christianity until it meets the ancient test, 'Physician, heal thyself!'

Mohammed Ali, the leader of the nationalist Moslems of India, not long before he became a prisoner was talking with a bishop friend of mine.

'I have nothing against missionaries,' he said. 'I have nothing against Christian preaching. It is only the "Amen" to which I object!'

Naturally the bishop asked what he meant by the 'Amen.'

'Why,' explained Mohammed Ali, 'I mean the gunboat that points its cannon ashore while the missionary is preaching, and at the end says, "Boom — Amen!"'

The last century has contained instance after instance, in the Far East, in the Near East, in Africa, and in the islands of the sea, in which the preaching of the Gospel has seemed to the natives only preliminary to political or economic outrage. Sometimes the two have gone hand in hand. Not soon will educated Chinese forget that the charter under which the Christian missionary operates in his land was a part of that same Treaty of Nanking that legalized the importation of opium. So it is that these peoples wonder in bewilderment why the bodies that proclaim their devotion to the setting-up of the rule of God can be content with the individual type of missions, while sins that give the very Christian concept of God the lie grow luxuriant.

The sins that Christianity must face to-day are not only the sins of Greece and Rome. The old sins are still with us, but there are sins, international sins, so pervasive that they cannot be dealt with on any limited, individual scale. So long as these sins survive, any talk of success for Christian missions is clear futility. What are they?

There is political injustice. It is a sad story, this tale of the political relations of West and East. The deeper you go into it, the more sordid it becomes. And if any American thinks he has reason why he may stand erect in the presence of English or German or French or Russian publicans, and thank God he is not as other men, let him read again the conclusion to which Tyler Dennett comes after writing 707 pages of evidence on *Americans in Eastern Asia:* 'No nation has escaped the valid charge of bad faith. The guilt of all parties being clearly proven, it has seemed profitless to continue the discussion of guilt with a view to determining the relative degree of wickedness. Each nation, the United States not excepted, has made its contribution to the welter of evil which now comprises the Far Eastern Question.'

Two or three years ago an American official of the Young Men's Christian Association revisited his former field of service in Shanghai. A public reception testified to his popularity. The following morning the first premier of the Chinese Republic, American-educated but not a Christian, told that he

had asked the guest of honor: 'How do you explain the fact that it remained for a "heathen" nation to refuse to sign the most immoral treaty in history?'

Then there is economic exploitation. The ruthless manner in which the ancient handicrafts of India were destroyed to favor the mill-owners of England is a matter of parliamentary record. And the tale of the developing industrial life of India, China, and Africa is being written in blood. Western business demands, and secures, all sorts of governmental exemptions and favors to ensure its profits when it goes abroad. And again and again, when there, it follows a policy of inhuman hours and starvation wages that is sowing the wind against the future.

It is probable that the West thinks of Sir John Bowring — when it thinks of him at all — as the man who wrote

> In the cross of Christ I glory
> Towering o'er the wrecks of time.

But the East remembers him as the indefatigable diplomat whose labors contributed so much to the legalization of the opium traffic in China.

Surely, he did what he did at the behest of his Government and probably in opposition to his own desires. And his Government moved at the behest of the opium merchants of India.

Even more devastating is racial prejudice. The man who thinks this issue just a stalking-horse for Oriental politicians is of all men most deceived. We may try to cover it with a 'white-man's-burden' sentimentalism or a Nordic-great-race pseudo-science, but the tinted races are determined to stand erect in our presence. If we plant a 'model settlement' in Shanghai, let us not think that we can make the exclusion from public parks of Chinese and animals not on leash a part of the model, without paying a penalty.

A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* shows how this affectation of racial superiority is storing up trouble in India. On the railways he found plenty of examples of the young Englishman 'suffering from swelled head,' who 'thinks swagger and bad language will enhance his importance in the eyes of the coolies he is dealing with.' 'These young foremen, just out from home, they'll ruin all,' a veteran testified. 'They think themselves God Almighty, and they think the natives are all coolies, though there are men all round 'em that could put 'em in a band-box and hush 'em to sleep there.'

Finally, there is the devotion to material standards of success. The non-Christian lands have not all been, nor always been, contemptuous of the material. Witness China. But they have been becoming profoundly suspicious of the materialism of the West, and the war has confirmed them in their suspicions. The distrust of Japan, where Western materialism has most conquered, by other countries of the Orient is of vital significance.

The 'New-Tide-of-Thought' movement proclaims this from the housetops in China. Gandhi personifies it in India. That leader of three hundred millions is reported to have declared: 'If I could say the word that would make India free to-morrow, and have her under the same sort of civilization that England has, I would keep silence.'

This is the sort of international sin that most grievously besets the future — political injustice, economic exploitation, racial discrimination, material standards of success. Christian missions, if they mean to make the world truly Christian, must deal with these.

To deal with these sins will require an entire change of missionary method. It will cost enormously, compared to the cost of the present type of missionary enterprise. If funds lack, it may

be necessary to leave the work of preaching almost entirely to the native churches, which have already shown promises of power. That might not prove the catastrophe it at first glance appears. But the piercing requirements of the larger task to which the missions would then be committed would go far toward cleansing and reviving the inner life of the churches of the West.

For they would then take the best of this magnificent young life, which they now attempt to enlist for the old type of work, and send it out to the world's spots of need to locate, describe, and checkmate these international sins. Organizations would be established for study of world conditions that would far exceed in scope and rigor the foundations that have been established by private wealth. The sins of the nations would be detected and denounced while being committed, and the call to repentance would be made without regard to nationalistic fetishes.

It is impossible to think of Christians carrying this huge undertaking to success as hundreds of unrelated units. They might try; they could not succeed. Some method of surmounting denominational distinctions would have to be found. So the benefits of this new type of missions would not be confined to non-Christian lands.

Will the churches consider any such radical readjustment of their missionary programmes, giving as much attention to checkmating international sins fostered by supposedly Christian lands as to seeking converts in other hemispheres? Not without a struggle. If a canvass of Church leaders could be taken this year, I do not doubt that they would almost unanimously vote against any such suggestion. But events may force the change.

The young Christians, who must man the missionary army, are not content with the old programme. The inside story of the way in which important elements in the last International Student Volunteer Convention showed their impatience with the 'old reliable' leadership is not yet told.

The Christians of these other lands are not content. 'What chance is there to win Tientsin to Christ,' asked a Chinese pastor, 'while troops from a Christian nation remain in possession of a part of the city illegally seized?'

Thinking Christians are not content. Sherwood Eddy used to spend his time preaching individual conversion to individual sinners. He did it in every land, and he was called a leader among Christian missionaries. Now he spends a large part of his time preaching international conversion to international sinners. And he does this because he actually has become a leader among Christian missionaries.

Unescapably the fact looms up that Christian missions will make this shift of objective, or they will just peter out. They are doing this in many countries now. Not Christianity — but Christian missions. Time was when Duff's schools in India, and the mission schools of Korea, Japan, and China were the controlling schools of those lands. It is not so now. Time was when the mission doctors were the unchallenged leaders in the medical profession. Not now. Time was when the commanding Christian preacher was the missionary evangelist. Not now. Christian missions, the method by which Western Christians contribute to the world's salvation, will pass; we watch the process.

This readjustment to a new campaign is not a minor matter. For either the churches of the West will make the readjustment, and find themselves once more engaged upon an enterprise of vigor and significance, or their bid for a place among the world's moulding forces will end in a formal sterility.

HIS MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION

BY E. T. RAYMOND

I

THE British Labor Party has now had a full six months' experience as His Majesty's Opposition. The time is too short to reveal the full strength, or betray the full weakness, of what is now the second party in the State. The first session of a new Parliament rarely tests the character of a man or a group. Apart from the lassitude which naturally succeeds the fever of a general election, there is neither motive nor opportunity for effort on a large scale. Everybody is content with measuring swords and exchanging a few experimental passes. In Opposition speeches, of course, the Government figures as the worst and weakest of modern times; its authority is challenged; the manner in which it came into existence is impugned; and it is told that what was born in corruption must expire in shame. But in practice nobody desires or works for its downfall, and everybody is ready to give it full opportunities of carrying on. A wise government, on its own side, never attempts a large or challenging programme until it has settled down; and thus an air of unreality surrounds the first proceedings of a newly elected Parliament.

The late session has been no exception to the rule, and the test through which the Labor Party has passed cannot be said to justify any final conclusions. Enough, however, has been seen to form a general idea both of the possibilities and of the limitations of the new Opposition. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the Labor leader, recently boasted that his followers, by their Parliamentary conduct, have shown themselves 'at least as fit to govern as men of any other party or class.' That is a claim which even relatively friendly critics would hesitate to concede; and many would add that, since government is a much wider thing than Parliamentary management, nothing has happened, or could happen, during the past six months to disprove Mr. Churchill's famous dictum that Labor is unfit to rule.

But whether or not his party is *capax imperii*, it is generally admitted that Mr. Macdonald himself is eminently qualified for all the duties which ordinarily fall to a leader of the Opposition. Many years have elapsed since there was so able, vigilant, resourceful, and pertinacious a critic of the Government on the Front Opposition bench. Mr. Asquith was more indolent, and lacked fire. Sir Donald Maclean, with equal industry, had neither the flair nor the intellectual power of Mr. Macdonald. And it must be somewhat humiliating to Mr. Lloyd George to find that, in the very department in which he might have been thought incomparable, he has so far failed to impress the House as the equal of the Labor leader. His sword, as he said last autumn, is now in his

hand, and he intimated that he would 'mak' it whustle'; but in fact the weapon seems a little tinny and the gladiator a little tired.

II

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's success has indeed surprised even his friends. Everybody knew that he was a most adroit Parliamentary chess-player. It was generally recognized, long before the war, that among the three or four men with the special gifts appropriate to a Parliamentary leader, he ranked certainly further from the bottom than the top of the list; and when, at the beginning of the session, the Labor Party passed over the claims of Mr. J. R. Clynes, there were few who did not acknowledge that its choice showed excellent judgment, always assuming that Parliamentary dexterity was the chief need.

But though Mr. Macdonald has achieved the kind of success which might have been anticipated, its degree is none the less astonishing. Under him the Labor Party has attained a momentum, a cohesion, and a dignity to which it could not pretend when led by one or another of the solid and stolid trade-union delegates who held command in the Parliament of 1918–1922. And this despite the fact that wild men have abounded as never before on the Labor benches.

Mr. Macdonald's following includes politicians of a type hitherto strange to Westminster. They have little in common with other portents of the past, like the late Keir Hardie, a thoughtful and kindly man behind his studied violence. They are not, like him, merely desirous of getting rid of certain social injustices. They aim at getting rid of society itself as at present constituted. They come to the House of Commons, as they announced on the first day of the session, resolved 'to end all this.' They have no sort of faith in Parliamentary government, no shred of respect for the House, no belief in the possibility of adapting it to what they conceive to be the needs of modern democracy, no wish but to smash it.

These levelers from the Clyde have made a system of obstruction, and have used insult as a weapon. On them Mr. Macdonald's authority sits lightly, and some of them do not even acknowledge a nominal allegiance; yet the discredit attaching to their presence necessarily casts, in the eyes of a public which fails in nice discrimination, a stigma on the Party as a whole. But though he cannot prevent scenes which he deplores, Mr. Macdonald, with quiet skill, minimizes them; and it is a testimony to his adroitness that the Labor Party has distinctly gained in reputation. In the last Parliament, though it was seldom noisy, it was deemed thoroughly irresponsible. In the present Parliament, though violence has indeed been frequent, it has acquired, on the whole, a reputation for playing the Parliamentary game both skillfully and in accordance with all the rules. Mr. Macdonald recently described himself, quite justly, as 'one of the decorous sort of people.'

Both physically and intellectually he is well qualified for the task set him. A tall handsome man, one of those rare persons who can wear rather long hair without looking affected and a sweeping moustache without looking effeminate, he has the pleasantest of voices, the most plausible of manners, and the gift (which was also Mr. Asquith's) of imparting to a dubious case the air of complete respectability. He has studied much; he possesses a tidy

habit of mind; and, without much power of original thought, — or, for that matter, of striking expression, — he is a capital debater, with a specially quick eye to the weakness of an adversary's case, and a disconcerting way of using the *tu-quoque* argument to those who accuse Labor of immoral, selfish, or revolutionary aims.

Perhaps wisely, he is mostly negative, and exposes the smallest area to criticism. If possible, he does not so much dwell on the virtues of the socialistic remedy as on the fellness of the capitalistic disease. He has never defended Bolshevism. But he has given Bolshevism all the advantages of a defense by attacking its attackers. If accused of wanting to wreck society by a capital levy, he would deny, of course, that society would be wrecked; but his main reply would be that, under an orthodox Chancellor of the Exchequer, a capital levy is already in operation, but that it attacks the wrong sort of capitalist. And when told that Labor is unfit to govern, he would ask, with mild venom, 'What, then, is the standard of fitness? Was it reached by a Government which threw away a hundred million sterling in buying discomfiture in Russia; which left the Turk in a position to be troublesome five years after his supposed defeat; which has achieved no settlement with Germany, and has squandered in pure absence of mind millions on millions which no auditor can even trace?'

The sense of tactics is Mr. Macdonald's great gift as a Parliamentarian. Few men are more adroit in framing formulæ or constructing dilemmas. He is probably second in sheer intellect to his fellow intellectual, Mr. Philip Snowden. He is certainly Mr. Snowden's inferior in passion and strength of conviction. But while Mr. Snowden is mainly the man of ideas, Mr. Macdonald is, above all, the practical politician. Except in the single matter of 'Pacifism,' he has contributed little or nothing to the doctrinal stock-in-trade of the Party. He has always called himself a Socialist, and he talks the commonplaces of Socialism; but it is extremely doubtful whether he has ever conjured up in his mind the vision of a socialized world, more definite in its practical details than the dreams of Bellamy and his like.

It is enough for him that the Sidney Webbs, who can be of little use elsewhere, are thinking out in the study schemes of Collectivist regimentation. His business is quite distinct. It is to get and keep together an actual Socialist Party; when that party reaches power, it will be quite time enough to take down from the pigeonholes all the schemes for the state endowment of motherhood and the minimum wage for all citizens. These things are not to be despised, for they sound well in manifestoes. But they are and can be nothing until there is an organization to give them effect.

The whole of Mr. Macdonald's career has been spent in nursing this project of a powerful and self-sufficient Labor organization; and the skill and tenacity with which he has pursued his object are remarkable. Even during the war, though separated in view from the majority of the Party, even during the first post-war period, though he could not obtain a seat in Parliament, he never lost grip of the controlling wires.

III

How does it happen that this Scottish ex-school-teacher, polite, well-mannered, literary, middle-class, received in all kinds of intellectual circles, a bosom friend of Mr. Lloyd George in

the old Budget days, and still so much esteemed that in the fiercest controversies the late Prime Minister would not tolerate a word in his disfavor, leads a party representing four and a half million electors belonging chiefly to the ranks of the manual workers?

An answer to this question is necessary to a full understanding of the Labor position. The Labor Party is like one of the anomalous animals of mythology. Its brains are Socialist, its body is trade-unionist, its tail is Bolshevist. Though the details of this strange organization are perplexing, and incapable of being covered by any concise formula, it is easy to understand how a socialistic character has been given to a body representing great numbers of men who never heard of Karl Marx or Robert Owen.

When the trade-unions, discovering their power, decided to put forward candidates of their own, it was soon discovered that a party, to be effective, must be something more than the sum of its members. The necessity was seen of those arts which alone can convert a mob of unrelated atoms into a working, fighting organization.

To supply the need, the so-called Independent Labor Party rose into being. Its name is as little descriptive as that of the Holy Roman Empire. It is not independent, for its whole character is parasitic, though it is the kind of parasite that controls what it subsists on. It is only nominally Labor, for most of its moving spirits are middle-class intellectuals or workingmen who have long abandoned their trades. It is not, in the ordinary sense, a party, for it has neither the funds nor the organization to run any great number of candidates at its own expense. But, as a factory of ideas and a centre of intrigue, it succeeded, by its appeal to the 'viewy' and ambitious young men of the trade-union world, in imposing its policy and its plan of campaign on the great craft organizations. Thus the vast funds and the far-reaching influence of the trade-unions were at the service of a knot of politicians who, of themselves, could not have won a single election. And thus it was that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, whose hands have always been as white as a duchess's, was for years the most powerful Labor politician.

Except for the war interval, he has mainly directed the policy of the Party, though not its nominal chief. It was due to him more than to anybody that from 1906 to 1914 a close working alliance was maintained with Liberalism. If he now falls in with the general Labor view against future coöperation with either of the older parties, it is because he believes that Liberalism is dying, and that Labor is the natural heir to its assets. He has already appropriated most of its ideas in foreign policy, and his brain works most naturally on 'advanced' Liberal lines in regard to home affairs. He is a free trader. He is a convinced and almost faddish constitutionalist. He feels all Mr. Lloyd George's affection for rich men of a particular type. The late George Cadbury, the chocolate magnate, he recently eulogized as 'the pious knight of his time.'

The tribute is significant. To Mr. Chesterton the 'factory in a garden' at Bournville was simply a well and humanely managed slave estate. To Mr. Belloc such an experiment in enlightened capitalism was merely a reversion to the villa of the decaying Roman world. But to Mr. Macdonald Bournville is simply an advance model of the industrial unit of a socialized state. To produce a number of Bournvilles out of nothing, or rather out of the wreckage of all private industry, would be a gigantic business. But it

might not be so difficult to strike a bargain with large capitalists on the lines, 'Security for the worker against hunger and homelessness, security to capital against slackness and strikes.'

That, apparently, is the meaning of the new friendliness of the Labor Party, or rather of its chief spokesmen, to what may be called working as contrasted with inert capital. Mr. Snowden is careful to explain that expropriation is no dogma of Socialism. During the Snowden debate, Sir Alfred Mond was told that the socialistic state would be glad to secure his abilities at a salary of ten thousand pounds a year. Mr. Macdonald affects to believe that the better sort of capitalist will be won over to the Labor Party when he fully understands its policy.

It is true that policy is by no means easy to understand. All members of the Party, according to Mr. Snowden, are agreed that the basis of society must be changed, and that private ownership and control of productive industry must give way to public ownership and control. Mr. Macdonald has given this view his benediction. Peasant agriculture and peasant industries, he says, could still be practised under a socialistic régime, but 'trade must be organized like a fleet or an education system.' On the other hand we have Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb declaring, not only that all private property must be abolished, but that all citizens under the socialistic state must be equally remunerated. 'We suggest,' they say, 'that the community must deliberately accept equality.'

This haziness is at once an asset and a handicap to the Labor Party. It enables it to throw its net very widely, so that it catches at once the most idealistic and the most realistic people in the kingdom. But it sets against Labor all that vast mass of opinion, by no means confined to the middle and upper classes, which is simply concerned to have a rational Government, which knows its own mind and whose course of action can be predicated.

It is not a question of mere timid shrinking from heroic measures. The unheroic measures are too uncomfortable for any such squeamishness to be general. The average income-tax-payer is in the position of a bullock being slowly absorbed by a boa-constrictor. No being in that predicament is likely to be shocked by the prospect of somebody else losing a leg or an arm by the sudden bite of a tiger, and if he could be assured that such sacrifice would give him freedom and life he would soon develop a vivid interest in the tiger party. But in the absence of conviction on that point, he must remain apathetic; and the trouble with the Labor Party is that it carries no conviction of relief to those who are suffering from bad trade, unemployment, or overtaxation.

Take, for example, the capital levy. Nine people out of ten would vote Labor, merely because it stood for a capital levy, if they had any confidence in the general goodness of Labor faith and the general soundness of Labor economics. For, while it is only a very select minority which would be directly affected by the capital levy, there is an enormous number of people in good social position who groan under an excessive income-tax. A capital levy of a most oppressive kind is, indeed, in actual operation, and has been for six or seven years past. Men who in normal times would be saving a fourth part of a fairly large income for the support of their declining years are now forced to pay their whole surplus to the Exchequer. If they reposed any sort of faith in the

economics of Snowden and Webb, and the honesty of Labor administration, they would certainly not be frightened by the finest bogey investment-holders could devise.

But no case has ever been made out for the capital levy, and the economics of the Labor Party are otherwise so manifestly absurd that no sensible person will take chances. The callous lack of sympathy which the Labor Party invariably shows where the middle-class income-taxpayer is concerned should alone be sufficient to defeat Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's hope of any large accession of strength from the black-coated wage-earner.

IV

It is true that such material considerations might not be final if the Labor Party possessed, even with its dubious programme, a man capable of appealing to the imagination of the country.

After all, it stands for an ideal, and ideals are scarce in the post-bellum England. Liberalism has, temporarily at least, lost its soul. Conservatism has only one animating motive which is not connected with class interest, and Imperialism makes little appeal to-day to a people more conscious of the cost of its commitments than of the glory of its position in the world. Labor alone, with all its shortcomings, and the dubious character of its motives, has a message to which, if adequately stated, the mind and heart of the country could respond.

But it is precisely in the realm of imagination that Labor fails. I have dwelt on the mental equipment of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald because he appears to me to represent at once the strength and the weakness of the Labor Party. Its strength is exactly that which might be least expected. It excels in intellectual vitality, in power of organization, in capacity for management and intrigue. Considering the necessarily anomalous character of the Labor machine, considering the unruly and heterogeneous mob of units brought together under men who are really almost usurpers, it is a marvel of contrivance. Practical statesmanship of a high order is essential to the mere preservation of unity and balance; and the habit of working miracles daily and almost hourly has given the Labor managers an uncanny tact and dexterity.

Thought, moreover, is forced on every man who would keep his place in the Labor world. He may and does often think in a most confused fashion, but think somehow he must. He cannot, like members of the other parties, settle down comfortably with a small selection of prejudices, to be defended with a smaller selection of platitudes. There is, Heaven knows, plenty of platitude in Labor speeches, but it is never pure platitude. There is always a due seasoning of fact and practical experience. The Labor man may be weak in logic, but he is pretty sure to be strong on figures. He may fail in the arrangement of a syllogism, but he can quote a bluebook. The theory of rent may be unknown to him, but he cannot be hoodwinked as to the practice of landlords. He may not know much about the law of diminishing returns, but he is fully cognizant of the means by which real profits increase while nominal dividends seem to grow smaller. He who sets out to argue against the Labor Party without very definite knowledge of what he is talking about will be wise to confine himself to generalities. In no conflict is a slip in detail more likely to give an opening for telling riposte.

The one thing in which the Labor Party is deficient is exactly that in

which it might be imagined to abound. It has no inspired, persuasive, juicy demagogy. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is a fine Parliamentarian and an able schemer. He is not, in the broader sense, a great party leader. That cool temper of the duelist and intriguer which makes him a master of House of Commons attack and defense, which gives him his eye for tactic, and enables him to pull wires with consummate skill, withholds from him the kind of power which sets on fire a popular audience.

It is the same elsewhere. The ultra-democrats have no super-demagogues. Mr. J. R. Clynes is an admirable debater, lucid and cogent, with a terrier-like talent — in strict congruity with his whole terrier-like personality — of seizing a point like a bone, getting all the meat off it, and leaving it speedily clean, wagging his tail meanwhile with meek and disarming geniality. But he has no kind of fire as a platform speaker. Mr. J. H. Thomas performs miracles of diplomacy in his capacity as General Secretary of the National Union of Railway Workers, who present him on an average with three Lausannes a year; he can argue well any concrete case; and he possesses the amazing fluency of Wales; but though he has the spate, he has not the glory of words. Mr. Arthur Henderson soothes with the respectable eloquence of the chapel. Mr. Snowden, with a fine gift of expression, is not a popular speaker; there is about him a bitterness, a bleak hostility, a thin acidity that has no winning efficacy; for the rest, Dean Inge is not more an intellectual.

In short the whole Party contains nobody who could by the furthest licence of language be called an orator. Possibly the extreme respectability of the Labor leaders checks rhetorical expansion. But it is curious that wealthy and aristocratic recruits equally lack the true Promethean fire. Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Trevelyan have high soporific qualities, and Mr. Patrick Hastings, K.C., whose eloquence earns twenty or thirty thousand a year in the Law Courts, is a stick on the platform and a dinner-bell in the House of Commons.

This is a serious matter for Labor, which must proselytize on a large scale if it is ever to be in a position to govern as an independent entity — and its present resolution is against any kind of coalition. Labor is by no means in the assured electoral position which its attainment of the position of official Opposition might suggest. It owes something over 140 seats to the casting of some four million votes. The two Liberal factions, polling practically the same number, obtained only 120 seats; while the Conservatives, favored by three-cornered contests, secured 350 seats for five million and a quarter votes. Thus, out of something over thirteen million votes, only four millions were given for Labor candidates. The true facts are rather more unfavorable than would appear from this crude statement, since there were a very great number of uncontested Conservative constituencies, and many Liberals voted for Labor in divisions which were left uncontested by Asquithians and the Lloyd George party. But the mere figures as they stand suffice to show how unreal, on the present facts, are the apprehensions of a sweeping victory for Labor as the result of any ordinary 'swing of the pendulum' against Conservatism.

Labor, with considerably less than a third of the electorate on its side, has a task much more formidable than is generally assumed, and has need of all the tact and enthusiasm it can command. But its tact is not enthu-

siastic, and its enthusiasm is not tactful. It has no plain and potent cry to win people. Only a very special temperament can thrill over the constructive formulæ of Socialism. The average man's heart beats no faster when he is told that Labor stands for the socialization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Mr. Sidney Webb's gospel lacks simplicity and overabounds in statistics; and the temperature of his new Collectivist Heaven is hardly higher than that of the old Scandinavian Hell.

But while it takes a connoisseur to appreciate the constructive glories of Socialism, people of quite ordinary tastes and perceptions are easily disturbed by its destructive ideals. These ideals, expounded from very low stumps by very small stump-orators, give the Party a great deal of its motive power; but they also frighten the very classes that the leaders wish to attract. Men like Mr. Macdonald see quite clearly that Labor can reach power only by gaining that lower-middle-class opinion which was the chief popular support of Liberalism. But while they speak fair, the street orator breathes fire against the bourgeois, and, unhappily, he is at once more precise and more interesting than his betters. What proceeds from the Labor head makes people yawn; but everybody marks the vicious movements of the Labor tail, and infers a basilisk disposition in the whole animal.

V

Were the times normal, there would be little chance, with the present policy of the Labor Party, for the success of Mr. Macdonald's effort to bring into it 'men and women of all classes — the finest men and the finest women in the whole country.' It must, however, be allowed that the present situation contains elements which, with dexterous exploitation, might conceivably yield Labor a majority.

The plight of Liberalism is its great opportunity. Not only is Liberalism paralyzed by a disputed succession: even more serious is the fact that it has no very obvious cause. Of the reforms which were its pre-war stock-in-trade some are accomplished and others are manifestly incapable of accomplishment in the present financial conditions. The franchise can be extended no further. The plural vote is gone. Ireland is self-governing. On the other hand, the 'free breakfast table' is a clear impossibility. The old Liberal ideas are obsolete, and there seems to be no new Liberal idea.

There may arise a chief and a creed to regenerate Liberalism, but undoubtedly some danger exists that it may gently disintegrate, the moderates going to reinforce Conservatism, and the more fiery spirits seeking a spiritual home with Labor. When Captain Guest, the Liberal Whip who helped to engineer the 'coupon' (election of 1918), takes the view that Liberalism is now only 'an attitude of mind' and 'a political expression,' we have at least to give this painless and insensible dissolution of Liberalism a place among political possibilities. In any case Liberalism is for some years likely to be depressed and helpless, and Labor stands to be the gainer by that fact.

There remain to be considered the conservative elements in society, which are much wider than the actual Conservative Party. These are naturally strong enough to defeat any party pledged to a programme of innovation which makes appeal to no strong passion and rouses no splendid expectation. The average British

workman, no less than the average middle-class man, tends strongly to the status quo. He is of the opinion of the old lady who refused to be comforted by the curate's glowing description of the joys of the hereafter. 'It may be as you say, sir,' she replied, 'but what I 've always said is, Old England for me.' Old England, with some reasonable improvements, is good enough for the majority of Englishmen. It is really very difficult to persuade an Englishman that he belongs to the International Proletariat. He will say so, many times and most glibly, but he does not believe it; and the foreignness which flavors most Socialist propaganda is to a large extent its own antidote.

Much depends on the Conservative Party. If it can make up its mind to sacrifice, on the principle, if not in the form, of the capital levy; if it can free the taxpayer who produces from a considerable part of his obligation to the tax-eater, who merely consumes; if it can make a clean sweep of many ancient anomalies and injustices which even the most conservatively minded resent (for example, while the owner of small property is robbed by rent-restriction acts, the great ground landlords are making exorbitant sums out of the renewal of old leases); if it can, in a word, prove itself a truly national government, Labor will never rule until it has shed much and clarified more in its policy.

But it is difficult to be enthusiastic for the mere status quo in an impoverished and tax-ridden country which can yet afford 'record Ascots' and 'seasons of unparalleled brilliance.' The average citizen has fallen on a fatalistic apathy. There is no interest in politics. There is no hope in politics. It is assumed that the reign of mess and muddle, extravagant expenditure and high taxation, merely to keep going, is of the fixed and unchangeable order of things.

There was a moment of relief when Mr. Lloyd George left, a sense of thankfulness that at least we were rid of the 'first-class brains.' But the second-class brains afford no positive joy. Mr. Baldwin's Government so far is just what Mr. Bonar Law's was. It is not unpopular. It is not popular. It rouses no emotion of any kind.

It is in this apathy that the hope of Labor resides. It, at least, has ideas. It, at least, has hopes. It, at least, is warmly interested in politics. It, at least, thinks, if confusedly, and cares, if only to wreck things. Outside there is no interest, thought, or hope, only a dull acquiescence in the assurances of governing persons that their whips will be outclassed by the Labor scorpions, and that the loins of Mr. Baldwin at the Exchequer are thinner than would be the little finger of Mr. Sidney Webb.

There is, in short, no likelihood that England will consciously and of choice 'go Labor,' however sweetly Mr. Macdonald may woo and however convincingly Mr. Robert Smillie may promise to be quite good and constitutional. But there is just a possibility that a few years of dull, uninspired, muddling, and wasteful government, of enormous taxation, of unchecked profiteering, and uncurbed extravagance, with the hordes of pensioners, investors, and idlers generally preying on the industrious classes, may so destroy the vitality of the older parties that Labor will win, as Ivanhoe did in his last fight against the Templar, by virtue simply of being alive.

A NEW SOUTH — THE NEGRO MIGRATION

BY E. T. H. SHAFFER

I

MEN, like birds, seem subject to sudden mass movements from one place to another. From the dawn of history tales have come down to us of these shiftings among the tribes of the earth. Abraham, with his people, left the land of the Chaldees and pitched his tents in Canaan; the Children of Israel turned their backs upon the land of bondage; and from the mysterious highlands of Central Asia came wave after wave, sweeping over continents, changing history in their course, and breaking at last on the distant shores of the Atlantic.

The exact causes of bird migrations remain obscure to science, although seasonal and climatic changes are undoubtedly involved. But, knowing as we do far more of the minds of men than we know of the ways of birds, one can nearly always, upon investigation and study, determine exactly the underlying causes of strange tides that ebb and flow through the sea of human affairs. History itself may be regarded as but a record of the causes and effects of the long series of these man migrations. So long as the different tribes remain stationary and contented, each in its accustomed place, the years that pass, while peaceful, are not long remembered. But when men are driven forth by diverse causes, economic, religious, racial, or again at the call of ambition or for mere adventure's sake, then are set in motion forces that mean the rise and fall of nations and the lasting exile of peoples to alien lands.

Considering the importance and the far-reaching effects of these moments of human unrest, it is interesting to inquire into the motives, and also to speculate upon the consequences, of such a racial wave as we see gathering force in our own country and generation.

The intricate social and political problems occasioned by the presence of two dissimilar races in the United States have heretofore been deemed purely sectional matters. By anyone at all familiar with the history of the country for the past two centuries it was easily understood why the Negro race was found almost entirely within the Southern states, and it was assumed that it would probably always remain there. Now suddenly the race, moved by some widespread impulse, begins of its own volition a migration northward which may alter the entire aspect of the racial question in America, and possibly swell into one of those mighty floods which, like the flight of Tatar tribes, changes history.

The matter has but recently begun to occupy the attention of the press, and one learns with surprise that the movement, first noted about two years ago, has already shifted nearly half a million of our colored citizens to the states of the North and West. In less than twelve months forty thousand

colored farm-laborers have left Georgia. From replies to a recent inquiry sent out by the Agricultural College of South Carolina it appears that during the period of six months ending May 1, 1923, forty-one counties in that state sent North fifty thousand Negroes, chiefly adult laborers. It is difficult to take in the full significance of these figures when applied to sparsely settled districts. One county, for instance, reports the loss of 3600 Negroes, or just 22 per cent of its entire population, white and black. It further reports the abandonment of 2520 farms during the present season, showing that in the Cotton Belt the Negro exodus and the agricultural crisis go hand in hand. Another Carolina county, celebrated in the old days as standing second in the United States in point of cotton production, claims to have lost 3500 Negroes since the planting of the present crop.

It has been the cause of some editorial comment in Northern papers that, in spite of the approach of the harvest season, so little concern is manifest in the South over the diminution of her labor supply, the chief note sounded by Southern papers being one of warning to the Negroes that conditions in the North may prove less attractive than they have been led to believe. Quite wide publicity is also given to any rumors of race-friction north of the Potomac, or of instances where the newcomers have failed to find employment.

While such comment may not be entirely disinterested when coming from quarters that fear acute labor-shortage as an immediate result, the most generally expressed opinion is that of the governor of one of those Southern states most vitally concerned. In a statement given out to the papers he declares the matter one that concerns only the Negro, and one that he must decide for himself. If his condition will be bettered by leaving, then no argument can be adduced which will cause him to remain, and the Southern white man must do the best he can without him.

If the South is calm over the potential loss of her labor supply, it is largely because she realizes that the exodus is but an effect and not the cause of her agricultural troubles.

An analysis of the situation would reveal, I believe, that while the Negro was a necessary factor in that older civilization of the South which reached its culmination in the eighteen-sixties, and for a full generation afterward cast a glow over Southern life, it is realized now that, owing to economic and agricultural change, the section is definitely entering upon a new phase in which the Negro, as the South visualizes him, can play almost no part.

The industrial portions of the South, which just now claim a considerable place in the public eye, are apart from any consideration of the question. Here the Negro population has always been small, has never taken any part in industry; and so, to these busy sections, it is a matter of indifference whether this minor, nonessential group goes or stays. Nearly all the exodus, however, is from the purely agricultural districts of the flat, coastal plains which have always teemed with an overwhelming mass of Negro labor. So long as Cotton was king and needed vast armies of untrained, unskilled privates to maintain his rule in the fields, this labor formed a vital link in the economic life of such communities. Now, with the cotton-growing industry prostrate, one matter of grave concern has been the presence of the helpless mass of unneeded tenants, serf-like laborers, and small landowners, who with their families crowded into towns and villages from abandoned farms.

If this mass will of its own accord transfer itself to other sections, then, many feel, one pressing phase of the boll-weevil problem will have been well solved.

Back in 1920, when it became patent to all that the boll weevil was soon to overspread the entire Cotton Belt and cause a reduction in the output of American cotton, a working solution of the South's coming crisis seemed simpler than it does to-day. Then the world demand for cotton was small, the carry-over large — apparently more than sufficient for years to come. On the other hand, the demand for foodstuffs was enormous and seemed bound to continue, with starving nations calling to us for bread. Our government issued its appeal to the farmers of the country to raise more food in order to avert world famine. Under these conditions the South eagerly subscribed to the apparently obvious doctrine that her future prosperity lay in relegating cotton to a minor position and making grain, hogs, cattle, and truck her chief money-crops.

Inspired by such examples of quick success, the entire Cotton Belt was ready to follow this lead as a sure road to avoid financial stagnation. Everywhere bankers, supply-merchants, and public officials preached to the farmer diversification. The farmer who refused to hearken to the new gospel obtained money or credit with difficulty; the farmer who sought assistance in the purchase of pure-bred stock, grain seed, and modern machinery obtained it. So, having listened to his advisers, the Southern farmer produced food-crops as never before in his career.

Then came the era of quick deflation. From one season to the next the price to the grower for peanuts, for example, fell from $240 to $40 the ton; corn rapidly fell from a dollar and a half to fifty cents and under; many perishables, costly to cultivate, would not bring freight charges to consuming markets; and hogs and cattle dropped to less than it cost the small farmer to raise them. Having seen the vision of her salvation as a great grain- and meat-producing section, the South awoke to the grim truth that, save in abnormal times, other sections can produce and transport into her midst many of these commodities more cheaply than she can make them at home. Sandy lands, divided up into small patches, requiring the annual stimulation of high-priced fertilizer and tilled by inefficient Cuffy and his mule, cannot compete, year in and year out, with limitless prairie acres, gang-ploughs, and tractors.

Just at this juncture, further to complicate the situation, the price of cotton began to climb to double, treble any remembered pre-war levels, so that the average farmer figured for himself that at such prices a half or a quarter of his old yield of cotton would better fill the hungry little mouths in the cabin and clothe the patient wife who labored beside him in the field from dawn to dark, than would new strange crops, which had frequently failed to repay the actual cost of seed, and whose culture had only sucked him deeper into the bog of debt. The Negro tenants and farmers, feeling themselves deceived by man and abandoned by God, gave up the struggle and crowded into near-by towns, where business was bankrupt and where ten men stood waiting for every job.

By the fall of 1922 many of the bankers and supply-merchants who had preached most loudly, 'Diversify,' seeing their farm-paper mount constantly higher and higher, changed their advice and frantically cried to the farmer that now the only hope lay in planting once more a bumper cotton-crop and in trusting to luck that an

abnormally dry season might hold the boll weevil in check. Faced by a condition, and having tried out a theory, and apparently guessed wrong the first time, they now deemed a gambler's chance to be sound business policy.

These men, it must be recalled, had lived well and prospered under the old one-crop system, even though it had held three fourths of the agricultural population in economic serfdom. Only so long as the change seemed necessary for their own financial safety did they, as a class, hearken readily to the altruistic arguments of those who sought to better average conditions through a better-balanced system of farming.

Fifty years ago Henry W. Grady, with prophetic understanding, pointed out to his people the way up from things that hindered their civilization. 'When every farmer in the South shall eat bread from his own fields and meat from his own pasture, and, disturbed by no creditor and enslaved by no debt, shall sit amid his teeming gardens and orchards and vineyards and dairies and barnyards, pitching his crops in his own wisdom and growing them in independence, making cotton his clean surplus and selling it in his own time and in his chosen market and not at a master's bidding, — getting his pay in cash and not in a receipted mortgage that discharges his debt but does not restore his freedom, — then shall be the breaking of the fullness of our day.' But not until fifty years after, when boll weevil and trade stagnation combined to render the raising of more cotton precarious to her commercial classes, did the South freely pass these words on to her farmers as a watchword and a slogan.

At present the South is split into two camps — torn between the permanent benefits of diversified farming on the one hand and the lure of high-priced cotton on the other. In the one camp we find the chauvinists, — land-barons, town farmers, bankers, factors, supply-merchants, cotton exporters, — all with eyes glued to a past that favored their own oligarchical rule; they seek vainly after every new nostrum to wipe out the weevil and restore old conditions. Their cry is that, unless she can devise some method of producing more cotton, the South will lose her place of world supremacy, and the industry will be developed in the vast semitropical possessions of France and England. The other or modernist camp includes many of the more open-minded and progressive white farmers, the graduates and teachers of the agricultural colleges, the workers of the various extension services, as well as able editors and journalists in every state. 'Far better,' say these, 'that our mills import a portion of their cotton from other lands than that our farmers continue to import their meat, their hay, their vegetables, and even their cheese, butter, and milk. Restore again credit and prosperity, but build this time on the sound and lasting basis of well-balanced, self-supporting farms.'

In that older South the Negro found an ideal home and congenial occupation. Cotton brought him to America; and so long as the large cotton-plantation existed, he was content to jog along in a shiftless, servile status but a step removed from actual bondage. But there is no place for such a class either in the new scientific warfare required to grow cotton under boll-weevil conditions or in the intensive struggle which it takes to bring to success a modern diversified farm.

This in outline is the agricultural upheaval in the South to-day, which is casting forth tens of thousands of Negroes to distant corners of the nation. Coexistent with these conditions comes the shortage of unskilled labor in the North and West, brought about by

restrictions upon European immigration and, at the same time, a revival of industrial activity.

II

Besides the foregoing, which I might term a combination of agricultural and economic causes, I shall now mention as contributing factors certain less obvious things. There exists a universal belief among Negroes that their race can enjoy greater liberty in certain phases of existence in Northern states, and that there it is less subject to danger from the dreaded Ku Klux and other forms of mob violence. The Southerner will tell you, and he believes it, that the Negro looks upon his white neighbor in the South as his best friend. But the mind of Africa is of the East — inscrutable. The blue-clad soldiers who once came, bringing freedom, and then marched back to the Promised Land are fresh in the memory of a silent people. When out of the North came the call of higher wages and of better living-conditions, the younger men answered, for they remembered tales told long ago.

Again, for the past thirty years there has been a constant increase in the number of schools for colored children — all crowded to capacity. The effect of this wide spread of elementary education is seen for the first time in this present generation. It is marked by more initiative, a quicker comprehension of changing conditions, and a greater willingness to embrace new opportunities. Likewise experiences gained during the World War have rendered many colored men, who are leaders in their communities, discontented with local conditions, and have also familiarized them with the ease of transportation from one part of the country to another.

Negroes, being an emotional folk, love to follow the crowd and are easily swayed by power of suggestion. At the most important times of planting or harvest, the fields for miles may be deserted on a certain day because the entire countryside has suddenly left to attend a funeral or a 'meeting.' When a colored man tells you, 'I got to go off,' the malady is at once recognized as fatal. No details are ever given, but the words are final, and one realizes that soon the speaker will vanish to parts unknown and that, for a time, the place that has known him will know him no more. No argument, no reasoning will prevail — the call has come. So it is that now the racial fancy has been caught with enthusiasm for 'goin' up No'th.'

Every factor that I have mentioned seems destined to be a more or less permanent one. Certainly bygone conditions will never return, and so it is fair to assume that the movement which we see is but a beginning. There may be temporary breaks and pauses, but the tide has set.

Inquiring into the possible effects upon the South of the migration, I can see no eventual injury. The Negro has never played any part in Southern industrialism; the old system of cotton-growing, where he seems to have been essential, will soon be as dead as indigo culture on the coasts of Carolina; in those new methods of scientific and intensive farming which constitute the one hope of the agricultural South he has shown neither willingness nor aptitude to assume a share. Should his exodus continue to the point where his numbers show a marked decrease, the result may be a beneficial influx of white immigration into the Southern states — something that has not occurred for a century.

However, those vast humid plains of the South Atlantic and Gulf states are destined to remain forever the home of

the bulk of the African race in America. There, climate and the ease with which an existence may be wheedled out of Nature most nearly resemble conditions in his ancient land, and it is there that the race shows the greatest increase despite the constant trickle to other sections. In the North his numbers can be maintained only by accretions from the Black Belt. Recent statistics compiled by Dr. Walter F. Wilcox of Cornell University show an amazing preponderance of Negro deaths over births in the colder states. In New England the ratio is 135 deaths to 100 births, in New York City 16 deaths to six births, and in the state of Minnesota 65 deaths to one birth. While these may be rather extreme instances and may be also somewhat discounted by the large proportion of male immigrants, they are still sufficient to indicate that the mass of the Negro race will never concentrate very far north.

Yet, owing to the several causes into which we have inquired, it is equally evident that from now on there will be an ever greater leaven of color spread through the hitherto all-white states. One effect of closer acquaintance and a better knowledge of the differences and peculiarities of the newcomers may be to win for the South a keener sympathy in her efforts to adjust social and political tensions caused by her vast black populations. At the same time the presence of more Negro votes in the North will tend to render more remote any possibility of change in the status of those Negro citizens who remain in the South.

Those who take part in any voluntary race-movement are the able, the energetic, the more efficient. This fact is bound to have an effect upon that quasi-caste system that now maintains in the Southern states, upheld by local custom and the authority of individual state legislation. Everywhere one finds separate schools, churches, fraternal orders, hotels, railway waiting-rooms, street-car and railway accommodations. In politics, the white race alone votes, holds office, and does jury duty. By the constant weeding-out through emigration of the more enterprising and intelligent members of the Negro race, the only source from which leaders might in time have been developed, this caste system will continue, become more firmly rooted, and, in the end, be accepted by the nation at large as a thing accomplished.

As a matter of fact, the more completely such conditions obtain, the less friction does one observe in interracial relations. As an example of this, in the city of Charleston the population is about equally divided between the two races, and in that city all rules of caste and class are most rigidly enforced. Yet, in spite of the enormous Negro population, riots are unknown and the city is without a single case of lynching in all its long history. Nearly all reports of race troubles come from places where the rules of caste-living are not well defined. I do not suggest this caste system as the final solution of the racial problem in America. I mention it as the best working solution so far devised, not in theory where the Negro does not live, but in practice where he is found in the greatest numbers.

III

Many writers and politicians in the past who have dealt with race questions in America have drawn up in grim array the difficulties and obstacles presented by the situation, and then, being unable themselves to find any way out from the maze of conflicting rights and interests that their investigations have exposed, have pessimistically declared the whole matter to be one incapable of any solution whatso-

ever. Such an attitude is too frequent with individual beings, who can see but a part and experience but a brief moment of that slow forward process by which humanity ascends. One becomes too prone to grow impatient with the exceeding slow grinding of the mills. But viewing in retrospect the vista of completed things down past centuries, it is easier to read into human events the writing of the Divine Wisdom, and to catch a vision of that onward sweep that some term Evolution and others know as God.

For some still unfathomable purpose a portion of the Negro race was transported from Africa, the stagnant land of yesterday, to America, the active land of to-morrow. Those human agents by whom this work was accomplished regarded their actions as destined to promote solely their own welfare and that of the sons who should follow them.

But reviewing now the two centuries that have dropped into the void of Time since the first slaves came, the lasting benefits seem entirely those which have come to the black man. The swamps along the tidal rivers of Georgia and the Carolinas, reclaimed by the toil and blood of Africa, have been gathered back into the lonely arms of the forest, mighty canals dug under urge of whip and lash are filled and overgrown with trees, the banks and levees of innumerable rice-fields are covered by each rising tide. Every vestige of the luxurious culture founded on slave labor has crept back into the twilight of forgotten things. The only benefit to be seen to-day from the fact that human slavery long flourished in many parts of the United States is the elevation of the former subject-race. Compare the American Negro's wealth, education, and moral status, not with the white man's, but with his own fifty, a hundred years ago — after all, but a moment in the life of a people. Already sufficient has been unfolded to convince the impartial observer that it is the Negro who is to garner from the harvest that was sown.

Local outbursts of race hatred, of ignorance, or of blind intolerance can never really hinder the steady march of great purposes; but the dawn of a clearer day may be hastened by a more general acceptance of the fact that principles of truth and justice are universal in their application.

Viewed strictly from a racial standpoint, a more general diffusion of the Negro race throughout the states of the Union is a movement, if continued, destined to bring appreciably nearer the ultimate solution of questions that at times have threatened to clog the wheels of our Great Experiment in democracy; viewed from another angle, one purely economic, it presents to my mind a more serious aspect. One may here consider it as but another instance of the inability of agricultural sections to retain labor permanently, through ups and downs, against the greater emoluments offered by other sections dominated by the intensive organization of modern industrialism.

In other countries, notably England, a similar difficulty is being encountered, and there, in the urge for mass production of machine-made things, farms are being denuded and rural life relegated to an inferior plane. The closer linking into one of the whole earth but increases the danger, by flooding industrial nations with cheap farm-products from distant lands having lower living-standards.

Such current tendencies cause some to question seriously the ability of agriculture as a calling to maintain its ancient station of dignity and worthiness — whether it can continue to offer an attractive field for ambition and to labor an adequate reward.

INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION
ITS PROSPECTS AND LIMITATIONS

BY ALFRED E. ZIMMERN

I

THERE are numerous indications that American public opinion is once more devoting serious attention to the problem of the better organization of international relations. But if the discussion is to lead to the practical results which are hoped from it, if it is to rise above the atmosphere of thoughtless idealistic phrase-making and equally thoughtless cynicism that together contributed to the deadlock in which the problem has too long been involved, it must be based upon a clear analysis of the existing condition in the various fields of international organization, of the difficulties with which schemes of closer union are confronted, and of the directions in which advance can most usefully be attempted. It is the object of the following pages, if but in the briefest outline, to attempt such a survey.

The simplest and clearest way of approaching the subject is to begin by setting forth the nature of the material with which international relations are concerned. When we have before us a view of the business which has to be conducted, we shall be better able to form a judgment on the machinery needed for its effective discharge. No business man would dream of organizing an office before he had a knowledge of the business that passed through it. Yet a good deal of the current comment on the problem of international relations is carried on in complete detachment (to use no stronger word) from the nature of the material with which it is professedly concerned. A survey of this material will enable us at the same time to measure the change in the character of international contacts which has taken place during the last two generations, and to appreciate the change in international machinery which has already taken place as its natural consequence. The school of writers in Europe and elsewhere who maintain that the fabric of civilization is dissolving and that the world is relapsing into chaos are simply ignorant of the facts.

The business of international relations, the business that is arising out of the relations between sovereign states, transacted through public officials, may to-day be grouped roughly under five heads.

First, to begin with the easiest, there are routine matters arising out of international contacts. These fill the greater number of the files which occupy the desks of the officials concerned with international relations in foreign offices and elsewhere. Two groups of business may be specified among them. There is the material arising out of the appointment and transference, the regular reports and special recommendations, of ambassadors, ministers, consuls, and other officials residing abroad; and there is

the material arising out of the network of treaties concluded on what may be called the noncontentious side of international relations — the prevention of disease and crime, the improvement of communications, the promotion of science and scientific standards in the numerous regions in which mankind is moving, by general agreement, toward a greater uniformity. All this is part of what has increasingly become in recent generations the fabric of a common civilization.

The second group of material, which is distinguished by no clear line of demarcation from the first, deals with what may be described as routine matters outside the zone of agreed principles. We pass here insensibly from routine administration to diplomacy proper. All civilized states are agreed as to the desirability of extraditing criminals, of facilitating postal, telegraphic, wireless, and other means of communication, of providing effective quarantine regulations against plague, promoting safety at sea, and so on. But when we pass to business, however insignificant, involving such issues as the Open Door, the equality of races, the control of immigration in the homeland or in dependencies, the Monroe Doctrine, we pass from a region of agreed principles to a region of difficulty, contention, and possible danger. Such business cannot be transacted by standing upon agreed first principles and working out convenient ways of putting them into practice. It must be transacted by avoiding the discussion of first principles, or, at any rate, their logical and methodical application, and working out a provisional arrangement such as will meet the immediate need of the moment without arousing popular passion or prejudice. This is the characteristic work of foreign offices and ambassadors. It is this which distinguishes their work, and the qualities required from it, from the work of administration in the domestic departments of government and from the work of administrators, at Geneva or elsewhere, who are carrying out the provisions of a general treaty.

The third class of business, which impinges closely on the second, is what is described, sometimes with bated breath, as 'high policy.' It is concerned with the handling of issues arising not out of ordinary routine contacts, whether in the noncontentious or the contentious zone, but out of the *policies* of the powers, and especially of the Great Powers. The difference between a principle and a policy, in foreign affairs as elsewhere, is the difference between passivity and self-assertion. Disagreement about principles may leave the waters of diplomacy unruffled; but it is of the essence of policy to awaken life and movement. There is nothing regrettable about this. It is as right and healthy for a state to have a foreign policy as for an individual to manifest his personality. A state without a foreign policy is a dead state. If, for fear of the resulting contacts and clashes, civilized states and their foreign ministers forbore to put forward policies, and thus abstained from seeking to incorporate in the general world-order principles which they held to be of value, mankind would be spared the risk of warfare only to perish of inanition.

If Britain stands for the lowering of fiscal barriers and a one-power standard of naval strength as essential to her life and security; if Japan stands for the recognition of the equality of nations as essential to her self-respect; if Australia stands for the exclusion of nonwhite immigrants as essential to the survival of her national personality; if the United States stands for the Monroe Doctrine, and the Open Door in the Far East and elsewhere, nothing

is to be gained by attempting to repress, conceal, or ignore these fixed and firm expressions of national will and determination. They are indeed far more dangerous repressed than expressed.

On the other hand, everything depends on the manner of their expression. Generally speaking, it is not nowadays in policies themselves that danger lies, but in their handling. There have been criminal autocracies, as recently as 1914; but the criminal democracy is not a real source of peril. It is the unwise, ignorant, and precipitate democracy, pushing a policy, not in itself unreasonable, by unreasonable and unimaginative means, which constitutes the danger-point at the present time. And it is the main function and justification of foreign secretaries and diplomats to promote the fixed policies and permanent interests of their countries in a manner so persuasive and reasonable as to make them intelligible to peoples who necessarily view the same issues from very different angles of vision.

Wise statesmanship can go far in the promotion even of contentious and difficult policies without evolving active displeasure or bringing about a crisis. But it remains true, even under the most prudent and tactful régime, that complications with a foreign power will occur, sometimes, as in the Venezuela boundary dispute of 1895, from unforeseen and relatively trivial causes. Such complications involve the fourth class of international business, the material which, whatever its nature, or the importance or insignificance of the opposing state, may be described as *disputes*. It is in the technique of the handling of this class of material, as we shall see, that very notable improvements in international organization have been made in recent years.

Finally, affecting and affected by the work of those who conduct foreign relations, but not actually administered by them, are the armed forces upon which states rely, in the last resort, for the maintenance of their independence and the promotion of their policies. The acutest form of international contact is war.

II

Having thus rapidly surveyed the material of international relations, we may turn to consider the organization available for dealing with it.

The recognized method of transacting international business is through a special department of state, the foreign office or ministry of external affairs, with its staff of ambassadors, ministers, and consuls abroad, in regular communication with it. The foreign office as an institution dates back to the middle of the seventeenth century, and the institution of permanent legations, adopted by Britain, France, Spain, and Germany as early as the end of the fifteenth century, became regular among the civilized states in the seventeenth century. Foreign offices and their agents abroad were, in fact, until comparatively recently, apart from the personal activities of monarchs and heads of states, practically the sole channel of international intercourse. Not only the routine business in normal times but the conferences and congresses which supervened in time of crisis were left in the hands of foreign secretaries and their personnel. The 'staff of secretaries and Foreign Office assistants' with which Lord Salisbury and his chief repaired to the Berlin Congress in 1878 did not differ in composition from the staff which accompanied Castlereagh to Vienna in 1814.

But in the period between the Berlin Congress of 1878 and the Paris Conference of 1918 an important, if little noticed, change occurred in the conduct of international relations. A number

of routine matters belonging to the first, or noncontentious, class specified above were withdrawn from the management and, in some cases, from the control of foreign offices, and handed over to special bodies created by treaty for that purpose. The process, in fact, had begun a few years before 1878, and was a direct and inevitable result of the nineteenth-century inventions and the immense increase in international contacts which resulted from them. The most important of these new agencies may be briefly enumerated. The International Telegraph Office of the International Telegraph Union was established in 1868. The International Post Office of the International Postal Union was established in Berne in 1874. The International Office of Weights and Measures for states using the metric system was established in Paris in 1875. The International Union for the Publication of Customs Tariffs, with its office in Brussels, dates from 1890; the Central Office of International Transports at Berne also from 1890; the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome from 1905, and the International Health Office in Paris from 1907.

Two reflections suggest themselves from a perusal of this list. In the first place, the subjects which it covers are not only noncontentious but of a kind to invite uniformity — in other words, management by an international authority. Posts and telegraphs, weights and measures, transport, the prevention of disease, and the dissemination of information about tariffs and crops, are all matters which can safely be withdrawn from the day-by-day management and vigilance of separate sovereign governments and allowed to become what may be described as international material. I remember once calling on a clergyman of my acquaintance just after he had returned from a visit to the hospital. I asked him whether he confined his ministrations to patients of his own denomination. 'Did you ever hear,' he replied, 'of Jewish dropsy, Presbyterian measles, or Roman Catholic housemaid's knee?' The material of the International Health Office is material from which every drop of the bitter waters of nationalism has been squeezed out. It is, therefore, material which can be studied impersonally, supernationally, scientifically, in the interests and under the auspices of mankind as a whole. And what is true of health is true, if in a lesser degree, of most of the other material for which international unions and offices had been created before the war.

The other reflection which leaps to the mind from the list is that the matters with which it is concerned have now ceased to be foreign-office material, even at the domestic end. Posts and telegraphs have passed from the foreign secretary to the postmaster-general; tariffs, weights and measures, and transport to the department of commerce or board of trade; crop reports to the department or board of agriculture, and health to the ministry of health. In other words, contact is in these cases no longer between foreign office and foreign office, or between foreign office and this or that international board, but between the specialized departments of the various governments and the international boards concerned with the same material. Instead of a single form of contact, through the agency traditionally and rightly concerned with the maintenance of the national interest and prestige, we now have a whole series of contacts through agencies established to promote human welfare in various departments of social activity. States which used to touch one another with a single finger, the finger of power, now meet

with a handclasp in a spirit of collaboration and joint human service.

So far we have been dealing with international relations prior to the World War. But in this, as in other spheres of international organization, the war, by creating new problems, forced men to take stock of the progress already achieved. For the contacts between the Allied states in the war were not exclusively military, naval, and diplomatic, as in previous wars, but extended along the whole line of governmental activity. There was hardly a department which was not required to contribute from its expert service to the Allied collaboration. By the autumn of 1918 the Interallied organization had reached a point of development far beyond the wildest dreams of pre-war administrative internationalism. Never before in human history has the world been so regimented in its activities, from Iceland to Australia and from tonnage to tobacco, as in the closing months of the war. This amazing achievement of collaboration disappeared with the disappearance of the common purpose which had sustained it; but its administrative experience remains. The lessons to be drawn from the experiment have been ably and lucidly summarized by Sir Arthur Salter, one of the men most closely concerned in it, in his volume on the *Allied Shipping Control;* and from his pages we can learn of the prospects and pitfalls of international organization in the field of noncontentious activities. What is wanted, he sums up, to make international administration more effective is 'morally, a great effort of faith,' and 'administratively, a great effort of decentralization.'

Future historians, looking back over the process of world-integration, are likely to fix on Article XXIV of the Covenant of the League of Nations as the most epoch-making section of that much-discussed document. That article, which has lain quietly under the hedge while the battle raged to and fro over its more obtrusive colleagues, lays it down that 'There shall be placed under the direction of the League all international bureaux already established by general treaties if the parties to such treaties consent'; and adds that 'all such international bureaux and all commissions for the regulation of matters of international interest hereafter constituted shall be placed under the direction of the League.'

It is by virtue of this article that the Secretariat at Geneva does a large and expanding part of its day-by-day work. The work of the Secretariat is not, as is commonly supposed, a work of 'centralization.' It is a work of coördination. Its significance lies, not in the importance of the material that it is handling, or in the number and authority of the governments which allow part of their domestic concerns to pass through its hands, but in the fact that it is engaged in working out a satisfactory technique for the collaboration of governments in the handling of problems which are at once too intricate and domestic to be centralized and too international in their ramifications to be solved by individual governments acting in isolation. We are a long way yet from the full possibilities of administrative internationalism. There are a host of thorny problems — the conservation of the world's mineral resources is an outstanding example — which are not yet ripe for the sober Geneva technique. But the mould is there ready to hand; and when the public opinion of the world is prepared for the experiment, the metal can be poured into it.

So far we have been concerned entirely with the first, or noncontentious,

class of international contacts. It was necessary to emphasize the transformation that has taken place in the transaction of this class of business, because it indicates the general drift and direction of international organization. The world cannot be integrated by sentimental crusades against war or by ingenious devices to conceal divergences of high policy. Diplomacy is, at best, only a makeshift, and propaganda, however well-meaning, is hardly even a makeshift. Integration must begin with the material that is ready for it. Fifty years ago the world was not ready, Britain was not ready, for an opium policy. What is being done for opium and dangerous drugs to-day may be practicable for oil, or nickel, or tin to-morrow.

What is important, let it be repeated, is not what has already been achieved, but the testing of the soundness of the method of procedure. We know now that it is possible, when public opinion is ripe for it, to take a problem 'out of politics,' or, to be more accurate, out of diplomacy, and to entrust it to a body of men drawn from many nations who have the training and outlook, not of the negotiator and old-time statesman, but of the doctor and the scientist. This is what is meant when it is claimed that Geneva has given the world for the first time an international civil service, an organized body of servants of mankind. This surely marks one of the greatest advances ever made in the art of managing human affairs. Yet it has been effected without doing violence to existing principles and ideals. It does not reject democracy and substitute the tyranny of the expert, nor does it invalidate national sovereignty by the imposition of a centralized oligarchy. It merely enables the free self-governing peoples of the world, if and so long as they desire it, to employ the best men and the best means for collaboration in problems which no government, however powerful, can solve for itself alone.

III

We pass now to our second class of business, the zone of contention, difficulty, and danger. What means exist for improving the handling of this still essentially diplomatic material? It has already been said that governments, in dealing with this material, are compelled to avoid the discussion of principles. There are few more fatal errors in statesmanship than the attempt to push a principle, however apparently unexceptionable, which important parties to the negotiation are not prepared to accept. In the existing state of opinion in Australia about the equality of races, to take an instance replete with possibilities of controversy, it is idle to seek to lay down a general principle as the basis of an agreed world-policy. It may be that in a few generations' time Australians will feel as much ashamed of their present attitude toward nonwhite races as Englishmen do of their mid-nineteenth-century opium-policy. It is, however, much more likely that the problem conveniently summed up in the slogan, racial equality, will be seen in a different light; that numerous interrelations, at present unperceived, will be brought into view; and that, if the problem as we see it now has not been solved, some elements of it will have been disengaged and found susceptible of noncontentious treatment. A survey of these and kindred attitudes suggests that the existence of strong feeling among any people or peoples in opposition to what seems to be an enlightened and progressive world-policy should be taken as an indication that the question has not been sufficiently explored.

What then is the line of advance? Surely it should be an advance in double column. The diplomatist, working necessarily by rule of thumb, meeting each crisis and difficulty as it arises, must keep in close touch with the prevailing sentiment of the opposing parties. Meanwhile, outside the range of day-by-day solutions and provisional formulæ, students of politics must be attacking the problem from every angle, seeking to probe its difficulties and to disengage some elements which admit of a more scientific treatment. The fact that a problem is not yet ripe for scholars and scientists to manage is no reason why they should abstain from considering it. On the contrary, it is a challenge to submit it to the process, first of research and then of expert conference, in the hope that conference may lead in due time to consultation by governments, and that the recommendations thus arrived at may eventually form the basis of an agreed policy.

Scholarship and statesmanship necessarily dwell in different worlds, as Plato told us long ago; but in this at least Geneva has brought his *Republic* to life, in that it has provided, and will increasingly provide, for their meeting and collaboration. Diplomacy is still necessarily diplomacy, and rash attempts to impose solutions by pressure and propaganda may have broken down; but the philosophers and the engineers, the economists, the chemists and the geologists, the doctors and the lawyers, have been enticed down from their ivory tower to the consulting-room, to their own advantage and that of mankind.

In one of these departments, indeed, that of law, a definite and fundamental relationship has been established with international politics. The International Court of Justice has, at present, but a restricted scope of activity. Its work is confined to questions which arise under treaties, or within the very limited area of agreed principles known as 'established international law.' But we have only to look back, not to Grotius, but to Austin, to realize what an achievement it is to have secured any real terra firma at all amid the hazards and vicissitudes of the world's affairs; and the setting-up of the Hague court, like the institution of the Geneva Secretariat, marks, in Mr. Hoover's words, a 'sound and sure step' toward the ultimate establishment of world-wide 'processes of justice and moral right.'

In the third sphere, that of high policy, there has been, as a result of the war, a remarkable advance in the understanding of the possibilities and limitations of organization. The first result of the war was to drive men to simple and ultra-idealistic solutions. The war, it was argued, had arisen out of the diplomatic struggle between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, itself a product of the European tradition of the Balance of Power. The post-war settlement therefore should provide for the disappearance of all alliances and for the extinction of the idea of a balancing equipoise. They should be replaced by a comprehensive partnership of peoples working with single-minded community of purpose in a League of Nations. In other words, it was proposed to replace Triple-Alliance policy, Triple-Entente policy, and American Monroe-Doctrine policy by world-policy, carried on by the powers, especially the Great Powers, in close and organized coöperation.

In the light of what has happened in the last four and a half years this notion may well seem fantastic to-day, and there are some who will even deny that it was ever entertained in the framing of the Covenant. But it must be remembered that in 1918 men were living under the impression of the close

war-time collaboration of the Allies, and that, on the British side at any rate, there had been an encouraging precedent. When the framers of the 'Cecil draft' devised their plan of the Council of the League, or Conference, as they preferred to call it, they modeled it deliberately on the Conference of Premiers in the British Commonwealth, one of whose main functions was, and is, to arrive at a common foreign policy for six or more peoples in five continents. It is true that, as General Smuts has remarked, a common policy for the British Empire must necessarily be drawn up on very simple lines; but the difficulties which have since arisen, in connection with the Japanese Alliance, the Near East, and other questions, were not then foreseen; and even now, in spite of all, and with necessary modifications, the Conference of Premiers to frame a common British foreign policy remains a standing institution.

But what is barely practicable for Britain has proved totally impracticable for the world at large. It is true that the experiment was never given a fair chance; for when room on the Council was found for four (now six) so-called representatives of the lesser states, appropriately called 'states with special interests,' any chance that it would be used by the Great Powers as an organ of high policy was dissipated. But it is probable that, in any case, the idea of such a world-organ was too ambitious. The questions that form the material of high policy are too various and scattered, the passions and interests involved are too diverse, the responsibilities too unequally divided between continent and continent, and, above all, the angles of vision from which they are approached are too divergent, to permit of the framing of a real partnership. Quite apart from the breakdown of this side of the League's original design, all sorts of natural causes, psychological, political, and economic, have been operating since the Armistice to drive peoples and governments away from the idea of world-partnership in high policy back to the idea of special affinities and alliances.

We need only mention the close association between France and Belgium, the Little Entente between Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, with which Poland is in such close touch, the revival of Monroe-Doctrine sentiment in the United States, and the Four-Power pact limited to the regions of the Pacific.

But these new groupings, closely examined, bear a very different character from that of the traditional European system, and give a clear indication of the direction in which we must look for a reconciliation between the vigorous pursuit of national interests and the necessities of a harmonious world-order. In the first place they are public, not secret; in the second place they are regional and not general; thirdly, and most important of all, they are not merely compatible with, but actually sanctioned by, the Covenant of the League and therefore included within its larger framework. As for noncontentious issues Article XXIII is all-important, so Article XXI is pivotal for the future conduct of high policy.

'Nothing in this Covenant,' it runs, 'shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration and regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace.'

Thus the present possibilities for international organization in the field of high policy seem clearly indicated. There is no super-government. We are far even from true international cooperation. We are limited to regional

coöperation, backed up, on the one hand, by an elastic concert of the Great Powers, operating through conferences, as and when the need arises, and, on the other, by formal and strongly guaranteed precautions against a breach of the world's peace. The post-war world still finds France more interested in her eastern frontier than in the Far East, the United States more interested in Panama and China than in the Rhine, Australia more interested in the Pacific islands than in Upper Silesia, Czechoslovakia and Poland more interested in the evolution of Russia than in the Tacna-Arica controversy.

Those who are disappointed with this situation, and with a world in which (to quote from a disillusioned member of the Geneva Assembly) 'nations are only internationally minded where their own interests are not immediately concerned,' should remember that the substitution of democracy for autocracy in the conduct of the policy of the Great Powers has necessarily tended, in the early stages, to the advantage of passion as against reason. It was easier for Bismarck and Lord Salisbury in the eighteen-eighties to take long-distance views on questions of national interest than it was for Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau in 1919. On the other hand, the reader of Bismarck's dispatches and of Lord Salisbury's life rises with a vivid sense of the definite advance brought about in the conduct of high policy since their time.

The framework of the League may seem a weak and flimsy bulwark against the forces of national growth and self-assertion which it is designed to check or channel. But as public opinion comes to realize the meaning and incidence of its various safeguards, as, when occasion arises, its provisions against the validity of secret engagements, against sudden resort to war, against inequitable commercial policies and proved abuses in colonial government, are brought into play, it will become increasingly clear that, if the ship of high policy is still tossing on a rough and partly uncharted ocean, at least she has a compass and strong anchors, and a crew pledged and eager to bring her to port.

We have already encroached upon the fourth region — that of disputes. Here Articles XII to XVII of the League, together with the Bryan treaties, mark an advance which has not yet been fully realized. They commit civilized states to the doctrine that to resort to war without inquiry and delay, in however good a cause, is an international crime.

In other words, they make, once and for all, a broad distinction, too often ignored in discussing the events of 1914, between the predisposing and determining causes of a breach of the peace. This distinction is a direct result of the interdependence of the modern world. Historians of the nineteenth and previous centuries have not been wont to ask who lit the match which embroiled Piedmont with Austria or the Kingdom of Naples, or William III with Louis XIV, or Queen Elizabeth with Philip II. Bismarck, who manœuvred declarations of war against his master both in 1866 and in 1870, was perhaps the first to see the importance of formal correctitude in the initiation of hostilities. But it was the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, followed by the German ultimata to Russia, France, and Belgium, which brought home to public opinion that, in our modern large-scale world, the way in which a dispute is handled is of more concern to mankind than its actual merits. All that remains, after the formulation of the League's provisions against a breach of the peace, is to ensure that their sanctions will be effective. This is the object of the joint

scheme of disarmament and guaranties, partly general and partly regional in scope, which Lord Robert Cecil and the Temporary Mixed Commission on Disarmament are preparing for the consideration of the League Assembly next September. Its details are too complicated to be discussed here, and the degree to which military force, sea power, and economic power are to coöperate in the enforcement of peace will form the subject of much debate; but the general principle, that of the organized coöperation of the police forces of civilization against a law-breaking state, or, in other words, the organization of Might behind Right, may surely be regarded as acceptable to practically every school of opinion.

Our argument has already carried us forward from disputes to armaments. Of armaments in general there is indeed little to be said. They are a symptom, not a disease; a thermometer by which to register the fever in the blood of the world's body politic, not a germ to be extirpated by direct action. The road to the reduction of armaments lies through the promotion of confidence by wise policy. And the road to the promotion of confidence in statesmanship is the same as in any other department of responsible trusteeship — through a large-minded prudence in the assumption of obligations, a strict and even pedantic loyalty in their observance, through continuity in the framing of policies, tact and consistency and patience in their promotion, and a keen and delicate sense of what is owing both to the comity of nations and to the interests of which statesmanship is the trustee. And of statesmanship of this order in the post-war world, at last provided with sure precautions and anchorage against a drift to disaster, of men such as Cecil, Bourgeois, and Beneš in the Old World, and of others whom it would be invidious to mention in the New, surely we may apply the words which Newman used of the scholar in his ideal university: —

'The intellect which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands and how its path lies from one point to another.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE ART OF SITTING DOWN

'I THINK I know how to sit down to look at life.' Thus Pierre de Coulevain in the introduction to her *Sur la Branche*. It is a sentence thoroughly French, in its matter and in its origin. She has adapted it, she tells us, from Corot. If you wish to realize, he said, to understand, 'to seize,' the soul of a landscape, you must 'savoir s'asseoir' know how to sit down. Life is not written so that he who runs may read. Ruskin expresses the same idea in *Præterita*, where he speaks of that 'patience in looking, and precision in feeling, which afterwards, with due industry, formed my analytical power.' As a child, he often passed days contentedly 'in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of [the] carpet; — examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses.' The art of sitting down may be practised, you see, in England, or even in the United States; but Americans who wish to become truly proficient will find Paris the ideal place to study.

There are, for instance, the cab-drivers. I think especially of a certain stand at the corner of the rue Babylone. (Is there, I wonder, a significance in the name? By the waters of Babylon, you remember, the prophet sat down.) When we moved to the apartment — it was always known as *the* apartment, as if there were no others in the city worth mentioning — we marked that cab-stand, its drooping horses slanting into dingy nose-bags, and thought how convenient it would be on mornings when we were late in starting for the office. Less than a week had elapsed, when a sunny June day saw us, Louise having been dilatory with the *eau chaud*, panting round the corner full twenty minutes behind our time. Under the plane trees on the boulevard stood one solitary man guarding six slanting horses. Breathless, we asked for a carriage. Very good. But we wanted it at once. Impossible; the *cochers* were at breakfast. A wave of the hand indicated a tree-shaded *buvette* on the other side of the road. All of them at breakfast? Why, of course, all of them. Politely mild surprise was indicated in the lift of the eyebrows at our implication that one might breakfast alone when good company was to be had. When would they have finished? Oh, in twenty minutes, perhaps. We walked, but we did not hurry; we were beginning to learn.

The French know how to sit down at their work as well as at their meals. There is a printer's on the rue St.-Honoré where I used to go to read proof on Red Cross bulletins. Instead of the elevator to the twelfth story by which you reach your press in New York, you step into the shadow of an archway, where a tiny crowd is gathered about a dark-eyed girl singing to the accompaniment of a wailing violin. You cross a little stone-paved court, stumble down two worn old steps, and stoop suddenly through a dingy door into the shop. A counter, a desk, a dusty light, and a tall, immaculate Englishman in a high wing-collar. He is the proprietor. Fifteen years a printer in Paris, he wears that fatalistic, slightly bewildered look of the Anglo-Saxon who has tried to hurry the East.

He has learned at last to sit down, but he still does it under protest.

His partner is a thin elderly Frenchman, with an abortive Van Dyck beard and a beautiful sad courtesy. The head of the composing-room — printer's ink is a better obliterater of nationality than any melting-pot — is a thick, square Hindu, who speaks his English with a cockney accent though he learned his trade in Seattle. His domain is separated from the office only by a swinging door, but since there are no linotype machines, and most of the presses are worked by hand, this is rather a convenience than otherwise. The typesetters are all French, — most of them have wooden legs or walk on crutches, — and though they follow English copy surprisingly well, they hyphenate in the convenient French manner, simply stopping a word with whatever letter chances to come at the end of the line. It necessitates some rather drastic proof-reading; the whole system is not quite what one would call expeditious; but, after all, what is the use of expedition?

I came in to read proof about five o'clock one dark afternoon, and found the French partner working at his desk, while, in the corner, his stenographer made tea on a little alcohol stove. Monsieur C—— insisted, despite my protests, that I occupy his desk and chair while he continued his writing at the counter. Then, while I displaced hyphens and corrected strange misspellings, the little stenographer placed at my elbow a rose-patterned china cup and a *petit pain* spread with marmalade. It was late in the day, we were all three working hard, but the fragrant steam shed about us an aroma of leisure and of calm. Proof-reading became, not a drive against time, but a dignified and charming occupation. My mind swung back to a night in a New York press, some months before, when, dinnerless at nine-thirty, I had stood reading wet proof-sheets as if the future of the country hung on my having them O.K.'d by ten o'clock.

The most commonplace things of life become beautiful when you sit down to look at them. Lunch, for instance — how exquisite and graceful a thing when two hours are dedicated to its consumption instead of fifteen minutes! How pleasant is a daily paper with time for philosophy and literature on its front page! And the very names of things! The French do not baptize their streets, for instance, with regard to the length of time it will take to spell the name over the telephone or to write it on an envelope. The Street of Our Lady of the Fields, the Street of the Market of St.-Honoré, the Street of the Halberd, the Street of the Dancing Goat, the Street of the Jumping Dog, the Street of the Trapped Cats. Here is prayer, and humor, and romance, and history. You cannot hurry down those streets; you must stroll along them slowly, swinging your cane, looking at life and savoring it. There is a street in Orléans which could have been named only by a people who, through generations, have looked at life slowly and steadily, and seen it whole. La rue des Pensées, the Street of Thoughts; it is perhaps the perfect symbol of the art of sitting down.

JACKSON

Mr. J. A. Jackson, whose interesting experience I have just been reading in one of those signed editorials that add so much to the attractiveness of our more popular magazines, is, by his own description, a 'vigorous, two-fisted he-man,' who owes this emphatic masculinity to the jolly practice of exercising ten minutes a day to music.

Stand on your toes,
Tum-tum! Tum-tum!
Breathe through your nose,
Tum-tum!
Stick out your chin,
Your stomach draw in,
Tum-tum! Teetumtum!
Tum-tum!

But Mr. Jackson was not always so vigorous, so double-fisted, so, in a word, *he*. There was a time, not so very long ago, when he envied Mr. Kennedy, Walter Kennedy, who 'came down to the office with the vigor and freshness of a boy — the man with the sparkle in his eye, indicating health, and a springy step that confirmed the indication. Answers to business problems that baffled the rest of us, came with surprising ease to Kennedy.'

It puzzled and, as we now say, intrigued Mr. Jackson; and he tactfully questioned the superman.

Kennedy laughed — no doubt a vigorous, two-fisted, he-laugh. 'The splendid health and energy which I enjoy now,' said he, 'and which I expect to have when I am in my nineties, is due to certain exercises combined with music. It is a method I learned of a few months ago, when I was about as weakly, sickly, lackadaisical and nervous a chap as you'd meet in a month of Sundays. I was a wreck. Why, I expect to live to be at least a hundred, and I'll be a real man every day I am on this old earth.'

The best of it is that what Kennedy and Jackson accomplished — *I can do too!* I also may become vigorous, two-fisted, and 'he.'

Stand on your toes,
Tum-tum! Tum-tum!
Breathe through your nose,
Tum-tum!

All I need is the phonograph; for, although I can, and do, perform the same gyrations in silence, I do not get the same results as Mr. Jackson. Mr. Jackson's muscles began immediately to take on a 'corded look' (similar, I imagine, to those of Mr. Dempsey when about to strike M. Carpentier), which I miss in my own. Everybody soon noticed the improvement in him; nobody has noticed any improvement in me. If J. A. Jackson were writing this essay, he would, I dare say, have already finished it, and started another. It must be the music.

It is a commonplace of human nature that civilized man is so fundamentally averse to regular exercise, and at the same time so reasonably certain of its beneficial effect, that he frequently begins with determination, and rarely keeps at it long enough to do him any good. If regular exercise were a bad habit, it would be easier to acquire. But the practice offends no present conception of moral behavior, and is so unattractive to the average man that the few of exceptional strength of character (like myself) who *do their exercises on the Sabbath* have escaped observation. This, of course, would have been impossible, except by the hypocrisy of a 'sacred concert,' if we had done them to music. The exerciser might be impelled by vanity (as in my own case, who saw myself with apprehension growing wider and wider in proportion to my height), or by ambition (like Mr. Jackson, who found himself stumped by business problems that Mr. Kennedy handled with the careless ease of a schoolgirl disposing of an ice cream soda); he might exercise to postpone his death or to improve his appetite for breakfast; but, whatever his motive, nobody argued or pleaded with him to stop before it was too late. Everybody, in fact, knew that he would. It was a good habit, and some men, wise in self-knowledge, and wealthy enough to afford the painful luxury, every now and then hired an ex-pugilist to make them practise it.

But the addition of music may, and very likely will, make a great difference. Subtract music from the dance — and what enthusiastic maiden (or she-girl) would honestly exclaim, 'I could dance *forever!*' Add music to the daily exercises — and may we not presently hear a like spontaneous tribute to the inexhaustible joy of doing them? Already, in many cases — for I have no doubt that men of all ages and everywhere have read and been influenced by the experience of J. A. Jackson — this idea must have affected exercise as the invention of the typewriter has affected authorship, making what was once a quiet, self-respecting, and private occupation often (to put it bluntly) a neighborhood nuisance. It's all very fine for the poet, composing a song to dawn, and up early to get the proper atmosphere; but think of the poor mother trying to put her babe to sleep in the house across the street! This, however, is an intruding thought; and indeed, if we substitute Mr. Jackson for the poet, the music might lull the babe, and the poor mother seize the opportunity to do her own daily exercises, without having to wind up the phonograph. Nay more, a little later in the morning, one band might suffice for several adjacent houses, and the entire neighborhood, men, women, and children, could begin the day by exercising together.

There is, it appears, a health-wave as well as a crime-wave, and the ancient slogan of Horace, *mens sana in corpore sano*, runs in effect through the advertising pages, cunningly modified to offset the natural laziness of civilized man by the promise of quick results. We are not only advised to exercise ten minutes a day to music, but we are told to eat yeast-cakes between meals, so that some future novelist may deduce that this was a social custom comparable to the earlier taking of snuff. A vitamine to the rescue! Hardly a page away from Mr. Jackson (whose very picture is so radiant of 'pep' that I almost sneeze and fall over backward when I look at it), I find the experience of 'an old man at fifty,' who made the happy discovery that 'by practising a few simple exercises each morning before arising, he was gradually but surely winning back health and strength. Yes, actually exercising in bed! Just a series of gentle exercises, of an original sort, devised by himself, proved his salvation.' He is now a 'young man at seventy-two,' and I have no doubt that many an honest citizen, with the book of directions by his bedside, tries to do those gentle exercises of an original sort before he gets up. This is not a matter that concerns the neighbors, and in most cases, I dare say, the gentle exercises will soon put him to sleep.

But the point of general interest is that this movement is not exclusively for the young: it is a call to us middle-aged, irrespective of sex, — for what is sauce for the gander is sauce also for the goose, — to front our declining years with courage. If it lacked reasonable response, the call would soon cease. And it is altogether a braver and better way to front them, if we may believe a contemporary essayist, than was that of the middle-aged a hundred years ago.

'As we advance in life,' wrote Hazlitt, 'we acquire a keener sense of the value of time. Nothing else, indeed, seems of any consequence; and we become misers in this respect. We try to arrest its last few tottering steps, and to make it linger on the brink of the grave. We can never leave off wondering how that which has been should cease to be, and would still live on, that we may wonder at our own shadow, and when "all the life of life is flown," dwell on the retrospect of the past. This is accompanied by a mechanical tenacious-

ness of whatever we possess, and a sense of fallacious hollowness in all we see. Instead of the full, pulpy feeling of youth, everything is flat and insipid.'

Not much, Mr. Hazlitt.

Stand on your toes,
Tum-tum! Tum-tum!
Breathe through your nose,
Tum-tum!

If we find ourselves losing that 'full, pulpy feeling of youth,' — I recommend the phrase to the ad-writers, — we will exercise ten minutes a day to music and get it back.

Only we must not expect *too much* and *all at once*. Without questioning Mr. Jackson's rapid improvement, the common experience, I feel safe in saying, is not so promptly gratifying. It is more akin to that of the sedentary gentleman who pauses to satisfy an intelligent curiosity as to what the little crowd is looking at in the shop window, and sees Hercules in person demonstrating an exercising machine. Involuntarily he compares himself with Hercules — those arms and that torso which he knows so well in his bedroom mirror, with these arms and that torso on the other side of the plate glass. It would be fine to look like that in the bedroom mirror! And why not? Presently he is inside the store, buying a 'Home Gymnasium'; and so impatient is he to begin, that he can hardly get it home fast enough. He attaches it to the wall, studies the directions, and exercises regularly for a whole week. Each morning and night he hopefully feels his biceps — but there is no material change. Even at the end of the week, he looks no more like Hercules in the bedroom mirror than he did at the beginning. It is very discouraging.

But some of us middle-aged are exercising as the middle-aged never did before.

Stand on your toes,
Tum-tum! Tum-tum!
Breathe through your nose,
Tum-tum.
Stick out your chin,
Your stomach draw in,
Tum-tum! Teetumtum!
Tum-tum!

And some of us, I hope, will stick to it, though we have to make up the music in our heads as we go along; for we, too, like Walter Kennedy, are determined to be real men every day we are on this old earth.

There is, however, one element of danger in the music: it may be questioned by those who unselfishly preoccupy themselves with such matters whether regular exercise is still a *good* habit. Mr. Jackson does not describe the music, but I hope it is not sensuous.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

'THE Family Circle' is a phrase, like 'the bosom of the family' or 'hearth and home,' associated in our minds with the intimate and narrow confines of the living-room or the dining-room of the house in which we were reared. But why? There is 'the human family,' and 'the family tree,' expressions indicating a point of view with a wider outlook. Take for instance the family tree — even that is a misnomer. It is likely to carry suspended from its boughs the names of only those among our ancestral and contemporary blood-relations who have the name of our father; but how about our mother and all our million grandmothers? Are we not equally descended from them?

There is another genealogical emblem, a sort of chart composed of ever-widening circles, which is more truly indicative of ancestry. It looks something like a picture of a cell multiplying by fission, as shown in a textbook on biology. One's own personal self and name are represented in a little circle

in the middle, a sort of nucleus or nucleolus, encompassed by rounded boxes containing the names of one's two parents, beyond each of which spread his and her parents, and so on ad infinitum, until in ten generations one reaches the appalling number of more than two thousand little boxes, which should contain names of as many ancestors, who are just as much blood-relations as those ten in the narrow paternal line. The family circle as thus envisaged is an affair of such geometrically progressive immensity as to stagger the genealogist bent on a knowledge of his forbears rather than of the mere bearers of his name.

So also among one's contemporary relations the family circle may embrace more people and things than are dreamt of in the philosophy of those of us who keep our eye fixed singly on the relationships that are too near to be denied or too advantageous to be ignored. Suppose we should systematically acquaint ourselves with all our blood-relations, whether poor relations or rich relations, whether near or distant, whether reputable or disreputable — how our family circle would widen out under our startled vision! And we should touch with brotherly and cousinly hand the extremities of the human family. As we can, by going back far enough, reach the king on his throne and the savage on his mud-sill, so, by going about far enough, we may reach the millionaire and the nobleman in one direction, and in the other the criminal, the lunatic, and the pauper. To know all phases of life one has only to know one's own cousins.

As each of us can speak best of his own affairs, I would illustrate my point by telling about a few of my own cousins. I have among my extant cousins one who is a European prince and another who keeps the post office and general store in a village in Vermont. Among my deceased cousins whom I knew in earlier years, I number two of real and enduring fame — one of the greatest of our American poets and one of the greatest of our American criminals. The former figures in our anthologies, the latter monopolized for months the largest headlines and the most advantageous space on the first page of the newspapers from Maine to California. And all these four are cousins of one another as well as of obscure me. I don't know whether my cousins, the poet and the parricide, were friends as well as cousins. I remember them both as very fine gentlemen, the latter an especially gilded and glittering youth, of a devastating charm to a little country mouse of a cousin from New England on her infrequent visits to the bewildering metropolis.

My contemporaries, however, the Prince and the Postmaster, are enthusiastically friendly, and boast of their cousinship at every opportunity. The Prince was, of course, the offspring of one of those international marriages between an American heiress and the impoverished scion of a noble line, which are customarily inveighed against by the patriots of our native press and pulpit. When the Postmaster first heard that his uncle's daughter was to disgrace the family by going back on the bulwarks of democracy and over to the pride and prejudice of caste, he formulated the usual provincial eloquence that is *de rigueur* on these occasions; but when, twenty-five years later, the Prince appeared on his first visit to the States, and eagerly sought out the relations whom he had made every preparation to meet, — including the elimination from his vocabulary of the word peasant and the acquisition of an expletive for use in moments of emotional stress: 'Gosh!' — and treated them as if their acquaintance were the most broadening experience and the

greatest privilege of his hitherto socially limited existence, the Postmaster discovered that the infusion of good red American blood into the weak blue fluid that circulates through the veins of the European aristocracy was the recipe for the redemption of the effete civilization of the continent.

The Prince moved among the natives of his ancestral home as one to the manner born. His serious thoughtful head, containing his omnivorously inquiring mind and a range of intellectual curiosity never before exhibited on Vermont soil, was to be viewed for hours on end by anyone visiting the post office and general store for a possible letter or an essential grocery, and was generally inclined in rapt attention toward Cousin Postmaster and his agricultural and mechanical friends, who were sawing the air on every conceivable aspect of American life from the Vermont point of view. No one so avid of information and so undiscriminating as to its nature had ever appeared in those parts before. The Prince so entirely threw the summer visitors into the shade as to shove them into the outer darkness of complete contempt. He might be a prince, but everyone was made comfortable in his presence by feeling himself temporarily a king. The foreign prince sat at the feet of the native kings and queens, and eagerly drank their words of wisdom.

Cousin Prince's powers of adaptation were indeed exceptional, as was proved on many occasions. One that I vividly recall was that of the entertainment given in his honor by Mrs. Postmaster. She had read in the ladies' periodical which she subscribed for and diligently perused, that the breakfast party combined the *chic* with the informal. A suggested menu for such an occasion was elaborately set forth, but the appropriate hour was omitted from the directions for performing this feat of hospitality. This omission, however, was hardly noticed by Mrs. Postmaster, for, of course, anyone knew what was the proper time for breakfast; so the guests were summoned for 7.30 A.M. The Prince was overwhelmed with delight at the opportunity afforded him to assist at so unique an American function. He foresightedly borrowed from the kitchen shelf that admirable native invention, the alarm clock, and in the course of his early morning toilet manufactured a defense against the ravages of the imminent feast: he was regretfully forced to confess to a slight indisposition, — the location and nature of which he elaborated with dismaying frankness, — which made it necessary for him to take only tea and toast from the festive and groaning board that had been spread in his honor. No one suffering from an alimentary affection had ever before, however, so brilliantly performed all the other functions of a guest; and the hostess had the consolation of observing that he scrutinized the courses with intense interest, even if he did not partake of them, and subsequently asked her for a copy of the menu, which she was able to furnish by just cutting out a paragraph from the printed page of her monthly guide, philosopher, and friend.

Cousin Prince had a *succès fou* in Vermont; and doubtless Cousin Postmaster would have given equal delight to the social set of his kinsman if he had been able to afford the trip across. Indeed, so might all of us enjoy these privileges of contact with circles where we do not ordinarily live and move and have our being. Here is a field which would produce a rich harvest of true democracy; for the brotherhood of man is n't a patch on the authentic cousinship of men and women. This is the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

OUR THOMAS

I CAME across Thomas and his wife twenty years ago, on Hampstead Heath. They were hungry and homeless, so the colonel's wife and I gave them a fresh start. We rented a room, furnished it like a home, rigged them out with decent clothes, gave Thomas boots and windows to clean, with the promise of more work if he proved worthy, and composed ourselves to listen to the reproaches of our friends.

It was rash, I know. Thomas had helped a grocer, a butcher, a fishmonger, in his day; had been a laborer and a tramp; he and his wife were just out of hospital. But we longed to give them the fresh chance he implored; so we settled them in, and Mrs. Thomas encouraged him to work hard and keep her in comfort. I was brought up to speak ill of nobody, so I shall just say that Thomas is grateful and industrious, gentle-voiced and peaceable; and that his wife was none of these things.

My method of proving his honesty was simple. I gave him a golden sovereign to change for me at the post office. I sat, sick with anxiety, saying to myself: 'I've lost a sovereign, or found a friend.' Back he came, proud and breathless. I did not count the change; I just smiled to my friend.

The late Dr. Richard Garnett, Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, lived in our street; and soon Thomas was brushing the Great Man's boots. He came to me one day and said, —

'Please 'm, is the nyme o' the gen'leman up the rowd Dr. *Richard* Garnett?'

'Yes,' I said.

'Well, please 'm, Richard 's *my* nyme, bit there cawn't never be more nor *one* Richard in this 'ere street, an' thet 's the gen'leman; so will ye call me Tummas?'

So Thomas he is.

Soon he became a personality. Everybody knew him; our little street was full of kindly people who employed Thomas. He was scared of the colonel, but adored his wife, the soldier and sailor sons who came and went, and the girls in the schoolroom. They all called him 'Uncle'; the boys gave him smart socks and gay ties, and in return their bicycles shone.

Thomas has one peculiarity; all clothes fit him. He seems to shrink or swell to the desired size, and the larger the number of people whose old clothes he is wearing at one time, the prouder he is.

Soon we found that he had adopted us; he began to swagger about us. I first noticed it when I was seeing my professor husband off to lecture in America. Thomas came to Euston, too, and himself carried the two suitcases to the compartment. To an uninterested porter he explained: —

'Mawster's 'eavy luggage all went orf yestidy.'

When the train had gone I said, —

'What made you tell that porter an untruth, Thomas? You know quite well Master took no heavy luggage.'

'Yus, 'm, I do, bit I did n't want that there porter ti think my Mawster wiz trevelin' si light,' said the unabashed Thomas.

One day my brother sent me a salmon of his own catching, from his own bit of river.

'W'ere did thet come frum?' he asked, poking it.

'Mr. George caught it and sent it,' said Cook.

Thomas sniffed. 'Ye catches salmon, an' then ye eats them.' He jerked his head toward my professor's study. 'Ye writes books an' then ye puts them in a row in the book-kyse. Books lawsts longer nor salmon.'

At last, his wife died. Thomas had cooked and cleaned and washed for

years, and had put up, with dignity and silently, with much. He and I were the only mourners; we arrived at the cemetery literally hung around with wreaths and crosses of our joint manufacture, and I was clutching a stack of 'honesty,' which Thomas said was her 'fyverite' shrub. When the coffin was lowered, he said very quietly, —

'She's out o' 'er pyne an' mis'ry, an' I'm out o' mine.'

He saw me home, and I asked him to go to tea in the kitchen.

'Naow, thenk ye,' he replied; 'I'm a-goin' right 'ome, ti put on a *big* fire, an' set right in the very middle uv the 'earth, an' 'ave a kipper ti me tea, an' 'ot towst an' drippin'.'

It was an emancipated man who spoke.

Soon after, Thomas and I went to a wedding. It was the youngest of the colonel's daughters, 'Little Miss Catherine,' as Thomas most inappropriately called her. It was bad enough to travel by bus with him, all covered with wreaths and honesty, and to have to put up with the amazed sympathy of my fellow passengers. But Catherine's wedding-bus journey was worse. It was very hot, and Thomas was perspiring freely; he was very happy, and kept telling me who had given him every article of his clothes: check trousers, knitted waistcoat, frock coat, colored shirt, smart tie, army boots, and a bowler hat, far too small. He looked like a very low-class comedian.

'Me bryces are me own,' he said complacently. He had asked if he might wear a 'fyver,' and I had not had the heart to discourage him. The favor was a huge bunch of red, white, and blue ribbons. It was the most painful journey of my life.

But everybody welcomed him; or, rather, as we had got to the church before the red carpet was down and the choir-boys had arrived, he welcomed everybody. The colonel was dead, and the family had moved to Kensington, so there were many handshakings. An admiral and the governor of one of our colonies were there, to see their young relative married, and they both remembered 'Uncle.' When the bride came, it was Thomas, bowler in hand, who opened her car door; Thomas spread her train; and Thomas managed to shut the car door on Catherine and her husband.

''Ave n't I 'ad a lot o' love showed me this dy?' said our Thomas.

Thomas grows old, and is afraid he will get dizzy one day and be run over.

'But they 'll know 'oo I am,' he told me.

I asked if he carried his name and address in his pocket.

'Better nor thet,' he answered; 'look a 'ere.'

He shewed me an old envelope, addressed to my husband, with any number of degrees after the name.

'They'll fetch me right ti you, or else tyke me ti the 'orspital, an' ring you up — an' you'll know it's not Mawster, jist me.'

Our American friends have never seen anybody quite like Thomas. They listen, amazed, while I tell them of his care of us during the war years, of his love and devotion, — nothing is ever a trouble to him, — of his grief when the young 'gen'lemen' who came so much to the house were killed, one after another. They love to hear his account of the air-raids.

'Missus said I wore n't to be frightened, so I wore n't. "Let 'em drop," I sez, "they carn't drop on me; Missus sys they won't."'

'Does he really clean your boots, and speak of "Mawster and Missus," always?' asked one friend.

'Certainly,' I said; 'why not?'

'Well, I'd like to *buy* that man, he's so servile,' he answered.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

We were a little out of breath when we had finished reading **Ramsay Traquair's** 'Women and Civilization.' He had slain with an analyst's knife most of the things we supposed eternally true about women. 'Women are more imaginative and more artistic than men,' for example. We still feel disputatious on some points, but that does n't lessen our appreciation of 'Women and Civilization.' Ramsay Traquair is the head of the department of architecture at McGill University, Montreal. He is author of 'The Canadian Type' in the June *Atlantic* and of 'The Caste System in North America,' March 1923. **A. Maude Royden** is assistant preacher at the City Temple, London. Long active in the suffrage movement in England, and the author of that widely discussed book, *Sex and Common Sense*, she has the reputation of being the most eloquent woman preacher of to-day.

* * *

James Truslow Adams is an American historian, the author of *The Founding of New England* (Atlantic Monthly Press) which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1921 for the best history of the year. His work, *Revolutionary New England: 1691–1776*, will be published in the fall. **William Lawrence**, for a generation Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts, has identified himself with every good cause, temporal as well as spiritual, with which the Church is confronted.

* * *

Wife of the novelist, **Mrs. H. G. Wells** is herself a short-story writer of grace and originality. **Lew Sarett** is a new *Atlantic* contributor. Missionary, essayist, and poet, **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** writes in this number a missionary's views of luxury and hardship in the heart of Africa. **James G. Harbord**, Major-General, U. S. A., after a remarkable career in the Regular Army, was made Chief-of-Staff of the A.E.F. in France, May 14, 1917. He later commanded the Marine Brigade near Château-Thierry, and the Second Division in the Soissons offensive, bringing home with him a reputation unsurpassed by any American soldier in the war. General Harbord has received military honors from the American, British, French, Belgian, and Italian governments.

* * *

An American mediæval scholar living in England, **H. E. Allen** is also a skillful writer of short stories. Her 'Ancient Grief' was published in the February *Atlantic*. **Katharine Lee Bates** is professor of English at Wellesley College.

* * *

As President of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, **James Bronson Reynolds** had his attention directed to the case of a Lithuanian peasant who came to this country an immigrant with high purposes and ambitions. He fell into bad company, for which Mr. Reynolds believes American social conditions in part responsible, and later, while half intoxicated and suffering from an epileptic fit, he killed a man and was sent to State's Prison for life. In his first two years in prison, he learned English and wrote a series of letters, published in this number of the *Atlantic*, which constitute a true and moving record of the life of a sensitive mind under prison conditions. **Thomas Mott Osborne**, formerly Warden of Sing Sing, is known to every American as a courageous reformer of intolerable prison conditions. He is author of *Within Prison Walls*, and *Society and Prisons*.

* * *

Henry C. Link is a psychologist who has specialized in industry. He is on the staff of the U. S. Rubber Company, and is the author of *Employment Psychology* and *Education and Industry*. **Ford Ashman Carpenter** is a consulting meteorologist of Los Angeles, and manager of the Department of Meteorology and Aeronautics of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

Paul Hutchinson formerly a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal church in Shanghai, and editor of the *China Christian Advocate*, writes, 'I suggest that you label me as "formerly a missionary in China." The sad fact is that the activities of a certain species of Asiatic germ have caused me to fall from my former high estate.' He is at present in this country, a member of the Committee on Conservation and Advance. ¶Born in the North, but living for many years in the South as farmer and business man, **E. T. H. Shaffer** is the author of 'A New South: The Boll-Weevil Era' (*Atlantic*, January 1922) and 'A New South: The Textile Development' (*Atlantic*, October 1922). **Alfred E. Zimmern** is the English historian and scholar, author of *The Greek Commonwealth*, and *Nationality and Government*. ¶Editor and student of politics in Great Britain, **E. T. Raymond** writes at our request a study of forces and personalities in the British Labor Party. He is the author of 'British Personalities' (*Atlantic*, August 1922), and 'Leaders of British Labor' (*Atlantic*, September 1922).

* * *

An interesting confirmation and practical supplement to the paper on 'Prisons and Common Sense,' by Thomas Mott Osborne, which we print this month, is this letter from a well-known business executive, who is also President of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor: —

Dear Atlantic, —

Ill treatment of the prisoner has been used thousands of years and has not stopped or diminished crime. On the contrary it will harden the prisoner and is apt to make him revengeful and worse than before. There is one deterrent that is of particular importance, and that is swift and sure justice. The prisoner should know that if he commits a crime it is very likely that he will be caught and will go to prison, and that there will be very little delay about it.

In order to bring about good conditions in prisons, the first essential is that the administration and those in charge of the prisons, the officials high and low, wardens, keepers, or whatever may be their titles, shall be high-grade men of good reputation and character, and shall receive fair remuneration for their services, and to have it understood that it is an honorable office if they do their work right. These officials should receive instruction how to handle the subject, to qualify them for their important duties. Brutality and the exploitation of the prisoner should cease. It should be well understood that the administration wants to help the prisoner to reform and go out of prison a better person than when he went in. Cleanliness, proper care of health, necessary exercise and recreation are imperative, but the prisoners should also be required to do a fair day's work and be employed at such work as they are fitted for and that will be useful to them when they go out of prison, so that they will likely be able to take care of themselves and their families after their discharge, and not spread disease mental or physical.

For their labor they should receive fair remuneration, and for particularly good work they should be rewarded. Part of the wages earned should be used for their maintenance and part for their families or dependents.

The prison administration, the wardens, keepers, and so forth, should set a high example of honesty and fairness. No good can possibly be accomplished if the prisoners see that those in charge of the prisons are dishonest and unjust, or if those placed over them are inferior. The prisons should, of course, be entirely taken out of politics. The education of the prisoner, both in the work which he is to perform and generally with the view of improving him, is most important and there should be the spirit of coöperation all around.

I think everybody will agree that the prisoner upon entering the prison or reformatory should be thoroughly examined as to his mental and physical state, and his treatment and the work assigned to him determined accordingly. There should of course be a competent medical staff and the right type of religious representative — the latter not only able to conduct services and carry out religious formalities, but to take a personal interest in the prisoner and help him to improve himself in a spiritual way.

I do not lay so much stress upon looking after the prisoners after their discharge, but rather to giving them the right opportunities in prison, such as education and training in the kind of work that will be of use to them when they go out and enable them to make a livelihood for themselves and their families in an honorable way. Given such opportunities in prison, the chances are that a great many of them will go straight — not all of course, as earlier habits and conditions may be too strong for some of them to overcome. Parole and probation are very good things, and the difficulty of the prisoner getting employment on account of the prejudice of a large part of the public is to be dealt with, but at the same time if the prisoner learns a trade and has good education, he is very likely to be able

to help himself. It would more or less adjust itself.

We should overcome the inclination to harbor bitterness toward the prisoner, and, on the other hand, should avoid extreme sentimentality toward him. Both are harmful to the prisoners as well as to the general community.

It is well to bear in mind that we must not expect ideal conditions. The subject is one of the most difficult, and as no two persons are alike in every respect, general principles do not apply. We are either too severe or too lenient. The same applies to the education of children, though not in the same measure. The effect of treatment works very differently on different persons. There are some principles, however, that can be definitely applied in all cases: —

1. The proper examination of the prisoner both as to his physical and mental condition, and of his early history to determine if the causes of the crime can be established;

2. The choosing of honest and able wardens, keepers, and other officials, and the recognition by the public of the importance of their positions, credit to be given them when they deserve it;

3. People of good standing in the community to interest themselves in the matter;

4. To keep the criminal well occupied with the kind of work that he can well perform, taking into consideration his health and ability, also the kind of work which will be useful to him after his discharge;

5. Also to add to his education, not overdoing it but using some part of his time for education in various branches. Even giving some education in music and the arts, to those who have talent in that direction, might be a good thing.

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I again refer to your article in the January *Atlantic*, on 'The Technique of Being Deaf' and the helpful letters which have followed it? Perhaps others have evolved similar mileposts on the road to the goal of perfect understanding for those with defective hearing.

A charming gentleman of our acquaintance, entirely deaf, whose technique has attained the quality of art, has set up for himself a list of qualifications as his goal of achievement as a lip-reader.

The lip-reader must have: —

The eye of a huntsman.
The vision of a mind-reader.
The power of concentration of a scientist.
The sense of rhythm of a musician.
The ruthlessness of purpose of a financier.
The ability of the little boy who always guesses right the first time!

ELISABETH GREENE PREBLE.

* * *

Senator Borah will pardon our printing the comment which he sent us in a letter on Walter Lippmann's article, 'The Outlawry of War' (August *Atlantic*): —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I notice one thing in the article to which I cannot refrain from adverting for a moment. Mr. Lippmann says: 'Let Mr. Borah ask himself whether he is prepared to entrust the creation of such a code to Lord Curzon, Mr. Hughes, M. Poincaré, and Baron Kato, and so forth.'

I should not like to entrust the matter to these gentlemen, and if the public opinion were organized in the right direction, we would not have to do so.

But, assuming that we would have to entrust to them the proposition of writing an international code, I should infinitely prefer to assign them to that task rather than to assign them under the scheme of the League of Nations to govern the world without any code at all. The difference between Mr. Lippmann and others and myself is that I am not willing to erect a political autocracy without law or limitations save the unlimited discretion and unbridled will of a few men.

If we cannot have a code of international law which shall govern us, if international affairs are to be controlled by the whims and the intrigues and the unlimited discretion of politicians, then my plan is to stay out. But I am not willing to concede that a code of international law by which international affairs shall be controlled and directed cannot be established.

* * *

Mr. Nicol Macnicol, writing of the spread of industrialism in modern India, in the June *Atlantic* ('Barriers to Freedom'), remarked that a 'black steel-smelting city, called Jamshedpur, had arisen in the midst of the wide solitudes of Behar.' He went on to say that these iron-foundries work the ignorant peasant under conditions to which they are little adapted and that they themselves and their children die. We are sorry not to have space to publish the long and interesting letter written to us by Stewart M. Marshall, an experienced engineer of the company, but are glad to print the following paragraph from it: —

I have a fair familiarity with the welfare work of large corporations in this and other parts of the world, and I know of no company where these matters have received such liberal, detailed attention, and where so large a total of the investment has been put into services of this kind as is the case with the Tata Iron and Steel Company.

* * *

Ramsay Traquair's article on 'The Canadian Type' in the June *Atlantic* has been much discussed in the press and out. Here is a friendly criticism by a Canadian: –

Dear Atlantic, —

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread — and this rushing into the high company of your correspondents is occasioned by a very real loyalty to the *Atlantic*.

Indebted as we are for the sympathetic study given 'Johnny Canuck,' one fears that certainly an inadequate, and in some respects an incorrect, impression of Canada has been given by Professor Traquair to the American people. Hence this rash adventure in your mail!

Professor Traquair dismisses the Prairies and Ontario with little more than mere mention. What is perhaps the most distinctive note in our national character is being struck west of the Great Lakes. From the Ontario farms and towns and cities the pioneers of that new life west of the lakes set forth. Ontario and the West are intimately linked with each other. As for Ontario, we wish to suggest that she is too vital a factor to be casually omitted. Out of the 8,000,000 of Canada's people 2,700,000 live in Ontario. That province combines the life of the large city (Toronto is nearing the 700,000 mark), the small town, the rural community, and the vast hinterland with its rugged and adventurous pioneers. Income-tax returns for last year show that in corporation and general income-taxes Ontario leads all the Provinces of the Dominion; the total for Ontario being $29,369,052 and for Quebec $19,014,016. Could Boston fail to appreciate the influence on the type that is exerted by the University of Toronto — the State University — which has the largest enrollment of any university in the British Empire, not to speak of the three other universities in Ontario?

It is quite a jump from Ontario to Nova Scotia, but we make it almost every year on vacation and have spent several seasons on her coasts as a 'Sky Pilot.' Therefore to the statement that the typical 'bluenose' is 'a little suspicious of strangers' we take most vehement exception. Any commercial traveler or tourist will take issue with Professor Traquair on that point. And the statement — or rather the inference from it — that 'Nova Scotia is a land of schools' should not pass unchallenged, for it is not true of the Nova Scotia of to-day.

We feel much better now and if you put your foot on the top of the already overflowing waste-basket we are sure you will be able to crowd this 'folio' into its friendly and expectant space! And in spite of all we are most loyally yours!

H. M. Pearson.

* * *

When in this Column we touched upon the phenomenon described by a correspondent of the transmutation of horse-hairs into water snakes, we did so in the same spirit in which we might discuss the vagaries of dragons, unicorns, sea serpents and all the familiar fauna of childhood. A legend which reproduces itself from age to age seemed to us diverting. But the scientists, watching us divert ourselves thus unseemly, have written to warn us of their 'amazement' that we should accept such exceedingly natural Natural History. If we may do so without desecrating the Temple of Science, we should like to print one more letter which we have received: —

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just read in the July *Atlantic* Mrs. Pearsall's article on 'Snakes Developing from Horsehair.' Our watering-trough was similar to the one she described, and I have seen the 'horse-hair snakes' in the water. On examining them, I found that they were made up of numerous small insects clinging closely to the horsehair and entirely covering it.

Jas. A. Moore.

How is that for high?

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

In Memoriam — Charles Boardman Hawes

Charles Boardman Hawes, whose name is well known to the readers of this page, died, after a very short and sudden illness, on the fifteenth of July. He was then in his thirty-fifth year and, in his chosen profession of writing, had already shown an unforced and fruitful growth toward the mastery of romantic story-telling. He lived in the port of Gloucester because he loved the sea, and the sea requited him by giving of its salt and its highways for his heroes and his villains.

In his *Dark Frigate*, to be published this October, a Scotch blacksmith forges for the hero a dirk, made from Damascus steel. As he works at the grindstone, finishing the blade, he mutters over and over: —

> 'He that will a guid edge win,
> Maun forge thick an' grind thin.'

These words suggest the author of the tale, himself. He forged thick, in experience and study, and he ground thin, with art. His results were stories as true and as romantically bright as a blade of Damascus.

Mr. Hawes will be mourned by all those who knew his books, but we, his publishers, knew the man as well as the author, and we shall miss exceedingly the frequent visits of a sincere and straightforward friend.

Literature Not 'Juveniles'

In an article, 'The Children's Librarian as a Book-Buyer,' which appeared lately in the *Library Journal*, Alice I. Hazeltine, who is supervisor of children's work in the St. Louis Public Library, says of children's books: — 'Originality of concept and distinguished presentation are, after all, the things to be desired. The bread of *books*, not the stones of *juveniles* will make our American children's literature a shining treasure for the future as well as for now.'

The Shop-Talker is pleased to have come across this unintentional statement of the goal toward which all the Press publications for children have been directed. The very word 'juvenile' seems to him to have an odor of patronage, of writing-down-for-the-young, about it.

Now, thinking of our goal, we are proud to see how close we have come to it. **Mr. Charles Boardman Hawes's** books are grand, adventurous tales which have appealed to children, just as they do to their fathers, not because they were 'juveniles,' but because they had stuff in them. **Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's** *Many Children* is charming poetry first, and poetry for children afterward. **Henry B. Beston's** *Firelight Fairy Book* and *Starlight Wonder Book* are authentic literature, as carefully woven, in imagination and style, as any clear French prose. John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is a classic story of moral adventure, and **Miss Edith Smith's** abridgment of it has cleared away those sections of the original text which would stand in the way of any modern reader, child or adult.

If there were more space this list could be extended until it became a catalogue of our publications for children; but enough has been said to show that our interest in books of this character has been, and is, and always will be to supply younger readers with literature rather than with 'juveniles.'

Great Names and Small Books

Last month we published, in book form, a reprint of **Mr. Wilson's** *Atlantic* article, *The Road Away from Revolution*. Since then, the demand for this slender book with its weighty contents has justified our belief that such a statement of lucid, fundamental truths, by such a writer, would be wanted as a permanent addition to public and private libraries.

There are great names associated with another small book — **Mr. Waldo R. Browne's** pocket-size anthology, *Joys of the Road*. Inside its covers the appeal of the walker for walking is set forth in many

tones, from Hazlitt's philosophy of wayward and purposeless strolling, to the more American appeal of John Burroughs, that a walker should get somewhere on the earth's surface. The reviewers are fairly agreed as to the charm of this collection, but not as to its effects. One hyperbolist remarks that, after reading this book, 'the most enthusiastic motorist among us is likely to leave his car in the garage and set forth at daybreak toward northern New England.' But another reviewer complains that such is the charm of the selections that some innocent is sure to yield to their call, with no other result than to endanger his life on the roads in this automobile age.

A Speculation

It is interesting, if vague, to speculate as to the first sources of large public movements. For example, just what finally aroused public opinion to demand a reconsideration of the thesis that the twelve-hour day was an inevitable necessity to the American steel-industry? The sources of that demand are many; but it is a satisfaction for a publisher to know that one of his publications, **Mr. Charles Rumford Walker's** *Steel*, is an important contribution, with its unstressed picture of the effects of the long hours on the workers.

A Subject of Discussion

Already the earliest readers of **Miss Margaret Prescott Montague's** *Deep Channel* are proving that the vitality which flows through all her writing is present in a large measure in this, her latest novel. *Deep Channel* cannot be read passively, and these early readers have found that it causes in each one of them a different set of feelings, an individual reaction. One reader has said that the final discovery of fundamental character by the hero and the heroine justifies the unusual paths through which they must go to reach this end. Another reader disagrees; a third sees in this novel the simple, stark fatality of chance; and a fourth views the story in the light of the judgment of an abstract justice.

All of which is only to show that a living book, like a vital personality, is bound to be the centre of a discussion.

Again — 'Like a Novel'

Booksellers said of **Mrs. Francis King's** *The Little Garden* that it sold 'like a novel.' This was the first of our 'Little Garden Series,' of which **Mrs. King** is editor and for which she has contributed two books. The second of her books, *Variety in the Little Garden*, was brought out in June of this year and has, during the summer, been reported in lists of non-fiction 'best sellers.' The author and the public should be congratulated — the author for bringing gardens into the active imaginations of book-buyers, and those buyers for appreciating what the author has done.

The Autumn Schedule

Now that September is here, our autumn books emerge from the mist of preliminary talk and galleys into the clear light of actual and notable publications. **Mr. Charles Boardman Hawes's** *The Dark Frigate* was the last of his books to be completed before his death, and it stands at the top of his achievement in literary quality and in the story-teller's fertility of invention. *Revolutionary New England: 1691–1776*, a sequel to *The Founding of New England*, holds a high place among our September publications. Its author, **Mr. James Truslow Adams**, a Yale Master of Arts, was honored in June by the bestowal of a LL.D. degree from the Rhode Island State College. Then there is **Miss Margaret Prescott Montague's** novel *Deep Channel*, a story of peculiar poignancy, which has challenged the Press to produce a work of fiction in a form of appropriate beauty. The form of **Mr. Henry B. Beston's** new collection of stories, *The Starlight Wonder Book*, has been largely determined by its successful predecessor, *The Firelight Fairy Book*, just as **Miss Sarah Addington's** *Pied Piper in Pudding Lane* has been designed as a companion volume to *The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane*. **Mrs. Edward Harding's** *Peonies in the Little Garden* will be the September addition to the Little Garden Series. Already **Mrs. Hutchinson's** more elaborate volume, *The Spirit of the Garden*, is on the bookstalls. In October we shall be offering to the public **Lord Charnwood's** *Theodore Roosevelt.*

20 of the world's finest Turkish cigarettes for 30¢—*a triumph in volume production*

DIEU ET MON DROIT

Try them tonight for your Luxury Hour

–that easy chair hour when every man feels entitled to life's best

PALL MALL *Specials*
New size–plain ends only
20 for 30¢

No change in size or price of PALL MALL *Regulars*
[*cork tip*]

Wherever men smoke, Pall Mall is known as the aristocrat among cigarettes. Its exquisite blend of the choicest Turkish tobaccos has never been rivaled. Now Pall Mall comes to you in a new size—and at a new price—made possible by new efficiency in manufacture. "A shilling in London—a quarter here." The world has gladly paid that for 10 Pall Mall "Regulars." But a nickel more buys 20 of the new Pall Mall Specials—slightly smaller, but with the inimitable Pall Mall quality left intact.

20 *for* 30¢

WEST OF THE ROCKIES 20 *for* 35¢

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton, C.V.O., O.B.E. (Mil.), LL.D., by Hugh Robert Mill. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1923. xvi+312 pp. $5.00.

On what terms would a man endowed with the qualities that make up the great adventurers of history — men of the stamp of Sir Walter Raleigh — fulfill his destiny in the twentieth century? One answer is to be found in the career of Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer, whose greatest exploit was that of reaching Farthest South in 1909, three years before the South Pole was actually discovered by Amundsen and Scott. He began his sea training in the British merchant marine at the age of sixteen; he took part in Scott's expedition to the Antarctic in 1901–03, and after some years ashore, spent in miscellaneous work, conceived the project of organizing an expedition to reach the Pole. It was a personal enterprise, and his success in getting support was due to an unusual combination of personal qualities.

Confident in his power of leadership and in the adequacy of his preparations, which, indeed, marked a new era in such expeditions, he set sail in 1908, and with three companions succeeded in coming within a distance of ninety-seven miles of his goal. This was 366 miles beyond the point at which Scott had stopped in 1902. The exploit brought him a crowded year of fame in which his lectures, with their pictures of penguins and tales of unbelievable hardships heroically endured, fascinated crowned heads, men of science, and popular audiences. At the age of thirty-six he had reached the high-water mark of his career.

After a few years filled with speculative ventures in cigarettes, Hungarian gold mines, and other will-o'-the-wisps, he turned to the only kind of adventure in which he could hope to command success: 'I suppose I am really no good for anything but the Antarctic.' His proposal to cross the polar continent from one side to the other was deemed hair-brained by many, but his belief in himself brought him money as before. The expedition, which sailed in the first week in August 1914, was a complete failure, but the disasters that befell the ship and the party presented him opportunities for heroic leadership to which he rose sublimely and which fully matched those deeds that others were performing on the fields of France.

Shackleton returned too late to take any but a minor part in the Great War; in the first years of the peace he was again unable to fit himself into the world that he found in England; with great difficulty he organized another expedition, but when, having reached South Georgia it was about to enter the Antarctic regions, he died suddenly, a worn-out man, at forty-eight.

Shackleton's biographer glories in the excitements and heroisms of the great adventurer, and his vivid narrative does them full justice. But his long knowledge of Shackleton has given him a full understanding of his hero's complex nature, and his analysis of the man's strength and weakness, though interpreted by love, is none the less searching. Indeed, when the reader finishes the Epilogue, he has become as much interested in the contrasts of Shackleton's character as in his achievements.

Comparison between Shackleton and Scott, contemporaries and rivals in Antarctic exploration, is inevitable. To Shackleton the scientific aspects of polar exploration were of secondary interest, and he was incapable of pursuing steadily a professional career in the navy, as Scott did. Above all, great as was his power over others, it is difficult to imagine in him that self-command and elevation of spirit which, in Scott's last letters, constitute one of the great revelations of our age. Shackleton could lead his men into the game and play it superbly; when it was over he was out of his sphere and could do nothing but wait for the next match.

Henry Greenleaf Pearson.

Deep Channel, by Margaret Prescott Montague. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1923. 12mo. iv+289 pp. $1.90.

Laurence Sterne was an habitual and accomplished liar; one of his most brilliant and successful epigrammatic prevarications was the phrase, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' which he stole from the French, but which is true neither in France nor in England. It is true only in popular, sentimental romances, where both the shorn lamb and the tender reader find the wind suited to their sensitiveness by a hot-air specialist.

In *Deep Channel* — a sincere, artistic, and powerful novel — there are two shorn lambs who shiver in the wind — more unkind than winter — of village opinion. Whatever may be said for the advantages of the small town over the large city, and such sayings often have the flavor of the famous grape, there is no environment so cruelly hostile to eccentric or timid specimens of humanity as the isolated hamlet. Dorothy Canfield says you can learn more about human nature in a village than in a large centre of population. This, like everything she says, has much truth; but for one enlightened vivisectionist like Dorothy Canfield there are forty persons who have the brutality that comes from lack of imagination.

Edith Wharton's

greatest novel

A SON AT THE FRONT

Mrs. Wharton's magnificent gift of story-telling here is matched with a situation of vast human significance, one which places her characters under the stress of the greatest passions. From its opening the novel moves forward in an atmosphere of deepening excitement, with that mastery of plot which is disclosed in all her stories.

Now on sale everywhere. $2.00

"The publication of a full-length novel by Edith Wharton is probably the most important thing that can happen in any current year of American fiction, for there is no doubt that, soberly speaking, she is the best of living American novelists."
—New York Times.

By John Galsworthy

A new book of stories

CAPTURES

As a writer of stories, Mr. Galsworthy has attained that eminence which he holds as a novelist and playwright. Among the tales in this new collection are "A Feud," "The Man Who Kept His Form," "A Hedonist," "Timber," "Santa Lucia," "Blackmail," "Stroke of Lightning," "The Broken Boot," "Virtue," "Conscience," "A Long Ago Affair," etc. $2.00

$1.00 Edition

The Americanization of Edward Bok

A new, popular edition of a remarkable memoir. Two very large printings of this edition have already been necessary.

$1.00 Edition

Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children

Illustrated with a photogravure frontispiece and facsimiles of "picture-letters."

Building the American Nation

By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
President of Columbia University

An interpretation of the origin and development of the American nation, largely in terms of individuals who formed it. $2.50

Holland Under Queen Wilhelmina

By A. J. BARNOUW
Professor at Columbia University

A history of Holland under the reign of a commanding character. $3.00

The Child At Home

By CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Lady Cynthia Asquith is a daughter of Lord Wemyss and is the wife of a son of the former premier. Her book on child training will be greatly valued. $1.75

Race and National Solidarity

By CHARLES CONANT JOSEY

A powerful argument for insuring the permanent domination of the white race. An incisive examination of current ideals. $2.50

As I Like It

By WM. LYON PHELPS

Winning and brilliant discussion of the books, plays, and timely questions of the day. $2.00

A History of Music

By PAUL LANDORMY, *of the University of Paris*

This new history of music, translated by F. H. Martens, brings its subject up to the latest possible date. $2.50

"American Nights Entertainment," by Grant Overton, is the best book on books and authors of the year. Published by four publishers and sold for less than manufacturing cost. At any bookstore, 50 cents.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Dostoevsky, who wrote on small-town life in a manner that makes *Main Street* seem cheery, said, 'Everybody in the provinces lives as though he were under a bell of glass. It is impossible for him to conceal anything whatever from his honorable fellow citizens. . . . The provincial, by his very nature, ought to be a very profound psychologist. That is why I am sometimes honestly amazed to meet in the provinces so few psychologists and so many imbeciles.'

Many are surprised that there is so much more tolerance of opinion in England than in America, and more in New York than in Podunk. But the reason is clear enough. Tolerance and individual liberty accompany a diffusion of intelligence and civilization. There is no tolerance whatever among small boys.

Miss Montague has described a woman and a man who, perhaps, never ought to have been born, but whose birth was only the beginning of their bad luck. Julie Rose is a creation, absolutely real, who suffers as the chronically timid always suffer in a harsh environment. The village types are clearly depicted; she is the only one who has 'nerves,' and is therefore incomprehensible to her vulpine neighbors, who, in place of sympathy and understanding, have simply predatory instincts. She is a doormat, cursed with self-consciousness, and feels acutely every hobnail. In a stout heart courage may rise with danger, but the morbidly fearful never become callous, never 'get used to it,' — *it* being life. They are like gun-shy dogs; the oftener you shoot, the worse they feel. Every fresh outrage is as devastating as though it were accompanied by the shock of surprise.

Julie is saved, not by any kindly, muscular champion, but by the appearance of a man equally shrinking and unassertive. United they stand, divided they fall. The union of these two will seem improbable only to those who regard them as contemptible nincompoops, to those whose minds are hermetically sealed in fat. In order to understand the desperate adventure of Julie and Bixby, one must remember that men and women who seem obsequious and self-obliterating are often boiling with suppressed rage. It is the spiritual history of political revolutions.

To write a novel with such a hero and such a heroine required originality and unusual literary skill. The author of *Deep Channel* has both, and has succeeded in producing one of the best novels of the year. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Life and Confessions of a Psychologist, by G. Stanley Hall. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co. 1923. 8vo. x+623 pp. $5.00.

PRESUMABLY the author would like to have the exact wording of his title borne ever in mind. It might perhaps have been better to publish the book anonymously, save that to do so would have been to deprive it of the prestige of a well-known personality.

To judge it as an autobiography is to expose it to at least one criticism — its lack of reticence. But we are reading the life and confessions of a psychologist; and the author tells us at the beginning and again at the end that the book was written primarily for his own sake, to enable him, by passing in careful review the events and influences of his life, to know himself better, and to understand how every item of his psychology and philosophy has grown out of his own life and his own basal and innate traits.

His object, of course, is a most generous one — to offer himself as a sort of 'Exhibit A,' in the hope that his fellow inquirers may find guidance and helpful suggestion from the scrutiny of a notable case in point. That is all very well; but the result of this intention, had it been strictly followed, would have been to put the book at once beyond the reach of the ordinary reader, and restrict its highest value to the trained psychologist.

Of this aspect of the book — a source-book in psychology — it is impossible to speak here intelligently; except to remark (with all due apologies) that the misgivings and hesitancies which the ordinary reader often feels toward the new science of psychology — the amazing pedantry with which it is encumbered, the ponderous method by which it labors out conclusions that any normal parent or 'born' pedagogue reaches by immediate intuition — seem to be shared also by the author, who in one place draws up a quite formidable catalogue of the shortcomings of modern psychology, and in another place speaks with refreshing approbation of the retention of 'common sense' in psychological study.

For the rest of it, the ordinary reader is thankful that Dr. Hall appears to forget, throughout the bulk of his volume, his avowed object in writing, and, instead of a psychological source-book, gives us a simple autobiography of absorbing interest. It is the story of a life rich in observation, in memories, in fervent human interest, in notable friendships, in sympathetic curiosity, and in an experience which is on the whole happy and healthy.

Beginning with an ideal boyhood, on a farm in the Massachusetts hills, passing on through boarding-school and college, a period of study in the Germany of the seventies, a brief but promising career at Johns Hopkins, then the presidency of the new Clark University, and all the trials and tribulations thereto pertaining, and ending at last where all such stories ought properly to end, — in the mellow Indian Summer of retirement from active labor, — the book carries you on with a rush of enthusiasm that is quite irresistible.

Whatever Dr. Hall's attainments as a psychologist may be (and of that no question is here raised or suggested), he certainly knew how to live; alert, hopeful, observant, sympathetic, intensely interested in humanity, brave, persevering. One's own zest for life is tremendously whetted by the book, which is perhaps the best of purposes to write for. CHARLES E. PARK.

ALFRED A. KNOPF
PUBLISHER

BORZOI BOOKS

220 WEST 42 ST.
NEW YORK

Willa Cather's new story

A LOST LADY

By the Author of ONE OF OURS
(Pulitzer Prize Winning Novel of 1922)

In an atmosphere as individual and as full of color as that of the old manor-houses in Russian novels, Miss Cather unfolds this romance of the old West; not the West of the pioneer this time, but of the railroad aristocracy that grew

up when the great trans-continental lines were being built across the prairies.

Through the story one figure stands out, Marian Forrester, full of feminine charm and mystery, as Miss Cather's greatest triumph. $1.75 net

There will also be a large-paper edition, autographed by the author, limited to 200 copies for sale. $10.00 net

MY MUSICAL LIFE
by Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakoff

Introduction and Notes by Carl Van Vechten

Undoubtedly the most important book on a musical subject that has appeared in America since Wagner's *Life*. Embracing the whole span of Rimsky-Korsakoff's life, it covers the great period of Russian music up to the modern school. *Illustrated and indexed.* $5.00 net

NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPERMEN
by Oswald Garrison Villard

The former Managing Editor, Editorial Writer and President of the *New York Evening Post* and the present Editor of *The Nation* writes a series of brilliant essays that will prove a revelation to the casual newspaper reader and a rich mine to the student. *Illustrated.* $2.50 net

FROM AN AMERICAN LEGATION *by Ira Nelson Morris*

Mr. Morris, former American Minister to Sweden, presents here a vivid and lucid story of Sweden's position as a neutral country during the great war. Sufficiently aloof from the struggle to know facts from fiction, his book serves as a document of intense importance and interest. $4.00 net

THE DREAMS OF CHANG
by Ivan Bunin, Author of "The Village"

Fifteen stories, including *The Gentleman From San Francisco*, specially collected by the author for the sole authorized American edition of the work of this acknowledged master of the short story. $2.50 net

In Canada, from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

Newman Levy, better known as "Flaccus," is the author of OPERA GUYED, a collection of operatic travesties which won for him two years the prizes offered as the best contributions to F. P. A.'s Conning Tower. $2.00 net

George Philip Krapp in THE KITCHEN PORCH has written a delightful juvenile of the adventures of Little Red Hen. While Thelma Cudlipp Grosvenor has enlivened the book with her lovely illustrations in color and black and white. $2.50 net

JANE — OUR STRANGER, Mary Borden's latest novel, is a brilliant tale of an international misalliance and of an American girl's effort to find a place for herself in the sophisticated society of the French aristocracy. $2.50 net

THE CIMBRIANS by Johannes V. Jensen is the second volume of THE LONG JOURNEY (the first volume was FIRE AND ICE) and carries on the story of man's struggle towards civilization in the epic which *The N. Y. Times* called "Greater than *Growth of the Soil*. . . . Of Old Testament grandeur." $2.50 net

Scepticism and Animal Faith: Introduction to a System of Philosophy, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923. 8vo. xii+314 pp. $3.50.

THE central doctrine of this book is summarized in its baffling and intriguing title. The gist of it seems to be this: it is possible for the mind merely to intuit or contemplate. In this case there can be no uncertainty, or room for error. That which we intuit is by hypothesis just what it is, and there can be no discrepancy between what is and what is before the mind. This would be illustrated by the case of seeing red, or thinking fire. The red and the fire *are* what I am seeing and thinking. Red and fire in this case are called data. But though no uncertainty attaches to data, they do not constitute knowledge, but only poetry or imagination. Knowledge begins only when something is expected of data, or asserted about them, or claimed for them. But as soon as knowledge begins, it is attended with uncertainty. It refers to something which is not given, and which is therefore questionable, as when I believe that the rose is red, or that there is a fire in Boston. In other words there is no self-evident knowledge, since all knowledge appeals for evidence beyond itself.

It is possible to cultivate the purely intuitive attitude, and take things precisely as one finds them. Indeed, Mr. Santayana confesses to a personal predilection for this attitude. But such an attitude is unnatural to any animal, Mr. Santayana included. Fear, hunger, watchfulness, and other animal instincts are all attitudes of 'intentness,' expectancy or belief. Animal life is essentially an adventure, a series of leaps in the dark, in which knowledge is attained at the risk of error. Knowledge is thus an outgrowth of 'animal faith.'

Because knowledge is thus related to what is primitive and biologically universal, Mr. Santayana professes confidence in 'common sense'; and because he accepts the results of physical science as the most authentic knowledge, he professes himself in natural philosophy 'a decided materialist — apparently the only one living.' But this does not prevent his being 'a Platonist in logic and morals, and a transcendentalist in romantic soliloquy,' because logic, morals, and 'romantic soliloquy' are not knowledge at all, but matter of intuition.

Associated with this theory of knowledge the book contains a division of being into 'realms.' The most important division is that between 'essences' which may be intuited, and 'existences' which can only be known. It is not clear whether this *makes* the difference between essences and existences, or whether they have a difference of character as well. There are serious difficulties attaching to both alternatives. For Mr. Santayana admits that essences can be known as well as intuited; and if existence is distinguished by its character, there appears to be no reason why it should not be intuited as well as known. There are other realms and other difficulties. Intuitions belong to the realm of 'spirit,' which in its irreducibility to physical terms is hard to reconcile with the author's materialistic professions. There is also a realm of 'truths' which is hard to distinguish from the realm of essence.

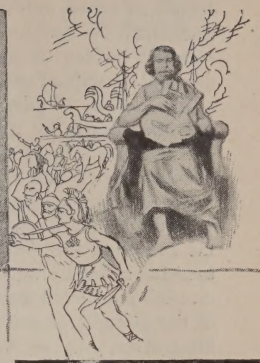
These and many other serious difficulties of detail will interest and disquiet the technical philosopher. It must be admitted, furthermore, that the author's clarity and eloquence decline as he passes from the 'soliloquizing' Preface to the argumentative chapters that follow. But it is none the less a book of rare distinction, both in style and thought, and it leaves the reader eager to accept the author's promised invitation to 'a further excursion' through those 'Realms of Being' which are here only partially disclosed.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

The Outline of Literature, edited by John Drinkwater. In Three Volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1923. Royal 8vo. Illustrated. Vol. I. xx+295 pp. $4.50.

THE present popularity of 'outlines' is an interesting and, it may be, significant sign of the times. Following the outlines of world history of Mr. Wells and Professor Van Loon, came the outline of science of Professor J. Arthur Thomson, along with several other histories of science, and the outline of art of Sir William Orpen; and now succeeds the present book, in which Mr. Drinkwater offers a personally conducted tour through the world of letters, from the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* to Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie. The difficulty of such undertakings almost disarms criticism, the more so since the purpose of the compilers has been, not to satisfy experts, but to orient the general reader. Anyone who has ever devised 'survey courses' in college approaches such attempts with sympathy, for he knows full well their difficulties and disappointments. He knows what it is to measure time and space, to weigh periods and reputations, and to decide when and where to sacrifice depth for breadth. He is inclined to be charitable, therefore, just where the specialist is likely to be most severe.

The defense of such surveys — and in some quarters they need defense — is that they are the fruit of a natural and wholesome reaction from a too minute specialization. The average reader of intelligence has found that with the growth of research, whether historical or scientific, his general ideas of the world were becoming old-fashioned, and he has not had the time to correct them or the knowledge of how to do so. With the accumulation of special information, all knowledge has become departmental, and intellectual life has threatened to become a series of closed circles inhabited by various species of experts. What was needed to reunite thinking men was a kind of New Humanism, in which the relations and contributions of one department to another should be recognized and the significance of all



Thirty Centuries of Life, with its Dreams and Struggles, its Romance and Laughter — Summarized in One Great Story simply told

The OUTLINE of LITERATURE

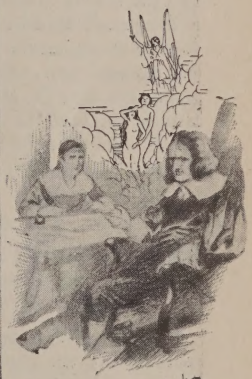
Now you may know the world of literature in all its fascination — with all its wonderful personalities. You may meet the greatest of epic poets, Homer the blind wanderer, supreme after 3000 years; Samuel Pepys, that naive gossip whose diary pictures so frankly the times of Charles II; Dante, the creator of the *Divine Comedy* and hero of one of the most moving love stories in the world; Poe, that mercurial genius; Burns, philanderer-bard of Scotland; Conrad, Son of the Sea.

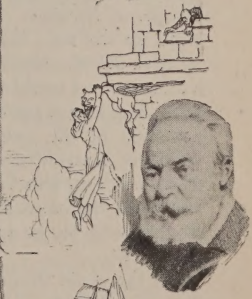
Scores more of that company of inspired writers who have become immortal are your companions in this great work. You may get here that appreciative understanding of great books and great authors of all ages which has never before been possible to the average reader.

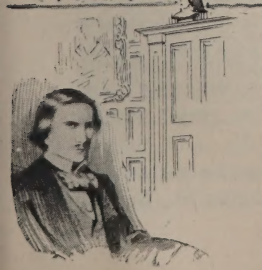
Between five and six hundred illustrations, many in color, picture striking scenes from history and fiction. John Drinkwater, general editor, has been assisted by several eminent literary authorities. Professor John Erskine is supervising editor of this American edition.

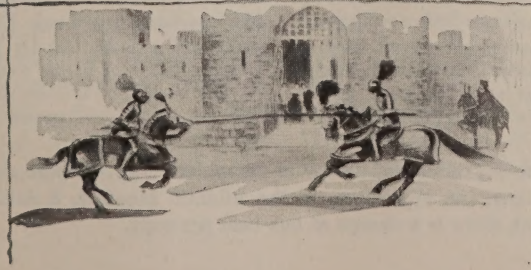
To be published in three handsome volumes. Volume One is ready. Examine it at any bookstore and see for yourself its beauty and interest. Volume Two and Three to follow shortly. *Per volume, $4.50*

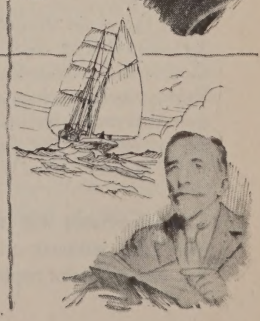
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, *Publishers*
2 West 45th Street, New York











to the general history of mankind should be traced in broad outline. The leaven of such a humanism is already at work among scientific thinkers, but for full vitality it must work in time among the mass of mankind.

The *Outline of Literature* — if an entire work may be judged by its first volume — may be described as a book that would arouse the enthusiasm of a youth who wished to get his bearings in the general field of letters. It tries to do what M. Emile Faguet attempted years ago in his *Initiation into Literature;* but it is, if not a sounder, at least a more attractive guide. Many an adult reader will shrug his shoulders over some of the pictures as being decoration rather than illustration, but he will find that the text is always readable and, in some of the chapters, unusually well thought out and organized. The two chapters on the Bible are perhaps the best in the present volume, and it is interesting to note that the authors devote unusual attention to the Apochrypha, which has never been known to English readers as it deserves to be. Many of the great classics, such as the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Divine Comedy*, are given in synopses — a dangerous expedient, it may be, if it leads readers to neglect the originals; and yet it is only just to add that valuable suggestions are also given regarding the choice of good English translations, and that the intention has been throughout to stimulate the reading of the books mentioned.

R. M. Gay.

League or War? by Irving Fisher. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1923. 8vo. xvi+268 pp. $2.00.

Professor Fisher presents three essential reasons why the United States should join the League of Nations: (1) in order successfully to wind up the war, (2) in order to prevent competitive armaments, and (3) in order to prevent a recurrence of world wars. He shows that with a true peace league such as there would be with the accession of the most powerful nation in the world, each member-nation would have several restraints from attacking any other member, and that with the increasing sense of security there would inevitably be a cessation of competition in armament.

To the cynic who objects that man is a fighting animal and that therefore the effort to abolish war is futile Professor Fisher replies that biology, anthropology, and history all unite to show that man is not primarily or naturally a fighting animal, and that war has in fact been in process of abolition from the first beginnings of law.

Most effective as indicating what the League with America in it might do is the history of what the League with America out of it has done. It prevented war between Sweden and Finland over the Aaland Islands; it prevented war in Upper Silesia between the Germans and the Poles; it prevented war between Albania and Yugo-Slavia; it effected a truce between Poland and Lithuania. It has established the Permanent Court of International Justice. It has started hygienic, humanitarian, and educational movements that are already of incalculable value.

Moreover, there can be no satisfactory alternative to the League. The Permanent Court of International Justice settles but does not prevent disputes. International conferences cannot act quickly enough to deal with emergency cases. Nor is the idea that the existing League can be replaced by some other League tenable. Fifty-two nations are now members of the League, all without reservations; it is extremely unlikely that they will see any necessity to disband and reorganize.

The 'isolationists' say that we have always been taught to avoid 'entangling alliances.' Professor Fisher's answer is that the League is not an alliance — that an alliance is always directed *against* some other nation or nations, whereas the League is a society of nations, for mutual peace among all its members, and not directed against any outside nation, even Germany, still — but probably not always — an outsider.

With the possible exception of England, the governments of Europe are virtually bankrupt, in spite of the fact that the productive capacity of Europe is as great as it was before the war. Not until the expenses of government are reduced enough to make possible a balanced budget can Europe recover economically — and until Europe does recover economically, American trade must suffer. America's entrance into the League would enable the European nations to get rid of military expenditure by making peace more secure, and would contribute more than anything else to the economic recovery of Europe on which our own prosperity so largely depends.

Professor Fisher presents the case with the utmost simplicity and clearness. One who is already a convinced believer in the necessity of America's entrance into the League wonders what line of argument an anti-Leaguer who read this book would take. Surely some 'irreconcilables' would be converted. For others the League would still remain their Dr. Fell; and why, after reading Professor Fisher's book they do not like it, they would find it more than ever hard to tell.

Arthur Stanwood Pier.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1923

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT?

BY JOHN CAMPBELL HAYWOOD

A good archer is not known by his arrows, but by his aim. — ENGLISH PROVERB

I

I TELL these stories just as I saw them lived.

One seat was unoccupied in the smoker. It became mine by prompt possession. The window seat held a man who at once addressed me by name.

'How are you?' he said. 'I have not seen you for years.'

I turned and took his outstretched hand. His face was familiar, but I could not place him, and frankly said so.

'I'm Charley.' He smiled amiably and folded up his papers. 'You used to be pretty good to me in the old days when we met on West Street.'

Then I remembered Charley. Always seedy, a sort of hack accountant, often out of a job, pockets empty, but with a smiling face 'going forth to meet the future without fear and with a manly heart'; perhaps getting his deserts from life, but with an attractive attitude toward misfortune, never a whine, never a rail against fate; always seeing the silver lining though the clouds were drab; always sober.

As he said when we met, I was 'pretty good to him,' according to his lights. I never knew his full name. I do not now! But this was a different Charley, fatter of face, richly, even expensively, dressed. Prosperity oozed. The cheerful smile was genuine — not, as it had sometimes been, clearly forced against fate. His hands were gloved and folded over the head of an expensive cane. He was going, he told me, 'down-state to see his mother.'

'I am mighty glad, Charley,' I said, 'to see that you are evidently doing well. Can't keep a good man down, can they?'

Charley laughed. 'Well, I played in pretty hard luck for some time after I last saw you. That must be six or seven years ago, is n't it? But a fellow got me my present job, and I've made more money in the last twelve months than I made in twelve years before. And if it keeps up, I won't have to worry for a few years to come, anyway.'

'Good for you!' I spoke heartily. 'Don't retire too soon from whatever it is. Idleness has killed stronger men

than you. Work never did.' You see, I had studied Charley and am old enough to have fathered him.

He looked quizzically at me for a moment, his eyes twinkling.

'I'm a dry agent. I work for the Government.'

Then he lay back in his seat and grinned widely. He had meant to startle me — and did. But I love what is interesting in my fellow man, and this was intensely interesting. I am also a seeker after knowledge.

'I did not know they paid such handsome salaries — or you are extravagant. That cane must have set you back twenty dollars.'

The tone of my voice checked Charley's grin. 'They don't,' he said, and looked out of the window.

'Then it must be graft.'

He did not tell more of the story at once. I drew it out of him by adroit questioning and direct accusation. He was in the window seat, too, so could not get away, and was going farther than I was. And, as he had said, I had been pretty good to him when luck was against him. It is nice to find remembrance and gratitude in small affairs — and rare. It had comforted him to bare his soul to me. It was always clean and decent.

'Grafter, yes, I suppose you would call it that if you consider taking ill-gotten gains and part of his hundred-per-cent profit from a lawbreaker grafting. I don't, and there are scores like me in this game who think the same as I do, just as there are millions like you, who do not hesitate to take a drink of bootleg stuff when you can get it. It is easy picking, anywhere from a hundred to a thousand dollars a week, according to the town you're in. Of course, we make raids and that sort of thing, and the fellow gets fined a couple of hundred and opens up next day. Mike's turn one week and Pietro's the next. And if they come across after that, we let them alone for several months. Handle any hooch ourselves? [That in answer to my question.] Not so you would notice it. That's the chief's job and too risky for an underling. Of course, if a chap gets too raw and someone complains to the chief, you get shifted to another town, or fired. Depends on the chief's digestion, I guess.'

My station was approaching.

'Well, good-bye, Charley. It seems a rotten business all round. Hope you keep out of jail.'

We shook hands. 'Sure it's rotten,' said Charley, 'but you never heard of an agent going to jail, did you?'

I had to answer no.

'Well, why? I am not the only one in the game.'

II

The next scene was in the parlor of a well-furnished house in a residential neighborhood of well-to-do people. The house was surrounded by half an acre of ground, well-kept lawns, trim hedges, and neat shrubbery. A wide driveway led to a three-car garage in the rear.

My host was a man of about thirty-five, an American, an ex-soldier with an excellent war record after two years' service overseas; a clean-cut, splendid-looking fellow, with a charming wife. Two volatile children played jack-in-the-box with me through the folding doors that led into the dining-room. It was a lovely home of unquestionably refined people. The man's business had been for eighteen months, and is still for all I know to the contrary, operating three trucks on regular trips to and from Canada with liquors. He is assisted by six ex-soldiers. Only one of the seven ever touches hard liquor in any form. They are beer drinkers — but not 'near.'

My host entertained me with many interesting stories of his road life. He explained that there were thirty-six places where the Canadian Government allows one bottle per man. The restrictions are severe, the price moderate, the liquor unadulterated. His men visit at these places as often as the law allows, conceal the goods until the desired quantity is obtained, then bring it in. He has never had any trouble with the revenue or police officers, to whom, when he is stopped, he pays from twenty-five to one hundred dollars, 'according,' as he told me, 'to what kind of breakfast they have had.' He explained this joke to my innocence by saying that he ran by night with one stop, and the officers whom he met came on duty for the early morning watch and breakfasted before they left their homes. But he used to be afraid of 'hi-jackers'— road pirates — until he hit on a contrivance that keeps them away. He showed me this, — I am not going to explain it, — in fact, gave me an exhibition of its use. For the purpose of the play, I simulated a hi-jacker holding him up on the road. Then the joke was on me. It certainly was. It cost me a clean collar. He also showed me five bullet-holes in the back of his car — a hi-jacker's mark of disrespectful attention.

What the wife said was interesting, also: 'After the war and his wounds my husband developed a restless, unhappy disposition. His old firm did not take him back, and he was out of work for a long time. He is naturally adventurous and when this silly law of Bryan's [that is what she said] made this business possible and profitable for him, he went into it, and I'm glad he did. He is better in mind and body. His boys are, too. Afraid of the risk? Who, me? Tommy there was born three months after he went overseas. And he was away two years — fighting.'

III

Still another scene: up five flights of stairs in an Italian tenement — a noisy tenement, with children's voices predominating. Now and then as I toiled upward, the shrill tones of an Italian mother vibrated through the narrow hallways. Black-eyed youngsters rushed from some doorway to peer curiously at me, perhaps to say, 'How do, meester?' with the nice courtesy that is a part of them. I know many little Pietros and Mariettas and their fathers and mothers, and sometimes wish our paternal government understood them as well as I think I do, and treated our aliens with the consideration that is their due as our guests in a land whose ways, language, and laws are all foreign to them.

On the fifth floor I found the people I sought — a big, broad-shouldered Italian and his buxom wife; also her two brothers, a boarder, and four children. In the living-room, ranged against the wall, stood four fifty-gallon puncheons — all full, or nearly so, as I verified with my cane. The man said it was 'ver' fine wine. I maka heem myself.'

There were johns and demijohns in all four rooms — the bath, from the color of it, I judged, supported the wine press. Yes, you have guessed rightly. The men made the wine and distributed it as called for. It was not for family use only. Marco said he had bought three tons of grapes. Just how much wine that will make, he did not say, but it was excellent claret.

They were a fine family, full of vigor, clean and sweet. They were intelligent and thoughtful and I enjoyed my visit to them. But they were criminals. I wondered as I talked to them, and heard them heatedly discuss the restrictions they

were under and the forfeiture of one hundred and twenty-five bottles of wine on its way to a celebration that was held in Jersey in honor of the marriage of their Princess Yolande, because 'sometime some damma fool getta droonk,' what the moral of it all was. I wondered more when I heard Marco say, 'Our blessed Lord maka da wine. He maka merry at da marriage festa.'

IV

And again: an old wharf in a little seaport town, with a shed at the end of it. I had two hours to wait for a train. My work was done. A stroll to the shore line showed me the wharf, and at the end of it, seated on a stringpiece, an old sailorman smoking a pipe. I walked toward him, clattering my feet on the old boards that I might not take him unaware. As I drew alongside him, I saw that he was looking down upon a broad, staunchly built launch, painted gray inside and out, and that a younger man was tinkering with its engine.

I am an old sailorman myself. Several years' service and seven voyages around the world in clipper windjammers taught me the freemasonry of the sea, so it was not long before the old man and I were seated side by side, swapping tobacco and yarns of the deep waters.

He said he had 'follered the sea for thirty-eight years, then joined his two sons lobst'rin'.' He was a fine old salt, owned to sixty-five years, and wore a white fringe known as 'Cape Cods' round his bronzed and weather-beaten face. We had much in common. It appeared that he was mate of the Neptune (not the real name), when she lay at a wheat wharf in Vallejo, California, and I was on the Illawarra just astern, after a record run from Australia. I spoke of the trimness of the American boat, her iron ratlins, the broad reach of her yardarms, the whiteness of her cotton canvas as it dried in the sun. And he remembered my ship and the 'brass bounders,' as he called our aristocratic middies and apprentices, who were a nuisance to him in many ways.

Then he told me that he had 'reetired from lobst'rin'' and, with his sons, ran two lighter launches out to the rum fleet. No, it was not his venture. His chief had put a new engine in the one boat they owned and had bought them another. They went only to one particular ship. When she came up from wherever she hailed from, the chief notified them and 'we gets it ashore.' No boats were allowed alongside their ship without the password, and that was changed every trip. No, no danger at all; he'd be mighty glad of my company any time I wanted to go along. His boats were fast and beamy, and any chap that followed him was likely to get left in the shallows. He showed me a contrivance or two in the boat at the wharf that would be aggravating to a chaser, to say the least. It was when I questioned the morality of it that the old salt grew choleric.

'Hell's bells!' he said, knocking out his pipe as if to leave me in wrath. 'You ast the same question a passel o' women asts, an' I answers you the same way. I bin a God-fearin' man all my life. I ain't abused licker, but I've had my grog pretty reg'lar ashore and afloat. Now a lot o' holier-than-thou-so-foller-me landlubbers comes along an' says my pussonal habits is a disgrace an' a crime, an' pass a law sayin' it's a crime to drink a glass o' grog. To hell with them! Why, our own man knows where there's four thousand cases cached in this town right now, an' fur's I know he voted for the law — an' gets a case fur th' askin'. I ain't found

nobody in sympathy with this licker law what I'd trust with a nickel roun' th' corner if I wanted change. A passel o' dum hypocrites!'

The man was prejudiced. There is no getting round that. I am not responsible for his views; I only quote what he said. When he had cooled off, he told me further that there were a great many up and down the coast who had given up lobst'rin' and fishing and waited upon the rum fleet. He knew most of them, as he had the *Wanderlust* of a sailor, and often went among them to compare notes when his ship was away, loading up. Most of them had their regular ships, or a ship, assigned to them, same as he had. He did not believe the yarns about sea pirates. He shrewdly said that much of that talk was like a lot you read in the papers 'put in by the drys an' meant to be discouragin'. Besides,' he said, 'most of their rails is greased.'

The old salt walked with me to the station, and pointed out the neat little cottage he lived in, and the Methodist Church he attended.

V

Again: a farmhouse standing out bleak and barren against the sky line. To the left, a mass of burned wood and twisted iron showed where the barns had stood. Over the ruins a solitary upright, charred to its centre, held above the débris a piece of the tin roof that clanged dismally as each wintry blast struck it. Within the farmhouse the farmer, a weather-seared man of nearly sixty years. In the corner of the big living-room, a box stove cracked and sizzled with warmth. On the table, between the host and a visitor who was making himself much at home, a bottle of homemade apple-whiskey, glasses, and a bowl of crullers. The long, deep windows of the living-room presented to the view a wind-swept lawn and a picket fence and gate, and beyond them a snow-banked lane, which led, perhaps half a mile below the house, into the State highway.

Through the window I saw, body bent to the wintry blasts, a horseman coming up the lane. As he drew near, I recognized his uniform and wondered what my host would do. The horseman dismounted and threw his bridle over the gatepost. The farmer went into the kitchen in the rear. I felt uneasy. State police! The bottle was on the table. The horseman came into the room — no knock, no greeting. He threw his half-frozen gauntlets on a chair. Then the farmer came in, a steaming cup in his hand. Into the cup he poured some of the apple-whiskey.

While the horseman was drinking what, to my imagination, seemed a rather nauseous mixture of tea and liquor, I saw through the window the farmer take a steaming bucket to his horse. The State policeman, a fine, stalwart fellow, whose eyes brightened with the warmth and comfort of the drink, made one remark in my presence. As he drew on his gauntlets and buttoned his cape to go out into the bitter wintry day, he said: 'By ——, that puts new life into a man!' And then I saw him and his horse canter down the snow-bounded and wind-swept lane.

That is nothing, you say. Oh, no, of course not; except that the farmer knew, and I knew, and the State policeman knew, where there were several gallons of the contraband. But he has not reported it yet.

There have been silhouetted for you half a dozen widely varying types: Charley, the revenue agent of the sullied soul; the ex-soldier rum-runner and his wife; Marco, the Italian wine-maker; the choleric old salt; the

friendly farmer and the State policeman. In none of them does there seem any inherent wickedness. They are all like a lot of children playing hooky from their consciences, and rather glorying in the ease with which their self-appointed monitors can be circumvented. None of them would report a violation if they saw it, yet none of them would hesitate a moment in calling a halt, if they saw or knew of any infraction of any other criminal law. Whatever is the measurement of their moral obliquity, it is quite clear that it bears no relation to other forms of criminal inclination.

The situation which confronts us is not a pleasant one. What shall we do about it?

GOVERNMENT AT THE CROSSROADS

BY ELMER MURPHY

I

THE most unregenerate of Bourbons and the most modern of those modernists who preach the gospel of change under the creed of 'progressivism' have reached the common conclusion that the old political order is passing. Upon this point, at least, clashing opinion converges, and the ultraconservative — such as former Representative Cannon, now enshrined in tradition as 'Uncle Joe,' the disciple and successor of 'Tsar' Reed — and the ultraliberal — typified by Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart, who springs full-panoplied from the obscurity of the Iowa National Guard — are one. Behind the strange accord are conflicting emotions. Those whose faces are turned toward the past are aware only of the deepening shadows. Those who look to the future are on the alert to catch the first glimmering of the coming dawn. But both admit, with equal candor, that something in the nature of a political Götterdämmerung is at hand. The old gods are tottering or have fallen. The old reverence for established political institutions has given way to a clamorous outcry. The 'normalcy' of which the late President Harding once spoke, and for which those whose experience identifies them with the past rather than the present more ardently hope, has become a vanishing illusion.

The circumstances that have given rise to these forebodings, these inspiriting anticipations and high desires for peace, are but dimly outlined against a background of political restiveness characteristic of the time. In what measure they reflect the evolution of new processes of government, and in what measure only a passing popular mood, it is for the contemplative calm of later years to determine. But it is apparent that something has happened — one may suspect that a great deal has happened — to deflect government from its accustomed course. What might at close range seem a fleeting cloud of confusion takes on in larger perspective the aspect of a transition

which, if it bears but generally in the direction of the disquieting unknown, bears unmistakably away from things as they are. Regularity and normality — the friendly wind and fair weather for which the political helmsman yearns — may be attained in time, but it is becoming more and more doubtful that they will be attained by a reversion to old methods of direction and control. These have been wrecked beyond the probability of restoration. The course of the first two years of President Harding's administration and the Sixty-seventh Congress was strewn with the débris.

If the causes are obscure, the effects are written for anyone to read. One might count it a manifestation of the inevitable rise and fall of human fortunes in the flowing tide of political advancement that leaders should disappear, but not leadership; that parties should come and go, but not party; and that national policies should be taken up and discarded, but not national polity. Yet all these things have happened or are in process of happening. Controversy has strayed from the normal course of debating what government shall accomplish, and has turned to the tortuous paths of the mechanism of accomplishment.

It is not by reason of a passing temperamental whim — post-war psychosis — that the House of Representatives has ceased to look upon the Senate as a council of elder statesmen; or that the Senate, itself riven by animosities, has hedged the president about with restrictions and subjected the members of his Cabinet to suspicious scrutiny; or that President Harding launched his legislative enterprises with the air of one who was casting his bread upon the Congressional waters in the faint hope that it would be returned to him in the form of enactments ready for his signature.

Close scrutiny reveals a gradual transformation of parliamentary methods. The House has ceased to be a compact legislative organization subject to the control of the Speaker, as it was when Reed wielded an authority little short of despotic. The time has passed when the work of the Senate, as Senator Edmunds once said, was done by six men, instead of ninety-six. The President can no longer summon the leaders of the two legislative bodies to the White House and by taking counsel with them chart the course of public affairs. The day of 'invisible government' is done. The revolt against it, like most revolts of its kind, encompassed its destruction by obliterating the conditions under which it had thrived. But to get at the evil it had pulled down the house, and President Harding and those of his Administration upon whom the responsibilities of government devolved wandered in the litter of its ruins.

The transition has had a positive side. If popular activity has been absorbed for the most part in tearing down, there has been, at the same time, a feeble and rather instinctive attempt at setting up. Out of the turbulence have begun to emerge certain tendencies which, vague as they are, may in time mark the pattern to be followed in erecting a structure to take the place of that which has been destroyed. Without entirely abandoning party allegiance, members of Congress have shown a disposition to come together in blocs — what the old Federalists would have condemned as factions. As nationalism has waned, sectionalism has become more assertive. The decline of leadership has been followed by a multiplication of leaders, from the viewpoint of organization a riotous outburst of political individualism. Parliamentary majorities, no longer under the control of those who bend their ener-

gies to the single purpose of party domination, have become more or less casual combinations suited to the needs of varied enterprise.

All of these may be largely symptomatic, passing ripples of disquiet and discontent, but they mark the shifting of the slow-moving political current from familiar channels. The drift is away from delegated political authority, in the direction of what, for lack of a better name, has been called 'progressive democracy' or 'direct popular control'; in larger view, a swing from the republican to the democratic theory of government.

Under the impetus of war and its aftermath of readjustment the dissolution of the old system came with startling rapidity, although it had begun long before the war was more than a fleck on the Balkan horizon. The cycle of reaction against 'invisible government,' to which it may be attributed, was concealed, if not halted, by the outburst of patriotic fervor which obliterated partisanship and lifted Congress high above the levels of contentiousness and discord. But the war had nothing to do with the political disintegration which was disclosed when the martial tumult had passed, except possibly to intensify the discontent at the bottom of it, which was asserted in undoing rather than in doing, in tearing down rather than in setting up. Perhaps, too, payment was being exacted for the unfulfilled promises that all the dross of political inequality was to be burned away in the crucible of conflict. The farmer and the laborer might be forgiven their assumption of credit for victory in view of the reiterated assurances that it was dependent upon their effort before it was attained. In the first flush of enthusiasm democracy slipped its mooring of common responsibility and drifted out on a visionary sea of captivating desires.

When the shadow of war was lifted, President Harding and the dwindling group of leaders commissioned to direct the destinies of government found themselves confronted by a situation that had been in the making for more than a decade. Centralized political authority had been so weakened that it was little more than the inertia of tradition. Penrose, last of the 'bosses,' had lived just long enough to see his sceptre become a broken reed. There was none to succeed him — not because there was any lack of available candidates for the place, but because the 'boss,' as a symbol of organization and control, had passed out of existence. The party, as it was constituted, no longer served as the expression of a common purpose. The disciplinary machinery by which its decrees had been enforced had ceased to function. The political rank and file had taken a leaf out of the book of Bolshevist theory which prescribed that regimental privates might choose their own officers and formulate their own rules of conduct. The party recalcitrant no longer stood in fear of the drumhead court, composed of those vaguely known as party leaders, which could summarily order his decapitation. Stronger influences than party retribution had come into play — the demands of a truculent constituency, which conceived the paramount interest of the country to be that in which it was most interested.

Lack of the qualities of leadership alone does not account for the retrocession of the dominating figures set up under the old régime into the enshrouding mists of obscurity, or the sudden springing into view of such spokesmen as Senator Brookhart, who drapes the mantle of agrarian apostleship about him, with the self-possession of an office-boy suddenly elevated to the board of directors. Delegated

political authority, the committing into the hands of the selected few of the fortunes of the many after they have served a long period of apprenticeship to prove their capacity as leaders, — if not to take orders, — has given way to a political sectionalism which sets up its minor prophets overnight. Penrose was 'boss,' not because he was Penrose, but because he had been tried in the old school of organization which, to him, was a governmental institution almost as fundamental as the Constitution itself. And whatever his defects might have been, this characteristic, so often and so unreservedly condemned as a fault, came more nearly being regarded as a virtue when he stood almost alone, an uncompromising but impressive figure, shorn of his power and with the system by which it was created crumbling about him, than at any other time in his long and noteworthy career.

Leadership is compounded of the quality of following as well as of leading, and what had happened was not so much that the leaders had ceased to lead as that the followers had ceased to follow. The latter, during the war, had adhered to the inevitable rule of setting up their 'big three' or their 'big nine,' as the case might be, and investing them with power to reshape the destinies of the world.

But they went to the other extreme when the circumstances which called for their creation had passed. They made a clean sweep of the war oligarchy. Every leader tumbled from his pedestal, even Lloyd George yielding, not to another leader who had gradually tightened his grip on the reins of government, but to a party, or, to be even more specific, to a reversion of sentiment. People got tired of them.

President Wilson, as well, went down before the engulfing wave; and however much one might be inclined to attribute his overthrow to rebellion against his leadership, one cannot quite escape the conclusion that it was due in no small measure to the fact that the people declined any longer to be led. In this respect his career runs parallel to that of Penrose. Just as the late Senator from Pennsylvania came nearer being recognized for what he was when the system which he had upheld began to totter to its collapse, so President Wilson emerged from the defeat of Wilsonism, — an autocracy bred of war as well as of his own inclination, — if not a more heroic figure than he had been before, certainly one who in the more kindly light of a purely human relationship held to ideals for which he suffered much.

President Harding, and those with whom he was surrounded, soon discovered that they had risen high, not on an incoming but on an outgoing wave of popular reaction. It was toppling not merely leaders but leadership, and those of the post-war as well as of the war period have had to struggle to keep abreast of the following trough of obscurity. The dust of indifference has begun to settle upon those who have taken up the burdens of peace. Even the older Progressives, who were incessantly clutching at the fringes of the future, found themselves slipping into the past with the corroding film of venerability upon them.

It was a temperamental characteristic of President Harding to observe scrupulously what he regarded the constitutional balance between the legislative and executive branches of the government, but it explains only in part the cross-purposes at which they labored. It was not altogether the fault of Mr. Wilson that a recalcitrant Congress was his undoing. He had survived the war and the artificial stimulus it gave to leadership long enough to reap some of the harvest of revolt, the

seeds of which had been planted before he was elected. Both men discovered that Congress and the President had grown apart, not only by reason of differences of opinion, but because the political ties which bound them together had been loosened. The strands had been cut by those insurrectionists who were determined to defeat, if not to destroy, an organization the leaders of which would not admit them to its inner sanctuary. Their motives might have been of the highest. Their aim might have been to destroy corruption and special privilege, but the fact remains that they undermined the citadel of government. In purging leadership, as it was constituted, of the evil that was in it, they sapped its strength. The operation was successful but the patient died.

By force of circumstance the Chief Executive now has no choice but to abandon his legislative programme to the fortuity of congressional fate. President Harding could gather about him the 'best minds,' — one of the innovations in political nomenclature which stamps the word 'boss' as archaic, — but these were nothing more in the aggregate than a consulting body, with no more direct influence upon Congress than a society for the promotion of psychic research. They were not in any sense a board of party strategy, such as that which had once forgathered in the Senate Chamber. President Harding could and did make personal appeals to members of Congress,— rather as a citizen than as President,— but he had no thunderbolts to launch. Whether he would have launched them or not is beside the mark. All that was left to him was to let Congress take its own course, hoping that an enlightened public opinion would fix the responsibility for whatever happened where it belonged. In other words, the short cut between Capitol and White House which party afforded had fallen into disuse. The Chief Executive was obliged to take the roundabout way from the White House to the people, — the swing around the circle, — hoping that the people would see to it that Congress should fall in with his legislative plans. This way is a lane of many turnings. It involves the loss of time, the waiting upon the slow development of popular approval or disapproval; but it is the only course left open to a President when he faces the storm of controversy.

II

The same influences that had clipped the wings of presidential leadership had tethered leadership in Congress. The majority was no longer the servant of leadership, but leadership was the creature of the majority. And the majority was not an organized group, but a coalescence of ideas as inconstant and as elusive as a shimmering moonpath on the sea. Authority no longer reposed in the hands of the inner few who guided legislative deliberations, but had been diffused among the many, becoming a controlling influence, if it was called into play at all, only by combination and compromise until it was reduced to terms of action.

In the House of Representatives the reformation took on the guise of an open and spectacular mutiny, a parliamentary insurrection. The Speaker, the *deus ex machina* under the old order, who in the days of Reed and Cannon had exercised absolute sway, setting up the legislative committees and the powerful Committee on Rules, which mapped the course of legislative progress, was stripped of the trappings of authority. He became merely a presiding officer, necessary for the conduct of the business of the House as the gavel he wields is necessary for the preserva-

tion of order. A modicum of his power was transferred to the floor-leader, but it became the business of the floor-leader, not to bend the majority to his will, but to shape his course to its demands. He led, not by virtue of his leadership, but because he contrived to keep ahead. He and his associates of the steering committee are engaged chiefly, not in telling their followers what is to be done, but in discovering what they wish to do and setting their course accordingly. They not only find it necessary to compromise, to alter and recast legislative projects, to muster a preponderance of the voting strength sufficient for the needs of the day and hour only, but in not a few instances have discovered to their discomfiture that, when the roll is called, their adherents have gone over to the other side.

In the Senate, which clings Niobe-like to the dead ashes of its past, the old forms of leadership and control are retained, but they are little more than the husks of a vanished power. What in the more popular branch had flamed into revolt, in the upper house has taken the quiet course of decay. It has become a habit to lay upon the slender patrician shoulders of the Senator from Massachusetts the burden of the sins of governmental omission because he did not hold his colleagues consistently to their task. Even his colleagues have had their misgivings, and have forced upon him assistant leaders, a curious confession of the incompetency of leadership.

There were times when the Senator from Massachusetts pleased nobody, not because he lacked the art of pleasing, but because his colleagues were not to be pleased. To the liberals he was too rigid, to the conservatives too compromising. He stood, like Catherine de' Medici, in the midst of hostile factions, each one of which believed that the ultimate good was to be attained chiefly by cutting the throats of all the others. But the striking fact of his leadership was not that he failed to lead, but that he was able to keep alive at all an office which had become little more than a shadowy tradition.

There is a very soothing theory that political leadership will revive when issues are evolved — a theory that springs from the complacent philosophy that when the house takes fire someone will come forward to put the fire out. Washington was at hand to save the Confederation and set government upon a firm foundation. Lincoln maintained it in security when it was threatened by disruption from within. Presumptively there are no leaders now at hand because there is no occasion for leadership.

The people are absorbed in the diverting experiment of Prohibition because there is nothing more important to occupy their attention. Or, as Mr. Hughes has said, with the prayerlike appeal that characterized President Harding's exhortation, 'Would that the spirit of America had one voice, one message! But there is a babel of voices, a confusion of tongues. If danger threatens us, we happily stand united; but when we are least concerned as to our own safety we are most divided in our counsels.'

It is true that national issues were noticeably lacking in the Congress that has just closed. Having put aside the things of war, the politicians dragged out of the cupboard the old banners of peace. But they had ceased to be political standards. The tariff fell apart into a multitude of local issues, permeated by the same dry rot which had eaten its way into most of the issues that had done service in past conflicts — sectionalism. If national policies had almost disappeared, it was not because they had ceased to exist, but because they had been obscured by

lesser controversies. They might have withstood the storm of many an election, but they succumbed to a change in the political point of view. Most members of Congress were no longer concerned about national affairs, but about the interests of their own neighborhoods.

Perhaps the most misleading thing about Congress is the arbitrary classification of its membership as Republican, Democratic, Socialist, and Republican and Progressive. The last two are of no consequence because there is only one of each. In the Sixty-seventh Congress Meyer London was the lone Socialist, and Senator Hiram Johnson was the only Republican who had the courage to put himself down also as a Progressive. Senator Ladd did not go quite so far; he dropped the conjunction, merely qualifying himself as a Nonpartisan Republican — a strange flower in the garden of political terminology.

In the forthcoming Congress the Farmer-Labor Party achieves official existence. This, at least, is an attempt to fit classification to actual conditions, and incidentally illustrates how far the Senate has strayed from the path marked out for it by the constitutional fathers. Its members are no longer ambassadors of states, spokesmen of lesser sovereignties which once overshadowed the Federal existence, but representatives of a class. Calling things by their real names is a step in the direction of clarity; but whether it heralds the division of Congress into the minorities of which it is actually composed remains to be seen.

Party nomenclature as it is now applied to the legislative branch is all but obsolete. It would mean just as much and serve just as practical a purpose to call the majority and the minority the Blues and the Reds, or the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. The only certainty one has about a Republican is that he is not a Democrat, and about a Democrat, that he is not a Republican; and that distinction is not very illuminating to the bewildered voter. A North Dakota Republican is as different from an Ohio Republican as a wild horse of the Central Asian plateau is from a hackney. The character or degree of Republicanism is determined by each constituency in the light of its own requirements and traditions. Parties as they exist in Congress are an agglomeration of heterogeneous notions, and each member is as free as the wind to follow his own impulses so long as he keeps within the limitations prescribed by those to whom he owes his election, and, which is more important, to whom he will look for reëlection.

Both of the old parties are in the same plight, and the only positive quality of 'Progressivism' is that it is negative. It is the apotheosis of discord, political individualism run to seed. In a broad and charitable perspective it might be considered a revolt against the capitalistic or materialistic conception of government, which sets property above persons, creates a hierarchy of business, and subordinates social justice to money-making. It is a fine and idealistic impulse, as universal as Christendom. But it is a state of mind rather than a party, or even a political faction. No one has been able to compress its loftiness of purpose into the vernacular of a legislative programme. No two adherents of the cause have been able to agree upon, or even to formulate, constructive policies founded upon the principles of which its creed is compounded. The object of its solicitude is, according to one, the ultimate consumer; according to another, the laborer or the farmer; according to a third, the downtrodden and oppressed. Wall Street and finance are anathema to it. But in spite of

their zeal, its neophytes are not drawn together by any spirit of brotherly love. There are as many different degrees of Progressivism as there are Progressives. Each chooses his own path. If the older parties have, in the larger view, become a political babel, Progressivism has become a bedlam.

The theory of direct representation must be weighed no longer as a theory but as an accomplished fact. It is a distinctive tenet of the Progressive faith, but it is observed no less by many of the conservatives. Senator Ashurst carried it to a logical extremity a few years ago by broadcasting telegrams to selected constituents in his state, asking how he should vote on specific measures. Senator Capper has devised an elaborate system by which he sounds agrarian sentiment. Many, perhaps most, of the members of the House of Representatives await the crystallization of public opinion in their districts before striking an attitude toward a legislative question, whether propounded by the majority leadership or not; and to vote against one's convictions is at times even haloed with the mystical light of self-sacrifice, as if the greatest good were to be achieved by having no opinions at all. The system might be good or it might be bad, but it has in large measure taken the place of that older system by which a member was earmarked before he was elected, committing himself to certain general policies and obligating himself in advance to follow a course defined in his party manifestoes.

The national platform was never more than a feeble structure, a cautiously drawn bill of particulars, filed either by the administration in power to justify the continuation of its control, or by the party out of power to fortify its claims for precedence. But, with the more important pronouncements of the candidates, it served the purpose of defining in general terms the issue over which the impending struggle was to be fought. At national conventions proponents of legislation sat patiently outside the locked doors behind which the committees on resolutions deliberated, oftentimes far into the small hours of the morning, awaiting an opportunity to make their pleas. This was, for the most part, a futile proceeding. More often than not the platform was drafted before the committee met, but that did not make it the less important. It was the expression of a purpose.

Under the present system neither the platform nor the utterances of the party candidate can carry any assurance of fulfillment. Members of Congress are not elected upon the national platform. It is beyond the province of party either to approve or to disapprove of them. The national considerations which prevail in the selection of a President have little weight in Congress, and Congress is the main scene of legislative conflict.

The proponents of legislation find it no longer necessary to wait in patience at the door of the resolutions committee. They are no longer solicitous about party indorsement, but set to work upon the constituent Member of Congress, whose predicament is not unlike that of the man with the seven devils. At the outset of the Wilson administration Congress drove out the satanic 'lobby,' to the beating of drums and the blowing of trumpets, only to find since that it has returned with numerous companions who have made its last state worse than the first. The legislative agent is persistent and ubiquitous. He speaks for countless organizations created for countless purposes, from the enactment of 'blue laws' to the amendment of the Constitution to discourage further amendment.

In spite of the changes that have so profoundly affected the business of governing, methods of administration are still cut after the old pattern. The organization of Congress is based upon the theory that the majority party rules. It chooses the presiding officers, organizes the committees, and sets up the legislative mechanism. This is the one moment, and the only moment, in the life of a Congress when partisan allegiance shines as a virtue. There is a clamorous unanimity. Everyone claims a voice in the management of the affairs of the majority as a staunch party adherent.

This, together with the very human propensity to run in grooves, explains the reluctance of the recalcitrants to efface the party label. To declare openly their apostasy and hoist their own colors would involve the forfeiture of their claims for preference. It is one thing to share in the official emoluments of the majority, it is quite another to face the lean larder of the minority. Mere dissent does not impose the privations that would follow on the heels of revolt.

A third party offers no way out. It would encounter the same disintegrating forces that have permeated those already in existence, and add to the confusion. The problem which confronts the government is not the failure of parties, but party. Politicians, who in no derogatory sense may be called practical, contend generally that a third party is a mirage of well-meaning malcontents. There is room for only two, the 'ins' and the 'outs,' by whatever names they may be called. A third party may begin as third, but it succeeds as one of two. Experience justifies this conclusion. From the days of the 'Quids' and 'Locofocos' to the 'Bull Moose' there has been a series of them, but they have not long survived a general election. Whatever virtues they have are promptly absorbed by their elder brethren. In Congress there are now well-defined factions which have some of the characteristics of parliamentary parties, but none of their members have cast off entirely their allegiance to the old organizations, however tepid it has grown.

The parliamentary system in the United States cannot very well be adapted to a profusion of parties. The Chief Executive exercises also a legislative function. If not the alpha, he is at least the omega of the legislative process, sometimes initiating it and always approving or disapproving its results. He is the head of the government as well as of the state, prime minister and president in one.

Congress might evolve a majority out of a number of minorities. That procedure is already followed to some extent in both the House and the Senate; but there is no place for a leader who might be able so to compose differences as to ensure the adoption of a legislative programme, because his place is already taken by the President. In such a situation the President would have the choice either of opposing Congress and taking the fight to the people, or of relinquishing his ministerial functions, becoming simply the President, content to serve his four years and to retire into the obscurity which would inevitably await him when they were at an end.

All this might seem to be the attenuated thread-spinning to which politicians are given, and of little concern to the private citizen who is not brought into contact with government. But no one to whose lot it has fallen to follow the tortuous course of legislation — from committee to House, from House to Senate, from Senate to committee, and back again, running the rapids of factional tumult, skirting the shoals of indifference, or stagnating in the murky

pools of aimless oratory — can long escape the misgiving that there is something back of it to which the private citizen must, sooner or later, give his attention.

It is not simply that the old days have gone, — there was much in them the passing of which one need not regret, — or that the glamour of parliamentary jousting and the clashing of party champions, behind whom their followers arrayed themselves with flaunting colors, have disappeared. The real work of Congress has nearly always been done inconspicuously.

Yet the changes that have occurred are not so subtle that they must be probed for under a glass, or so slight that they may be regarded as mere political fretwork on the larger design of national purpose. They are obvious enough to one who sits in the gallery of the Senate and watches the weaving and interweaving of personal ambitions, animosities, contentiousness, and purposeless discord, even a flippant casualness, which mark the pattern of its deliberations.

For the conclusion is inevitable that Congress has become less a national workshop than a debating ground, a hustings whence appeals are made, not to the common intelligence, but to limited constituencies. Much of its time is wasted in the campaigning which formerly was over and done when election day arrived, and the party to which the conduct of government was committed sought to justify itself by its accomplishments until the next election day came.

These changes are not an indictment of the character of most of the men who constitute the legislative body. They are individually probably as high-minded as those who have gone before them. Many have served under the old régime as well as the new. Even the best of them must adapt themselves in some degree to the shifting of responsibility and control from the parties to which they have given their allegiance more directly to the people who elect them. They must conform to a political system by which the pulse of Congress has been made to beat to the emotional and sentimental vagaries of subordinate groups, representing everything from a pious aspiration to a sectional bloc, and by which its attention has been fixed upon the passing ripples of popular whim rather than upon the ground swell of popular accord.

'TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OUT'

BY CARROLL PERRY

I

GYPSY TEMPLETON rose from his chair at the head of the table, and rapped for order. He had been Class Secretary for a quarter of a century. But he was more than the Class Secretary: he was the Class. All of us, I suppose, would agree to that. Though we had lost, perhaps, a good share of our stage properties during our wanderings up and down that 'wide, wide world' we had loved to sing about in college days, there was one illusion that stayed with us all, namely, that Templeton was a 'Prince.'

In stature, in feature, in personal style, he had only to appear and he took you captive, a captive for life. No one could explain this, and few cared to try.

And do you remember those two sisters of Templeton, who used to visit him at Wykeham each year in October? Especially I like to recall the elder, who always sat next her brother on the box of their four-in-hand as we rolled through crimson roadways like Markham Woods, and listened to the crickling of autumn leaves under the wheels. Her red cloak, dark hair, sweeping black ostrich-feather, and her flashing smile — still they hold defiance against the years. Unquestionably I was in love with her, and, for a mere mortal, my chances seemed fairly good. But Templeton brought me to ruin. He was the most unworldly soul to be found on the globe, and this is what I overheard him say about me: 'Louise, you ought to take the Commodore; *and I will support him.*' Somehow things changed directly after this, and for almost a year I groaned aloud whenever I thought of that idiotic stroke in fine diplomacy.

Templeton was one of those rare individuals who fall in love with an *institution* and never get over it; one of those to whom Alma Mater means also wife and children. Such men, found here and there throughout the United States, are never, in the ordinary sense, graduated from college. Their classmates graduate, but they themselves remain Juniors till they die. Like Gypsy Templeton, they form attachments, they become citizens of the world, they may become familiar with Europe and the East; they are welcomed everywhere for their charm, or their wealth; but in reality the world without is merely a tavern to them. Alma Mater is their hearth.

Jim Sturgis put it rightly, put it better than he knew, when he said, 'Gypsy Templeton is such a damned *untroubled* soul.' Was he lacking in human sympathies? He was the exact opposite of that. He knew every man who had graduated and all the 'sometime' members of the class as well. These last he managed to fetch back to the reunions in equal proportions to the graduates. He knew just who had died in the quarter-century, and how it all happened, and in what condition they had left their families.

Once, at a former Commencement, as Gypsy and I were lying on a shady lawn beneath a great elm, an awkward small boy of thirteen stole up and asked: 'Is this Mr. Templeton? because Mother said I was to find you and to tell you that it's all right.'

Templeton rose to his feet, took the youngster by the hand, and together they sauntered off over the grass toward a syringa bush, where they talked a few minutes. When he came back, Gypsy resumed his quiet talk about a wonderful bargain he had found in London — a first edition of somebody I cannot now recall.

For Templeton was a collector. He loved books, old books, and he knew about them. He had a representative at every great sale in Europe. His treasures were said to be of unique importance. One thing he knew about them that nobody else knew: he knew their eventual destination.

In whatever places Templeton might pitch his tent during other months of the year, he could always be found at Wykeham during the month of May. He used to say there was nothing in the world like standing on a mountain road and watching slim white birches hiding way down in the leafing woods. And once, not long ago, he had won from me a small wager that the bobolinks would arrive at Wykeham on the night of the tenth of May. He refused to take his winnings, however, on the ground that he was betting on a certainty: he had observed the thing, he said smilingly, for almost thirty years.

On fine evenings of that magical month he would saunter down the village street, enjoying his quiet smoke, and sometimes I would join him; but never if he turned off sharp to the left, at the foot of the hill. This would mean that he was going to a silent place, sweet and removed, wherein stood a low cross above the grave of the old professor-friend who was supposed to have given Gypsy a soul. If Templeton had a religion at all, it got itself uttered here. Gilson, the gentle old professor of German literature, who had swung himself along on his crutch ever since a wrestling-match in his own far-off undergraduate days, had remained unmarried to the end; and he had loved Gypsy as he would have loved a son of his loins. Graven on the cross were these words: —

Meine Trübsal
War mein Glück.

II

As Templeton came to the close of his brief but delightful introductory speech of welcome, Stanley Bankson solemnly rose, unannounced. 'We are here,' he began, 'because we are here; but that is not the *real* reason.' (Cries of 'Good work, Stan!' 'Go it, old Ruat Cœlum!' 'We have with us to-night Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson!' etc., etc.) 'The real reason is that the hands have been played, the game is up; and we may just as well come back to Wykeham and say so, frank and friendly, face to face, man to man. For here is the place where it ought to get said if the thing is worth saying at all.'

Gypsy Templeton looked uneasy, for he knew this mood of Bankson's very well, and called it his 'Vine and Verity' mood. Stanley's legs were very unsteady; but, heretical as this sounds to the present-day collegian, his legs were not the important part of him. Very little about the speech betrayed alcohol, save the ruthlessness of it.

'Gentle brothers,' continued Bankson, 'we are forty-seven years old, and this is the Big Showdown. By this time we have, or we have not; we are, or we are not; here and now we quit bluffing; it's the Big Showdown. We shall all make speeches to-night, but, trying

never so hard to be honest, we shall none of us make a conscious disclosure. Our words will give about as real an expression of our actual lives as our cuff-links will give. And I have not the least doubt in the world that many of us will continue to support the delusion that this place has done something for us, or to us. Of all the delusions by which intelligence victimizes itself, the delusion of the "formative period" is the stupidest. Neither this place, with all its beauty, nor this college of good reputation has ever done anything more for any of us than to give us a comfortable lodging for a few nights. This class came here a Boy Camp on a hike. We ate for a while, we slept for a while, and when we left on a June morning, we carved with our jack-knives a few initials on the pine door of the Hut. The same kit that we had on our backs when we pushed open the door we carried away; neither more, nor less, nor any wise different.' And Stanley sat down. 'Oh, the devil!' growled Jim Sturgis to me; 'let's go home.'

Followed next the Reverend George Working. No one knew much about Working, for he lived in the Far West. None of us had ever heard him preach, though it had once fallen to my lot to hear him read the service; and it reminded me of the curate described by Carlyle who read 'with the moaning hoo-hoo of predetermined pathos.' His eyes were of the mildest blue, his mouth wide, and his lips thin. The pallor we had noted in college days had never left him; this, with the round clerical collar that looked as if it had been thrown over his neck by the hazard of ring-toss, made him, as the female portion of his parish was accustomed to declare, 'wonderfully spiritual.' He sang his speech. The burden of it consisted largely in this: the greatly increased number of 'celebrations' in his parish church during the last five years.

Billy Brimley, who was champagne-serious, could n't understand these 'celebrations' at all. He rose from the table, went up to Templeton's chair, and insisted with great earnestness on Gypsy's explaining the whole matter to him three times.

None of this, somehow, seemed to march with Working's square jaw. This man, as I happened to know, had put up one of the stiffest fights in the whole industrial history of a Rocky Mountain state. He had fought like a bulldog for years, and had won. He had declared war on typhoid fever among the families of the miners. He had fought the mine-owners for a clean water-supply; then he had fought the union itself, whose leaders had been bribed by the company. Twice he had been shot at, and once his youngest child had been kidnapped for a week. Then he had carried his fight to the floor of the State Legislature, had been beaten for two sessions, and finally he had won on the closing day of the third. And here he was — singing his speech! And no word about saving the women and babies.

A noncollegian spectator, had he been present at this class banquet, would have thought it somewhat odd that we listened so impatiently to any talk that had to do with the subject of education, or the function of a college. Most of us consumed three times the amount of cigars we really wanted in the instinctive endeavor to raise a smoke-screen against foreign attack of this character.

One of our best men, who had lost an only child, a daughter, took up much of our valuable time by an earnest discussion of the proper education for a college boy in the present age of our modern world. He seemed to feel that a responsibility lay upon all of us to open college doors, and to procure a college life for all industrious, com-

petent, promising youth. He said his belief was that well-to-do men, whose sons proved to be loafers by the time they had finished their Freshman year, should remove them from college, and be compelled to put in their places ambitious youths who, though without any means, had a hunger for higher training.

This notion was received with the contempt it deserved. Billy Brimley declared this was Socialism, and Socialism *of the rankest kind,* but, on being reminded by Jim Sturgis that he was a jackass, Billy subsided, yielding thus to the kind of argument he liked, and the only kind he could understand.

'Anyhow,' Jim whispered to me, 'the speech is consistent enough, for he has maintained three hard-working boys in college for the last ten years.'

Then came a lament from Johnny Stimson about the disappearance of Greek. Johnny was a professor of chemistry somewhere in the Far West. He said that a man without imagination was n't worth a nickel to himself, or to anybody else. What all this had to do with a liking for Greek I could not make out. There was a funny story about Stimson, however; it seems that he had produced a fertilizer that added eight millions of dollars in a single year to the yield of the fruit orchards of the Pacific Coast. When asked by a man out there why he had been unwilling to make any personal profit from this scientific discovery of his, he answered, 'How could I? Why, *I found my wife* on this coast!'

III

One might suppose that a body of social phenomena, comprising less than one half of one per cent of the American people, could hardly be described as a really operative factor. Numerically the college graduate does not exist at all.

Yet romantically and ideally he is one of the saving graces of the national life. This makes a look across the tables on the occasion of the 'Big Showdown' such a tragi-comic business.

For here we all were, with our big failures and our little successes, exacting tolerance generously, according it somewhat too meagrely; rejoicing in our particular friendships that had lasted and grown through the years; proud and grateful as Wykeham men, though we found our difficulties with songs we thought we remembered.

> Come put your glasses on, glasses on,
> glasses on,
> Come put your glasses on
> And whoop it up for Wykeham!

Here were types to be found everywhere throughout the Alumnus Kingdom: the spare and worried clergyman who had given up his useful parish-work in the big textile town in order to reach 'the larger audience' with what is called 'the pen.' Here was the broad-shouldered physician, who was *reached after* by all sorts of people because he was human — because the vitalities in his soul were so much more healing than the things in his little black bag. He had outlived his illusions about the big-city practice without quitting the scientific studies that were being made by the big-city men. Here was the first scholar of the class who once talked to me in youthful rhapsody about his discovery of that ideal world of Lessing — now selling maps for a publishing-house in Chicago.

Here was our most gifted man, who had been a cabinet officer at Washington in a great administration, sitting, urbane and inscrutable, alongside a classmate who carried rural mail in Vermont.

And here was Matt Barclay, a broker on the Exchange, whose life had been bounded on the east by every town as far as Stamford, and on the

west by every town as far as Morristown. His life was a constant jump after cheaper rent; now you could find it up the New Haven Road, now you came back to New York itself and tried it out there again for the third time. Some years a very early train; each year cheaper cigarettes.

But Barclay was happy and had a good wife; he complained a great deal about his children, however: 'They never seem to do very well in the local schools.'

When I looked at Matt Barclay, I thought of his early background as it had been revealed to me on a summer visit during the college years. I recalled a great rich farming domain out in Central New York, a big square white house, stately red barns of enormous size, windmills whirling above deep artesian wells, and great maple trees full of rest and shade. His father, a graduate of Wykeham in the class of '66, was a handsome stalwart man with iron-gray hair and a hearty laugh; his mother, wholesome and attractive, always seemed to match her spirit with some sort of flower, a wild rose, or a bit of heliotrope.

I don't know whether to laugh or to weep when I think of those first ten minutes in that ample home. For when Matt and I had carried our luggage up to his room, which commanded a view of a beautiful lake a mile away, he closed the door carefully, and said, in a subdued tone, 'I don't know whether I told you, Commodore, but both father and mother have some queer notions they like to talk about a good deal. Mother is awfully interested in the W. C. T. U. and Child-Labor laws; and Father is crazy over John Fiske.'

On week-days Barclay senior would spend most of his time working with his men. Toward four o'clock he would come back, take his tub, put on the gray suit, and go out to the old well to pull up his cigars, kept in a butter crock twelve feet down. This solemn ritual was never omitted. He would select, carefully, two of these Henry Clays, then lower the crock again into the cool depths, and betake himself into his study and to a new book by John Fiske. 'He rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race,' said Mr. Barclay, 'and he makes you feel the same way, when you open a new work of his.'

On Sundays he went to this room directly from the breakfast table, and he stayed there all day. When his wife called out, 'Henry, are n't you going to church?' he would give the same old reply: 'I think I won't go this morning, my dear.' 'However,' — I heard him say on one of these occasions, — 'I will send a good text to the dominie, if it is n't too late in the morning: "What hath the Lord required of thee but to *be interesting*, to *think honestly* and to *write clearly?*"'

Oh! the smell of the sunrise, and the sound of intelligent conversation, and the taste of the cream! And here was Barclay Junior, a broker on the Exchange. 'One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street next! No stops!'

I asked after his father.

'Dad's well; they 're both well,' said he very quietly, 'and still at the *producing end* of the game.'

'Pretty cold winters out in Central New York!' said I.

'Well,' he answered, 'their winters they have spent in Santa Barbara for many years. They are back home now and my wife had a letter from there last week. The old gentleman's latest craze is a book by this English guy, H. G. Wells. He wrote that *The Undying Fire* was about the best thing on education he had read for a long time.'

It was growing late, and the banquet was drawing to a close. Little of vital importance remained save an informal discussion whether, as the twenty-five-

year class, we ought to organize a movement toward ousting the Dean of the College, or whether we should wait for some reason for this. It was thought that our class, composed almost wholly of natural leaders, could not shirk responsibility in this matter. Some did not like the Dean because, it seemed, he was 'always around.' Others did not like him because, it seemed, he was 'never there.'

Thus we voiced a great principle well understood throughout the Alumni world in the United States, the principle known as 'the comprehensive view.' For the Long-Distance, or Alumni, mind supplies the intellectual 'attrition' which keeps a college wholesome, happy, at work throughout the year; and without this an Alumni organization could hardly be said to possess any raison d'être at all. But we were sleepy and wanted to go to bed; so we postponed definite action, merely providing for 'the publicity,' in case of further discussion.

IV

As a group of us climbed the hill by West College about three o'clock in the morning, whom should we overtake but Stubby Purdy, laboring up the path. His bald head glinted in the moonlight. He held his straw hat in his left hand, while from his right hung a long wilted collar, the third for the evening. With this collar he was slapping his knee, keeping time to a popular jazz-tune. He was radiantly happy, and had cut the class banquet, though he had come all the way from Denver — his first return in the twenty-five years.

'Where the deuce *were* you, Stubby?'

'I went to the Senior Ball,' said he, without a trace of shame on his face. 'You fellows danced all the way through college, when I did n't know how, and when I used to look in through the windows. But you fellows are old-timers now, and the dancing game is another kind of affair altogether. In your time it was rhythm. What we are going to do now is to break down rhythm, the way the prism breaks down light.' Stubby's enthusiasm mounted. 'Now take this tango: there's a *philosophy* to it — it's a question of decomposition.' I had never seen on his face such a look of fervent spirituality! 'But I'm sorry about the dinner, Gyp, honest to goodness I am.'

'You are forgiven,' said Templeton; and he added, with that engaging laugh, as he put his hand on Stubby's steaming shoulder, 'Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.'

Among the letters posted at Wykeham next day, I may give two. The first was sent by a member who had become the head of an important and successful normal school in the Southwest.

'Dear Girl, —

'You were right! I feel ten years younger for having come back to W. It seemed a rather unnecessary expense to come so far, considering I was here for our Fifteenth; but I can never be thankful enough to you for insisting. And I guess it has settled the question in regard to Ned and Jimmy. They must come here to college if they have to walk from Missouri! It gets you, dear girl, it gets you. Several of the old Faculty are left and they all seemed so friendly — and they remembered. It sounds preposterous, yet it's true. I don't know why I stayed away in those early years, except that I never felt that I had made good. From the start you felt that I had, but you were the only one.

'And the grip of the externals has loosened for the rest of my life. I can walk by the Fraternity houses now

without a twinge. I guess, as a matter of cold fact, I was a pretty raw specimen when I first saw this wonderful place.

'And what a generous human lot this class of ours is! Templeton made me sit right next him at the banquet, and he sent his kind regards to you. Where did you ever meet him?

'P.S. Get the hat — you must — the one with the green feather I liked. We can afford it all right.'

The second letter was sent by one of our men to A Certain Woman.

'Dear Sovereign, —

'Everything here speaks of you, and you dominate the scene. Wherever I go, you, with your tall figure, are passing lightly over the lawns down the lengthening shadows. This little life here gets whatever reality it has from you, and all its value; and your signature is over everything. Lord! how narrow the place is, and how provincial. They don't speak my language at all. They don't register. I find the same old rot about service and citizenship and solidarity. The worst of it is, I feel that you yourself more than half believe in it all.

'*Later.* Your letter just arrived. Good Heavens! don't come on here now! In a place like this people would n't understand. It is not done.

'You say you wish to share everything with me; that these four years so long ago (when I was only a boy!) make an intolerable gap *in your life;* that you are bound, somehow, to throw a bridge over that gap! But how many times have I begged you to eliminate the rhetoric? And we will talk about our difficult future when I get back. I am staying on a few days longer than I planned. I will let you know what day. Meet me at the south entrance of the Country Club. Will go there direct from the Twentieth Century Express, and you can dismiss your man.

'P.S. Besides, my boy is here — taking his examinations for entrance.'

V

A day or two after Commencement, Templeton, in New York, was sitting in his favorite dark corner of the great room of the University Club that looks out upon the avenue. The heat outside was devastating, and by three o'clock the thermometer had climbed sullenly to one hundred degrees. A Columbia man was saying to Gypsy, 'Did you have a good time at your Wykeham Reunion?'

'The old place,' answered Templeton, 'was beautiful enough to make you cry; but seeing all the men again was Hell, simply Hell. I'll never go back to another reunion — until the next time.'

As his companion loosened his belt and disappeared, Gypsy took out of his pocket a dispatch just received from abroad, together with a little code-book, and worked out the message for the third time with the same old inscrutable smile.

'The Montaigne owned by Diderot for eleven thousand, cable.'

THE STORY OF THE SIREN

BY E. M. FORSTER

FEW things have been more beautiful than my notebook on the Deist Controversy as it fell downward through the waters of the Mediterranean. It dived, like a piece of black slate, but opened soon, disclosing leaves of pale green, which quivered into blue. Now it had vanished, now it was a piece of magical India rubber stretching out to infinity, now it was a book again, but bigger than the book of all knowledge. It grew more fantastic as it reached the bottom, where a puff of sand welcomed it and obscured it from view. But it reappeared, quite sane though a little tremulous, lying decently open on its back, while unseen fingers fidgeted among its leaves.

'It is such a pity,' said my aunt, 'that you will not finish your work in the hotel. Then you would be free to enjoy yourself and this would never have happened.'

'Nothing of it but will change into something rich and strange,' warbled the chaplain, while his sister said, 'Why, it's gone into the water!' As for the boatmen, one of them laughed, while the other, without a word of warning, stood up and began to take his clothes off.

'Holy Moses!' cried the Colonel. 'Is the fellow mad?'

'Yes, thank him, dear,' said my aunt: 'that is to say, tell him he is very kind, but perhaps another time.'

'All the same I do want my book back,' I complained. 'It's for my Fellowship Dissertation. There won't be much left of it by another time.'

'I have an idea,' said some woman or other through her parasol. 'Let us leave this child of Nature to dive for the book while we go on to the other grotto. We can land him either on this rock or on the ledge inside, and he will be ready when we return.'

The idea seemed good; and I improved it by saying I would be left behind too, to lighten the boat. So the two of us were deposited outside the little grotto on a great sunlit rock that guarded the harmonies within. Let us call them blue, though they suggest rather the spirit of what is clean — cleanliness passed from the domestic to the sublime, the cleanliness of all the sea gathered together and radiating light. The Blue Grotto at Capri contains only more blue water, not bluer water. That color and that spirit is the heritage of every cave in the Mediterranean into which the sun can shine and the sea flow.

As soon as the boat left I realized how imprudent I had been to trust myself on a sloping rock with an unknown Sicilian. With a jerk he became alive, seizing my arm and saying, 'Go to the end of the grotto and I will show you something beautiful.'

He made me jump off the rock on to the ledge over a dazzling crack of sea; he drew me away from the light till I was standing on the tiny beach of sand which emerged like powdered turquoise at the farther end. There he left me with his clothes, and returned swiftly to the summit of the entrance rock. For a moment he stood naked in the

brilliant sun, looking down at the spot where the book lay. Then he crossed himself, raised his hands above his head, and dived.

If the book was wonderful, the man is past all description. His effect was that of a silver statue, alive beneath the sea, through whom life throbbed in blue and green. Something infinitely happy, infinitely wise — but it was impossible that it should emerge from the depths sunburned and dripping, holding the notebook on the Deist Controversy between its teeth.

A gratuity is generally expected by those who bathe. Whatever I offered, he was sure to want more, and I was disinclined for an argument in a place so beautiful and also so solitary. It was a relief that he should say in conversational tones, 'In a place like this one might see the Siren.'

I was delighted with him for thus falling into the key of his surroundings. We had been left together in a magic world, apart from all the commonplaces that are called reality, a world of blue whose floor was the sea and whose walls and roof of rock trembled with the sea's reflections. Here only the fantastic would be tolerable, and it was in that spirit I echoed his words. 'One might easily see the Siren.'

He watched me curiously while he dressed. I was parting the sticky leaves of the notebook as I sat on the sand.

'Ah!' he said at last. 'You may have read the little book that was printed last year. Who would have thought that our Siren would have given the foreigners pleasure!'

(I read it afterward. Its account is, not unnaturally, incomplete, in spite of there being a woodcut of the young person, and the words of her song.)

'She comes out of this blue water, does n't she,' I suggested, 'and sits on the rock at the entrance, combing her hair.'

I wanted to draw him out, for I was interested in his sudden gravity, and there was a suggestion of irony in his last remark that puzzled me.

'Have you ever seen her?'

'Often and often.'

'I, never.'

'But you have heard her sing!'

He put on his coat and said impatiently, 'How can she sing under the water? Who could? She sometimes tries, but nothing comes from her but great bubbles.'

'She should climb on to the rock.'

'How can she?' he cried again, quite angry. 'The priests have blessed the air, so she cannot breathe it, and blessed the rocks, so that she cannot sit on them. But the sea no man can bless, because it is too big, and always changing. So she lives in the sea.'

I was silent.

At this his face took a gentler expression. He looked at me as though something was on his mind, and going out to the entrance rock gazed at the external blue. Then returning into our twilight he said, 'As a rule only good people see the Siren.'

I made no comment. There was a pause, and he continued. 'That is a very strange thing, and the priests do not know how to account for it; for she of course is wicked. Not only those who fast and go to Mass are in danger, but even those who are merely good in daily life. No one in the village had seen her for two generations. I am not surprised. We all cross ourselves before we enter the water, but it is unnecessary. Giuseppe, we thought, was safer than most. We loved him, and many of us he loved: but that is a different thing from being good.'

I asked who Giuseppe was.

'That day — I was seventeen and my brother was twenty and a great deal stronger than I was, and it was the year when the visitors, who have

brought such prosperity and so many alterations into the village, first began to come. One English lady in particular, of very high birth, came, and has written a book about the place, and it was through her that the Improvement Syndicate was formed, which is about to connect the hotels with the station by a funicular railway.'

'Don't tell me about that lady in here,' I observed.

'That day we took her and her friends to see the grottoes. As we rowed close under the cliffs I put out my hand, as one does, and caught a little crab, and having pulled off its claws offered it as a curiosity. The ladies groaned, but a gentleman was pleased, and held out money. Being inexperienced, I refused it, saying that his pleasure was sufficient reward! Giuseppe, who was rowing behind, was very angry with me and reached out with his hand and hit me on the side of the mouth, so that a tooth cut my lip, and I bled. I tried to hit him back, but he always was too quick for me, and as I stretched round he kicked me under the armpit, so that for a moment I could not even row. There was a great noise among the ladies, and I heard afterward that they were planning to take me away from my brother and train me as a waiter. That, at all events, never came to pass.

'When we reached the grotto — not here, but a larger one — the gentleman was very anxious that one of us should dive for money, and the ladies consented, as they sometimes do. Giuseppe, who had discovered how much pleasure it gives foreigners to see us in the water, refused to dive for anything but silver, and the gentleman threw in a two-lira piece.

'Just before my brother sprang off he caught sight of me holding my bruise, and crying, for I could not help it. He laughed and said, "This time, at all events, I shall not see the Siren!" and went into the water without crossing himself. But he saw her.'

He broke off and accepted a cigarette. I watched the golden entrance rock and the quivering walls and the magic water through which great bubbles constantly rose.

At last he dropped his hot ash into the ripples and turned his head away, and said, 'He came up without the coin. We pulled him into the boat, and he was so large that he seemed to fill it, and so wet that we could not dress him. I have never seen a man so wet. I and the gentleman rowed back, and we covered Giuseppe with sacking and propped him up in the stern.'

'He was drowned, then?' I murmured, supposing that to be the point.

'He was not,' he cried angrily. 'He saw the Siren. I told you.'

I was silenced again.

'We put him to bed, though he was not ill. The doctor came, and took money, and the priest came and spattered him with holy water. But it was no good. He was too big — like a piece of the sea. He kissed the thumb-bones of San Biagio and they never dried till evening.'

'What did he look like?' I ventured.

'Like anyone who has seen the Siren. If you have seen her "often and often" how is it you do not know? Unhappy, unhappy because he knew everything. Every living thing made him unhappy because he knew it would die. And all he cared to do was sleep.'

I bent over my notebook.

'He did no work, he forgot to eat, he forgot whether he had his clothes on. All the work fell on me, and my sister had to go out to service. We tried to make him into a beggar, but he was too robust to inspire pity, and as for an idiot, he had not the right look in his eyes. He would stand in the street looking at people, and the more

he looked at them the more unhappy he became. When a child was born he would cover his face with his hands. If anyone was married — he was terrible then, and would frighten them as they came out of church. Who would have believed he would marry himself! I caused that, I. I was reading out of the paper how a girl at Ragusa had "gone mad through bathing in the sea." Giuseppe got up, and in a week he and that girl came in.

'He never told me anything, but it seems that he went straight to her house, broke into her room, and carried her off. She was the daughter of a rich mine-owner, so you may imagine our peril. Her father came down, with a clever lawyer, but they could do no more than I. They argued and they threatened, but at last they had to go back and we lost nothing — that is to say, no money. We took Giuseppe and Maria to the church and had them married. Ugh! that wedding! The priest made no jokes afterward, and coming out the children threw stones. . . . I think I would have died to make her happy; but as always happens, one could do nothing.'

'Were they unhappy together then?'

'They loved each other, but love is not happiness. We can all get love. Love is nothing. Love is everywhere since the death of Jesus Christ. I had two people to work for now, for she was like him in everything — one never knew which of them was speaking. I had to sell our own boat and work under the bad old man you have to-day. Worst of all, people began to hate us. The children first — everything begins with them — and then the women and last of all the men. For the cause of every misfortune was — you will not betray me?'

I promised good faith, and immediately he burst into the frantic blasphemy of one who has escaped from supervision, cursing the priests, who had ruined his life, he said. 'Thus are we tricked!' was his cry, and he stood up and kicked at the azure ripples with his feet, till he had obscured them with a cloud of sand.

I too was moved. The story of Giuseppe, for all its absurdity and superstition, came nearer to reality than anything I had known before. I don't know why, but it filled me with desire to help others — the greatest of all our desires, I suppose, and the most fruitless. The desire soon passed.

'She was about to have a child. That was the end of everything. People said to me, "When will your charming nephew be born? What a cheerful, attractive child he will be, with such a father and mother!" I kept my face steady and replied, "I think he may be. Out of sadness shall come gladness" — it is one of our proverbs. And my answer frightened them very much, and they told the priests, who were frightened too. Then the whisper started that the child would be Antichrist. You need not be afraid: he was never born.

'An old witch began to prophesy, and no one stopped her. Giuseppe and the girl, she said, had silent devils, who could do little harm. But the child would always be speaking and laughing and perverting, and last of all he would go into the sea and fetch up the Siren into the air and all the world would see her and hear her sing. As soon as she sang, the Seven Vials would be opened and the Pope would die and Mongibello flame, and the veil of Santa Agata would be burned. Then the boy and the Siren would marry, and together they would rule the world, forever and ever.

'The whole village was in tumult, and the hotel-keepers became alarmed, for the tourist season was just beginning. They met together and decided

that Giuseppe and the girl must be sent inland until the child was born, and they subscribed the money. The night before they were to start there was a full moon and wind from the east, and all along the coast the sea shot up over the cliffs in silver clouds. It is a wonderful sight, and Maria said she must see it once more.

'"Do not go," I said. "I saw the priest go by, and someone with him. And the hotel-keepers do not like you to be seen, and if we displease them also we shall starve."

'"I want to go," she replied. "The sea is stormy, and I may never feel it again."

'"No, he is right," said Giuseppe. "Do not go — or let one of us go with you."

'"I want to go alone," she said; and she went alone.

'I tied up their luggage in a piece of cloth, and then I was so unhappy at thinking I should lose them that I went and sat down by my brother and put my arm round his neck, and he put his arm round me, which he had not done for more than a year, and we remained thus I don't remember how long.

'Suddenly the door flew open and moonlight and wind came in together, and a child's voice said laughing, "They have pushed her over the cliffs into the sea."

'I stepped to the drawer where I keep my knives.

'"Sit down again," said Giuseppe — Giuseppe of all people! "If she is dead, why should others die too?"

'"I guess who it is," I cried, "and I will kill him."

'I was almost out of the door, but he tripped me up and, kneeling upon me, took hold of both my hands and sprained my wrists; first my right one, then my left. No one but Giuseppe would have thought of such a thing. It hurt more than you would suppose, and I fainted. When I woke up, he was gone, and I never saw him again.'

But Giuseppe disgusted me.

'I told you he was wicked,' he said. 'No one would have expected him to see the Siren.'

'How do you know he did see her?'

'Because he did not see her "often and often," but once.'

'Why do you love him if he is wicked?'

He laughed for the first time. That was his only reply.

'Is that the end?' I asked.

'I never killed her murderer, for by the time my wrists were well he was in America; and one cannot kill a priest. As for Giuseppe, he went all over the world too, looking for someone else who had seen the Siren — either a man, or, better still, a woman, for then the child might still have been born. At last he came to Liverpool, — is the district probable? — and there he began to cough, and spat blood until he died.

'I do not suppose there is anyone living now who has seen her. There has seldom been more than one in a generation, and never in my life will there be both a man and a woman from whom that child can be born, who will fetch up the Siren from the sea, and destroy silence, and save the world!'

'Save the world?' I cried. 'Did the prophecy end like that?'

He leaned back against the rock, breathing deep. Through all the blue-green reflections I saw him color. I heard him say: 'Silence and loneliness cannot last forever. It may be a hundred or a thousand years, but the sea lasts longer, and she shall come out of it and sing.' I would have asked him more, but at that moment the whole cave darkened, and there rode in through its narrow entrance the returning boat.

DIVORCE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

It has long been evident to the dilettante observer of human affairs that the only morally comfortable polity to live under is a theocracy. Morally, in the strictest sense; not physically, and certainly not socially. Perhaps not even intellectually. But the moral ease of knowing that there is divine sanction for the law you have to keep must be very great. Genuine theocracies have never lasted very long, and I do not know that there is one anywhere on the planet now in real working order. Certainly even in countries where a church has been 'established' — a sort of compromise with the theocratic idea — there have been continual clashes between the civil and ecclesiastical law. In America we have had no theocracy since 1776; and I suppose that even Massachusetts Bay Colony was not one, technically, though it combined pretty consciously the theocratic régime of the Old Testament with that of John Calvin.

We still have, however, all over the world, vestiges of the theocratic conception. Every religion that is worth its salt has tried sooner or later to establish itself, if not by physical force, at least by legal suasion. Christianity itself has justified its violences by Christ's statement that He came not to bring peace, but a sword. And after the sword was dropped, the Church did its best to gain its end by other means. In every Occidental country, people still find their liberties curtailed by laws that sprang from religion alone; by laws, that is, whose social warrant is theological. Even in the United States, where we have never, since we were a nation, had an established church, we live in a welter of religious tabus made law. For the religious tabu, overthrown by a laxer generation, reappears disguised as a prejudice; and many of our statutes are expressions of prejudice rather than statements of principle scientifically or socially arrived at. We have remaining with us, as individual citizens, some of the inconveniences of a theocratic past, though none — absolutely none — of the moral ease of theocracy.

The question of divorce is not simply a legal matter: it is a social question, about which every adult member of our modern community may have an opinion. I say 'may have'; perhaps I should say, 'may have if he can.' None of our laws or statutes derives more directly from ecclesiastical influence than those concerning divorce; and about nothing else, really, are we in such a complete mess. South Carolina, I believe, grants no divorces at all; some states only on 'statutory grounds'; others, one seems to make out, for almost anything. In Hawaii — one of our territories — leprosy is sufficient ground for divorce with the privilege of remarrying. There used to be states that granted divorce for 'incompatibility of temper' — certainly as reasonable a ground as any. I do not pretend

to know the precise variations of the divorce laws: I know only, like everyone else, that they do vary — amusingly, perplexingly, or shockingly, according to your point of view. I know — like everyone else — that people are always agitating for uniform divorce laws. I know that all sorts of groups feel that we exist, legally, in an absurd and disgusting confusion about both divorce and marriage. It is so big and perplexing a question that even the people who advocate this or that adjustment do not really pretend that their suggestions will solve the problem. Mitigation is all that anyone seems to hope for. He would be hardy indeed who should venture to propose a solution.

I fancy it is still true that in most sections of America the fact that a man or a woman has been divorced — especially if he or she has remarried — is something to be set down, until further information comes in, on the debit side of the account. In some American worlds, people have achieved a state of mind in which one's divorce is of no more moral significance than the color of one's eyes; but these worlds are still few, and, in comparison, small. The prejudice is lessening all the time; and I wonder if there is left any group of individuals, large enough to count as a social group, which does not know and receive and like certain divorced and remarried people. I fancy not. Yet it can still be said, I think, that divorce, as such, is looked at askance. Most people, if pinned down, would probably say that in their opinion certain circumstances justified divorce absolutely, but that promiscuous and light-minded divorcing shocked them. A good many people, too (apart from Roman Catholics, I mean), draw a definite distinction between a divorce which is a mere legal separation and a divorce with remarriage.

In other words, there is still a deep conflict between the civil law and the ecclesiastical — the latter of which remains as a prejudice in the minds of many people for whom it has ceased to have the force of a tabu. Most Americans had thrown over the Church — whether Catholic or Anglican — before they ever landed on these shores. There was Catholic Maryland, and there was Anglican Virginia; but the main stream of American civilization, as it happens, has been Protestant and Nonconformist. As far as I know, the Protestant sects have never elevated marriage into a sacrament, since they have acknowledged, in the theological sense, no sacraments at all. The position of Rome has been, for many centuries, uncompromising, of course: marriage is a sacrament, and does not admit of divorce on any grounds. The Anglican position is wavering; but the stricter Anglicans admit divorce with remarriage no more than Rome. Episcopalians who wish to divorce and remarry must do it under the protection of the civil law and the dissenting clergy.

Logically speaking, if you consider marriage not in the light of a sacrament but in the light of a civil contract, you must permit remarriage, as you must permit an individual who has dissolved, legally, one partnership, to form another if that be to his interest. If, on the other hand, anything of the sacramental idea still inheres in your view of marriage, you cannot quite stomach remarriage during the lifetime of the divorced wife or husband. The average dissenting Protestant, though he does not believe, and never did believe, that marriage is a sacrament, still has echoes in his mind of 'whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' The Protestant sects may have no theological principles against divorce, — the mere fact of our divorce

laws shows that they have not had, — but even Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians have not escaped those early centuries of Church history, when the sects lay silent and unperfected in the womb of Rome. The Puritan threw over the sacramental idea, lock, stock, and barrel; he threw over the celibacy of the clergy; he threw over the indissolubility of marriage. But he could not throw over that vaguer and more powerful thing, the Christian attitude to sex. Nor did Saint Paul — whom he greatly reverenced — help him to do so.

We shall hardly get at the heart of this conflict about divorce without realizing that the prejudice against divorce derives from asceticism; and that Rome, which is as usual logical and uncompromising, practically admits it. I am no theologian; but I believe it can hardly be questioned that on the subject of sex the Church took its attitude early and never abandoned it. To quote Milton: 'It was for many ages that marriage lay in disgrace with most of the ancient doctors, as a work of the flesh, almost a defilement, wholly denied to priests, and the second time dissuaded to all, as he that reads Tertullian or Jerome may see at large.' In the eyes of those who shaped dogmas and policies, celibacy was holier and more acceptable to God than marriage. Rome has never pretended anything else; and all Catholic dealing with marriage is based on the ascetic ideal. The Church admits with Saint Paul, 'It is better to marry than to burn'; but it never allows the married to forget that they fall short in sanctity of the deliberately and successfully celibate. It is the spiritually inferior who take unto themselves wives and husbands.

I hazard the statement — and I have heard a good deal of unvarnished preaching on the subject of marriage from Catholic pulpits — that the reason for the Church's prohibition of divorce, like its prohibition of anything resembling birth-control, is to be found, if you go relentlessly back, to asceticism pure and simple. To put it crudely, if you are going to marry and live after the flesh, the Church will, if it can, see to it that you escape none of the penalties of living after the flesh. So far as it can, the Church minimizes, for the married, whatever may be the pleasures of marriage. It sees to it that there shall be a minimum of passion and a maximum of sacrifice; because marriage itself is only a concession to the weakness of the race, the universal appetites that religion itself cannot deny.

The Church will permit you to marry, but it will make you pay. I am saying this in no hostility to the Church or to the Fathers. What else, indeed, was a convincedly ascetic Church to do?

Now the Protestant might carry his notions of liberty to the point of insisting on the right to divorce; even (like Milton) on the positive right to remarry; but he could not escape the thousand years of religious history that lay directly behind him. The prejudice against divorce, like the prejudice against dissemination of birth-control information, is religious in origin. And since we have reached a day in which people do not like the notion of laws that spring from religious prejudice, we find a curious tendency in the public mind to discover a social warrant for such laws as its prejudices make it desire to keep on the statute books.

We have always prided ourselves particularly on American noninterference with religious belief; and rightly. The civil law has no more business to embody Catholic belief about divorce than it has to embody Jewish or Mohammedan belief. But that it should adumbrate historic Christian prejudices is natural. A Protestant country

like our own would be expected to make legal provision for divorce. But a Christian population would not be expected to accustom itself quickly to the notion of free and promiscuous divorce. The mere fact that for most people marriage involves a religious ceremony and solemn vows in the presence of witnesses shows that even among Protestants marriage has always been looked upon as something more than a civil contract.

II

It was necessary to show the genesis of popular prejudice against divorce in order to get at the reasons why that popular prejudice not only is weakening but also is ceasing to be effective. This is one contemporary phenomenon that cannot be attributed to the influx of foreign population; for most of our immigrants bring with them either Catholic or Jewish prejudices, if not definite beliefs. It is not the guests of Ellis Island who are divorcing all over the place. It is either the Americans themselves, or the really Americanized. You can blame the inferior stocks that have deluged our country for much corruption of the body politic and the social system; but you cannot accuse them of giving us the divorce habit.

If you leave to one side special religious convictions, which cannot be embodied in law in any country which practises religious freedom, you have left two aspects under which any citizen may legitimately consider the divorce question: scientific and social. Let us leave the scientific side of it to the biologists and anthropologists. It is the social and personal aspect of the matter that more directly and legitimately concerns us.

Only, I think, if you are still living with the ascetic ideal, will the notion of divorce in itself shock you. Otherwise you will echo John Milton. Is marriage a thing to be apologetic about; to be penalized; to be confessed as a weakness? Or is the Occidental world outgrowing the Christian attitude to sex? You have got to make up your mind about that before you can make up your mind about divorce. In that pursuit of happiness to which the Declaration of Independence tells us we have a right, does the pursuit of a happy and satisfactory conjugal relation have a place? If it has not, why do we not tighten up the divorce laws and abolish the several Alsatias? If it has, why not make the divorce laws decent — at present they are not, in most states — and make it possible for two people who are unhappy to part legally and remarry more happily without dragging either one through the mire of scandal? If it has, why penalize 'collusion': in other words, why do your best to prevent people's divorcing when both of them want to? The cry against divorce on the score that in most divorces one person is sacrificed becomes absurd enough when you realize that only on the basis of one person's wanting it and the other person's not wanting it is a divorce obtainable at all.

The only psychological — I do not say religious — excuse for making divorce impossible, or even difficult, is a cynicism which believes that almost any two people who have once chosen to come together will be as happy in that as in any other combination. I find, I may say, that cynicism fairly prevalent among my own acquaintance. There is a tendency among civilized people, who live 'above the law,' to underrate the sensitiveness of the average man, whose weaknesses laws are designed to control. Did you ever know anyone who admitted that laws existed to control him? Moral snobbishness abounds among thinking people. Laws, that is, are framed to take care of the potentially criminal

classes. The argument of intelligent people against easier and more decent divorce is usually based on a complete contempt for the romantic or spiritual quality of the average marriage. Save for the more outstanding cases of infidelity, cruelty, or neglect, they consider that those two people might as well continue to be yoked together because they would do no better yoked otherwise.

Then they play, as their trump card, 'duty to the children.' If it is humanly possible, two people who have children should remain together for the children's sake.

In the vast number of cases, married people who are not happy together, but who have children, *will* stay together, out of sheer economic necessity. In these days, it is only a rich man who can afford separate establishments; and many a man must stick to an unloved wife because he cannot afford to give her the alimony that the courts would certainly allow her. It is cheaper to bring children up under the same roof with both parents than to make any sort of division whatever. The economic difficulty may, I think, be trusted to take care of the great majority of cases.

When the children are used as an argument, however, it is not on economic, but on social or sentimental, grounds. And there, I believe, the pleaders are wrong.

The courts can be trusted to see to it that, in any given divorce, the children are considered. It is usually the 'innocent' party to the divorce who is granted the custody of the children. Usually it is the father, of course, who is the support of the family. There are plenty of exceptions, but that may be taken as the rule. If he gets the divorce, he goes on supporting his children at home. If the mother gets the divorce, the father is sure to be mulcted of as much money as possible to enable the mother to bring them up.

This is not the place to discuss the evils and disgraces of alimony. Some provision for alimony must be made in the laws, or dangerous impunities would be created. Only an enlightened and educated public opinion, which shall react on the judges of the land, can ever give assurance that alimony should be ordered with any degree of decency and justice.

How any self-respecting woman, whose husband no longer desires her presence in his household and who is no longer rendering him any of the services in payment of which the wife is supported by the husband, can take alimony, unless she is physically incapacitated from earning her bread, one does not see, any more than one 'sees' the average breach-of-promise suit. Or how, if she takes it on the excuse of providing for their children, she can reconcile it with her conscience to nurture those children in hostility to the parent who is paying for them. It would seem that in many cases — not in all — custody of the children should be awarded to the parent who supports them. But, as I say, only an enlightened public opinion can take care of the alimony question.

As for the 'duty to the children' as a sentimental argument against divorce, it is probably less to the interest of real sentiment than most arguments. We all remember the pathetic rôle of Maisie in *What Maisie Knew*, passing shuttlecock fashion from one vituperative parent to the other. 'She was a ready vessel for bitterness; a deep little porcelain cup in which biting acids could be mixed.' A child who divides its time between divorced parents who hate each other is in sorry case. But that it is in less sorry case than the child who lives with two undivorced parents who hate each other, I have

come, after many years, to believe absolutely. This is an important matter, for nowadays the welfare of children is the one point on which all reformers agree. Since the child is made the most frequent argument against divorce, it is well to consider the validity of that argument.

They make, usually, one of two statements, if not both of them: first, that any child needs both a father and a mother to bring it up properly; and that it is disillusioning to the child — an abnormal situation which is morally bad for it — to grow up with its parents separated. The first consideration is practical; and there is no doubt that a child gets its best preparation for life if the father and mother can coöperate harmoniously in the task. A child should have, ideally speaking, the formative influence both of the adult man and the adult woman. No question about it. Yet children are successfully brought up, all the time, by one parent, when they have been deprived by death of the other. The burden is heavier on the remaining parent than on the child itself. If, that is, parents are right-minded and faithful. It is safe to say, I think, that the value of coöperation depends largely on its being harmonious; and why two people who long to get rid of each other should be harmonious about the bringing-up of their children, I do not see.

As for its being disillusioning to the child to be brought up by one parent, — or even by both parents alternately, as occasionally happens, — knowing that the other is living, somewhere else, it would seem to be self-evident that for a child to witness constant friction is more disillusioning than for it to witness occasional friction or to hear about the friction second-hand. I can, indeed, imagine cases where two married people agree to disagree, keeping up a perfect civility in formal relations, arranging their lives so that they seldom see each other and then only in company. But those cases presuppose great wealth, spacious lives, a multiplicity of social interests — a scale of living, in other words, far above the average, never to be considered anything but exceptional. Most homes are terribly intimate places. A child is always unfortunate whose parents do not get on with each other, because its views of the relation of marriage are bound to be queer. One of the most important things for any child to acquire is a sense of the normality and beauty of the marriage relation. But it will never be acquired by a child living in a home where there is no love between the parents. It may be said that it will not be learned by any child who lives with one parent who has repudiated the other. Perhaps not often; but at least it has a better chance of respecting one parent than if it lives under conditions where it is difficult to respect either.

The point is that nothing can be more unlucky for a child than to have the spectacle of the unfortunate marriage daily thrust upon it.

The sentimental argument — not the practical one, which will take care of itself — of the children is probably based on false premises. Ought one then to say: let all people divorce freely who for any reason wish to? However much one may romantically incline to answer 'yes,' it should be kept in mind that to make divorce entirely easy will lead to many divorces in which there is not much point; perhaps to so many divorces that we shall be, socially, in a very inchoate condition.

The fact that you cannot, in most states, get a divorce without mud-slinging is a disgraceful fact. Yet if we have 'divorce on demand,' are we not going to have half the married folk in the country divorcing in some moment of impatience or weariness? In such a case,

would not marriage be robbed of all its dignity? There can be no law of any sort that will cover all cases properly, that will not work hardship to individuals. And just as the alimony question can be decently resolved only by educating public opinion, so can the divorce question be only so resolved.

In the superstate, laws would be discreet and delicate, because the citizens themselves would be discreet and delicate. But as it is, laws must take care of the moral thug. Alimony exists to cover the case of the man who would, if alimony were not granted or grantable, callously marry, and forsake, one woman — and one set of children, probably — after the other. But the mere fact that alimony is there leads a lot of women to take indecent advantage of it in cases that are quite other. Many, if not most, states provide divorces on the proof of horrors perpetrated. Therefore a lot of people have to commit perjury every year — preferring perjury to domestic unhappiness. It is, in all conscience, a mess. Many lawyers will not touch divorce cases at all, because the subject is so unsavory.

Very few things are clear, in this matter. Almost the only thing that would seem to be clear is that, so long as marriage is easy, divorce must be easy — ought, probably, to be easier than it is. Unless you tighten up the marriage requirements, you cannot tighten up divorce laws. If you make it possible to marry at sight, you ought to make it possible to divorce on demand. The two freedoms should march with each other. To take a crude but classic case: as long as the college undergraduate can be cozened, while drunk for a few hours, into marriage with a woman of the streets, you must give him the means to get rid of her after he is sober.

If it were harder than it is to get married, there would be real point in making it harder to divorce. The marriage laws need attention along with the divorce laws.

Certainly we should get rid of the 'collusion' superstition. The one case, it would seem, when divorce should be granted and no questions asked is the case when both people want it equally. As it is — well, we all know how it is. At present, if a civilized couple wishes to divorce, either one or the other must do something that is extremely distasteful and morally reprehensible; or the wife has to establish residence in some distant Western state and sue the husband for desertion. In other words, to take advantage of one law you are forced to break another. That is not a very logical situation. Whatever else is done, it ought to be made possible for two decent citizens who are really unhappy together to give due notice of that fact to the proper authorities and be freed from each other — taking whatever precautions are necessary to prove it a bona-fide and deliberate decision on the part of both. Make them appear and state their wishes, together and severally, and more than once, with a due interval to allow for change of heart; take whatever precautions you please, but make it possible and make it decent. Do not impose on them the crime of perjury and the expense of far travel. Though any law, as I said, is going to work injustice to some individuals, such a legal provision as that would be less unjust than most. The only plea against it is the plea that sometimes a man or a woman would be induced by the other partner to divorce when he or she did not really want to. That, as a plea, is not worth much; for the attitude of the person who wishes to hold another person bound against his or her will is not a respectable attitude, morally speaking; and people who would refuse divorce to a partner

who desires it are, generally speaking, beneath contempt.

I wonder if part of our trouble does not come from the very fact that religious marriages are far more common than civil marriages. As long as it is socially more correct to be married in church and according to the prayer-book, a large proportion of marriages will be founded on a lie. It is quite true that, with our Anglo-Saxon ideal of romantic marriage, we choose our mates — theoretically at least — for love. Two people who are in love with each other positively enjoy laying bonds on themselves, and regarding their relation *sub specie æternitatis*. But there can be no question that large numbers of the young folk who endure the religious ceremony of marriage have no theoretical objection to divorce: in other words, that those tremendous vows are welcome to them — if they are welcome — only because they think at the moment that their own love will never die; not because they believe that there is any authority within the Church with the right to keep people together who should wish to part.

It would clear up some of the mess if marriage were socially recognized as a mere contract under the civil law, except for those people who positively desire to abide by religious requirements. The law itself, of course, takes no account of anything but the law — and quite rightly.

III

So far, I may well seem to have been arguing on the side of free and easy divorce; and I confess that, while the divorce laws are what they are in most, or many, states, I am inclined to be grateful for the states that grant divorce most easily, because that means granting it, in some respects, most decently. The best you can hope for any legal enactment is that it should work the least possible harm. Any law, as we have said, is going to work injustice in this or that individual case. It is a nice question whether easier divorce laws than we have would, or would not, work more harm than the laws existing. What I do honestly believe is that, in a country whose constitution was originally based on religious freedom, a Christian country, moreover, that was prevailingly Protestant in temper, you must make divorce both available and decent. That it is difficult for the average man or woman to obtain a divorce without either scandal or perjury is all wrong; and is a fact due largely to religious tabus, outdated and faded, yet still potent as social prejudices. Less than the English divorce laws, but still very really, our laws are a kind of hang-over from the ecclesiastical teaching about marriage. Hear John Milton once more: 'He, therefore, who, lacking of his due in the most native and humane end of marriage, thinks it better to part than to live sadly and injuriously to that cheerful covenant (for not to be beloved, and yet retained, is the greatest injury to a gentle spirit) he, I say, who therefore seeks to part, is one who highly honours the married life and would not stain it; and the reasons which now move him to divorce are equal to the best of those that could first warrant him to marry; for as was plainly shewn, both the hate which now diverts him, and the loneliness which leads him still powerfully to seek a fit help, hath not the least grain of a sin in it, if he be worthy to understand himself.'

It is not an easy question, and no solution recommends itself as completely unobjectionable. Uniform divorce laws are perhaps the worst of remedies, since laws are bound to work injustice; and in a matter like this, where people's convictions differ so

widely, it is admittedly impossible not to bear hardly on large groups of men and women. There is no perfect code of divorce laws — not in being, or yet concealed in the clever brain of man. The most that you can attempt to do is to educate the race to a point — in this, as in other matters — where a reasonable law will cover the majority of cases, because the people at large will have reached a certain level of reason and civilization. We are very far from that level at present, and must still be experimental.

Roughly speaking, if you make divorce too easy, you run the risk of achieving something like sexual promiscuity — a result greatly to be deplored. This, in spite of the economic handicaps which really, at present, automatically bind a lot of people who might like to be free. The very rich can always manage.

On the other hand, if you make divorce too difficult, you work infinite hardship to vast numbers of men and women, and you are in danger of creating a generation of children who are profoundly cynical about the most romantic of human institutions. Either way you will do some harm and some good.

The utmost one can suggest at present is a little more honesty, since honesty is all to the good. If we wish to make divorce difficult, we might find some better obstacle to put in the path of the unwilling partners than the necessity of committing adultery, or behaving with outrageous cruelty, or lying themselves black in the face. If we must experiment, we had better let the separate states experiment, rather than urge the federal government to do so.

We are still living, in many respects, mediævally; and our motions toward modern ideas must needs complicate the situation before they succeed in clearing it. We still live under laws that make suicide a crime: if a man attempts to kill himself, he can be arrested for the attempt. We call it a crime because the Church calls it a sin. Another instance, that is, of the religious tabu still coloring the civil law. Eventually we shall get rid of these cases, and not confound, technically, crimes with sins. Concerning marriage, we are still living, to some extent, mediævally. The fact that practically no jury will convict a man who shoots his wife's lover shows that feminism still has some progress to make in the popular mind.

The divorce question was easier when the Church was the State. But eventually every trace of ecclesiasticism, like every trace of mediævalism, will have to be expunged from the civil law.

And even with marriage looked upon in the light of a civil contract only, it is not going to be so simple. For if marriage is the most romantic, it is also the most complicated of human institutions. The people who take it with moral lightness, using the laws as much to their own advantage as they can, are not so much to be pitied, for there are usually ways out, humanly speaking, for them. The people who believe marriage a sacrament in the religious sense do not come into the question at all; for they have simply chosen to abide by a law which is above the law. It is your and my affair that a man should be a good citizen; but that, over and above that, he should be a good Catholic is his own affair entirely — a matter between himself and God. Simply, he has two laws to keep instead of one. We have only to see to it that he does not insist on anyone's keeping his second law who does not believe in it as he does.

The people who are most hard hit by the present chaotic and anachronistic situation are the people to whom

marriage is indeed a solemn matter, not to be entered into lightly and unadvisedly, but who are none the less capable of making a mistake, and who have no religious convictions against divorce in itself. Taking the country through, that class contributes the majority of sober-minded and intelligent citizens. Many of them, I fancy, feel marriage to be a sacrament, though in no ecclesiastical sense; in other words, if their experience of the marriage relation has seemed to them to have that mystical quality. If you do not feel marriage to be a sacrament, they would say, then it is not. Like Nick in *The Glimpses of the Moon*, they consider that 'the people who don't feel it are n't really married — and they 'd better separate; much better.' Also, those people would say that you cannot possibly tell whether it is a sacrament or not until you have tried it out.

That is not far from the Church's teaching about the sacraments. Only, of course, where the Church insists that any marriage, if duly performed according to its rites, is a sacrament, these romantic unbelievers hold that only that marriage is a sacrament which has proved itself to be one. They quite admit that, if their relation had turned out differently, it would not have been one. The Church, according to them, has nothing to do with it. But when two people feel that about their marriage, they are not going to divorce and remarry lightly; in fact, they are going to put up with a good deal of later disillusion rather than do so. If the essential quality goes out of the relation, they may indeed part; but they are not much more likely to remarry than if they held ecclesiastical views. They may not use the word sacrament at all; yet if they have once had that feeling, that sense, concerning their own marriage, they are going to be held back in all sorts of invisible ways from breaking that relation to contract another.

These reactions and attitudes defy analysis; yet any civilized person, however agnostic, will know what I mean. There is, after all, something rather tremendous about marriage, which only the incurably frivolous, or incurably loose, can fail to feel. If people who do feel it wish to divorce, they should certainly be permitted to: for you may be sure that they do not ask for freedom unadvisedly. They are simply in the position described by John Milton.

Obviously we cannot have divorce on demand without permitting the loose and frivolous to go deplorably far. Not, at least, as long as you make marriage itself so fatally easy a contract to enter into. Yet you cannot make divorce both indecent and overdifficult without oppressing the more important people intolerably much. The impossibility of protecting society from the people who wish to behave like the beasts of the field, and also making life possible for the people who are the moral backbone of the community, by the same laws, is the best argument I know of against a uniform divorce law. Certain states are often spoken of as Alsatias for the immoral; but they may be, as well, sanctuaries for the moral. Both things have to be taken into consideration.

Certainly before we can resolve this matter we have got to face the fact that the home is not sacred unless the people who live in it have some notion of what constitutes sanctity; and that, while you can perhaps mate the average or sub-average man and woman by authority as animals are mated in zoos, you cannot mate the super-average that way.

Whether we are right or not, we 'Anglo-Saxons' have derived and developed a romantic conception of marriage. If you abolish freedom, you

destroy it. Even the Latin conception of the institution of marriage is not very sympathetic to us. Most people may not find romance in their marriages, but we still prefer to keep that ideal.

As a race, we really loathe the marriage of convenience; nor are we perfectly sure that it turns out a better type than our own. If romance is not bound up in the wife or the husband, it will be bound up in the mistress or the lover. But it never can be bound up in the wife or the husband unless there is freedom to choose — or even to change one's choice. How much of an asset to society is romance? If it is none, then tighten up the divorce laws and keep any two people together forever who have once come together. If it is an asset, on the other hand, give marriage a chance to be romantic: tighten up the marriage laws by way of precaution, but give people a loophole to get out — even to make the great experiment again.

It is only by making us all idealistic creatures that you can give us idealistic laws, of course. But what we can do, even now, is to get rid, bit by bit, of hypocritical discrepancies. We can say that the civil law shall cease to mirror religious prejudice and shall be based, as far as possible, on human nature and social good, as we honestly see them. We shall have to guard society against conscienceless men and women, in this as in other matters; but we can educate ourselves to distinguish between the liberty to which no citizen has a right and the liberty which is the very breath of a reasonable being. If we have got to err, at least let us err slowly and partially. Let us not, for example, take the marriage code out of the prayer-book only to put it into the Federal Constitution. Most people, it is well to remember, have to be pretty miserable before they upset their lives with divorces.

It is not the fashion in this reforming day to care much about people's happiness; but you have to remember that the perfect marriage is perhaps more worth fighting for than the imperfect marriage is worth protecting. The only way you can train youth to respect marriage as an institution is pragmatically — by giving it the spectacle of marriages that are, so far as is humanly possible, without flaw. And I fancy the way to begin may be to make marriage more difficult and divorce more decent.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE 'OLD VIC'

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

'I AM sure that much of the respect which we pay to an elderly man is due to our suspicion that he could avenge any slight by describing the late Charles Mathews in *Cool as a Cucumber*. Theatrical reminiscence is the most awful weapon in the armory of old age.' I am quoting from that delightful essayist, Max Beerbohm, only now beginning to come into his own; and I am about to draw that 'awful weapon,' not in self-defense, but because it will give me pleasure to flourish it; I shall not, I think, do much harm, and it is barely possible some good may come of it. And now for the preliminary flourish.

It will, I think, be admitted by any Londoner whose memory carries him back to the palmy days of Irving and Terry, that the theatre in that great metropolis is now in a very parlous state. We do not greatly care for the revival of plays a quarter-century old; plays which once shocked us but which shock us no longer, and in which we remember — But never mind: Gladys Cooper is not a fair exchange for Mrs. Pat Campbell, and Cyril Maude disporting himself as 'Lord Richard in the Pantry' does not make us forget but rather long for Forbes-Robertson.

Even the music-hall has gone to h——, I was going to say. The cozy, old-fashioned music-hall, smoky, and witty, and often vulgar, has given way to the gaudy theatre in which *revues*, tedious and meaningless, are given month after month; performances which would seem to be chiefly a challenge to the police. To one who remembers Lottie Collins and Marie Lloyd — to mention only two names, but memory calls up a dozen; to one to whom Dan Leno was a delight and who frequently joined Herbert Campbell in a chorus; who has breathlessly watched Cinquevalli successfully defy the laws of gravitation, and who has learned his coster songs from Albert Chevalier and Gus Ellen, the passing of the 'halls' is nothing short of tragic; but it might perhaps be borne had not the theatre practically disappeared. Then suddenly something happened —and it happened at the Old Vic. And now, and only now, is this paper fairly started.

I know a man who has written two or three books about modern London who confessed to me that he had never been in the Old Vic; comparatively few Londoners know where it is, and many of those who do have but a hazy idea of its character. I stumbled on it quite by accident, in the delightful little cathedral city of Wells while spending a day or two at the Swan. One evening two young ladies were ushered to our table for dinner; they were young, attractive girls, and after the usual preliminaries, the exchanging of mustard for salt, and so forth, we fell into conversation, and I soon discovered that my table-mates were college girls on a holiday. They were

taking a walking trip and were about finishing four hundred miles. Then I learned that they were actresses from London; and at length it developed that they had been playing Shakespearean parts at the Old Vic.

'The "Old Vic,"' I said to myself, wonderingly; 'I seem to remember a more or less disreputable music-hall of that name on the Surrey side of the river; surely such cultivated women as my companions cannot be playing there, not even Shakespeare!' Yet it was so. Little by little the story was told of how, many years ago, an enterprising woman, a Miss Emma Cons, had secured the old place and by degrees redeemed it: then she died, and someone else had taken up and carried on the work. When we parted next morning, I was fully determined to visit that theatre at the first opportunity.

Immediately upon my arrival in London I started out to learn exactly where the Old Vic was; the newspapers had not a word to say; finally someone told me it was in Lambeth in the 'New Cut'; then someone else said it was in the Waterloo Road. Finally, it appeared that both my informants were right, that it was in the New Cut at the corner of the Waterloo Road; and by dint of reading and inquiring this is what I discovered.

In 1811 there was building a great stone bridge over the Thames, for a long time known as the New Bridge: it was completed soon after the glorious battle of Waterloo, which gave a name to many things, including the new bridge and the approaches to it. Shortly after the completion of the bridge, a theatre was begun in the marshes of Lambeth, about half a mile from the Surrey end, and in 1817 its cornerstone was laid, by proxy, by Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, uncle to Queen Victoria, afterwards to become famous as the King of the Belgians. No one seems to know if or how the Prince became interested in the theatre, but in any event it was named after him, the Royal Coburg Theatre. With due regard for the character of the surrounding population, it was at once given over to the crudest kind of melodrama and the most vulgar of pantomimes.

The theatre had been erected in a dangerous slum, one of the worst in London, and for a time, in an effort to entice visitors from the other side of the river, it was announced that special guards were posted on the bridge and its approaches, in order that the audience might feel safe both before and after the performance from the attack of thugs and pickpockets. This announcement did not mend matters much.

From the first the theatre had a checkered career: it prospered occasionally, but it usually was in financial or other difficulties. In 1833, in an effort to revive its fortunes it was given a new name, the Royal Victoria, in honor of the young princess who was then heir presumptive to the crown. But no one was deceived thereby. Edmund Kean acted there for a brief moment; but Grimaldi, the famous clown, was more to the taste of its patrons.

However, nothing really succeeded. Its location was desperate, if not positively dangerous.

With the coming of gas, and finally of electricity, and the better policing of the streets, it became relatively safe; but why travel such a distance to see performances of varying degrees of badness? For a hundred years its record was ten failures to one success. Drinking in the theatre was allowed (and still is), and fights were frequent; the audiences were fierce, in the proper use of that term. Missiles, over-ripe

fruit, mellow eggs, and occasionally an empty beer-bottle were thrown at the villain on the stage, while the heroine and the still more virtuous hero would invariably be encouraged by loud cries of approval. 'Never will I give my consent to bring a virtuous girl to a life of shame!' was a sentiment that, we may be sure, brought the audience of half-drunken men and women to their feet in a burst of delirious applause.

But it was no go. No one seemed to want legitimate drama in the Waterloo Road at the corner of the New Cut; and finally the Old Vic, as it had come to be called, became a music-hall — about as common a music-hall as there was in London. Then it was that I made its acquaintance — but we hardly became friends. It was, before the coming of the taxi, in an out-of-the-way part of the town, and the performances, if cheap, were bad, very bad.

But it is always darkest just before dawn. A woman conceived the idea of giving good drama, not trash, at popular prices; and while her success was not great, she turned the tide. When she died, her assistant, Miss Lilian Baylis, took up and carried on the work. With the coöperation of Mr. and Mrs. Matheson Lang and the help of Ben Greet, and at long last, with the assistance of Russell and Sybil Thorndike, success came to the Old Vic.

II

'Take me to the Old Vic,' I said one evening to a taxi-driver, shortly after I reached London.

'To where, sir?' he replied.

'Don't you know the Old Vic in the Waterloo Road?' I inquired.

'I do, sir, but I was n't sure that I heard you right,' was the reply.

We entered, and in a few moments we were rolling through St. James's Park and over Westminster Bridge into Lambeth. On we went, under the great railway bridge which forms the approach to Waterloo Station, through the Lower Marsh, into the Waterloo Road where, just ahead of us was the New Cut.

It is a busy, noisy thoroughfare, 'pestered' on both sides, as far as the eye can see, with open-front shops and booths and hand-barrows, lit up at night with flaming naptha torches, on which food and clothing of every kind and character are exposed for sale. Hawkers were crying their wares; the whole neighborhood was swarming with men, women, and children, doing their daily shopping; for in this part of London everyone works when he can, and the purchase of necessities begins when the day's work is done. We were in — not the famous East End, but the equally sordid South Side of London.

It was nearing seven as we stepped out of our taxi; and going to the ticket-office, I discovered that the play that evening was *Henry IV, Part I*, and that the curtain rose at 7.30 sharp. 'Give me two stalls; how much?' I inquired.

'Five shillings each, including war-tax,' was the reply.

Pocketing the little pieces of paper, I stepped out and looked around for a place in which to eat.

'When in doubt, ask a policeman.' Of all forms of authority I respect a London policeman most: upon the subjects within his range he speaks with the certainty of a college professor, and he carries himself with the bearing of a bishop. Going up to one, and touching my hat, — for I would not have a policeman outdo me in politeness, — I said, 'As man to man, if you were standing with your best girl where I am and had only twenty

minutes in which to get something to eat, where would you go?' 'Hi 'd go, sir,' he said promptly, 'to the Wellington Buffet' (spoken as spelled); 'you 'll find it hexcellent.'

And we did: bread and butter, a cut of cold ham, a Welsh rabbit, and several bottles of Bass; I ask no more and I ask no better. When the curtain rose a few minutes later, we were in our 'stalls,' four rows from the front, and I was just beginning to enjoy my after-dinner cigar.

Reader, when did you last see *Henry IV, Part I*? Have you ever seen it? If you have not, you perhaps think of it as one of Shakespeare's historical plays. Nonsense! the historical part is mere setting for the greatest comic character in all literature, Falstaff. But first let me describe the audience and the house.

The theatre was packed with a quiet, orderly crowd of plain people; I should say there were about as many, or as few, of what might be called common people as of people from the upper walks of life: there were perhaps as many as half a dozen men and women in evening dress.

Everything in the house was of the plainest and simplest: there was no attempt at decoration, the seats were not too comfortable, and when the curtain went up, it was at once evident that rigid economy had been the watchword on the stage also. There were no footlights; from either side of the proscenium arch two flood-lights played upon the actors, while from the centre hung a long, narrow box containing six or eight lights, which lit up the whole or any part of the stage with white or amber lights as might be desired.

Of scenery there was almost none. A simple backdrop sufficiently indicated the scene, heavy curtains formed the wings; stage carpentry was conspicuous by its absence. It was at once evident that the play was the thing.

In all the arts of the theatre Henry Irving began where Charles Kean left off; he utilized all the mechanical, engineering, and æsthetic devices of his time to perfection; and after him, under Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's, stagecraft almost superseded acting; indeed, it was not until the magnificent and spectacular could no further go, that the reaction against the stage upholsterer and electrician came.

Now I could, if necessary, write a very pretty paper on lighting-effects, and I am in some degree acquainted with the merits of 'remote control,' electrical apparatus, 'dead-front' switchboard devices, and the rest (if the truth must be told, I make and sell them); but I object to the switchboard attendant usurping the province of the actor. A dark purple sky, slowly changing to blue, to orange, to amber, until the whole scene is of dazzling whiteness, is interesting, but it does not take the place of acting, neither do gorgeous costumes and expensive scenery; indeed, these things may so distract attention that the word and suiting the action to the word, which is what acting is, is lost sight of.

The cost of mounting a magnificent spectacle is to-day almost prohibitive; for costumes alone fifty thousand dollars may be spent, and as much more for the scenery and incidentals. If the play is a success, it is money well invested, but if not — well, only a very rich *régisseur* can stand the strain.

Now at the Old Vic everything depends upon the actor — no, not everything: the actor depends upon his lines, and he has gone back to Shakespeare to get them.

III

Our great Shakespearean scholar, the late Dr. Furness (and these remarks would, I think, equally apply to his distinguished son), was never at his ease when one began to praise Shakespeare. 'Shakespeare is,' he thought, 'beyond praise. I don't care who wrote the plays, the important thing is we have them. Whoever it was, I am glad we know so little about him; pretty much all talk about him is twaddle, especially eulogy.' Such, in brief, was his attitude. Such seems to be the idea at the Old Vic; the stage is cleared, the actors and actresses come and give their lines with what skill they may, and go, and there 's an end on't.

No, not quite an end; for when the play is over, one goes home with the idea that one has seen the real Shakespeare. Generally speaking, there is not the change of a scene or the omission of a word. The plays are given just as they have come down to us; they are given rapidly — there is only one intermission of about five minutes, just time for a man to stroll to the back of the house, drink a bottle of Bass, light his pipe, and get back to his seat as the curtain goes up again. Be it remembered that Shakespeare did not write for high-brow audiences; he had no idea that his was the greatest intellect that had ever been given to mortal. He wrote for the average man of his own time, and he packed into his plays everything that he could think of that would amuse and interest him. And he was some thinker, with remarkable powers of expression. Dr. Furness would, I think, have permitted me to say that much. The audiences that first saw the plays were very much such audiences as now see them at the Old Vic.

The people of Shakespeare's day wanted to be amused just as we do; they wanted the action to go right on; a long wait just as the play was getting interesting would never have been tolerated; and so it is to-day. At the Old Vic the curtain goes up at 7.30, and stays up, usually with one brief intermission as I have said, until eleven o'clock, or even twelve o'clock. *Hamlet*, which is usually cut to death on our stage, is given in two versions: the short version, which takes almost four hours, and the play in its entirety, which takes considerably longer. It is, as it ever has been, enormously popular.

Quite recently Mr. Robert Atkins, the manager, greatly daring, produced *Antony and Cleopatra*, making the thirty-second Shakespearean play given since the revival began in the winter of 1914–15. If ever a play permitted the use of all the devices that the magician-manager has at his disposal, it is this story of the love of the doting Roman general for the Serpent of the old Nile; but according to report, although given without scenic splendor or any of the magnificence of the modern stage, it was a great success and was played to crowded houses. Why should it not have been? For the speeches in *Antony and Cleopatra* are almost blinding with color. That Mr. Atkins could, and he would, use those resources which sometimes eclipse the work of the dramatist, is shown by his selection to arrange the historic tableaux which were presented with such success in the great hall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital on the occasion of its celebrating the eight-hundredth anniversary of its foundation.

IV

But we are wandering far from the Old Vic. Let us get back to King Henry IV and the Prince of Wales,

and Hotspur, and above all to Falstaff, the glory of the English stage. The first scene, short as it is, is all too long; we await so anxiously the second: 'London. An apartment of the Prince's. Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff,' — and the fun begins, and continues almost without interruption for almost four hours. Now, mind you, I do not mean to say that this was the best performance I have ever seen, or that Wilfrid Walter was the greatest Falstaff that ever trod the boards. I do not say that, but with the contentment which comes from sandwiches and Welsh rabbits well bestowed and several bottles of the best of all beverages, 'Bass' (Prohibitionists, this is not an advertisement of an intoxicant); with the knowledge that I had a pocketful of cigars, and, my physician being far away, I intended to smoke them, I settled myself for an evening of unalloyed delight and had it.

What does Horace Walpole say of *Henry IV?* 'Now I hold a perfect comedy to be the perfection of human composition, and I firmly believe that fifty Iliads could be created sooner than another such character as Falstaff.' And this perfect comedy has not been seen on the American stage for years; indeed a generation has grown up that has hardly heard of it.

And a few nights later we saw the Second Part of the same play. Let critics decide which is the better, and let who will, read plays: I want to see them acted. It may be that a Lamb or a Coleridge could derive as much pleasure from reading the plays as from seeing them; but for myself, I can never get the fine points of a play until I have seen it on the stage. This was brought home to me in the scene where Falstaff delivers himself of his famous soliloquy: 'What is honor? 't is a word. . . . Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday,' and the rest. I knew it, of course, but I did not get its full significance until, in a later scene, after the battle in which Sir Walter Blunt is killed, Falstaff, coming by chance upon the body, turns it over with his foot, and discerning who it is, remarks, '*There's honor for you.*' The acting gave pith and point to the soliloquy, which it had lacked before.

Henry V I have never seen, nor have I read it in close sequence with *Henry IV*. I could not bear to. In it Falstaff is dead: it may be that, buried in that mountainous mass of flesh, he had a heart which broke when Prince Hal, become a king, neglected him. Anyway he is dead, and Mistress Quickly and Bardolph and Pistol, without Falstaff, are not so interesting to us as they were; Falstaff, their great sun, which warmed and vitalized them, has set. It is almost impossible to think that a man with such a gust for living as Falstaff could die, and like the Hostess of the Tavern in Eastcheap we are sure he is not in Hell, and with Bardolph we would be with him wheresome'er he is.

The scene in which the Hostess tells Bardolph of his master's death is one of the most wonderful in all literature. Quite recently an English magazine took a census of opinion as to the most humorous and at the same time pathetic passage in English literature: several votes for passages from Sterne were cast, but the vote for the scene of the death of Falstaff was practically unanimous.

> 'Just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide . . . after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; . . . and a' babbled of green fields.'

We hear of the death of better men undisturbed; or as Prince Hal has it, we could have better spared a better man. What is it about Falstaff, the

thief, the liar, the coward, the braggart, that so fascinates us? He is as subtle as Hamlet, and much more wonderful as a creation. Do you challenge this statement? Then think of the many great tragic characters whose names at once occur to us. Good. And now of the comic. Falstaff, Mr. Pickwick, and who else? — Don Quixote, perhaps. Every actor has a feeling that he can play Hamlet, but how many essay the character of Falstaff? In recent years, Lionel Brough and Beerbohm Tree. Of the latter I recently heard a good story illustrative of the acid wit of W. S. Gilbert. Sir Beerbohm, dressed in the several feather-beds the part of Falstaff requires, hot and sweating with exertion, seeing Gilbert wandering about behind the scenes, goes up to him expecting, quite naturally, a word of praise, for Tree was great in the part. And what does the sharp-tongued gentleman say? Looking at the perspiring actor before him, he remarks icily, 'Your skin is acting well this evening.'

I foolishly did not keep my programmes of the Old Vic performances, but I am sure that I am right in crediting Ethel Harper with the excellent rendition of the part of Mistress Quickly, an early Mrs. Malaprop. She had the quality of pure comedy about her, the kind of humor which we were wont to associate with Mrs. John Drew. Fascinated against her will by the old rogue Falstaff, to whom she could deny neither her kisses nor her silver, deceived and abused by him, but always forgiving him, she hoped to the last that he would keep his promise to make her a lady, his wife; and it was not until after his death that she consented to become the wife of Pistol — a sad falling-off to be sure, but anything is better than dying a maid, if indeed she ever was one.

The *Merry Wives* should be seen before and not after *Henry IV*. Whether or not the legend be true that Queen Elizabeth, having rejoiced in the character of Falstaff, gave orders that Shakespeare should write a play showing him in love, the play presents a falling-off in the characters which have so delighted us: they lack spontaneity; humor has degenerated into horseplay; one does not much delight in seeing Falstaff buried in a basket of soiled linen, and Mistress Quickly, now become a servant to Doctor Caius, is not very convincing. We have, to be sure, those excellent romps, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page; but as for sweet Anne Page, you that love her may have her; in other words, the charm of a mature woman more fetcheth me than does that of any bread-and-butter miss whatever.

V

I had not expected greatly to enjoy *The Taming of the Shrew;* but when I saw it at the Old Vic, I seemed to see it for the first time and see it whole. Many years ago I saw Booth in a little play arranged by Garrick, called *Catharine and Petruchio.* I remember nothing of it but Booth's leaping upon a table and snapping his whip; he used it as a foil to *The Fool's Revenge*, in which he excelled. Later, John Drew and Ada Rehan in those delicious Daly days enjoyed in it for a season their usual success. Augustin Daly was too much of an artist to omit the Prologue or the 'Induction,' as Shakespeare calls it; but of late years it has not been given; and as, on account of its noisy and boisterous quality, too few people read the play, not everyone remembers that *The Taming of the Shrew* is a play within a play; without Christopher Sly, the tinker, it loses half its point.

Bear with me while I remind myself

of the joy I had one evening at the Old Vic. The story is this: Christopher Sly, a tinker, drunk, being turned out of an alehouse upon a heath, falls asleep; a noble lord, on his way home from a day's hunting, comes upon him by chance, and inquires of his attendants whether he is dead or drunk. Upon being assured that he is only drunk, he has the bright idea of having him gently picked up and conveyed to his (the noble lord's) house and put to bed in his best room. When he awakens, he is to be attended as if he were a lord: servants are to hand him a silver basin filled with rose-water in which he may wash his hands and lave his face. Food and wine are to be given him; and he is to be asked what his pleasure is, what apparel he will wear. He is to be made to believe that he is a wealthy nobleman awaking from a long sleep.

The lord's retainers enter into the spirit of the jest, and, when the drunken tinker awakes, the sport begins; there never was such fun. Sly, rousing himself from his drunken slumber, calls for a pot of ale, and is offered wine instead by one servant, while another perplexes him with the question, 'What raiment will your honor wear?' 'Raiment!' cries Sly, 'ne'er ask me, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet.' There never was such make-believe out of a fairy tale, which in some sort this 'Induction' is; and it continues until all the actors (except Sly), and the audience are choking with merriment. Finally Sly believes himself actually to be a lord, and when he is told that his entertainers are come to perform a merry comedy, he bids them play. 'We shall ne'er be younger, let the world slip,' he says, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, five acts of farce, begins.

There is no need to detain the reader with the story. The scene is laid in Italy, but the characters are English, the fun is English, the sort of slapstick fun which three hundred years ago kept, and should forever keep, if it be played rapidly, an audience in a roar. How the play ends by Petruchio taming the obstreperous Kate, until in a pretty speech she places her hand under her husband's foot, all the world knows, and the play ends — according to Shakespeare; but at the Old Vic there are a few lines more taken from an older play, *Taming of A Shrew*, which form a fitting epilogue, as it were, to what has gone before. The evening is spent; the noble lord is tired and would go to bed. Sly, too, has fallen asleep; two servants enter and are told to take him up and throw him out upon the heath. When he awakens, thinking now that he is a lord, he calls for his servants to bring him wine and is jeered at. 'What, am I not a lord?' he cries; and is told that he is Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker; that he may have been dreaming; that his wife at home is waiting for him. At these words, he rises, pulls himself together, and saying he knows how to tame a shrew, he staggers off. One has a feeling that he will be the master in his house for that night at least — and the curtain falls.

Now play this rapidly, play it, not as a refined comedy, which it is n't, but as the greatest farce ever written, which it is, and it will run for months.

VI

We all remember the story of the man who sent the manuscript of a novel to a popular magazine: when it was returned to him, as manuscripts usually are, it was with the notation that it could, perhaps, be used if it were shorter. 'You take up too much time with preliminaries,' the editor

said; 'cut out the landscape and sky effects and get down to a recital of the facts. In its shortened form, perhaps we can use it.' When the manuscript was again submitted, it began this way: '"Oh, hell!" said the duchess, who up to this time had taken no part in the conversation.' *Richard III* begins in much the same way. Whether originally it was longer than it now is, we do not know; but certainly not an instant is lost at starting. The curtain goes up on a deserted street in London; a moment later the Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III, lounges around a corner and begins: —

> Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer by this sun of York.

Only a man determined to be a villain would begin his life upon the stage with so murderous a pun, and he rants and indulges in every kind of claptrap until, at the end of the fifth act, no one responding to his despairing cry, 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' he is killed and Richmond makes the announcement, 'The bloody dog is dead.'

I don't think I am mistaken in saying that *Richard III* is the finest melodrama ever written. When a man sets out to make a melodrama nowadays, such performances as they used to give at the Adelphi, but which are now given at Drury Lane, by the use of elaborate scenery and mechanism, he secures effects which bewilder the audience and keep it in suspense; but Shakespeare had to work another way. He got his effects by the play and interplay of his characters. So Richard woos and wins his bride at a funeral, admitting that the lady's beauty had caused him to kill her husband. It is a misuse of words to call this scene theatrical; it is simply verbal horseplay. Richard says so himself, after it is over, in the famous soliloquy: —

> Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?
> Was ever woman in this humor won?

To this double question there can be but one answer — No, but what difference does it make? The audience is having such a wonderful time that it does not stop to analyze the situation, and the play goes right on, one extravagant scene after another; people die like flies and nobody cares, until at last, having used every trick in his box, Shakespeare brings the play to an end, and we go home satisfied.

It is now the fashion to berate Colley Cibber for altering this play almost beyond recognition; but I don't think he really did it much harm. It is good old Cibber, and not Shakespeare, who splits our ears with 'Richard's himself again,' and —

'My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is here.'

'What! Buckingham here? Off with his head. So much for Buckingham.'

These speeches are perfectly in key with the rest of the play, otherwise they would not have survived for a hundred and fifty years. They did n't offend Garrick; it was the play in which he made his first appearance and he always delighted in it; nor Dr. Johnson, who knew his Shakespeare, and enjoyed Garrick's performance quite as much as if Shakespeare had been the author of every line. In those days an acting version of a play was one thing and a version 'for the closet,' as it was called, was another. But at the corner of the Waterloo Road and the New Cut no Cibber is permitted, and the play crowds the house.

VII

Finally, as the preacher says, rousing his congregation from its slumbers, what lesson can we draw from the performances at the Old Vic? Is it not that Shakespeare can be performed

as written, without transpositions to make it suitable for the stage? That cuts should be simply eliminations of prosy passages, of which there are plenty, which interrupt the progress of the play and which fatigue audiences and actors alike? That elaborate scenery and expensive costumes are not essential if the acting is good; and that we have accustomed ourselves to taking Shakespeare too slowly, too seriously, too reverently? Let us forget the author in his work; Shakespeare wrote to amuse; even his tragedies, *Macbeth* and *Lear*, and the rest, did not depress his audiences as they do us. They got a lot of fun out of murders and poisonings and ghosts; we do not, and have come to believe that seeing Shakespeare is a serious business. Often we go from a sense of duty, in much the same way as we go to church; and we get about the same amount of pleasure out of it. One can imagine too many domestic conversations something like this: —

WIFE: Charley, don't forget that Nelly Watson is going to be with us next week, and that she will expect us to take her to the theatre.

HUSBAND: I'm not likely to forget it. What shall we take her to? I'm told that there is an excellent show at the Broadway.

WIFE: What 's the name of it?

HUSBAND: I've forgotten the name, but Connie Constance is in it.

WIFE: I know: *Men's Playthings.* They say her gowns are magnificent, they were all made in Paris; I should like to see them, but you know Nelly Watson is sort of high-brow. What would you say to our going to see *Twelfth Night?*

HUSBAND: O Lord!

WIFE: I know, but after all we 're going to please her, not ourselves.

HUSBAND: Very well, have it your way. I'll get the tickets.

WIFE: And what would you say to our asking Fred Hamilton? he's a nice fellow, and rather fond of Nelly.

HUSBAND: He won't stand for *Twelfth Night.* I know Fred.

WIFE: Oh, yes, he will; we must give a little party, and you will have to dress.

HUSBAND: That's another bore.

WIFE: I know, but it's Shakespeare, my dear.

There is a hasty dinner; there is no time for the usual cigar; everyone starts out in a bad humor. And in this frame of mind our friends go to see one of the loveliest comedies ever written.

How much longer, I wonder, will the fiction be kept up that smoking is objectionable to ladies? In Queen Victoria's day a man was obliged to go to his own bedroom and smoke out of the window; or perhaps, sitting on the floor in front of an open fireplace, blow the smoke up a chimney, fearful all the time that he would be detected. And there was the further idea that tobacco smoke ruined the plush lambrequins and other hangings characteristic of the period. Now that the lambrequins have gone, let us enjoy ourselves: to-day women smoke as much as men do, some of them smoke more. A cigar or a cigarette would add to the delight of a good play, and would be a solace if the play were bad. In England smoking is permitted only in certain theatres, not of the best class; but in all of them, between the acts, young ladies are permitted to cry their wares, 'Teas and ices; ice and teases,' rather to the annoyance of those who are obliged to assist in their delivery to the consumer.

I have n't the least doubt that flaws could be picked with the performances at the Old Vic. It is easy to find fault. Grant that not all the actors are up to their parts, that not all of them can

read blank verse correctly. Reading blank verse is not easy, and it may become a lost art unless, as now seems probable, a Shakespearean revival is seriously undertaken. At the moment we are doing better than the English. A few months ago in New York five Shakespearean performances were running at the same time. It was not too soon: it is of the utmost importance to keep a place upon our stage for actors of the old school: we must preserve the unwritten tradition of the stage: the 'business,' as it is called, which is handed down from one generation to another; its loss would be a calamity.

But to return to London. The Old Vic is one of the intellectual assets of the town: it is badly in need of funds: the appointments of the stage are poor, and conveniences for the actors are — well, practically, there are n't any. The management made its wants known and the hat was passed, but these are hard times in London. Then the London County Council came around and insisted upon expensive structural changes. Miss Baylis was in despair: what was to be done? Then out of a clear sky, anonymously, came a substantial gift of thirty thousand pounds. Could it be possible? Who was the donor? Was it stage money? No, current paper of the realm, 'legal tender for any amount,' was paid in, and gradually it became known that George Dance, the well-known dramatic author and theatrical manager, had saved the Old Vic. All honor to him! King George and I are in complete accord, for I read in the newspapers only a few days ago that a knighthood was to be conferred upon him.

Who shall say that it was not deserved? Certainly not the patrons of the Old Vic.

While the managers have been telling us that 'Shakespeare spells ruin' and the intellectuals have been talking about the necessity of establishing a national playhouse, the people, not a mile from the spot on which three hundred years ago stood the Globe, have loyally been supporting such a theatre — a theatre to which it is admittedly an honor to belong and in which it is a joy to spend an evening. And remember, dear reader, that all this is to be had for a shilling, for the greater part of the house; the gallery is sixpence, I believe. If the 'talkies' are not to be put out of business by the 'movies,' which heaven forfend, we must have a theatre to which a man can take a girl without having to put a mortgage on his already heavily encumbered automobile.

AUTUMN AND DEATH

BY AMY LOWELL

They are coy, these sisters, Autumn and Death,
And they both have learnt what it is to wait.
Not a leaf is jarred by their cautious breath,
The little featherweight
Petals of climbing convolvulus
Are scarcely even tremulous.

Who hears Autumn moving down
The garden-paths? Who marks her head
Above the oat-sheaves? A leaf gone brown
On the ash, and a maple-leaf turned red —
Yet a rose that's freshly blown
Seals your eyes to the change in these,
For it's mostly green about the trees.

And Death with her silver-slippered feet,
Do you hear her walk by your garden-chair?
The cool of her hand makes a tempered heat,
That's all, and the shadow of her hair
Is curiously sweet.
Does she speak? If so, you have not heard;
The whisper of Death is without a word.

The sisters, Autumn and Death, with strange
Long silences, they bide their time,
Nor ever step beyond the range
Allotted to a pantomime.

But the soundless hours chime,
One after one, and their faces grow
To an altered likeness, slow — slow.

Grim is the face which Autumn turns
To a sky all bare of obscuring leaves,
And her hair is red as a torch where it burns
In the dry hearts of the oaten sheaves.
But Death has a face which yearns
With a gaunt desire upon its prey,
And Death's dark face hides yesterday.

Then Autumn holds her hands to touch
Death's hands, and the two kiss, cheek by cheek,
And one smiles to the other, and the smiles say much,
And neither one has need to speak.
Two gray old sisters, such
Are Autumn and Death when their tasks are done,
And their world is a world where a blackened sun
Shines like ebony over the floes
Of a shadeless ice, and no wind blows.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DEAFNESS

BY MARGARET BALDWIN

If this paper seems sometimes to have gone a step beyond the usual point of view of a layman, it is for two reasons. My particular bent in thought and study had long led me into much venturing along the edge of the realm of science, including that division which, with the advent of deafness, I perceived had given into my hands some useful knowledge of analytical psychology. Without this, I could not have gone far. The hopeless mystery of a dispirited personality could not have been solved, or its unhappy effects overcome.

The other reason is the fact that the head of my house is not a layman. Knowledge of certain correlated sciences always at hand brought inevitably much to bear on the treatment and elucidation of many perplexing questions and conditions.

I feel constrained to make this explanation, because the interest of the deaf is so vital as to make it imperative for them to feel that, when one presents any new point of view, it is at least with a shade of authority.

I

There is a fundamental difference in the experience of deafness between different classes of people. What meets the needs of one class may have much less bearing upon those of another. One of the most certain differences is between men and women.

It has always been considered that men are more generous to one another than are women. Whether this be true, and men lend themselves more kindly in the ways which lessen the deprivations of deafness, or not, men's lives undoubtedly do include a greater possibility of diversion, and more compelling interests. Business interests — 'making money' — have a way of absorbing most things. To that extent men might easily be less disastrously affected than women.

Another difference has to do with whether one is seized with sudden severe deafness in mature life, or very early in life. To be educated in deafness from childhood, to be trained and developed according to its measure from the first, is a different thing from being plunged into it at thirty, in the full tide of all one's activities and responsibilities, pleasures and participations in life. To check them violently, to turn them back, to battle with obstruction and vagueness, till one can break a way into some clearer vision of life, is a different proposition from the other.

I do not minimize the magnitude of the other. My comparisons are not to show which is the greater, but only to show that they are different, and therefore require different methods of procedure. Youth is plastic. It adapts from sheer power of growth. The adult is a comparatively fixed quantity. His individuality is stamped with maturity. He is crystallized into a system of reactions to a hearing environment. He has to be made over, as it were, to fit a new world, and the making is

wholly dependent upon himself, without the correlative of external influences. It is less a process of development than of subduing and reorganizing a personality already strong in itself.

A deaf person should never be disheartened because it may seem that someone else has handled his problem with greater success, achieved a better result, than he has. It is not a matter of individual bravery. Your problem might have been a very different test for him, with a very different result.

My first paper — 'The Road of Silence' — was written from what might be called a disinterested point of view, with little thought of its significance to others. But it proved to be the finding of a voice and words for hundreds who had labored under the same depression which it briefly set forth, and which they could not account for, either to themselves or to the world. They were not blind; why had every sensation of pleasure gone out of the heart? Mind and reason had remonstrated in vain. But both were wrong. Both had come to the borderland of a domain over which they could not reign till they more fully understood it — a psychophysical province whose minister was keeper of the heart and feelings.

It was this point of being able to account to *one's self* for this depression, and the resulting *effect* of the accounting, of which the author had happened to gain the secret early in the game, which gave to 'The Road of Silence' its first appeal.

The 'resulting effect' — that is, lifting the depression by finding out its blind cause, the actual why of its existence — seems out of all proportion to the simplicity of the means. Yet it is just here that the one important thing which applied psychology can do for the deaf takes place. Emphatically, it is the first thing to seek.

Steadily, in these later years, people have learned the tremendous power for good there is in psychologically understanding themselves. Especially is a grasp of the psychology of deafness of the greatest value to the man or woman who is just facing his problem, who is doing it valiantly yet without headway, because he is in that position which Münsterberg described as fighting 'where despair is inevitable, and the enemy necessarily stronger than his own powers.'

The presence of this condition, in pronounced and sudden deafness, is almost universal. It is no chance that, by way of many letters and personal knowledge, such statements as, 'I was in despair,' or, 'I was just slipping over the brink of utter discouragement,' or, 'Why do I feel so sad all the time?' are most common expressions. Even if they represent only a class, the condition is so destructive and serious that its separate consideration and treatment are justified. To get rid of the depression is an imperative necessity. Little can be done toward a useful and happy existence till that is gone. Yet there is such a thing as its not being accomplished.

In the case of Beethoven, he was aware himself of the greatness of his genius — knew it was so great that it must not be lost to the world. This, he said, on seeing a flute played near him of which he could not hear a note, 'was the only reason why he did not take his life on the spot.' He had not put into outward form the music which he knew was within him. But he was acutely depressed, and became, in the words of one of his biographers, 'gradually the victim of morbid irritability and hopeless melancholy.' He was able to compose without hearing his composition, only because of the intense power of his imagination — often the concomitant of great genius. It was exactly this

supreme imagination which was meant when it was said of Raphael that, 'if he had been born without hands, he would nevertheless have become a great painter'; and — in extreme form — which Goethe put into words when he wrote of his 'vision' on the road to Sesenheim: 'Not with the eyes of the body, but with the eyes of the mind, I saw myself coming toward myself.'

Yet Beethoven may not be quite a fair illustration, because his personality — the whole man — was so merged in the most æsthetic form of sound as to make the case extreme. Music has an ineffable power of uplifting any mentality. Here its loss would mean tragedy. It is a topic which I have occasion to refer to later.

II

To the mechanic, the absorbed business man and woman, the milliner, the accountant, the machinist, and countless other people in the busy walks of life, psychology — the science of mental processes — may not have gained a large place in interest. There may even be a faint feeling that it is foreign to the grasp. It is true that its development has been one of long and complex scientific study. But the simplicity of some of its applied results is surprising.

Its connection with our subject here is made plain by two statements. The first, that finding the cause of your depression *changes* your feelings. This in itself displaces the depression. You cannot have two distinct and unlike kinds of feelings at one and the same time. One must move out, as it were, for the other to move in. If you can acquire a sudden sharp interest, it must take depression's place.

The other statement is, that bare sound has much more to do with producing feelings and emotions than has any other external influence. This is the first key to the unreason of your depression. The loss of your normal feelings of cheerful well-being was not correlative with the loss of words and their significance to the mind, — notwithstanding conversation is the universal and ceaseless habit of the human family, — not with the physical hardship of deafness, not with most of the things which you thought it was. It was correlative with the absence of sound pure and simple.

In its specialized forms sound conveys facts to the understanding. But, primarily, it is the great stimulus of feelings. Shut that stimulus off, and they remain unaroused, dead. Prolong that deadness, and it is intensified into depression. It becomes unendurable. It may almost be said, the eyes are for the intellect, the ears for the heart. Even the blind have sometimes had an inkling of this. Milburn, the blind clergyman of Washington, said, 'The eye is a haven at which the treasure fleets that sail through the ocean of light are unloading, and their stores deposited in the vaults of the intellect: but it is through the whispering gallery of the ear that man reaches the heart of his fellow man most quickly and surely. . . . Man's voice, tuned by sympathy . . . may perform the sweetest ministry of human life.'

There is great significance in his words, *whispering*, *voice*, and *tuned* — words which refer in every instance to *sound* alone, and hold in themselves a singleness of meaning. Standing in darkness, he had discovered the hidden power of sound itself, though perhaps not fully to understand it. But his unconscious choice of words revealed the concept of his mind. The deaf man reads as from an open book. With two senses operating together, the mind does not distinguish their respective work. But when one is absent, there is perfect clearness of their separate action.

We are, of course, subject to a civilization and social existence of which organized sounds — words, language, music — are the great systems and vehicles. But, besides this, in a more elemental significance, sound and tones in simpler complex are at the bottom of the daily morale of human life. This is revealed in that universally accepted idea, the cheerfulness of the blind.

Elementally, the conditions are in no way under the dominion of will-power or moral force of any kind. The initial power is sound. Without it, emotion lies dormant, and not to be started by either persuasion or pretension. Especially is making believe child's play.

Is there any other conceivable way in which a blind man could ever be cheerful, with the bitter knowledge of his blindness, except he be the passive recipient of a force which he does not control — inaugurated millenniums ago in the evolution of the human animal? Any difference in will-power, or determination, or natural disposition between the two cannot be a universal and invariable accident in favor of the blind.

That bit of proof which was cited once before is the most revealing — that we can perceive through the eye what we know is great suffering, with comparative calmness; but get that same knowledge by way of the ear, in sound, and we are instantly distressed and excited. Hearing it makes us realize it. In reality, it is because sound is an utterly different stimulus from sight, with a far more *intense mental reaction*. Seeing it was knowing it, but not feeling it. Hearing it was both. What we know is a thousandfold less personal than what we feel.

But music is the supreme revelation of the benign power of sound. It stirs the feelings in the whole range from joy to sadness. Even an animal is sometimes susceptible to its power. Jack was a little fox-terrier of no accomplishments, but he had a heart. A piece of music came into the house — a slow march of most beautiful melody. All the sorrows of the world seemed gathered into the beat of its soft syncopated sound. As the first notes stole through the house, Jack would come into the room and drop down with his nose on his paws. Soon he would begin to whimper; and as the music swelled into a fuller strain, Jack would point his nose to the ceiling and howl to heaven the dumb sorrow of his heart.

But there are very different examples from this. History has left us a little story of surpassing interest. Making allowance for the phraseology, because certain old historians wanted always a religious point of view for everything, the story runs that a certain king had become depressed. They said that the spirit of the Lord had departed from him and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. Now it happened that among his servants there were some with thoughtful minds, who had known this spell of the beauty of music in their own hearts. These went to the king and asked him to let them find a man who was 'a cunning player on a harp,' actually saying to him that, when he listened to this music, 'thou shalt be well.'

So they brought the youthful and handsome David. And he sat down with Saul and played to him on one of those most beautiful of instruments, a harp. In the words of the historian, 'Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.' In our words, he was no longer depressed.

Of course, we know further that Saul had an unfortunate temperament — his passionate moods mixed with his finer impulses. But that does not discount the force of the illustration. The Jews were a musically gifted people, and though their harps were not per-

fected as they are to-day, yet their music was already a soothing and beautiful power.

But we do things on a large scale nowadays. With our great art of music and all its splendid musical instruments, the establishment of a chair of musicotherapy (music-healing or curing) in one of our great universities is but the scientific expression of the bearing of sound upon the feelings — the very same which the servant of old felt so vividly when he urged it for the sick heart of his king three thousand years ago.

If I have dwelt at some length on this statement, it was to make sure of a plainer grasp of the commonly unrecognized relation of sound to feeling.

The other statement, put briefly, was that finding out the *cause* of your depression cured it. This fact is less easily analyzed than the other. Why should knowing the cause cure the condition? To attempt to answer at length is to pass into a too technical consideration of psychology itself. But it is not necessary. One does not have to account for the whole 'why' here, in order to enter into the result. But there is illumination in considering another point of view. There is a certain marked relief in the knowledge that what one had experienced as an intense trouble of heart, which he would not have considered undue if he had been blind, but could not justify when he was only deaf, was simply the result of a perfectly natural law — the logical outcome of a psychophysical thing, and not a sort of remorse or inward lamentation. Like everyone else, he had always supposed this thing of feelings was much in the control of will and strength of mind. Now he knows that in this case it lies entirely outside of either the one or the other. And to know where it does lie is to exchange the helplessness and unrest of complete ignorance for light and satisfaction.

III

The history of man for thousands of years has been ultimately to challenge arbitrary mystery. He is never at peace with it. Human intelligence is now too imperious to tolerate being thrust out of its rights of well-being without wanting the reason why, whether it is consciously aware of it or not. Given the explanation, rational and understandable, it is the very office of intelligence to accept it and be soothed — to perceive that there is nothing unjust or illogical in one's position. It is the keynote of the change. While our case in itself is not strictly parallel to the original, — the cause there being something within the personality, — the fact that here it lies outside of it does not seem to be relevant. It is the *cause*, and the result is closely allied if not absolutely the same.

There must be no confusion of ideas as to there being any specific moral element in the matter, and, least of all things, any mysticism. It is straightly medical, on the side of psychotherapy — a restoring of things mental.

Given the passage of years, a person who has suddenly become pronouncedly deaf will perhaps learn painfully to get used to it, to improve in many of its phases. But it is a slow growth, always at the expense of wasted years, of endurance rather than buoyancy of spirit. Life is dull — a haunting sense of waiting, rather than the happiness to which you had a right. Its hardship must be outlived rather than outwitted. But let them get some sort of advantageous hold in the beginning, some fundamentally enlightening point of view, and it means all the difference between a life of enthusiasm and possibility, and one irretrievably narrowed in pleasure and fulfillment.

Passing to the practical social everyday life, the deaf person's satisfactions

and pleasures, as well as his usefulness and success, come, like everybody's, from his occupations and interests. Above all things he must have occupations and interests — business and responsibility if possible, even if it be carried on by means of written communication. More than others he must have the thing that he likes; that yields him profit and consumes his time; that calls upon his ability and intelligence, and leaves open some door of progress for him. Otherwise he tends to become less and less an entity. His individuality decreases, not only to himself but in the reckoning of other people also.

For one with whom the question of occupation is solved by remaining the same as ever, he may go deeper into his craft or work. If one can no longer get the diversion of mind, the whiling away of hours in the old way of conversation and association with his fellows, — and there is very little association without conversation, — he must turn to books. The deaf person reads with a great deal of advantage. His attention and concentration are immune to the petty distractions of sound. He may carry on reading of a weighty nature at almost any time and place, under far more profitable conditions than people who hear. A deaf person may educate himself with surprising ease.

There are a great many occupations which are closely related to a history and beauty which those who follow them have probably never been familiar with. With books as accessible as they are, why, for instance, — to choose an illustration wholly at random, — should not a plain carpenter come to have a scholar's knowledge of the history and beauty of architecture, — one of the oldest and finest arts, — from the excellence of the post-and-lintel construction of primitive man to the glories of ancient Greece and Rome?

Such pursuits become in the end not a mere pastime, but the abiding possession of a lifetime. One has added something immensely worth while to his mental outlook. A mind with such a bit of side training is always in a land of new discoveries, finding treasure where others are blind. Beauty is beneficent wherever it comes; and especially is it harmonizing to an overtired psychology. To recognize it habitually is to open a door into a new world.

In books and study, however, there is some temptation to overdo, especially if by chance one is a natural student.

The unintelligibleness of people's ideas and wishes produces perpetual mental strain for the deaf, which, in association on the basis of conversation, causes intense fatigue, bodily and mentally. Not infrequently deaf people become less robust in health. But there is exactly the same mental need and desire for association with people that there is on the part of those who hear; and everybody knows what that is. You do not break down the necessity because the means have broken down. That could not be done if you would, because man has been gregarious too many thousands of years.

The best way — in fact, the only way — which remains to overcome this situation is through recreation, that is, amusement and play. It serves a double purpose and you gain on both counts — the pleasure of play and the association with people.

This kind of association — golf, tennis, cards — does not entail conversation, at least not more than you can manage. It is not the main thing. You know what to do and what others are going to do, by the rules of the game and their movements and gestures, without the need of talking. The exhilaration of your feelings by the play of your mind, without the blocking and effort of perception, is impossible to describe. The stimulus of excite-

ment, mild or otherwise, of competition, is keenest relief, because the human mind craves it and must have it. It seems to be the natural principle of half the interests of life, and this method of play is almost the *sole* one which supplies it to the deaf. Without it monotony is intense. It should involve no inconvenience to anyone. It is only that one cannot play tennis or cards alone. He is dependent, like everyone else, upon the coöperation and help of others.

These things should be cultivated, not only for the invaluable results mentioned, but because whatever makes for the outdoor habit is remedial, directly and indirectly. One may have been a lover of the outside world in his own way — the way of the woods and fields, where nothing escaped him. But there is now an unaccountable strangeness on the face of nature. The symbols of it which he sees lack realism. He especially needs to find substitutes to entice him back to the open.

But there must always be motive and definite objective in outdoor life. Nothing bores like the aimlessness of just going out. Yet there are some unsung ways of accomplishing it which are wonderfully successful.

I know a deaf woman who has the privilege of a little real country life. Her friends call it her fad. She knows it has become her dearest hobby, the best of her holidays. Twice a year she goes down to an old farm set in wide fields by the sea. In the springtime she does her 'planting' — in the midst, to her, of a world resplendent. All through the season, at intervals, time and care are still required. In the autumn she harvests — through those warm fruity placid days of late September and early October. The nights of the 'hunter's moon' are a season of events to her, which no round of picture galleries can surpass in the glory of memories that are left in her mind. She goes to bed at eight o'clock, because the peace of the silent fields has fallen upon her spirit. She rises at five, because the splendor of the summer dawn irresistibly calls her, because the very plunder of life lies in the June day before her, and she cannot thrust her hands into the golden horde too quickly.

For those more fortunate, who have come to fill a wider sphere, who touch the edge of adventure, in business or travel or strange lands, much is made up to them. Entertainment and diversion come to them instead of being sought. The inner life is more alert because the outer world is more varied and new. But for the many who walk in the quiet places — and they are the great majority — all the devices for diversion are needed. And especially do these need the initial light from an understanding heart, for, after all, there is no balm in all life like the knowledge that there is someone who *understands us.*

IV

The blind man is blind to his fellows materially, which the world instantly perceives and then acts accordingly — that is, it conducts him to the necessary goal, if he is absolutely at a standstill. The deaf man is blind to his fellows mentally, which seems amazingly difficult for people to grasp and keep in mind. Always they demand him to do the impossible; and, as one writer points out, often with either the touch of impatience or that unmistakable and exasperating air of dealing with one who is not bright. Not one in a hundred ever voluntarily thinks, in some especially embarrassing situation, to make use of the one sure and easy means of leading to the idea by a few written words.

Therefore the deaf have had to come to their own rescue. They have been

forced to invent a sort of new brain-capacity, by seeing what is said instead of hearing it. In the twenty-five or thirty guilds for the deaf in the large cities in this country, and the lip-reading schools connected with them, there exists the largest and most fruitful movement for overcoming the incapacitations of deafness. Everyone should exert himself to acquire the art to some very appreciable extent. It is incomparably ahead of everything else. This is not to say that he will not make use of all the artificial means which he may have. But many of them are often wearisome compared with the efficiency of the other. Too much cannot be said in its favor.

Yet it is wise not to make the mistake of thinking it is too easily done. As a matter of fact, to become proficient requires steady effort, for a greater or less length of time. I have seen the statement by one who could hear, and therefore knew nothing about it, that it was very easily acquired. This is misleading. Words and phrases are easily enough learned; but that is not the point. One may start, however, without feeling that he must accomplish the full limit. Much or little, it is greatly worth the effort. But one must not be staggered to find quite often people whom he cannot read at all. There are those whose lips are cryptic.

In any paper of this kind, whose aim is to be helpful, certain attitudes of hearing people toward some phases of deafness may well be mentioned. Putting it mildly, there seems to be an amazing lack of realization that they have any individual share of responsibility in the one or two things which depend alone upon others to do. There is little enough which the deaf person does not do for himself, but that little unqualifiedly belongs to other people.

It is no accident — on the contrary it is a significant fact — that I open letters or read from some published report and find such statements as these: 'It is such a lonely life, for very few people have patience with one who is deaf'; or, 'The people I am with are not in the least interested . . . sometimes I go for days without being spoken to, other than in my work.' Or, again, 'I am very fond of social life but am denied everything.'

Such conditions are explainable in one of two ways only. The situation which allows a person to go days, or even one day, without being spoken to, unless absolutely necessary, is due to heartless indifference or actual selfishness. If every person with whom this woman was associated had spent two minutes each day speaking with her, or writing, if speech was too difficult, it would have made all the difference in the world to her, because that was the particular thing in her case which would have made for her pleasure. Two minutes of common agreeableness in twenty-four hours is a petty self-sacrifice for even the most indifferent. Or, in the case of the one who was fond of social life, if, on one occasion a month even, a few hours of the social pleasure which it was known she could enjoy had been made possible for her, it would have made the difference between happiness and unhappiness, at the expense only of an effort *once a year* by some one of a dozen people.

It all but seems that hearing people have the idea that the deaf do not need, and can do entirely without, the very pleasure which they themselves are always seeking. Nothing could be further from the truth. They need it and desire it more than ever before.

Of course, the employment of the hands is the one universal and unfailing means of interest for the deaf, especially if it be creative work. But there is no one who has not some particular bent.

That must be his cue, whether it is millinery or machinery, writing stories or raising strawberries. Indeed, it is far less a question of what to do than of getting a chance to do half the entrancing things one wants to do. Art is truly long and time is fleeting. I am a perpetual shock to my friends because the one thing I should like beyond all other things in the world would be to know that I shall live a thousand years.

When I look out upon this amazing cosmos, giving up to the human mind one secret after another; when I look within, and am aware of the aims and desires and untried possibilities of my mental workshop, I am strongly inclined to make it two thousand instead of one. After all, everything is in the mental outlook.

That is why I have sought to stress the psychology of deafness — because some grasp of it helps the deaf person to preserve his personality. It sets him right. It gives him back himself in the midst of lost things. He reclaims the poise and force of character so rudely shaken. He will not relegate himself to some limbo of the inconsequential — he keeps the relative values in their place. It is the great worth-while triumph. For, in the last analysis, personality is the most subtle and determining force in all the world.

A CHAIN OF JUNGLE LIFE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

This is the story of Opalina,
Who lived in the Tad,
Who became the Frog,
Who was eaten by Fish,
Who nourished the Snake,
Who was caught by the Owl,
But fed the Vulture,
Who was shot by Me,
Who wrote this Tale,
Which the Editor took,
And published it Here,
To be read by You,
The last in the Chain
of Life in the Tropical Jungle.

I OFFER a living chain of ten links: the first, a tiny, delicate being, one hundred to the inch, deep in the jungle, with the strangest home in the world; my last, You, the present reader of these lines. Between, there befall certain things of which I attempt falteringly to write. To know and think them is very worth while; to have discovered them is sheer joy; but to write of them is impertinence, so exciting and unreal are they in reality, and so tame and humdrum are any combinations of our twenty-six letters.

Somewhere to-day a worm has given up existence, a mouse has been slain, a spider snatched from the web, a jungle-bird torn sleeping from its perch; else we should have no song of robin, no flash of reynard's red, no humming flight of wasp, no grace of crouching ocelot. In tropical jungles, in northern home orchards, anywhere you will, unnumbered activities of bird and beast and insect require daily toll of life.

Now and then we actually witness

one of these tragedies, — or successes, whichever point of view we take, — appearing to us as an exciting but isolated event. When once we grasp the idea of chains of life, each of these occurrences assumes a new meaning. Like everything else in the world, it is not isolated, but closely linked with other similar happenings. I have sometimes traced even closed chains, one of the shortest of which consisted of predacious flycatchers, which fed upon young lizards of a species which, when they grew up, climbed trees and devoured the nestling flycatchers!

One of the most wonderful houses 'that Jack built,' was this of Opalina's — a long, swinging, exciting chain, including in its links a Protozoan, two stages of Amphibians, a Fish, two Birds, and (unless some intervening act of anti-evolution legislature bars the fact as immoral and illegal) three Mammals — myself, the Editor, and You.

As I do not want to make it into a mere imaginary animal story, however probable, I will begin, like Conrad, in the middle. I can cope, however lamely, with the entrance and participation of the earlier links, but am wholly out of my depth from the time when I mail my tale. The Akawai Indian who took it on its first lap toward the editor should by rights have a place in the chain, especially when I think how much better he might tell of the interrelationships of the various links than can I. Still, I know the shape of the owl's wings when it dropped on the snake, but I do not know why the editor accepted this; I can imitate the death-scream of the frog when the fish seized it, but I have no clue as to the reason for Your entry into the chain by the purchase of this magazine, nor whether you perceive in my tale the huge bed of ignorance in which I have planted this scanty crop of facts. Nor do I know the future of this copy — whether it will go to the garret, to be ferreted out in future years by other links, as I used to ferret; or whether it will find its way to mid-Asia or the Malay States; or be found, as once I saw a copy, half-buried, like the pyramids, in Saharan sands, where it had slipped from the camel-load of some unknown traveler.

I left my Kartabo laboratory one morning, with my gun, headed for the old Dutch stelling. Happening to glance up, I saw a mote, lit with the oblique rays of the morning sun. The mote drifted about in circles, which became spirals; the mote became a dot, then a spot, then an oblong; and down the heavens from unknown heights, with the whole of British Guiana spread out beneath him from which to choose, swept a vulture into my very path. We had a quintette — a small flock of our own vultures — who came sifting down from the sky, day after day, to the feast of monkey bodies and wild peccaries which we spread for them. I knew all these by sight, from one peculiarity or another; for I was accustomed to watch them hour after hour, striving to learn something of that wonderful soaring, of which all my many hours of flying had taught me nothing.

This was a stranger, perhaps from the coast or the inland savannas; for to these birds great spaces are only matters of brief moments. I wanted a yellow-headed vulture, both for the painting of its marvelous head colors, and for the strange, intensely interesting, one-sided, down-at-the-heel syrinx, which, with the voice, had dissolved long ages ago, leaving only a whistling breath and an irregular complex of bones straggling over the windpipe.

Some day I shall dilate upon vultures as pets, being surpassed in cleanliness, affectionateness, and tameness only by baby bears, sloths, and certain monkeys. But to-day I wanted the new-

comer as a specimen. I was surprised to see that he did not head for the regular vulture table, but slid along a slant of the east wind, banked around its side, spreading and curling upward his wing-fingertips, and finally resting against the front edge of the breeze. Down this he sank slowly, balancing with the grace of perfect mastery, and again swung round and settled suddenly down shore, beyond a web of mangrove roots. This took me by surprise, and I changed my route and pushed through the undergrowth of young palms. Before I came within sight, the bird heard me, rose with a whipping of great pinions, and swept around three fourths of a circle before I could catch enough of a glimpse to drop him. The impetus carried him on, and completed the circle, and when I came out on the Cuyuni shore, I saw him spread out on what must have been the exact spot from which he had risen.

I walked along a greenheart log, with little crabs scuttling off on each side; and, as I looked ahead at the vulture, I saw to my great surprise that it had more colors than any yellow-headed vulture should have, and its plumage was somehow very different. This excited me so that I promptly slipped off the log and joined the crabs in the mud. Paying more attention to my steps, I did not again look up until I reached the tuft of low reeds on which the bird lay. Now, at last, I understood why my bird had metamorphosed in death, and also why it had chosen to descend to this spot. Instead of one bird, there were two, and a reptile. Another tragedy had taken place a few hours earlier, before dawn, — a double death, — and the sight of these three creatures brought to mind at once the chain for which I am always on the lookout. I picked up my chain by the middle, and began searching both ways for the missing links.

The vulture lay with magnificent wings outspread, partly covering a big spectacled owl, whose disheveled plumage was, in turn, wrapped about by several coils of a moderate-sized anaconda. Here was an excellent start in one direction for my chain, and at once I visualized myself and the snake, although alternate links, yet coupled in contradistinction to my editor and the vulture, the first two having entered the chain by means of death, whereas the vulture had simply joined in the pacifistic manner of its kind; and as my editor has dealt gently with me heretofore, I allowed myself to believe that his entrance might also be an innocuous one.

The head of the vulture was already losing some of its brilliant chrome and saffron, so I noted the condition of the surrounding sand and mud, and gathered together my spoils. I should have passed within a few feet of the owl and the snake and never have discovered them, so close were they in color to the dark reddish beach; yet the vulture, with its small eyes and minute nerves, had detected this tragedy when still perhaps a mile high in the air, or half a mile up-river. There could have been no odor, nor has the bird any adequate nostrils to detect it, had there been one. It was sheer keenness of vision. I looked at the bird's claws, and their weakness showed the necessity of the eternal search for carrion, or recently killed creatures. Here in a half-minute, it had devoured an eye of the owl and both of those of the serpent. It is a curious thing, this predilection for eyes; give a monkey a fish, and the eyes are the first tidbits taken.

II

Through the vulture I come to the owl link — a splendid bird, clad in the colors of its time of hunting; a great

soft dark shadow of a bird, with tiny body and long fluffy plumage of twilight buff and ebony night, lit by twin orange moons of eyes. The name, spectacled owl, is really more applicable to the downy nestling, which is like a white powder puff with two dark feathery spectacles around the eyes. Its name is one of those which I am fond of repeating rapidly — *Pulsatrix perspicillata perspicillata*. Etymologies do not grow in the jungle, and my memory is noted only for its consistent vagueness; but if the owl's title does not mean The Eyebrowed One Who Strikes, it ought to, especially as the subspecific trinomial grants it two eyebrows.

I would give much to know just what the beginning of the combat was like. The middle I could reconstruct without question, and the end was only too apparent. By a most singular coincidence, a few years before and less than three miles away, I found the desiccated remains of another spectacled owl, mingled with the bones of a snake; only in that instance the fangs indicated a small *fer-de-lance*, the owl having succumbed to its venom. This time the owl had rashly attacked a serpent far too heavy for it to lift, or even, as it turned out, successfully to battle with. The mud had been churned up for a foot in all directions, and the bird's plumage showed that it must have rolled over and over. The anaconda, having just fed, had come out of the water, and was probably stretched out on the sand and mud, as I have seen them, both by full sun and in the moonlight. These owls are birds rather of the creeks and river-banks than of the deep jungle, and among their food I have found shrimps, crabs, fish, and young birds. Once a few snake vertebræ showed that these reptiles are occasionally killed and devoured.

Whatever possessed the bird to strike its talons deep into the neck and back of this anaconda, none but the owl could say; but from then on the story was written by the combatants and their environment. The snake, like a flash, threw two coils around the bird, wings and all, and clamped these tight with a cross-vise of muscle. The tighter the coils compressed, the deeper the talons of the bird were driven in; but the damage was done with the first strike, and if owl and snake had parted at this moment, neither could have survived. It was a swift, terrible, and short fight. The snake could not use its teeth, and the bird had no time to bring its beak into play; and there in the night, with the lapping waves of the falling tide only two or three feet away, the two creatures of prey met and fought and died, in darkness and silence, locked fast together.

A few nights before, I had heard, on the opposite side of the bungalow, the deep, sonorous cry of the spectacled owl; within the week I had passed the line-and-crescent tracks of anacondas, one about the size of this snake and another much larger. And now Fate had linked their lives, or rather deaths, with me, using as her divining rod, the focusing of a sky-soaring vulture.

The owl had not fed that evening, although the bird was so well nourished that it could never have been driven to its foolhardy feat by stress of hunger. Hopeful of lengthening the chain, I rejoiced to see a suspicious swelling about the middle of the snake, which dissection resolved into a good-sized fish — itself carnivorous, locally called a *basha*. This was the first time I had known one of these fish to fall a victim to a land creature, except in the case of a big kingfisher who had caught two small ones. Like the owl and anaconda, bashas are nocturnal in their activities, and, according to their size, feed on small shrimps, big shrimps, and so on

up to six-inch or eight-inch catfish. They are built on swift, torpedo-like stream lines, and clad in iridescent silver mail.

From what I have seen of the habits of anacondas, I should say that this one had left its hole, high up among the upper-beach roots, late in the night, and softly wound its way down into the rising tide. Here, after drinking, the snake sometimes pursues and catches small fish and frogs; but the usual method is to coil up beside a half-buried stick or log, and await the tide and the manna it brings. In the van of the waters comes a host of small fry, followed by their pursuers, or by larger vegetable feeders, and the serpent has but to choose.

In this mangrove lagoon, then, there must have been a swirl and a splash, a passive holding fast by the snake for a while, until the right opportunity offered, and then a swift throw of coils. There must, then, be no mistake as to orientation of the fish. It would be a fatal error to attempt the tail first, with scales on end and serried spines to pierce the thickest tissues. It is beyond my knowledge how one of these fish can be swallowed, even head first, without serious laceration. But here was optical proof of its possibility — a new-swallowed basha, so recently caught that he appeared as in life, with even the delicate turquoise pigment beneath his scales, acting on his silvery armor as quicksilver under glass: the tooth-marks of the snake were still clearly visible on the scales. I registered another link, going steadily down the classes of vertebrates, mammal, bird, reptile, and fish, and still my magic boxes were unexhausted.

Excitedly I cut open the fish. An organism more unlike that of the snake would be hard to imagine. There I had followed an elongated stomach, and had left unexplored many feet of alimentary canal. Here, the fish had his heart literally in his mouth, while his other livers and lights were only a short distance behind, followed by a great expanse of tail, to wag him at its will, and drive him through the water with the speed of twin-propellers. His eyes are wonderful for night-hunting — large, wide, and bent in the middle, so that he can see both above and on each side. But all this wide-angled vision availed nothing against the lidless, motionless watch of the ambushed anaconda. Searching the crevices of the rocks and logs for timorous small fry, the basha had sculled too close, and the jaws which closed upon him were backed by too much muscle, and too perfect a throttling machine, to allow of the least chance of escape. It was a big basha compared with the moderate-sized snake, but the fierce eyes had judged well, as the evidence before me proved.

Still my chain held true, and in the stomach of the basha I found what I wanted: another link, and more than I could have hoped for — a representative of the fifth and last class of vertebrate animals living on the earth — an Amphibian, an enormous frog. This, too, had been a swift-forged link, so recent that digestion had affected only the head of the creature. I drew it out, set it upon its great squat legs, and there was a grandmother frog almost as in life — a *Pok-poke*, as the Indians call it, or, — as a herpetologist would prefer, — *Leptodactylus caliginosus*, the Smoky Jungle Frog.

She lived in the jungle just behind, where she and a sister of hers had their curious nests of foam, which they guarded from danger, while the tadpoles grew and squirmed within its sudsy mesh, as if there were no water in the world. I had watched one of the two, perhaps this very one, for hours, and saw her dart angrily after little

fish which came too near. Then, this night, the high, full-moon tides had swept over the barrier back of the mangrove roots, and set the tadpoles free, and the mother frogs were at liberty to go where they pleased.

From my cot in the bungalow to the south, I had heard, in the early part of the night, the death-scream of a frog, and it must have been at that moment that somehow the basha had caught the great amphibian. This frog is one of the fiercest of its class, and captures mice, reptiles, and small fish without trouble. It is even cannibalistic on very slight provocation, and two of equal size will sometimes endeavor to swallow one another in the most appallingly matter-of-fact manner.

They represent the opposite extreme in temperament from the pleasantly philosophical giant toads. In outward appearance, in the dim light of dusk, the two groups are not unlike; but the moment they are taken in the hand, all doubt ceases. After one dive for freedom, the toad resigns himself to fate, only venting his spleen in much puffing out of his sides; while the frog either fights until exhausted, or pretends death until opportunity offers for a last mad dash.

In this case the frog must have leaped into deep water beyond the usual barrier, and, while swimming, have been attacked by the equally voracious fish. In addition to the regular croak of this species, it has a most unexpected and un-amphibian yell or scream, given only when it thinks itself at the last extremity. It is most unnerving when the frog, held firmly by the hind legs, suddenly puts its whole soul into an ear-splitting *peent! peent! peent! peent!*

Many a time they are probably saved from death by this cry, which startles like a sudden blow; but to-night no utterance in the world could have saved it: its assailant was dumb and all but deaf to aerial sounds. Its cries were smothered in the water, as the fish dived and nuzzled it about the roots, as bashas do with their food — and it became another link in the chain.

Like a miser with one empty coffer, or a gambler with an unfilled royal flush, I went eagerly at the frog, with forceps and scalpel. But beyond a meagre residuum of eggs, there was nothing but shrunken organs in its body. The rashness of its venture into river water was perhaps prompted by hunger after its long maternal fast, while it watched over its egg-filled nest of foam.

Hopeful to the last, I scrape some mucus from its food canal, place it in a drop of water under my microscope, and — discover Opalina, my last link, which, in the course of its most astonishing life-history, gives me still another.

III

To the naked eye there is nothing visible — the water seems clear; but when I enlarge it fifty diameters, I lift the veil on another world, and there swim into view a dozen minute lives — little oval beings covered with curving lines, giving the appearance of wandering finger-prints. In some lights these are iridescent, and they then well deserve the name of Opalina. As for their personality, they are oval and rather flat; it would take one hundred of them to stretch an inch; they have no mouth, and they are covered with a fur of *flagella*, with which they whip themselves through the water. Indeed, the whole of their little selves consists of a multitude of nuclei, sometimes as many as two hundred, exactly alike — facial expression, profile, torso, limbs, pose, all are summed up in rounded nuclei, partly obscured by a mist of vibrating flagella.

As for their gait, they move along in colored waves, steadily and gently, not keeping an absolutely straight course, and making rather a good deal of leeway, as any rounded, keelless craft, surrounded by its own paddle-wheels, must expect to do.

I have placed Opalina under very strange and unpleasant conditions, in thus subjecting it to the inhospitable qualities of a drop of clear water. Even as I watch, it begins to slow down, and the flagella move less rapidly and evenly. It prefers an environment far different, the one where I discovered it living, happy and contented — in the stomach and intestines of a frog, where its iridescence was lost, or rather had never existed in the absolute darkness; where its delicate hairs often must have been unmercifully crushed and bent in the ever-moving tube; and where air and sky, trees and sun, sound and color were forever unknown, in their place only bits of half-digested ants and beetles, thousand-legs and worms, rolled and tumbled along in the dense gastric stream of acid pepsin; a strange choice of home for one of our fellow living beings on the earth.

After an Opalina has flagellated itself about and fed for a time, in its strange, almost crystalline way, on the juices of its host's food, its body begins to contract, and narrows across the centre, until it looks somewhat like a map of the New World. Finally, its isthmus thread breaks, and two Opalinas swim placidly off, both identical, except that each has half the number of nuclei. We cannot wonder that there is no backward glance, or wave of cilia, or even memory of their other body; for they are themselves, or rather it is they, or it is each: our whole vocabulary, our entire stock of pronouns, our grammar, our very conception of individuality, is shattered by the life of Opalina.

Each daughter-cell or self-twin, or whatever we choose to conceive it, divides in turn. Finally there comes a day (or rather some Einstein period of space-time, for there are no days in a frog's stomach) when Opalina's fraction has reached a stage with only two nuclei. When this has creased and stretched, and finally broken, like two bits of drawn-out molasses candy, we have the last divisional possibility. The time for the great adventure has arrived, with decks cleared for action — or, as a protozoölogist would put it, with the flagellate's protoplasm uninucleate, approximating encystment.

The encysting process is but slightly understood, but the tiny one-two-hundredth-of-its-former-self Opalina curls up, its paddle-wheels run down, it forms a shell, and rolls into the current which it has withstood for a protozoan's lifetime. Out into the world drifts the minute ball of latent life, a plaything of the cosmos, permitted neither to see, nor hear, nor eat, nor to move of its own volition. It hopes (only it cannot even desire) to find itself in water; it must fall or be washed into a pool with tadpoles, one of which must come along at the right moment and swallow it with the débris upon which it rests. The possibility of this elaborate concatenation of events has everything against it, and yet it must occur, or death will result. No wonder that the population of Opalinas does not overstock its limited and retired environment.

Supposing that all happens as it should, and that the only chance in a hundred thousand comes to pass, the encysted being knows, or is affected in some mysterious way by entrance into the body of the tadpole. The cyst is dissolved and the infant Opalina begins to feed and to develop new nuclei. Like the queen ant, after she has been walled forever into her chamber, the

life of the little 'one-cell' would seem to be extremely sedentary and humdrum, in fact monotonous, until its turn came to fractionize itself, and again severally to go into the outside world, multiplied and by installments. But as the queen ant had her one superlative day of sunlight, heavenly flight, and a mate, so Opalina, while she is still wholly herself, has a little adventure all her own.

Let us strive to visualize her environment, as it would appear to her if she could find time and ability within her single cell, to do more than feed and bisect herself. Once free from her horny cyst, she stretches her drop of a body, sets all her paddle-hairs in motion, and swims slowly off. If we suppose that she has been swallowed by a tadpole an inch long, her living quarters are astonishingly spacious or, rather, elongated. Passing from end to end, she would find a living tube two feet in length — a dizzy path to traverse, as it is curled in a tight, many-whorled spiral: the stairway, the domicile, the universe at present, for Opalina. She is compelled to be a vegetarian, for nothing but masses of decayed leaf-tissue, black mud, and algæ come down the stairway. For many days there is only the sound of water gurgling past the tadpole's gills, or glimpses of sticks and leaves, and the occasional flash of a small fish through the thin skin periscope of its body.

Then the tadpole's mumbling, even of half-rotted leaves, comes to an end, and both it and its guest begin to fast. Down the whorls comes less and less of vegetable detritus, and Opalina must feel like the crew of a submarine when the food-supply runs short. At the same time, something very strange happens, the experience of which eludes our utmost imagination. Poe wrote a memorable tale of a prison cell which day by day grew smaller, and Opalina goes through much the same adventure. If she frequently traverses her tube, she finds it growing shorter and shorter. As it contracts, the spiral untwists and straightens out, while all the time the rations are cut off. A dark curtain of pigment is drawn across the epidermal periscope, and, as books of dire adventure say, 'the horror of darkness is added to the terrible mental uncertainty.' The whole movement of the organism changes: there is no longer the rush and swish of water, and the even, undulatory motion alters to a series of spasmodic jerks — quite the opposite of ordinary transition from water to land. Instead of water rushing through the gills of her host, Opalina might now hear strange musical sounds, loud and low, the singing of insects, the soughing of swamp-palms.

Opalina, about this time, should be feeling very low in her mind, if she had one, from lack of food, and the uncertainty of explanation why, the larger her host grew, the smaller, more confined became her quarters. The tension is relieved at last by a new influx of provender, but not inert mould or disintegrated leaves. Down the short, straight tube appears a live millipede, kicking as only a millipede can, with its thousand heels. Deserting for a moment Opalina's point of view, my scientific conscience insists on asserting itself to the effect that no millipede with which I am acquainted has even half a thousand legs. But not to quibble over details, even a few hundred kicking legs must make quite a commotion in Opalina's home, before the pepsin puts a quietus on the unwilling invader.

From now on there is no lack of food, for at each sudden jerk of the whole amphibian there comes down some animal or other. The vegetarian tadpole, with its enormously lengthened digestive apparatus, has crawled out on land, fasting while the miracle is being

wrought with its plumbing; and when the readjustment is made to more easily assimilated animal food, and it has become a frog, it forgets all about leaves and algæ, and leaps after and captures almost any living creature which crosses its path, and which is small enough to be engulfed.

With the refurnishing of her apartment and the sudden and complete change of diet, the exigencies of life are past for Opalina. She has now but to move blindly about, bathed in a stream of nutriment, and, from time to time, nonchalantly to cut herself in twain. Only one other possibility awaits — that which occurred in the case of our Opalina. There comes a time when the sudden leap is not followed by an inrush of food, but by another leap and still another, and finally a headlong dive, a splash and a rush of water, which, were protozoans given to reincarnated memory, might recall times long past. Suddenly comes a violent spasm, then a terrible struggle, ending in a strange quiet: Opalina has become a link.

All motion is at an end, and, instead of food, comes compression; closer and closer shut the walls, and soon they break down and a new fluid pours in. Opalina's cyst had dissolved readily in the tadpole's stomach, while her own body was able to withstand what all the food of tadpole and frog could not. But now, if I had not wanted the painting of a vulture's head, little Opalina, together with the body of her life-long host, would have corroded and melted, and in the dark depths of the tropical waters her multitude of paddle-hairs, her more or fewer nuclei, all would have dissolved and been reabsorbed, to furnish their iota of energy to the swift silvery fish.

This flimsy little skyscraper castle of Jack's, built of isolated bricks of facts, gives a hint of the wonderland of correlation. Facts are necessary; but even a pack-rat can assemble a gallon of beans in a single night. To link facts together, to see them forming into a concrete whole; to make *A* fit into *Arch*, and *Arch* into *Architecture* — that is one of the greatest joys of life which, of all the links in my chain, only the Editor, You, and I — the mammals — can know.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PUPPETS

BY ROBERT NATHAN

I

PAPA JONAS lived on the ground floor of No. 12 Barrow Street. It was there that he had his workshop, with its long table and its two dusty windows which looked down on a garden, owned by the church next door and planted with geraniums and nasturtiums. At noon a shaft of sunlight entered the shop, whose walls were hung with little dolls made of wood and dressed in silk and velvet.

They were the actors and actresses of the puppet theatre of which Papa Jonas was the owner and manager. Once a week you could have seen them presenting some play of Aristophanes, or Shakespeare, in a stable near Ninth Avenue. And you would have been astonished at their touching and life-like gestures. But between performances they were content to hang limp and motionless from the wall at No. 12 Barrow Street, or to sit stiffly and without speaking on the floor, while Papa Jonas changed the expression of Iago, or dressed Ophelia in the robes of the goddess Eirene.

Day after day, amid the odors of glue and new pine boards, Papa Jonas worked over these little creatures of wood, cloth, paper, and tinsel. There were any number of them; they filled the corners, they gazed from the walls with gay and mournful faces. Papa Jonas loved them all and kept adding to them with anxious joy. But he confessed that he had certain favorites. His heart went out to an old Jew on whom he had been working for half a year. And he ventured the opinion that this puppet was his masterpiece.

'His face is full of suffering and ignorance,' he said; 'he almost seems to breathe.'

There was also a clown with a long, red nose, of whom Papa Jonas was very fond. He had named him Mr. Aristotle, because he believed that to be a good clown it was necessary to be something of a philosopher. But he did not expect him, for that reason, to be very wise. 'To be wise,' Papa Jonas used to say, 'it is necessary to see a great deal. One must look about; then one gets to know more than other people. Do not expect wisdom of a puppet; he has his nail in the wall, and that is all there is to it.'

One reason why the puppet-master felt a special fondness for Mr. Aristotle, was that the little clown reminded him of a time when he was poor, when he had been obliged to give plays like 'The Adventures of Mr. Punch,' or 'Jonah and the Whale.' Papa Jonas liked to think back to those days of his youth, with their longing, their enthusiasm, and their sadness. 'Do you remember how hungry we were?' he used to ask Mr. Aristotle, and 'Shall you ever forget the year we spent in Italy? The shiny blue sky, the cakes and wine? — Yes, I can see that you are thinking of it.'

Papa Jonas was no longer poor; he had enough for his needs, enough to

allow him to present his plays with two assistants. Mrs. Holly, who lived with her daughter upstairs in the house on Barrow Street, recited the women's parts in a sweet and husky voice; while the young poet, Christopher Lane, changed the scenes, clicked on the electric lights, and raised and lowered the curtain. Mr. Lane also helped to dress the puppets, looked to the joints and wires, and even made minor repairs in the cloth or the paper. He was a poet; that is to say, he wrote verses, which he was unable to sell. Still, this did not discourage him. He was happy because, as Papa Jonas said, he was hardly aware of what was going on under his nose. His eyes were always on the future, which glowed with the brightest colors. It is not to-day, he thought, but to-morrow that is important. As he went to bed in his cold, bare room, he comforted himself with this reflection.

He was poor, but it did not seem to him that he was any worse off for that reason. He longed to travel, but it was all of the mind; he simply wished to be somewhere else, because the sky looked so beautiful far away. The city with its gray streets, its windy shadows, its harsh, clear lights, was like a wall over which he gazed with longing at the rest of the world. When the sun went down across the river, leaving the sky yellow and green and violet, he thought: 'That is the way the West is now.' And he saw in imagination the prairies, the mountains, and the desert, bathed in that ineffable glow.

It was this feeling that drew him to the puppets. They seemed to him like men and women of long ago, or far away; and the scenes which he set up with such care on the stage were also of places far away. He liked to imagine that the little dolls were really Hamlet, or Jonah with his whale; and he felt in their presence that serene sorrow which comes from a contemplation of the past.

II

Amy May Holly was six years old. She was stout and cheerful, and she lived with her mother on the top floor of the two-story house at No. 12 Barrow Street, directly over Papa Jonas, whose workshop was on the floor below. Mrs. Holly was a newspaper woman: that is to say, she conducted a column called 'Advice to Lovers,' on an evening paper. She received the confidences of young men and women, and she replied to their anxiety with earnest and sensible proposals. But at home she was careless and happy-go-lucky; she was like a child. Amy May always insisted that she was older than her mother, whom she felt obliged to look after. 'I don't know what you'd do,' she told her, more than once, 'if you did n't have me.'

'Oh dear,' cried Mrs. Holly. And she wrung her stubby fingers in dismay.

In the afternoon, when her mother went down to the paper, Amy May stayed at home, and looked after the house. She fed Tibbie, the canary; she played with Jane Demonstration, the little white rabbit; and she trotted solemnly up and down with the carpet-sweeper. Then she went to look at the geraniums in the bath-tub. It was a large, old-fashioned tub, with plenty of room at the farther end for a small box of geraniums perched on some sticks, like a lake-dwelling. Mrs. Holly liked to look at the flowers across the clear green water of her bath; and Amy May kept some little china dolls among the leaves, and made believe the flower-box was an island. She had a wooden boat, and while her mother scrubbed her ears and her back, she took her dolls sailing.

She arranged picnics from one end of the bath-tub to the other. She was capable, she was in earnest, and she knew exactly what was needed for

every occasion. 'Take your rubbers, children,' she would say, 'and some blocks to play with, in case it rains.'

'They're all girls,' she told her mother, 'like you and me. Maybe some day I'll have a little boy doll.' That was her way of asking for things.

Mrs. Holly sighed, because she had a few problems of her own. She was a widow; she felt that she was beginning to look older; and she was tired of giving advice to lovers. 'Well,' she said, 'perhaps Papa Jonas will give you a little boy doll, if you ask him for it.'

'Do you think so?' said Amy May. She would have asked for it anyway, sooner or later, but she liked to talk it over with somebody first. 'Maybe he'll give me the nice one with the long red nose? His name is Mr. Aristotle, mother, and he 's the-little-girl-with the-real-hair's brother. Her name is Princess Angelica. I like Angelica, mother, because she looks like me. I play we're sisters, and we tell each other secrets. Do you know what she told me? Well, she told me' — she thought for a moment, her face drawn up in a frown — 'she told me' — and leaning over to her mother, she whispered in her ear, 'Bzbzbzbzbz.'

'No,' exclaimed Mrs. Holly. 'Do you know what I think?' And she whispered solemnly back, 'Bzbzbzbz.'

After supper, while her mother washed the dishes, Amy May went to say good-night to the rabbit, Jane Demonstration. This tiny creature inhabited a sort of hutch, built by Christopher Lane out of a soap-box, and placed near the stove. After laying a small, cold, china doll beside her for company, Amy May covered all but the rabbit's nose with a quilt made of cotton and silk. 'Good-night,' she said. 'Hold the truth.'

As soon as she was gone, Jane Demonstration crept slyly out from beneath the covers, and getting as far as possible from the cold china doll, settled down on top of the quilt with voluptuous satisfaction.

Amy May Holly was a Christian Scientist. At the age of six she repeated from memory the lessons taught her by the laundress, Amelia Adams, who arrived each Monday morning to do the wash. Mrs. Holly never failed to be surprised at the stories that Amy May repeated with such pious joy. But it never occurred to her to deny them. Once or twice she asked, 'Do you really believe it?'

'Of course,' said Amy May. She believed it because the laundress had told her so.

'Then it's good with me,' said her mother. She was a skeptic, and her manner was a little rare; but she was polite, and she respected the opinions of others.

The child took over the language of the religion which charmed and consoled her. 'There was a man,' she declared, 'who was pushed by a bee.'

'Tst,' said her mother. 'Did it hurt him?'

'No,' replied Amy May, 'it did n't hurt him. He knew the truth, and he felt quite well.'

Mrs. Holly shook her head. 'That's grand,' she declared. She wanted to know why the bee had pushed him.

'It was an error,' said Amy May. 'He sat down on him.'

She went to bed each night with a rag-doll by the name of Anabelle Lee. Anabelle was ugly, and she had only one eye, but her face expressed a lively optimism. When Mrs. Holly had kissed her daughter's cheeks, soft and cool as rose-leaves, she repeated a little prayer which she used to say as a child, and which she had never forgotten: —

'From goolies and ghosties,
From long-legged beasties,
And things that go bump in the night,
Good Lord deliver us.'

To this Amy May added in a low voice and without a pause: 'What is the scientific statement of being there isnolifenotruthintellenceorsubstanceinmatterforGod is not matirilheis spichul.' Then she repeated a few little prayers, which she improvised for the occasion: 'God bless mother and Papa Jonas and Christopher Lane and make Anabelle Lee a good girl, amen.'

Mrs. Holly turned out the light, and went back to her work. She was making a dress for Agamemnon's wife, who also played the parts of Lady Macbeth and the Queen of Denmark. For a while, as she sewed, she sang to herself under her breath; but presently the singing stopped, and she sat, looking dreamily before her, her hands idle in her lap. She hated cooking and sweeping, but she approached them with a sort of jaunty rush; on the other hand, sewing simply made her sleepy. One button was enough, she always hoped, to hold things up, what with safety-pins and a bit of string. Poor Mary Holly — what a great vexation she must have been to her daughter, who was just as neat as her mother was untidy. In the end, it was Amy May who put on her own buttons; and since she liked to sew, she even put a few on her mother's things, here and there, wherever she thought they might be needed. She was willing and earnest, but she was not always exact, and her buttons, an inch too high, or a little too low, gave Mrs. Holly at times an appearance of improvisation, not unbecoming to her short and vigorous figure.

III

The next afternoon Amy May and Anabelle Lee went to call on Papa Jonas. It was a formal call, and for this reason Anabelle Lee was dressed in her best frock. Held together by a safety-pin, it concealed with austerity the lines of her figure. These faults did not cause Anabelle Lee the least embarrassment. Hopeful and meek, she allowed herself to be held upside down by one foot, while her mother knocked on the door of the puppet shop.

'Come in,' cried Christopher.

Amy May advanced into the room, and made a little bow. 'How do you do, Mr. Lane,' she said; 'is Papa Jonas in?'

Christopher had played with Amy May before, and he knew what was expected of him.

'How do you do, Miss Holly,' he said. 'Papa Jonas is out. But he'll be in directly. Won't you take a seat? Here is an elegant seat.' And he pulled a little soap-box out from under the work-table.

Amy May sat down, and arranged her skirts. From the top of the soap-box, the room seemed very high to Amy May, very large, and shadowy, and still. The worn trousers of Mr. Lane, with baggy knees, rose past her serious eyes like the legs of a god.

The poet was preparing for the production of Don Quixote. Surrounded by shavings which gave forth a sweet and aromatic odor, he was putting the finishing touches to a sword with which the Knight of La Mancha hoped to destroy the heathen Malambrino. Amy May sat at his feet, with the patient Anabelle Lee in her lap, and gazed up at him with longing and respect.

'Well, how are you?' she said, to begin with. 'Have you made any new accomplishments in your work?'

'Yes indeed,' replied Christopher.

He swung the little sword through the air, in order to enjoy its terrifying appearance. 'Heu,' he exclaimed. And with a superb pass, he plunged the wooden point into the cotton waistcoat of the King of Denmark, who hung on the wall.

Amy May laughed, shyly and merri-

ly. 'You do the funniest things,' she said: 'you're the humorest person.'

Then, all at once becoming grave, she held out Anabelle Lee for him to look at. 'Do you like the dress?' she asked. 'Mother made it. She made it out of a ribbon, and my panties. I think it's beautiful.'

Christopher agreed that it was a handsome dress. But that was not enough for Amy May. 'She has nicer dresses,' she said. This was not true; but she wished to spare Anabelle's feelings. She explained that they had come to see Papa Jonas.

'We came,' she declared, 'to ask him for a favor.'

'Maybe it's something I could do,' suggested Christopher.

Amy May shook her head. 'It's a serious favor,' she said; 'I think we'd better wait, if you don't mind.'

'Not at all,' said Christopher; 'make yourself at home.' He turned back to his work again. 'He'll be here soon,' he added.

Left to her own devices, Amy May looked thoughtfully down at her feet, small, and round in front, and huddled together. Then she bent her head to bring her ear close to Anabelle's painted mouth. 'Well,' she said in a whisper, 'you'll have to wait till you get upstairs.'

She turned back to the poet again. 'Do you think people ever get lonesome sometimes?' she asked.

Christopher looked at her with surprise. 'Why, of course,' he said, 'people often get lonesome. But you're not lonesome, Amy May?'

'No, not me,' said Amy May; 'it's Anabelle Lee. She gets lonesome and lonely.'

'Now,' said Christopher, 'that's a shame.'

Amy May continued with a frown: 'Do you think Papa Jonas would give me a doll for Anabelle Lee to play with, if I asked him? because mother thought maybe, if I asked him, he would.'

Mr. Lane thought it very likely, but he wondered just what doll would do. There was Angelica, of course, and Ophelia —

But Amy May wanted a boy doll.

'A boy doll!' exclaimed Christopher. 'Whatever do you want a boy doll for, Amy May?'

'For Anabelle Lee,' said Amy May.

She explained that Anabelle Lee wanted to be married. Both Amy May and her daughter liked to play house: and they desired a man. They needed a husband, a doctor, and a grocer, but they were willing to economize: one man could be all three, with a little imagination.

Christopher, however, was shocked.

'A doctor?' he exclaimed with surprise: 'Amy May don't you cure your child with love any more?'

'Yes, I do,' said Amy May. 'But this is just a game. She likes to have the doctor go thump on her stummick. That's the way we play. She's only a doll,' she added, 'and she does n't know any better.'

But his criticism had touched and troubled her, and she added thoughtfully, as if trying to settle things with herself, 'well, it's only playing, anyhow.'

In the cool and dusty light of late afternoon, it seemed to the young poet as if Anabelle Lee's one bright eye were gazing up at him with a strangely earnest expression. She seemed to be trying to tell him something: perhaps that she was lonesome and lonely. He thought he heard a voice, elfin, faint, and harsh, dry as the click of peas: —

'Women have need of love, Christopher Lane, even though they happen to be made of rags, and have only one eye. What a shame! But, after all, what is more natural? Such women sometimes receive from the hands of

Lachesis husbands they do not deserve and cannot satisfy. It is to accidents of this character that the Stoic adjusts himself by bowing his will to the will of the immortal gods.'

But that was hardly the way Anabelle Lee might have been expected to talk. Christopher Lane turned around with a start. There, at his elbow, was Mr. Aristotle, hanging from a nail in the wall. And it seemed to the young man that Mr. Aristotle was gazing at him with a frightened and melancholy smile.

'It's only playing,' said Amy May; 'don't you think it's all right if it's only playing?'

'Yes,' replied Christopher absently, 'yes — Well, you see,' he said to Mr. Aristotle, 'it's only playing.'

But he thought that Mr. Aristotle shook his head; and that his wooden face, with its great nose, was turned upon Anabelle Lee with a look of horror.

A few moments later Papa Jonas himself entered the shop. He carried in his hands a can of paint and a faded flower given him by a child on the street. When he learned that Amy May wanted a boy doll for Anabelle Lee to play with, he advanced the opinion that Anabelle Lee ought to be satisfied with the company of an agreeable young rabbit, like Jane Demonstration.

'But, Papa Jonas,' said Amy May, 'Jane Demonstration is only very, very little yet, and mother won't even let me take her out of her box. Can't I have a boy doll, Papa Jonas, can't I please, for Anabelle Lee to play with?'

Christopher explained that the rag doll wished to be married.

'There's no doubt about it,' he said gravely; 'you can see it in her eye.'

'She's so lonesome,' said Amy May; 'she cries all the time.' She turned to her daughter. 'Don't you, Anabelle Lee, darling?'

Anabelle Lee did not deny it.

Papa Jonas looked soberly down at the little brown head bent so anxiously above its darling. And as he stood there, this grave old man felt a sudden pang of envy and pity for Anabelle Lee. It would be so grand, he thought, to be made of rags, and to be loved. But love goes by, after a while, and then there is only a little figure left with drooping arms and one lonely eye — or an old man with his dolls.

He thought to himself: 'Yet love itself does not change; it finds new cheeks to kiss. It follows youth, as the birds follow the spring. Their songs pass above the cotton-fields and sound again in our orchards, among the daisies and the apple-blossoms. Then in the autumn they rise swiftly and quietly from the thinning trees, and fly away to build their nests in branches still murmuring with bees. Others hear their songs, while winter sleeps in our fields.

'Love is man's soul: it does not grow like his hopes, it does not break like his heart.'

'Please, Papa Jonas,' said Amy May, 'can I have Mr. Aristotle?'

Papa Jonas gave a start, and Christopher let out a low whistle.

'So you wish, Amy May,' said Papa Jonas, 'to arrange a marriage between Anabelle Lee and Mr. Aristotle? Dear me — I must think it over a little.'

Giving his assistant an anxious wink, he said to him, 'Do you believe they would be happy together, Christopher Lane?'

'Ak,' he thought, 'really, just when I am so fond of him — '

The poet looked at the little clown, hanging disconsolately on the wall. He remembered that Mr. Aristotle was one of his master's favorite dolls; and he shook his head gloomily. 'No,' he said firmly; 'it would be an unhappy marriage. Why, for one thing, he

would simply pinch her black and blue.'

At these words Amy May gave a cry. 'Oh,' she exclaimed. And clutching Anabelle Lee to her bosom with a gesture at once defiant and comforting, she added, 'I would n't let him — never.'

'There, now,' said Papa Jonas in wheedling tones, 'did you hear what my assistant said, Amy May? As a matter of fact, it is my opinion also. Let me give you, instead, this little figure of Hamlet. I have another like it, and besides, I am sure he would make an excellent husband for Anabelle Lee, since he has a good deal to say, but all quite gentle and sad. Or look — here is Romeo, Amy May — would you like Romeo? Or Prince Giglio — yes, there's a beauty for you — but not Mr. Aristotle, my child, no, not Mr. Aristotle.'

However, Anabelle Lee's heart was set on Mr. Aristotle, and nothing else would do; so in the end Papa Jonas was obliged to give in. 'Very well, then,' he said with a deep sigh, 'you shall have Mr. Aristotle. Perhaps it is all for the best.'

Turning to his assistant, he exclaimed, 'Christopher, we must give our little friend a new suit. This clown's dress is hardly the proper habit for a bridegroom. Come, let us see what we can find in the closet.'

Amy May rose to her feet, still holding Anabelle Lee tightly to her chest. 'There, there,' she murmured, 'it's all right now — don't cry — '

Anabelle Lee was not crying. She remained silent and absorbed. And it seemed to Christopher that her eye, made out of a shoe button, shone with agreeable thoughts.

IV

'Come,' said Sancho Panza, who had lately returned to the workshop, to Mr. Aristotle, 'what is this I hear about you? That you are to be married? It seems to me extraordinary, to say the least. Never put new wine in old bottles, is a good thing to remember. Yes, now what have you got to say for yourself? Just tell us that.'

Mr. Aristotle gazed around him with a tolerant air. 'Really,' he remarked languidly, 'suppose, as you say, I am to be married? Certainly there is nothing astonishing in that, to my way of thinking. It is simply a new experience for me, that is all; I found that I was getting a little dull, and I thought — Well, you know that for an artist like me there is nothing so necessary as experience. I am simply stepping aside for a moment or two from my career on the stage, to see what it is like to be — When I return, my art will be all the richer.'

These words did not convince the little squire, who shook his head doubtfully. 'That's all very well,' he remarked; 'but don't forget this, my friend — I also have been married; I know a thing or two; and while I could easily understand a flirtation, or even a love affair — quietly, you understand, with no one the wiser — But to be married — well, really — and to such a thin woman with only one eye — '

Mr. Aristotle broke in at this point in an angry voice: 'Please remember that you are speaking of my intended.'

And as Sancho Panza began to apologize, he added more gently: —

'No matter, there is no harm done. I realize that she is not exactly a beauty: but her heart is of gold: and she loves me. You do not know what it means to be loved by a good woman. Let me tell you, sometimes I am a little afraid — such virtue, such modesty. After all, I am just a rough fellow; what if I prove a little too rough for those exquisite feelings? Yes, it is a

serious matter, my friend; it is a heavy responsibility.'

With that he sighed deeply.

Sancho Panza also sighed. 'Yes, yes,' he said, 'the love of a good woman. Still,' he added, more brightly, 'what is this I hear about her wealth? I am told that you are doing very well for yourself. Soft chairs to sit on — new suits to wear — ' As he spoke, he glanced enviously at Mr. Aristotle out of his bright black eyes.

Mr. Aristotle made a deprecatory gesture. 'Although she is not exactly wealthy,' he said, 'I believe that she is very well off. I expect to spend a few months in comfort, sitting on cushions; and I shall do a little thinking. Then, when I return, I shall be ready to play the most important rôles. I may even,' he added, as an afterthought, 'start a little theatre of my own. Perhaps you would be willing to consider a position — '

'Hm,' said Sancho Panza, 'hm — Now, really, this is very interesting. Yes, I should say — Well, the devil, perhaps I could play the part of a king, or an earl, eh?'

Mr. Aristotle waved his hand grandly. 'We will think about it,' he declared. And he turned to Mr. Moses, who had said nothing up to this point. 'How about you, my friend?' he asked.

But Mr. Moses shook his head and sighed. 'I am glad to see that you have changed your mind,' he remarked, 'although I had hoped — '

' I have not changed my mind,' said Mr. Aristotle hastily; 'I am simply saying what I have thought all along. As a matter of fact, one gets a little stiff hanging here on the wall; it was quite another thing when I played the part of Jonah and the Whale. But now I feel that it is time to look at life from other points of view. That is the advice I would give to any artist.'

And he frowned earnestly.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, on a near-by nail, ventured to disagree with him. 'No,' he said, 'no, I do not agree with you. Avoid women, Mr. Aristotle; they will poison your mind. Shut your ears to them; and you will save yourself a great deal of trouble.'

'That may be,' said Mr. Aristotle; 'but after all, you must allow me to lead my own life. I am obliged to Your Highness, but I know what is best for me. I am not like you, gloomy and poetical; I am an adventurer, I lead a life of gayety, and passion. That is the proper life for such a man as myself. Then at the end, if I am wrong, I shall simply throw myself out of the window. That is better than being thrown on the rubbish-heap, or being made over into something else — a gravedigger, or some minor character like that.'

'In that case,' said Mr. Moses slowly, 'Miss Lee would be a widow.' And he gazed thoughtfully at the window.

Mr. Aristotle gave a shudder. 'Really,' he said, 'how can you say such things? But anyhow, do you imagine for a moment that would make any difference? I tell you, she would never have you. You are too sober, my friend. Have you ever kissed a young woman when nobody was looking? That is what makes a man. You should try to act a little more like an artist. Then you would see the difference.'

'I dare say you are right,' said Mr. Moses sadly. 'Still, I dislike to think of it. It is not the way I was brought up. Possibly there are better things than having experiences, or being an artist. I will try to think a little more about God. Then perhaps these things will not bother me so much.'

V

The sparrows did not like to spend much time in Dr. Twine's garden,

where a tiny bird-house had been erected for them on a pole. Active, greedy, and choleric, they preferred the streets, full of traffic, in which their cries were lost beneath the noise of wheels. They explored the gutters with anxiety, and hopped about on the roofs of houses which seemed like mountains to them. As they swooped in and out between motors moving in every direction, they seemed to be saying, —

'One must be bright and quick in this world. Get what you can; and we will discuss it later.'

They were true inhabitants of the city.

Nevertheless, they sometimes made use of Dr. Twine's little garden for their wooing. There, in the mild sun, hidden from the streets by red and yellow walls, the birds enjoyed their brief and simple courtships. The male wished to show that he was a fine fellow after all; and the female replied by giving him some sharp pecks with her beak. Then they retired into the bird-house, and set up housekeeping for a day, or a week. They took their furniture with them: a dove's feather, or a bunch of twigs; and their quarrels filled the garden with chirping.

They did not disturb anyone at No. 12 Barrow Street, where the wedding of Mr. Aristotle and Anabelle Lee was being celebrated. Clad in a long veil which reached to the floor, the bride hung limply from Amy May's hand, next to the groom, who was supported by Christopher Lane. Before them stood the puppet-master; behind them Mrs. Holly, the Reverend Dr. Twine, and Jane Demonstration, with a ribbon around her neck; while from the walls and corners of the shop, Mr. Aristotle's former companions regarded him with wooden and unpitying glances.

Amy May's face was flushed and serious; the hand which held the fainting Anabelle Lee was warm and wet. Christopher also was solemn. In a hush made deeper by the sound of the birds outside, Papa Jonas remarked: —

'There have come before me two small and quiet beings. One is of wood, the other is of rags. They have never spoken, and we have no reason to believe that they have ever heard the words we have addressed to them. At the same time, let us not make the mistake of denying to motionless forms a life of which we happen to be ignorant. For life is everywhere, and in everything; it is as pervasive as it is mysterious. Everywhere it is full of joy and anguish; everywhere it is lovely, patient, and brave. It has no purpose save to continue; it has no aim save to extend itself.

'And it extends itself by love. It sacrifices itself, in order to be born again. This is the object of marriage; and for this reason marriage is tragic. For it is a form of death. Life renews itself only at the cost of life; the new destroys and feeds upon the old. Uncaring, immortal, nature views with equal indifference the agony of birth and the pangs of dissolution. It is all one to her; it is all the same.

'From the marriage of insects, other insects are born, with frightful claws and ardent dispositions. The swift, shy birds give birth to wingèd forms, from whom the same sweet songs ascend. From the wedding of minds, new thoughts are conceived; they are like the old, but they are fresh and passionate with youth. And from the wedding of souls, new hopes arise.

'All marriages are fruitful. May this one, too, be fruitful: of peace, of quiet joy.'

'It won't be,' said Christopher.

'Don't be so gloomy,' whispered Mrs. Holly. 'Be a little gay.'

Papa Jonas continued: —

'About us and around us, the air,

the earth, and the sea are filled with exquisite and ethereal beings, with faces angry, joyous, and unhappy. Unheard by human ears, the elements resound with cries of pain and with declarations of love, with laughter and with weeping. These bright, invisible beings mingle in the air, in the earth, and under the sea, seeking each other, seeking themselves in each other — '

He paused and, bending down, grasped the tiny hands of Mr. Aristotle and Anabelle Lee. 'O divine, unpitying gods,' he exclaimed, 'you in whose hands are placed these shapes that we inhabit, these patterns in which we perform, spirits of life, of fruitfulness, of increase, immortal children of the eternal mother, look down upon this wedding of two little dolls. And you, happy spirits of air, bright-eyed citizens of fire, wise gnomes and tender nymphs, watch over your little brother and sister, and wish them well. Comfort and instruct these tiny creatures to whom my words are like the sound of streams, musical and meaningless.'

Afternoon light was falling through the room in yellow, dusty bars, steady, and full of dancing motes. All was still; drowsily, in the distance, remote and faint, voices disputed on the street, and died away. A truck went clattering by; the echoes dwindled; and the birds sang.

Papa Jonas placed the two dolls' hands together. 'Do you, Anabelle Lee,' he said, 'take Mr. Aristotle to be your husband, out of love and desire, and with honest intention?'

'Yes, she does,' said Amy May.

'And do you, Mr. Aristotle,' he continued, 'take Anabelle Lee to be your wife to cherish in so far as you are able?'

'I do,' said Christopher Lane.

'Then,' concluded Papa Jonas, 'by the power of love in my heart, I pronounce you man and wife. I place your hands together; from now on you go as one, sharing the sun, the dew, the rain, and the dusk. You have set forth upon a road where brave and happy people have gone before you. It is a road which passes through many cemeteries, over whose mounds and little stones of heart-break roses are growing. You have hills to climb, and forests to go through. It is the road of life. May its streams be clear, and its forests fragrant. May you find shade at noon; and may the quiet stars of evening light you to your rest —

'Christopher, let us serve the refreshments.'

At once, from the garden below, an organ-grinder, hired for the occasion, began to play the Miserere.

'Well,' said the Reverend Twine, taking a breath. 'Well — hem — ' And he looked at Mrs. Holly, whose eyes were wet with tears.

Amy May said nothing. She was already eating her ice-cream.

PROUD WORDS

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

> Look out how you use proud words.
> When you let proud words go, it is
> not easy to call them back.
> — CARL SANDBURG.

THE author of *This Freedom*, in telling us of the great moderation of his hero in the use of swear-words, refers to our age as one 'given to easy freedom of language.' This is not the freedom to which he refers in the title. It may be that he was obscurely conscious of a certain easy freedom of his own in the use of our mother tongue. And this reminds one of what, in last year's book, the same author has to say about the favorite words of his heroine and her husband: 'Why, Tony and I get fond of a word and then we have it for our own, whichever of us it is, and use it for everything.' One at once thinks of Mr. Hutchinson himself and of many others of the writing craft.

Professor Kittredge used to point out how this was characteristic of no less a writer than Shakespeare — how Shakespeare in a certain year would be obsessed with a word or figure and return to it as much as twice within the same play! In the current novelists this kind of obsession is more obstinate. It sometimes lasts through a considerable period of years: the favorite word appears in book after book, and sometimes as often as dozens or scores of times within a book; and it is much more suggestive of an easy freedom of language than anything in Shakespeare.

But what must be most discouraging to the authors themselves is that fine words are catching, and no writer, however curious he may be in searching them out for himself, can ever for a long while 'have them for his own.' One of the words of the year in 1922 was undoubtedly the vigorous adjective 'devastating.' Who invented it, I do not know, but it has clearly come into vogue. The publishers of Mr. Hecht's *Gargoyles* let us know on the cover that it is a devastating book. The publishers of Mr. Swinnerton's *The Three Lovers* let us know that, in this latest of his productions, he has given us unusually prolonged and devastating revelations of the hearts and brains of girls. In this case the publishers have but taken the cue from the author himself: for more than once he makes effective use of the forceful new word.

Mr. Walpole uses the word in more than one place in *The Cathedral*, and with evident pride and deliberation. Amy Brandon is represented as being devoured by 'the one dominating, devastating desire she had ever known.' (One would suppose that one such desire would be all one could know in a lifetime.) And Falk Brandon had a secret preoccupation that seemed 'so absorbing and devastating to him that he could not believe that every one around him would not guess it. . . . His secret was quite simply that, for the last year, he had been devastated by the consciousness of Annie Hogg, the daughter of the landlord of The Dog and Pilchard! Yes, devastated was the word.'

There seems to be a slight anachronism here: it does not seem possible that, away back in the eighteen-nineties, the Archdeacon's son could have been so sure that that was the word. But it is clear enough that, a generation later, it perfectly satisfies the taste of Mr. Walpole. And in *This Freedom* Mr. Hutchinson makes his usual improvements on other people's words by speaking of an act of Rosalie's father which 'proved to be but a stagger down into morass heavier and more *devastating of ambition.*'

The word 'devastating' makes its appeal on two distinct grounds. It is violent, superlative; and it is, or was a year ago, unusual in its application. It was thought to be recherché; the discerning reader is likely to call it affected. And it is the affectation with which we are concerned in the present article.

One of our most enterprising writers is Mr. Hergesheimer; and he is given to renewing his stock of expressive words more often than most. It is particularly edifying to note in his case the change of fashion from year to year. Often the favored word is used correctly; often it is used with an easy freedom, in some sense of his own, not yet recorded in the dictionaries. In 1917, in *The Three Black Pennies*, the word of the year was 'paramount.' And so fond was Mr. Hergesheimer of this word, so persuaded was he that he 'had it for his own,' that he was inclined to 'use it for everything,' at least for everything remarkable or extreme — and things remarkable or extreme were very common in *The Three Black Pennies*. 'Her discontent was paramount. It was deeper than he had supposed. . . . A paramount situation to which he lacked the key. . . . A small reason for withholding any paramount salvation. . . . Caught in the flood of her paramount disdain.'

Year before last, in *Cytherea*, the favorite word was the adjective 'engaging,' together with the related noun and verb. Everything that was attractive to Lee Randon is represented as engaging — dresses, people, and even the room in the Inglaterra Hotel. That is a good word and, used with proper regard to English usage, Mr. Hergesheimer might have found it in Henry James. The freedom lies only in the frequency of its use, the strain put upon it. But Mr. Hergesheimer is not content with the adjective. He is so *intrigued*, — if I may use a word of kindred spirit, a favorite of Mr. Swinnerton's, — he is so intrigued with the adjective that he must draw in the verb and noun. Our Yankee writer becomes positively exotic when he has his hero wonder 'if his children would constitute a sufficient engagement.' One suspects that Mr. Hergesheimer is undertaking to extend the scope of English usage through the adoption of idioms from a Latin tongue; and one wonders whether he will succeed in doing so. The question presses more urgently when we read of how the hero '*disposed* his attention in a hundred channels,' and of how 'the tropical evening was *accomplished* rapidly.'

In 1922 the favorite words of Mr. Hergesheimer are the noun 'maturity' and the corresponding adjective; and while, so far as I have observed, he uses these words correctly, he certainly runs them into the ground. He gives us not merely a feeling of the juvenility of the young man who is so haunted with the notion of maturity, but also an uneasy feeling that the author's style has not yet come itself to the stage of maturity. He gives us much the feeling that Mr. Swinnerton does with his use, well over a dozen times in his latest book, of the words 'sophisticated' and 'sophistication' — the feeling that he must be writing for the very young. In

Havana the hero 'continually found himself in situations of the most gratifying maturity — here he was in the dining-room of the Inglaterra Hotel, with a tall rum punch before him, and a mature-looking cigar.' And, once started, the author does not always stop to think whether he is making sense with this continual sounding of his leitmotif, and he sometimes lands in humorous confusion: as where, speaking of the growing loveliness of a young woman, he says, 'the *maturity of her engagement to marry* had already intensified her.' One might think of the maturing of bonds, but hardly of the maturity of an engagement to marry.

Mr. Hergesheimer may be affected beyond all living novelists; but it must be acknowledged that he achieves what they all so desperately crave, and what so few of them do achieve. He is certainly 'different.' Mr. Scott Fitzgerald is often as affected as Mr. Hergesheimer; but the only 'difference' he achieves is that of posturing affectation. 'She was dazzling — alight; it was agony to comprehend her beauty in a glance. . . . It has been very rare to have known you, very strange and wonderful. . . . And from loving it with a vanity that was almost masculine, she became suddenly *anæsthetic* to it. . . . Anthony pulled her quickly to her feet and held her helpless, *without breath*, in a kiss that was neither a game nor a tribute. . . . He would drop his arm around her and *find her kiss*.'

Mr. Ben Hecht is equally anxious to be different, and, like Mr. Fitzgerald, he is no doubt successful in this regard so far as conception and composition go. But his style, formed in a cheap school of newspaper writing, strives in vain to achieve any kind of distinction. Where he is most 'subtle,' most expressive in intention, he is most sadly inexpressive and common in effect. He makes a considerable use of the class of adjectives which Mr. McFee is reaching out for when he says of Mrs. Dainopoulos, 'She liked Evanthia because she had that *ineluctable* quality of transfiguring an act into a grandiose gesture.' That is not very bad. Apart from the use of the word 'quality' for 'faculty,' there is no positive impropriety in the English of his sentence. But his fine word 'ineluctable' is so out of place in his prosy writing that it jumps out from the page crying to be let alone. And generally Mr. McFee does leave such words alone, and so much the better for everybody concerned.

Mr. Hecht has greater pretensions to style, or to the expressive style, and he will not let these words alone. He tells us, in *Gargoyles*, that a certain woman 'would snuggle kittenishly between the empty sheets, an *unintelligible* sense of immorality lending a luxury to her weariness.' He seems to mean, not unintelligible, but vague or indefinable, or curious, or mysterious, to use the favorite words of Messrs. Swinnerton and Hutchinson in these cases. A girl tells a man, yes, she loves him. 'Her "yes" had given him an inexplicable moment.' Why inexplicable? It appears simple enough. Perhaps ineffable is meant.

It is not in this direction that Mr. Hecht can look for distinction. Too many other authors have shared his fondness for these words. They have shared likewise his fondness for the word 'sense,' noun or verb, as a more recherché word for feeling or feel, and have been prone, like him, to use it largely and loosely. He is not the first to speak of a heart 'lacerated by the poignant things it senses,' or of a man who had 'inspired in him a curious sense of obedience toward all mothers he encountered.' Mr. Hecht may use this word for everything, as Nona put it; but he cannot have, for his own,

words which have been the favorites of every sentimental writer of the last ten years. When Mark Sabre, in *If Winter Comes*, 'had a sudden sense of the tremendous and poignant adventure on which they were embarked together,' — he and his wife, — the feeling was no doubt fresh and unique in his experience; but his author was not having any of these expressive words for his own, any more than one who rides in the loop-the-loop is having an exclusive enjoyment of that excitement. People since Pater have been having a sense of this or of that, which they take for a kind of sixth sense. In the novels of Mr. Walpole, it is most likely to be a sudden sense. In Mr. Swinnerton, it is a curious or an extraordinary sense. In Mr. Wells, it has been over and over again a sense of fine adventure. In Mr. Hergesheimer, and Mr. Walpole, and Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Swinnerton, as well as in Mr. Hecht, it is almost sure to be a sense of something *poignant*.

It is evident that these writers aspire to a certain rarity of diction, a distinction, even a preciousness, in the use of English. And two of them, Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Hergesheimer, have indeed a wide reputation for these very qualities. But preciousness is the privilege of writers like Stevenson and Pater and Mr. Cabell; distinction is the prerogative of writers like Thackeray and Sterne and Mr. George Moore — men who write with deliberate care and a sensitive mastery of the mother tongue. A great outcry has been made over the commonness of Mr. Sinclair Lewis and the crudeness of Mr. Sherwood Anderson. But these men have the merit of writing plainly; and as for the King's English, they observe it with a probably greater scrupulousness than either Mr. Hutchinson or Mr. Walpole or Mr. Swinnerton.

It would take too long to illustrate the fallibility of these British writers in matters of English idiom and grammar. But some examples might be given of their figures of speech. It is probably in the use of figures that careless precious writers are most likely to betray themselves. For careless writers in general are apt to forget, what the great writers had always in mind, that figures of speech, if they are anything, are an appeal to the imagination, and that the imagination abhors being baulked and cheated by a confused appeal.

When Mr. Hutchinson speaks of an 'impregnably rooted impression,' he forgets that impregnably means 'not to be taken by assault,' and connotes a fortress and not a root. But the reader does not forget it. When the same writer says that his lovers were 'affianced as it were at a blow,' no apologetic 'as it were' can keep us from laughing at the violent and ludicrous image. When Mr. Hecht says of a man in love, 'He was being transported,' the reader remembers that to be transported means to be shipped to Tasmania for a criminal offense, and his imagination is carried far from the young man in love. When Mr. Swinnerton says of his hero, 'His impulse was to withdraw, to see her no more; but dudgeon is the preserve of the very young man, so he dismissed it,' we say to ourselves, one might avoid hunting in someone's else preserve, but how dismiss it? When Mr. Hergesheimer says, 'The simple path of truth must be put aside,' we consider that paths are generally the product of much travel, and that, while they may be left at will, they are not so easily put aside. When Mr. Walpole speaks of 'the pressure of her heart beating up in her throat,' we image a pressure as one thing and a beating as another, and we cannot image them together. When he

tells us, of a girls' party, that 'a chatter arose like the murmur of bees,' we feel sure that a chatter is one thing and a murmur another, and that his first impression of a girls' party is better than his second. And when he tells us that 'the lamps in the High Street suddenly flaring beat out the sky,' we say that that may be very fine writing, but it's not the fine writing of Ruskin or of Pierre Loti.

It is worth while to dwell a moment on the word 'poignant,' mentioned above. For it is the most infallible diagnostic of the disease we have under observation — a disease which we may define as the mania for indicating emotion by means of adjectives. Like the word 'devastating,' 'poignant' is prized for suggesting emotion both strong and rare, so that the author feels himself to be writing in a manner at once vigorous and precious. It is not the word of the year, but the word of the decade, or perhaps, thus far, of the century. It makes its appeal, no doubt, to some extent because it is felt to be of Gallic origin, and as yet not quite English. It is, as a matter of fact, a good English word. You will find it used sparingly, but correctly, in Charles Lamb and Walter Scott. But somehow, among all their vices, the intervening Victorians did not number this of excessive appeal to poignancy. I doubt if the creator of Paul Dombey and Little Nell once resorted to this word for the heightening of pathos. If I remember rightly, it was not adjectives, let alone connotative and non-descriptive adjectives, with which he worked his magic. And so the word 'poignant' has come down to our time a coin of sterling value. I don't know who first began to debase it. All I know is that you cannot open a sentimental novel to-day without encountering this now vague but fervid attributive. And the worst of it is that these emotional story-tellers, in their eagerness to be elegantly expressive, have neglected to inquire into the meaning of the word, and as often as not they use it in phrases that make no sense.

This word, however recherché, means simply keen, or piercing, or pungent; and the reader who has the misfortune to know its meaning is thrown into great confusion when Mr. Hutchinson, say, offers him sentences like the following: 'And precisely as beauty touched him in the most exquisite and poignant depths . . . ' Piercing depths? Pungent depths? 'And Sabre would feel an immensely poignant clutch at the heart.' Piercing clutch? Pungent clutch?

There we have in a word all that is most unpalatable in such writing. What we have mainly been observing is the pride of words, the affectation of a difference. Alas, one cannot achieve distinction in this manner by the adoption of half a dozen smart words. Smart words spread too fast. The distinction of Pater and Thackeray is more than skin-deep. It is not an affair of words, but of individuality of thought and phrasing. And the worst of it is that affectation seldom walks alone. And here we have it in its characteristic combination with slovenliness and sentimental violence. It is not a combination that makes for distinction.

SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Summits and vales, slim cypresses and pines —
Arno and April and the Apennines!
And Giotto's captive dream (what dream has ending?)
Lifting his Florence up to God for friending.

Her dream enfolded his. She willed and waited,
Conceived her popes and princes, and created.
Mother and Muse was she of mighty singers;
Grave Dante drank her breast; the beauty-bringers
In cell and cloister felt her mood and fashioned
Mystic Madonnas palely unimpassioned,
With cherubean Babes and saints immortal,
High men and humble kneeling at the portal.

She was the pale Madonna, hers the story
Of pilgrim lords at pause before her glory.
And for the Babe she showed them Beauty solely
The while they worshiped: 'Holy, O Thou holy!'

Fear was her fault, too cold a doubt of duty,
Of brows that burned, of hearts that beat, for Beauty.
So Florence fell. Yet strangely sweet and vernal
Beauty is born again in her eternal.

Summits and vales, slim cypresses and pines —
Arno and April and the Apennines!

THE MERCHANT MARINE AND THE YOUNG FELLOW

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

In the fall of 1919 the American Merchant Marine presented, to the eye of the nautical stranger, a singular spectacle. The general impression was that everybody was rapidly taking leave of his senses. The whole personnel of a ship seemed to have abandoned for good all those principles of vigilance and thrift, the jealous care of matériel and frugal consumption of stores, which is the hallmark of the bona fide merchant mariner worth the name of any nation. Maximum pay for minimum effort, an air of jocose contempt for anyone who retained any of the old-time moral conscience, and a feeling that they were in the mainstream of a flood of wealth — these were the marks of a period that is looked back upon with shuddering wonder, a period dramatized for us by the coal-passer's silk shirt, worn over a dirty skin in the bunkers.

But it must not be imagined that the madness lay only upon the lower ranks of the seagoing community. It appeared in executives ashore in purchasing departments and directorates. Though they were the first to recover and seize the brake handles, there was a time when even executives regarded measures of economy and discipline as wildly utopian and not to be achieved. They recovered first; yet it was a timid and ineffectual attempt in the beginning. Looking back, the moral courage to take in sail to change the course for a safe port is seen to have been born of indignation. While all shared in the tremendous flood of prosperity, while markets (to use the business jargon of the time) remained unsaturated, little could be done to direct the thoughts of men to the rottenness of the substructure upon which they were having their joy ride. But when the coal-passer not only wore his silk shirt in the bunker, and took two hours, at sixty cents an hour each overtime, to dump a couple of tons of ashes, but began to demand the same bill of fare as the first-class passengers; when wages went up and up and the wage-earner ceased to do anything at all for the money; when sailors gathered the crew about them on deck and gave talks on the dictatorship of the proletariat, then public opinion began to harden. It was discovered that in government ships, by an astute abuse of overtime, juniors were making more money than their chiefs, and oilers more than professors of economics at universities. Public opinion hardened. The turn came. The markets were announced to be 'saturated.' Unwise or unfortunate merchandizers were trapped with immense stocks of silk shirts and similar rubbish which they were unable to move, and wages and prices began to tumble.

The joke, as regards the merchant marine, was that its problem remained as acute as ever. Bodies of thinkers, political parties, and patriotic men generally, were committed to the

proposition that the country needed a merchant marine. Its astonishing growth during the war was felt to be too good a chance to miss, to create and establish a prosperous maritime industry. The newspapers industriously played up the remarkable features of remarkable ships. Figures were published revealing the stability of the business and the profits to be made. It was understood that the merchant marine had to be 'sold' to the public. It is not an attractive expression, but it is of value because of the light it sheds upon the mentality of those who deemed themselves competent to make the merchant marine an integral part of the national life and enterprise.

Very few people were aware at that time four years ago that the American merchant marine had very little actuality. The public could not be blamed for imagining that the job was already done. The American flag was in every port, the tonnage total was enormous, orders from abroad came so thick and fast that they were perforce ignored or turned over to other firms. It looked easy. For a time it *was* easy. Then came the crash and the avalanche of repudiated obligations.

The point of these remarks lies in the identity of the weakness throughout the whole structure. Just as the financial and commercial edifice of seagoing transportation was based on unusual and artificial conditions arising out of the war; just as the ships themselves were largely temporary contraptions unsuited for regular trading; so the personnel was not composed of men out of whom could be evolved a sound and dependable service.

It was inevitable, during hostilities, with so great a demand for belligerents and so great a stigma attaching to those who sought refuge as *embusqués*, that undesirable and incompetent men should manage to enter the sea service by way of transports and auxiliary craft. But it was not so much the undesirables who were to be feared, because it is a truism at sea that adequate rope always enables such gentry to hang themselves. It was the young fellows who, in the hurly-burly of war, had chosen a maritime career and who were growing up in an atmosphere in which indolence and inefficiency were rendered intolerable by impudence toward superiors, and, more often than not, by pilfering, broaching cargo, and petty larceny.

Into this state of affairs, it must be repeated, came a gleam of sanity and an attempt to put the business of seafaring upon a sounder basis.

During this period of reconstruction it must be feared that the young fellow, the youth whose feet were set upon the long and difficult path to command, was not considered very much. He was confused with the riffraff who filled the ranks of unskilled labor, and who were bellowing for more and yet more pay. The cadet was unable to help himself, since the regular societies refused to recognize him without a licence, and temperament and dignity prevented him from affiliating himself with sailors' and firemen's unions. Our problem is to discover what happened to him at this juncture, and what has happened to him since. Because with his numbers dwindling and newspaper editorial voices continually uplifted in laudation of the American Merchant Marine, it is obviously necessary to discover why, in spite of all this editorial clamor, and the prodigious efforts being made to 'sell' the merchant marine to the American public, young Americans refuse to go to sea.

We can glance, in the first place, at the type which has, in spite of numerous difficulties, persisted in the original determination to follow the sea as a

career. It may be taken as an axiom that the youths whom we need most in the merchant marine, youths whose parents occupy positions of reasonable affluence and responsibility, have the most difficulty in persuading those same parents to regard seafaring with favor. We are, indeed, in a cleft stick. We are advertising our merchant marine as an indispensable and glorious adjunct of our new dignity as a great maritime power. We have cut wages, from captain to scullion, an even thirty per cent. We need very strongly the youths of good professional stock to officer the ships. And we have to convince the parents that the possible prospect of three hundred a month at forty years of age is adequate remuneration for their sons.

It is not an easy problem.

The young fellow, however, is getting not three hundred, but perhaps one hundred dollars or less a month. This of course is, 'all found.' But the problem arises at once, whether such a scale does not tend to promote celibacy, and whether the sort of men we desire to produce can be evolved on a wage that compares very unfavorably with that of plasterers and such highly organized union labor. It is a question whether it would not be a sound policy to subsidize the married officer, in order to counteract the recent 'set' away from the sea into the ranks of commerce. There is certainly a very powerful drag on the seaman's ambitions, for American women of to-day do not include a class such as may be found in the ports of the maritime countries of Europe — women who come of sea-roving stock and who accept with fortitude the sombre destiny of those whose men go down to the sea in ships. To the modern wife a separation of a month is a matter of bitter complaint; and under modern conditions of living in large cities, conditions that put fidelity and frugality to an unendurable strain, the idea of a man taking up a profession in which he may quite conceivably remain absent for a year at a time, savors of insanity. Young men do not consider such a prospect as practicable, and abandon a profession that leads neither to wealth nor to domestic security. And we are left very much as we were, with our problem.

Let us look at the question from the shipowners' and operators' point of view. It is of course largely a financial matter. If the ships do not pay, the wages must come down accordingly. That is accepted by all concerned. But the question we desire to solve here is not whether the shipowner wishes to keep out of the bankruptcy court, but whether he regards the personnel on board his vessels in the same light as operatives in a factory, or whether he visualizes them, and especially the officers, as members of a guild or profession, with an ethic that obliges them to put duty before comfort, and makes them responsible, without the aid of time-clocks or such contrivances, for the security of his enterprise. This is important because the behavior of the young fellow following the sea will be modified by the attitude of his employer.

The young fellow himself, with his second-mate's licence, let us say, does not make it very easy for us to discover what his ideas are upon the subject of his profession. It has become a wearisome and irritating convention among all classes of men to run down their own calling. The seaman most of all tends to overdo this foolish custom. Only fools and drunkards, we are assured, go to sea. This is so exactly the opposite of the truth and the facts, that it may be cited as an example of the seaman's inaccurate thinking. The merchant marine would have more

than enough to man the ships if the fools and drunkards all went to sea.

Seagoing, our young friend might admit in the right mood, is not at all a bad business until you want to get married. We come here upon the problem of divided loyalty. A ship has a habit of usurping all that is worth while in a man's character. From the ship to the employ is a short and inevitable step, and it is generally taken very early by those who enter the service of a company controlled by a body of men with some abstract ideal of service in their minds. And when that conception of loyalty to the cloth, together with a pardonable vanity in the particular employ in which he spends his years, is opposed to severed home-ties and the conventional loyalty to the microcosm of shore life it is easy to prophesy what will happen.

II

Coming to the immediate conditions before us now, the young fellow is confronted by a perplexing confusion in the status of his calling. He does not know exactly what he is supposed to be. He tends, naturally, to accept the view that he belongs to a learned profession which should be adequately remunerated. The fact is, the young fellow overestimates this aspect of his calling. His value lies, whatever department of sea life he may work in, not in scientific attainments but in fidelity and vigilance. He is, in his own austere and simple phraseology, a watch-keeper, and by his qualities in keeping a watch he is weighed in the balance. Even when he assumes command he in no sense departs from the rôle. As commander or head of his department his anxiety extends to the whole twenty-four hours of the day. With the advance of scientific apparatus and perfection of machinery, the importance of vigilance grows rather than diminishes. Success in this humble sphere depends largely upon temperament. Many there are who are mentally incapable of enduring the tedium of a watch-keeping existence. The brilliant army of youths whose photographs appear in the popular magazines attached to legends describing the number of dollars per month they earn for soliciting subscriptions, would find sea life, with its many restrictions and its apparently altruistic basis, flat, stale, and unprofitable.

The problem, then, as it emerges for us amid the many difficulties of a confusing period of transition, is in reality very old and very simple. The editors who call for a merchant marine at all costs, the owners who are trying to run the merchant marine at a reasonable cost that will leave them a profit, and the public, who like to read about the Leviathan but who are not greatly concerned about the merchant marine outside of illustrated supplements, have all forgotten one cost which cannot be paid in cash. Ships are all right, says Mr. Conrad's sailor — it 's the men in them. Virtue cannot be 'sold' to a community. One is entitled to doubt whether the business of advertising is the short route to a successful and solvent merchant marine. The cost the country must pay is the dedication of a class of men to the service of the sea as 'a calling' and not as a means of acquiring wealth.

We here encounter a number of difficulties in presenting this idea of a dedicated class to a populous and prosperous nation living for the most part far from the scene of our labors. When they come to us, these prosperous and good-hearted folk, bound upon a vacation to Europe or the West Indies, it is our duty and our privilege to show them the pleasant side of

ocean life, to make their time of travel as nearly as possible like the comfortable homes they have left. They often have sons who have, much to the family amusement, got the idea of coming to sea. But when these competent and affluent executives, these merchants and professional men, learn what their sons may expect in the future as to ultimate prospects and rewards, they regard the scheme with less amusement. In a country where individual effort meets with so generous a recompense, where none start so low that they may not hope to reach the highest position in the enterprise, the life of a ship's officer is not attractive. In common parlance, there is nothing in it. Yet they are unable to avoid a feeling of regret that so honorable a calling should not carry with it remuneration more in keeping with the type of man it demands.

That is our first difficulty, and it seems insuperable. We have to confess that commerce and the more learned professions provide higher rewards than seafaring, and it remains to propose an alternative. The present writer does this in full consciousness that it conflicts with the prevailing unspoken creed of all grades in America. But the only possible way to build up a merchant marine independent of foreign assistance is the formation of a class of men dedicated to the sea, and the enlightenment of the general public as to the true nature of the shipping business.

This latter, because of the peculiar character of publicity in the United States, is not easy. America is a country on a very large scale, and for many years the estimation of an enterprise has been based upon its size. Moreover, since so few, comparatively, of the citizens see the sea before they have become sufficiently prosperous to sail on it as first-class passengers, the prevailing custom is to regard seafaring from a pseudo-romantic standpoint. Bankers have expressed to the present writer a wistful desire to be sailors. Letters written by people in all walks of life voice a sentimental regard for the sea.

Now we are here on the wrong track. This sort of emotion has no bearing on the case. The young fellow who goes to sea, who elects to be of the dedicated company of which we have spoken, must have a very different attitude. This is not to decry the landsman's sentiment, but to put it in its place as sentiment and nothing more. The young seaman in this case needs a very definite call to his profession, since he is not likely to come from a seagoing family, as so often happens in England, in France, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries. He will quite possibly find his family benevolently antagonistic, and his sweetheart, if he have one, is not likely to consider a ship otherwise than as a rival. He has to cultivate, in spite of these distractions and the inconvenience of a modest salary, a spirit of loyalty and never-ending vigilance. He must in most cases resign the great prizes of business life to those who select other careers. He must discover in some way best suited to his own character the solution of many problems that never arise for those who live their pleasant lives in civic communities. He must be forever prepared for emergencies that may never arise. He must become intelligently aware that his usefulness consists, not in knowing more than his commander, or even in knowing very much at all, but in being competent to carry out the routine of the work. Perhaps in no profession in the world is the brilliant intellect and efficiency-monger regarded with more suspicion. Nor is there any walk of life where

stark, silent competence is more valued. Hence what is commonly known as character not only is indispensable but is the main requisite for success. It becomes mysteriously apparent to all on board as soon as its owner arrives. Men so illiterate that the very word psychology would defeat them in a spelling-match are instantly cognizant of the subtle psychological implications in a gesture, a tone of voice, a turn of a phrase, a glance of the eye. It seems impossible to simulate virtue on the ocean. And while a goodly portion of the stories of personality in a commander inspiring universal devotion are fabrications, it is singular how this principle of rectitude extorts respect and affection from the most unpromising material.

It is not too much to say that this is not only valuable in a practical and immediate sense, but a source of happiness to its possessor, which the alert profiteer cannot possibly comprehend. It is a justification of existence, a guaranty that life is keeping faith with us in our bargain. The young man who earns the silent approval of commanders who are not famous for extravagant eulogies will probably place more value himself upon silence than upon publicity. This is mentioned because it will throw up, in sharp relief, the salient quality of his character, and explain the necessity of dedicating a special class of men for this service of the sea. For a seaman is bound to be alienated from the modern theory that if a thing is not advertised it does not exist. It is otherwise on the ocean.

Another happy result of developing a seagoing class will be the elimination of the transient. Perhaps the present writer should avoid this subject since he has been occasionally absent from the sea, but he can claim that no matter how hard he may endeavor 'to swallow the anchor,' it persists in sticking in his throat. The transients referred to are those troublesome folk who drift about the world engaged in 'bettering themselves.' It is a luscious phrase, and is found nowhere so often as in the mouths of those who, if they have bettered themselves, must have been originally forlorn indeed. They come and they go, 'having no continuing city' — here a trip as quartermaster, there as a wireless operator, now a junior purser, and again in some light capacity in the engine-room. For them there is no fidelity to an enterprise or to a profession. For them there is but the phantom land-light burning in some imaginary harbor, the will-o'-the-wisp of 'bettering themselves.' They are, from any point of view save that of a sudden emergency, an undesirable feature of seagoing life. They can never be an adequate substitute for a body of men dedicated by proclivity and training to the service of ships. The young men who assume this responsibility and forgo the more adventurous careers on shore would be more steadfast in their resolve if they could discover in the world of publicity a more balanced comprehension of their problems and sacrifices. And in considering him as he faces the uncertain future of an abused service, it is necessary to remember that while a romantic disposition may send a boy to sea it will not keep him there; nor is it sufficient nourishment for the souls and bodies of men who, if they do their duty, make many sacrifices for those who are privileged to retain illusions concerning the sea and a life afloat.

THE MIND OF THE MOLECULE

BY CLIFFORD H. FARR

I

THE modern era may be known in history as the age of unity. United States and Leagues of Nations tend toward political unity. Trades-unions, agricultural blocs, and capitalists' combines tend toward economic unity. Our public-school system and the International Institute of Education tend toward educational unity; and we are tending toward social unity in our Federation of Women's Clubs. Our Foreign Missions' Conference and our Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations tend toward religious unity; and scientific unity is fostered by our National Research Councils and our Associations for the Advancement of Science. Is it any wonder then that in the realm of thought we may observe this same tendency, that the old schisms between science and religion, between philosophy and theology, should be rapidly disappearing, and that we should find ourselves gravitating toward a common concept of the unity of the universe?

Science has been labeled, if not libeled, as being godless, and in direct conflict with religion. But those who speak thus lose sight of certain definitions: 'Man is a religious animal,' and 'Religion is seeking after God.' Some people find their God while kneeling at the side of a departing friend; others while kneeling before an altar in a spacious room lighted by flickering candles and the dim daylight penetrating stained-glass windows. The scientist, while looking for his God perhaps in memory or in man-made mausoleums, searches also in the open sanctuary of God's creation. Is he the less religious for so doing? Three thousand years ago a Hindu sage wrote: 'They who see but one in all the changing manifestations of the universe, unto them belongs Eternal Truth — unto none else, unto none else.'

Moses and Jesus taught the unity of God and man in their figurative conceptions of fatherhood and brotherhood. Churchmen, less wise than they, have since endeavored to emphasize further this concept of the godliness of man by declaring the ungodliness of the rest of nature. In attempting to establish the unity of man with the divine, they have sought to break the unity of man with the rest of the material universe; they have forgotten to 'consider the lilies.' In adopting the assertion that 'God created man in his own image,' they have insinuated that God made the rest of the universe in the image of someone else.

It has been left for science in recent years to reëstablish the unity of the universe by accumulating evidence as to the similitude of the living and the lifeless, of the vegetable and the animal, of the humble beast and the human being. In establishing this unity of man with the rest of nature, the Church has feared that science would break the union between man and the divine, But does it not strengthen, rather than

weaken, this union? Is it not time that both factions stopped their quarrels and clasped hands under the common conception of the unity of the universe? Is it not time that the two work hand in hand: the churches continuing to reveal the truths of nature, new and old, and persuading their communicants to live in conformity with these truths; and the scientist proceeding with his business of discovering new truths?

In the study of the universe of God's creation, the scientist finds a continual state of change; but in this change he finds no time or place at which a new something has been interjected. The raw materials, all of them, must, if the scientist is logical, be conceived of as existing from the first. The so-called new things which have appeared are simply rearrangements and interactions of the old, and not afterthoughts of the Creator, as if He had forgotten something in the beginning. We may believe, if we wish, that matter was created from energy, and that life was created from matter; but what we mean by creation in this sense is interaction and reorganization of one to form the other and not an *existens de novo*. If this is indeed the case, then we ought to be able to trace an almost unbroken series of intergradations back from man, the highest form of life on the earth to-day, to the units of energy at the bottom of the scale; and in this free energy we should find all the qualities from which derive the other types of existence.

The evidences of intergradation of man with the higher animals are obvious, but too extensive to be given space in this brief article. We recognize such a bond of union from the first, when we divide the objects of nature into the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms. Dr. W. W. Keen, the eminent Philadelphia surgeon, has just published a book, entitled *I Believe in God and in Evolution*, in which he has brought together some of the most striking evidences that have come to his attention as to the marked degree of similarity between man and the higher animals.

The animal kingdom presents an almost continuous series of transitions from the top to the bottom. Between this kingdom and the vegetable kingdom, the break is even less distinct than that between certain groups of animals themselves. In fact, if we examine carefully we shall find that the break between the animal and vegetable kingdoms cannot be found at all.

One botanist has recently defined a plant as 'an organism possessing chlorophyll [the green pigment of plants] or descended from chlorophyll-possessing ancestors.' But how do we know what the ancestors of an organism possessed? May it not be that the ancestors of animals as well at one time possessed chlorophyll?

Plants are frequently said to differ from animals in that they do not move from place to place, are inflexible, have no system of blood-circulation, no nervous system, and no sensitivity or mentality. On the other hand, plants are said to possess the ability to manufacture their own food, they have cellulose cell-walls, and their cells divide by cell plate rather than by furrowing. But if each of these distinctions be considered separately, no one of them holds as a diagnostic characteristic.

Many microscopic plants have the ability of locomotion by swimming, and all plants except the very highest group are motile at a certain stage in their life-history. One can hardly say that plants are inflexible as contrasted with animals, if one compares the seaweeds snapping back and forth along the rocky coast with the sea urchins, barnacles, and clams lying just below tide level. Plants have a circulatory system, as do animals, and also a line of

communication for impulses, corresponding to a nervous system. Moreover, practically all substances which are found in plants are found also in some animals; and the same is true of all processes, with the possible exception of food-manufacture. Finally, the degree of sensitivity of plants is equal to, and in some respects surpasses, that of animals; and there is as good basis for assuming the existence of mind in one case as in the other.

Food-manufacture is not accomplished by all plants; and most plants that manufacture food can do it for only a portion of their lives. If we find that an organism manufactures its own food, we may be quite sure that it is a plant; but if not, it may be either a plant or an animal. What then is the distinction between plants and animals?

It will not be satisfactory to say that plants are those organisms which manufacture their own food, and all other organisms are animals. Accordingly, the Indian pipe growing in the woods, with its white or blackened stem, leaves, and flowers, would be an animal. Also dodders, mushrooms, moulds, and mildews would be animals. In all these cases the structure of the organism is so nearly like that of certain green plants that they must all be included in the plant kingdom. We may say, then, that plants are those organisms which possess chlorophyll, or closely resemble in structure organisms which do possess chlorophyll. But what then shall we do with the bacteria, the slime moulds, the flagellates, and the dinoflagellates? Are they animals, or are they plants? To this question the modern scientist is forced to answer, 'I do not know.' They mark the transitional forms between the two kingdoms; and not only is there just one line of transitional forms, but the gap is bridged in many places. All life on the earth, then, is one and indivisible.

II

When we turn to the generally recognized distinction between the living and the lifeless, the question arises whether there is not here also a similar series of transitional forms, among which it is impossible to draw a line and definitely state that those on one side are living and those on the other are lifeless. It appears that there are four possible bases of distinction between these two; namely, structure, function, composition, and behavior.

The structural distinctions between living and nonliving things may be included in the term 'cell.' A cell might be defined as a body of more or less uniform, definite shape and size, consisting of an enveloping layer (the plasma membrane), and an internal liquid (the cytoplasm), within which are two kinds of special organs (the nucleus and vacuoles). However, according to this definition it could not be said that one of the lowest groups of plants, the blue-green algæ, have cells. They have no nuclei. It seems therefore that this item will have to be dropped from our definition.

Furthermore, some microörganisms consist of bodies which are not of more or less uniform, definite shape or size. Examples of such are the plasmodia of slime moulds, which flow about as liquids over stumps, sticks, or boards, in very irregular masses, often climbing against the force of gravity. Our definition of a cell, then, will have to be abbreviated still further so that it becomes 'a body consisting of a plasma membrane and cytoplasm.'

As the study of microörganisms progresses, however, it seems that even this simple definition of a cell is not sufficiently inclusive. There are certain organisms which seem to pass a part of their lives in a more or less purely liquid state. Here may be in-

cluded certain bacteria with their symplastic stage, the malarial organism passing through a part of its life-cycle as a 'plasmodium'; and, finally, certain fungi are believed by some botanists to pass at times into a mycoplasm phase. If all living things are composed of cells, then these liquids must be cells, and we shall have to drop the words 'body' and 'plasma membrane' from our definition, and say that cells are simply liquids, that is, that they have no structure. With this any structural difference between the living and the nonliving disappears.

This distinction is still further obliterated by the study of the so-called filterable viruses. To them are attributed the causes of the mosaic diseases of potatoes, tomatoes, tobacco, and other crop plants, and also of hog cholera and Texas fever in animals, and of measles, scarlet fever, infantile paralysis, and smallpox in man. These viruses seem to be organisms which pass their entire existence in a liquid state, having apparently no structural features at all; and yet they behave in the same manner as parasitic microorganisms of known cellular structure.

Between these filterable viruses and the enzymes no difference in structure is known, and very little, if any, difference in behavior. Enzymes are substances which originate only in living things, but they may exist and operate outside of them. They accomplish the processes of digestion and other chemical changes associated with life.

One of the principal theories of enzyme action is that enzymes are colloids. Colloids have no necessary connection with life, either in origin, existence, or behavior. They are simply definite aggregates of molecules of either organic or inorganic substances. These molecules are in turn composed of atoms. Our structural series from the living to the lifeless, then, would be: cells; plasmodia; mycoplasm, or symplastic stages; filterable viruses; enzymes; colloids; organic molecules; inorganic molecules; atoms. Can anyone draw a line on the basis of structure, and separate this series into two parts, the living and the lifeless?

In like manner there seems to be no difference between the living and the lifeless on the basis of chemical composition. It was once supposed that living things were composed of a single chemical compound, known as protoplasm, which existed nowhere else in nature. It is now generally recognized that protoplasm is simply a mixture of water and salts and various organic compounds, all of which may exist outside of living things. Every chemical element that is found in living things occurs outside of them; and there is every reason to believe that every compound that is found in living things not only exists outside of life, but will probably some day be found to be formed without the aid of living matter.

One of the most fundamental processes in life is the decomposition of food, releasing energy. This process is, however, very similar to the burning of fuel. Both are cases of oxidation; both release energy; the foods used in both are the same, and the products are identical. It is true that the intermediate steps may be in some cases different, but there are no intermediate steps taking place in organisms which seem to be impossible elsewhere.

The manufacture of food may be regarded as next in importance, if not of equal significance. This has proved the most difficult process of all to imitate in the laboratory; and yet the researches of Emil Fischer, Stoklasa, Ewart, and a number of other biological chemists since the beginning of the present century have at last even here been crowned with success. As yet the

amount formed in these experiments is almost infinitesimally small; but the hope which this work has aroused is sufficient to cause the Council of the American Association for the Advancement of Science to go on record at its Boston meeting last December as convinced that the field of photosynthesis offers perhaps the most promising and important line of research for the immediate future.

Other chemical changes which occur in plants and animals can apparently be accomplished outside of them. It thus appears that modern science has slowly come to a realization that there are no chemical processes strictly peculiar to living things. It has long recognized that such was the case with the physical processes: absorption, conduction, and secretion. There remains, however, the process of growth, which has long been heralded as the great distinguishing feature that separates living things from the mineral kingdom.

Growth consists of three phases: cell division, cell enlargement, cell differentiation. Each of these may be imitated in nonliving matter. Cell division has been exemplified by Lehmann with liquid crystals, which divide and multiply much as do cells of bacteria. Furthermore, all the various stages of complicated nuclear division have been reproduced by Leduc and others as diffusion phenomena in nonliving colloids.

Cell enlargement in nonliving matter may be well shown by the so-called Traube cell, named after its discoverer. This Traube cell is made in various ways, as by dropping a crystal of copper sulphate into a solution of potassium ferrocyanide. A cell-like structure is formed, having a membrane and an internal cell sap, while the crystal is comparable to a nucleus. This artificial cell will enlarge and take on various forms simulating mushrooms, mosses, and various lower animals, just as the living cell enlarges and takes on various forms according to the surrounding conditions. Cell differentiation simply means internal structural change. Dr. E. J. Allen has recently reported the production of artificial cells which not only divide and enlarge but also develop swimming organs and feeding habits.

III

Physiologically, anatomically, and chemically, then, we can find no distinction between the living and the nonliving. It now remains to be seen whether there is a psychical difference. It is generally conceded that animals have minds which approach more or less closely those of men. In an earlier paper in the *Atlantic*, entitled 'The Psychology of Plants,'[1] there were brought together certain evidences that vegetable life may be interpreted as having associated with it a something akin to that phase of human existence which we call mind.

It is now my purpose to go a step further, and to inquire whether there may not be a basis for assuming that the molecule also possesses a mind. If we believe that the forces of the nonliving world are all simple mechanical forces, which can be readily understood by human beings, then is it not logical to assume, as do the mechanists, that the potent factors in the behavior of plants, the lower animals, and even of man, are likewise simple mechanical forces? If, on the other hand, we believe that mind is a potent factor in man's existence and behavior, should we not also expect to find it in all other living things, and not only in the living, but in the whole round of nature as well? The mind of man may be more powerful than that of the May apple,

[1] See the *Atlantic* for December 1922.

but if one has a mind, has not the other also? There may be a stronger mind in the May apple than in the molecule, but is not the difference one of degree and not of kind?

One of the functions claimed for the mind is that it aids the organism in returning to a condition of equilibrium. It is pointed out that a return to a condition of equilibrium is pleasurable and a departure from it is painful. Let us consider, for example, a man who has been pinned down by a falling timber. He is suffering great pain, because the pressure of the timber on his body is greater than the turgor of his cells. By exerting all his muscular energy, he is able to extricate himself, whereupon the pain ceases, because he has returned his body to a condition of equilibrium. We say that the thing which caused him to behave so as to extricate himself was the psychical feeling of pain.

Now let us consider a number of molecules of helium in a bag enclosed by an impermeable cover and located on the surface of the earth. The molecules of helium are not in a condition of equilibrium. Should we not assume that they feel pain, and that the rise of the balloon is a pleasurable experience for them, in that it involves a return to a condition of equilibrium? We might go so far as to say that the thing which caused the rise of the balloon was the painful feeling experienced by the molecules of helium. But we know that the helium is operated upon by physical forces, and we are likely to attribute its behavior to physical causes. We know, on the other hand, that the man has a psychical experience, and we are therefore given to attributing his behavior to that experience. Do we not know that physical laws, as well as the psychical, operate in the case of the man? In man we recognize physical and psychical experiences as concomitants of each other. Why may we not assume that the same is true of isolated molecules?

The physicist and the chemist may say that they have no need of presupposing mind, or even a vitalistic principle, in the study of the forces and reactions with which they have to deal. The botanist may also resent the imposition of such factors, which are liable further to obscure his dim vision into the intricacies of the vegetable world. Loeb and his followers, in their consideration of the life of the lower animals, see no need of anything other than a purely mechanistic conception of life, and are likewise satisfied to deal with man in the same way. Man is subject, according to their theory, to the same physical and chemical laws and principles as are all other masses of matter, and to such laws and principles alone. The mechanist assumes that mind plays no part whatsoever in human behavior, but is simply an interested observer.

Opposed to the mechanistic view is the mystical, or vitalistic one. This involves the concept of the potency of the mind or soul of man, and of the existence throughout living nature of a vitalistic principle or entity not existent in the nonliving. Vitalism maintains the importance of the mind of man, while denying its existence in the molecule; mechanism maintains the omnipotence of physical laws in the realm of the molecule, while denying the potency of mind in man. While the pendulum of modern science has been recently swinging from mysticism far in the direction of mechanism (so far, in fact, that grave fear has been expressed as to the welfare of our social order, when one contemplates what will happen when the man in the street begins to realize what the 'highbrows' are really thinking), yet there is the possibility of a swing back to a more rational point of view on the part of

the 'highbrows,' which, it seems certain, will, to say the least, markedly decrease the intensity of the impending shock. It is not my purpose to champion the mechanistic conception as opposed to the mystical, or the mystical as opposed to the mechanistic. But it does seem that there is no reason why they should not agree upon the universal existence of mind in association with matter. If mind is simply a nonparticipating bystander in human behavior, I must contend that it is also present, though nonparticipating, in purely chemical behavior. And if, on the other hand, mind does have a directing force in human affairs, it seems reasonable to expect that it exists, and may perhaps have a directing effect in the realm of molecules, atoms, and electrons. It thus appears that mechanism and mysticism may agree on the proposition that mind is a property of matter. Then we may be as mechanistic as Loeb, if we choose to believe that mind plays no rôle in human affairs; or as mystical as Sir Oliver Lodge, if we choose to regard mind as the principal factor in existence.

The danger to our social order, as I see it, is not in either the mechanistic or the mystical idea of the universe, but rather in an attempt to maintain a dual standard for molecules and man. The scientist has no right to regard man and the lower animals, on the one hand, as subject to the mystical laws of the mind, and the molecules and electrons, on the other, as subject to the physical laws of matter. Nature is one and indivisible. All differences in nature are differences of degree and not of kind.

It is said that mind steps in when there is a dilemma presenting more than one possible course of procedure, and that mind constitutes an urge, a will to power, which causes the organism to adopt one course to the exclusion of the others. Many possibilities open out before the graduates of the high schools in this state: apprenticeships in numerous walks of life; higher education in normal trade, military, professional, and liberal lines. At no time in our lives, perhaps, could we say that willful mind plays a greater part than in the choice of our life-work. The numerous mistakes apparently made in this choice, and the recent movement for vocational guidance with a view to avoiding these mistakes, only emphasize the feeling that it is a human conscious effort. The result is that about the same number of students come to the State University from our high schools in each successive year, or at least that the rate of increase is about uniform.

If a large pan of water be exposed to ordinary air, the surface of that water will be made up of a layer of myriads of molecules of water. During each successive second there will be approximately the same number of molecules passing off from the liquid into the air. There is for each molecule in that surface-layer of water a dilemma. It can either remain in the liquid or pass off into the air. It happens that about the same number decide to go off every successive minute.

But, you say, when I use the word 'decide' in connection with the molecules, that I am giving a psychical explanation for their behavior; whereas, in fact, it is purely physical. My reply would be that, when you use the word 'decide' in connection with the high-school graduates, you are giving a purely psychical explanation of their behavior. Are not physical and psychical phenomena present in both cases? If an environmental condition, as, for example, the temperature, is changed, the number of molecules given off into the air will change accordingly. Just so, if the legislature appropriates more money to

the University, more students will come, perhaps because the taxes will be higher, and the farmer will feel more than ever that he should be getting his money's worth. So that by a change of environment also the attendance of the University is affected. Our difficulty lies in trying to apply a psychical explanation to human behavior and a physical explanation to molecular behavior. Why should we not consider that both operate in each case?

Molecules have certain properties, as weight, size, speed, color, and method of combination. Why not add another property to the list, namely, mind? Is it not better to consider mind as a property of matter than as a separate distinct entity, which parallels matter, interacts with it, controls it, is controlled by it, or evolves from it?

Many examples may be found of the parallelism of psychical phenomena in man and of changes in matter. Among the chemical elements certain phenomena simulate dual and dissociated personality. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and their like have counterparts in the lifeless world. Tin, a simple indivisible element, has two forms, the stable and the metastable. Under certain conditions the stable form is a powder; the metastable is the common metallic tin. By a shock — that is, heating — the stable form may be changed suddenly into the metastable, and then during a long period of rest the metastable gradually goes back into the stable form. The one changes into the other only if a nucleus of the latter is present; and, as in hypnosis, at a certain critical temperature both forms may exist in considerable quantity together.

Mind comes most forcefully into play in the interaction of an organism with its environment, and finds its greatest development, perhaps, when that environment consists of other organisms, in which case we witness the interaction of mind with mind. Is it not, then, in the interaction of molecule with molecule that we may expect to find the property of matter which may be called mind most in evidence? Freud has shown that the most extreme case of interaction of mind with mind is in the phenomena of sex, which he regards as the most fundamental of all our instincts. We should then examine into the occurrence of sex in organisms, and the possibility of its existence in the nonliving world, with a view to further binding the two together.

When our normal modern knight-errant caresses his lady fair as he rises from the settee at ten o'clock on Sunday evening, we say that there wells up within him the overpowering emotion of love. But when a sperm swims directly from the male sex-organ of a fern to the female sex-organ, and finds there the egg, we say that it is because there wells up within the female sex-organ a quantity of malic acid. Sperms have the characteristic of swimming in the direction of higher concentrations of this substance. Thus for vegetable sexual attraction we have a physical explanation; for human sexual attraction we have a psychical explanation.

But let us see if there are not in each case both physical and psychical aspects to the phenomenon. Would the same overpowering emotion of love have welled up in the young man's heart had he met the maiden, mop in hand, just after tracking across her clean kitchen floor in his last round of delivering groceries on a sultry summer Saturday afternoon? How much of his feeling on Sunday evening is due to a psychical urge, and how much to the various visual, auditory, olfactory, gustatory, tactual, and thermal stimuli of the two hours preceding, we perhaps can never tell. How much of human matchmaking is to be attributed to perfumes, plaits, powder, paint, Pade-

rewski on the pianola, and pineapple parfaits, to say nothing of lolling eyelids, lisping lips, and limpid relaxation? That is a question for the consideration of the Cythereologists.

Is it not true, however, that there are certain physical concomitants to human love-affairs? Does not every human psychical experience have also its concomitant physical process? Is it not likewise true that with every human physical process there is a concomitant psychical experience, either conscious or subconscious? Observing in the lower animals and plants physical phenomena similar to those of our own human experience, have we any right to assume that there is not also a psychical concomitant? When we see a sperm swimming along toward the sex-organ of a fern, have we any more right to assume that it is not just as happy as was the farmer boy whistling his way along the cool country road toward the home of his sweetheart? And if in the fern, why not in all living things?

Sexuality exists down to the very bottom of plant and animal life. Even some of the simplest forms, the bacteria, have been recently shown by Löhnis to have a form of sexuality. In the one-celled animal, Paramœcium, there is a conjugation of two individuals in sexual reproduction; likewise in certain one-celled plants, as the diatoms, the same process occurs. Structurally the two cells that fuse appear just alike; but it has been demonstrated by Blakeslee, in certain of the moulds, that, although the two cells may be just alike in form, yet they are really physiologically different from each other. He refers to them as plus and minus, rather than male and female, for the reason that the plant which he calls plus never unites with another plus plant; but a plus connects only with a minus, and a minus only with a plus. It thus appears that in sexual fusion the two fusing cells are in no cases exactly alike.

Let us now consider whether there exists in the nonliving world a phenomenon comparable to sex in the living. In colloids, perhaps the highest form of nonliving material, adsorption brings together two bodies in closer proximity than under any other conditions; so close, in fact, that they give birth to a new body not exactly like either one. This statement of what happens in adsorption will do equally well for the essential features of sexual reproduction in living things.

Going below the level of colloids, we find that many chemical compounds consist of two parts, plus and minus, or positive and negative. In many instances the positive and negative unite to form the compound with great readiness, as when hydrogen (H) and oxygen (O) leap together in the presence of an electric spark to form water. But the separation or divorce of hydrogen from oxygen in this compound is accomplished only with great difficulty. Other substances, as salts, may be divorced every time they get into a little (hot) water. This dissociation into ions is, in fact, a rather close approximation to sexuality. There are positive and negative ions; two positives can never combine, neither can two negatives; a positive ion combines only with a negative one. Some ions are amphoteric, that is, they are positive on one side and negative on the other, just like hermaphrodites among plants and animals. In addition ions show a strong preference of mates. While the hydrogen ion (+) and the sulphate ion (−) unite with each other readily, if in a solution by themselves, yet, if copper (+) and hydroxyl (−) ions are also present, the hydrogen ion always selects the hydroxyl as its mate, and leaves the sulphate to the copper.

Oxygen is apparently much sought after by the other elements as a mate; in fact, they practically all form compounds with it alone. It is known that twenty per cent of the atmosphere is oxygen, eighty per cent of the hydrosphere (natural waters), and fifty per cent of the lithosphere (rocks and soil). Assuming then that the atmosphere and hydrosphere are equal in mass, it may be concluded that about one half of the molecules of the earth are oxygen. In many species of plants and animals the males and females are about equal in number, as is the case in man. May not oxygen be looked upon as one of the sexes among chemical elements, and all of the other ninety-two elements as belonging to the other sex?

The question then arises: is oxygen male or female? In the human species man has a great diversity of occupations, while woman is the more conservative and conventional (in occupation, if not in dress). Oxygen atoms are all alike, while the rest of the atoms of the earth are of many different kinds. Other reasons for considering oxygen as female are: oxygen is always *negative;* and it is also perhaps the most active of all the elements.

Many unions of atoms are simple marriages, as in the case of the oxides: CO, BaO, CaO, etc. There are some double weddings, as H_2O_2; some cases of bigamy, as CO_2; but there are few sheiks with their harems. The worst case of this type, in fact, is OsO_4. But, on the other hand, there is biandry, H_2O; and, what is far worse, many situations in which the husbands far outnumber the wives, as $C_{40}H_{56}O_2$. Then there are some David and Jonathan combinations, as NaCl or NaHgX.

The physical chemist thinks of atoms as combining to form ions, of ions uniting in pairs to form molecules, of molecules associated together to form colloidal particles, and of colloids associated together to form cells. We have shown that there is perhaps a basis for the evolution of sex in the phenomenon of adsorption in colloids. Below this level we have seen that molecules constitute each a partnership of two ions, a positive and a negative. Recent theories of chemistry maintain that the atom itself is composed of two parts of opposite sign. Finally, leaving the realm of matter, we find in the units of energy, also, the semblance of sex. Here, in connection with the electrons there are positive and negative charges. When a positive and a negative charge, from opposite poles of a static machine, meet in mid-air, is that not as true a case of 'sparking' as when the policeman meets Bridget at the kitchen door?

All this, you will say, is terribly overdrawn and far-fetched, and against this contention I have not much to say. Is it not, however, true that the fact that we are able to overdraw it at all means that there is an underlying unity of the universe? One form of existence grades into another imperceptibly, so that in nature there are no such things as categories; such exist only in the minds of human beings who are trying to understand nature.

If then we abandon our selfish conception of mind as the property solely of man, and adopt the broader idea of mind as a property of matter, we have the basis, born of scientific investigation, for satisfying one of the great desires of the human soul. Scientists have long recognized the immortality of the forces of nature by their law of the conservation of energy. They have defended the concept of the immortality of the substances of nature through the law of the conservation of matter. And now we can see a basis for the immortality of the soul, through the law of the conservation of mind. If the mind of a human being is the net result of the psychical experiences of each of

the atoms and molecules that compose his body, then mind or soul does not cease with death. In the case of mind as of matter, death must be regarded as simply a transformation, not a cessation. Thus we have a scientific basis for a belief in the immortality of the soul. Thus is our concept of the Eternal broadened by a knowledge of the unity and immortality of the universe through the laws of the conservation of energy, matter, and mind.

THE DAY OF THE ADVERTISEMENT

In which is explained the genesis of the Harvard Awards, by their creator

BY EDWARD W. BOK

THE war proved a great friend of the advertisement. We were already, previous to 1914, the greatest nation of advertisers in the world. Mr. Gladstone had registered his opinion that he studied the economic development of the United States through advertisements. Rudyard Kipling had expressed his annoyance with an American friend who sent him the American magazines with the advertisements omitted, to save postage. But the war distinctly accelerated the pace, and widened the scope. Merchants and business men who had viewed advertising much as a man might regard a medicine, to be taken only as a necessary evil and gingerly at that, began to see the full-page newspaper advertisement, hitherto confined to department stores offering scores of articles, utilized for a single article until it became a familiar unit. The United States Government became a large and active advertiser for human beings to fill up the ranks of its army and navy. Conservative bankers and financiers, who had hitherto recognized advertising as a medium effective perhaps for selling a cake of soap but not for the sale of a bond, saw issues of Liberty Bonds, totaling unheard-of amounts, sold through the advertisement. Publicity became an overworked word.

The volume of advertising increased to such an extent that even the newspapers groaned under the weight, realized that too much of anything, no matter how good, is too much, and began to hang out signs regretting the fact that 'thirty-two columns of advertisements had to be omitted from today's issue of the ———.' The magazines began to stagger under the weight of a greater number of pages devoted to advertisements than to reading matter. But still the great public read the ever-increasing amount of advertisements, and the publisher was, of course, only too glad 'to accommodate.' Then came the after-the-war economic reaction, and matters automatically adjusted themselves. Millions of dollars' worth of advertising disappeared over night. But only for a brief period. Now, with returning prosperity, the volume is again not only large, but increasing, until we face the astounding fact that

over one billion dollars is spent on advertising in one year, divided, according to the plausible figures of an advertising expert, about as follows:—

Newspapers	$600,000,000
Direct Advertising	300,000,000
Magazines and Weeklies	150,000,000
Trade Papers	70,000,000
Farm Papers	27,000,000
Electric and Painted Signs	30,000,000
Demonstrations	24,000,000
Window Displays	20,000,000
Novelties	30,000,000
Posters	12,000,000
Street Cars	11,000,000
Motion Pictures	5,000,000
Programmes	5,000,000
Total	$1,284,000,000

The day of the advertisement is certainly here.

It stands to reason that of such a huge expenditure of money a goodly percentage will be misapplied and wasted by the advertiser, and that the ever-increasing proportion of advertising to reading matter will begin to be resented by the reader. To-day the first distinct, audible mutterings of resentment are being heard on the part of the readers of the Sunday newspaper, who feel that they are paying for an advertising catalogue instead of a newspaper. And expressed resentment on the part of the American public is never far from pronounced revolution. The advertiser is beginning to feel, too, that what was once considered a large advertisement, which he could depend upon to attract instant attention, is now 'buried' in the huge bundles of meaningless supplements which are sold as newspapers fifty-two times during a year. It was only natural that a medium so alluring as the advertisement, that could mean an increase of revenue and profit both to the merchant who used it and to the publisher who issued it, should quickly reach the saturation point. And there is where the advertisement in the United States finds itself to-day. It may not be true that advertising has reached its limit, any more than it is true that the surface of advertising has not yet been scratched.

One statement *is* true, however: that quantity has superseded quality.

I have been removed for four years from a close association with advertising, and have been intensely interested in sitting on the side lines, so to speak, and watching the procession of advertisements day by day and year by year. I have, of course, thus secured a perspective which close association makes difficult, if not impossible. And I speak with a due regard for conservatism when I declare that I know of no line of economic endeavor, unless it is the distribution and selling of books, in which, considering the vast amount of money involved, so little originality and advancement of standards has been shown as in what we call 'the science of advertising.' It may be that the rapid increase of volume has been a deterrent to careful thought and to the creative faculty. Here and there one sees a glimmer of greater care: of a realization of the potentiality of the advertisement; of a desire, at least, to lift the standard either of the construction of the message or of its presentation. But, taking it by and large, considering the encouragement which the public has so generously indicated to the advertiser, it is pathetic to see the barrenness of initiative and originality in the modern advertisement. It is not that the desire does not exist, or that the attempt is not made. Experts in advertising there are to-day: departments in advertising agencies and in publishing houses exist, devoted singly and solely to the development of the advertisement. But the fact remains that results in ideas commensurate with the growth of the business are not visible.

We speak nowadays of 'the science of advertising': we say that the writing of an advertisement has become an art; that to compose a successful advertising booklet is just as serious an undertaking as, and calls for an ability equal to, the writing of a reading book. We say this, but do we actually believe it? Has the public given any concrete indication of its acceptance of such a standard for advertising writing? Is it not to-day still regarded as a trade rather than accepted as a science or an art? What encouragement has been given the writer of the advertisement to make him realize the responsibility of his craft, the potentiality of his work? Have we really ever said to him: 'Your work is perhaps more ephemeral, more of to-day, than is that of the writer of a song or a book, who writes for to-day *and* for the morrow. Yet your work has become so potential a force that it *has* become an art of itself, carrying a stewardship and responsibility that should be encouraged, so that its standards may be raised'?

Is there not a distinct place in the American life of to-day for the man who regards honesty of statement as the prime essential of the most effective advertisement; who believes that the message of commerce may be written in a language that conforms with its best uses; who puts often the best that a careful education has given him into a pleading for patronage? The human heart is, after all, the same, whether it belongs to the man who writes an epic or to him who writes an advertisement. Both are striving for the same end: to get their message across to those who read. Because an advertisement is more commercial than the lyric, is there any reason why we should place less emphasis upon its construction? We ask of a poem, a novel, a play, or a newspaper editorial that it shall have certain structural qualities, and by these standards we measure them. Why not the advertisement, now that it is taking such a place in American economics? In other words, why not take the advertisement more seriously, regard it from a new angle, and insist that it shall reach a certain standard? If we do this, as in fact we are already beginning unconsciously to do, then how about the creator of the advertisement? The world rewards the man who writes a poem or a book, or who paints a picture, in other ways than with the financial return which it brings to him. The beginning and end of life are, after all, not the material. The recognition of our fellow men is very sweet to our senses. Nothing is more honestly stimulating to higher endeavor; no reward is quite so deeply satisfying.

If the university may say, 'Well done,' to the writer of the editorial, the book, the poem, the play, would it not do much for the encouragement of another side of literature if the same encomium were given to the writer of the advertisement?

It was this note that was struck last spring by the editor of *Collier's Weekly*, Mr. Richard J. Walsh, himself an expert writer of advertisements, in an editorial which came to my attention. The 1922 awards in the series of Pulitzer Prizes had just been announced by the trustees of Columbia University, and the editorial aptly asked: 'Here are awards for the best play, the best biography, the best newspaper editorial, the best novel, the best book of poems, and so on. Why has not the time come for someone to encourage better advertisement-writing by offering an award for the best advertisement during a year?'

The more I thought of the argument of the *Collier's* editor, the more the

truth came home to me that his question was well put. What public encouragement or recognition had, after all, ever been given the advertisement writer? We have all been saying for years that the standard of advertising should be raised, but who had conceived any concrete method of public recognition when the effort was made and a result achieved? After all, certain results had been achieved, some of a high order of excellence.

There was the idea. The rest was simple. It was perfectly natural that, as it was fitting for Columbia University, with its School for Journalism, to offer awards for journalistic and literary endeavor, the mind should turn to Harvard University, with its School of Business Administration, and its course therein devoted to advertising, to offer awards for the encouragement of a better quality of advertisement-writing and presentation.

Hence, the Harvard Awards which will, simultaneously with the publication of this article, be announced by the President of Harvard University.

The general hope contained in the Awards is: —

First: That they may act as a deservèd individual encouragement to those in whose hands the writing of advertisements is entrusted, and create in their minds the thought that there exists a tribunal which is henceforth to be watchful of conscientious effort in their line of endeavor and place thereon the seal of public approval;

To foster the usage of correctly expressed English;

To encourage the art of effective expression in few words;

To attain a higher standard of art;

To achieve a truer realization and acceptance of typography as an art.

Second: That there shall exist behind the advertisement a previously conceived intelligent and comprehensive plan of production and distribution. It is in the failure to realize this necessity that we so often see a prodigious amount of money wasted in advertising.

Hence the Awards aim to encourage on the part of the advertiser: —

The necessity, by careful research, of a correct understanding of the possibilities of the market to which he seeks to appeal before he launches his advertising campaign;

A recognition of the necessity that proper production facilities and distribution methods must precede and not follow expenditure for advertising.

In other words, the recognition of the fact that the day of haphazard advertising is over; that the advertisement must, in its structural quality, be regarded as a unit of effective art, and that thought in planning and execution must be an integral part of an advertising campaign. It is as a helpful factor in these aspects of the field of advertising that the Harvard Awards are, to the extent of their influence, created, and placed under auspices which ensure for them fairness of judgment and dignity of award.

THREE EXAMPLES OF INTERNATIONAL COÖPERATION

BY THOMAS W. LAMONT

I

THE recent successful placing of an Austrian Government loan of approximately $126,000,000 upon the leading investment markets of the world is a notable instance of financial coöperation in an international way. There are two other present instances of such coöperation, one relating to Mexico, the other to China. In all these cases America has taken an active and important part. Thus, even though there may have been a certain lack, upon the part of the United States as a whole, of coöperation for the adjustment of difficult situations in Europe and elsewhere, nevertheless we have before us strong evidence of such active coöperation on the part of American investment interests.

The case of Austria is so recent, the loan in question having been offered only last June, and in some markets as late as August, that it may be of interest to examine it in some detail. In the late spring and summer of 1922, the position of Austria appeared desperate. Her economic and commercial machinery seemed to have broken down; there was unemployment on a large scale; there was lack of food; the government was printing more and more irredeemable paper currency, and the value of the crown was falling daily. By the Treaty of Saint-Germain various tariff barriers had been set up, which seemed to isolate and to make impossible the restoration of Vienna as the *entrepôt* and financial centre of the whole region formerly embraced in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. People were talking glibly about the approaching death of Vienna and the starvation of her people, whose sufferings were being alleviated in considerable measure through American and other foreign benefaction.

It was at this juncture, late in May 1922, that, happening to be in London, I conferred there with the representative of the Austrian Finance Minister, and also with the Austrian Ambassador at London, Baron Franckenstein, who desired to lay Austria's case before leading investment interests of America and of Great Britain in the hope that some loan might be arranged to tide the country over its difficulties. We explored the whole situation thoroughly, sent a representative to Vienna to examine it at close range, and came to the inevitable conclusion that the then Austrian situation was not sufficiently sound to warrant prudent bankers (even with the best of good-will toward Austria) in arranging or in offering to investors generally an Austrian Government loan. We pointed out that before any such offering could properly take place there must be brought about a radical change in Austria's situation, both internal and external. We indicated that should drastic measures be taken to stop inflation, to cut down government expenditure and increase

government income, then, and only then, could we see the possibility of a sound loan, to be secured by a first lien upon the government revenues from the customs and the tobacco monopoly. When the announcement was made in Vienna as to the views of the bankers on a possible loan the result was, not unnaturally, to cause even greater gloom there, and the crown fell to new low levels.

At this crisis, however, the Austrian Government, speaking with the voice of its Chancellor, Ignaz Seipel, a Catholic priest, a man of great strength of character, took hold of the situation with vigor. The Chancellor appeared before the Supreme Council of the premiers, explained Austria's desperate plight and begged the premiers to appoint an expert committee of the League of Nations to look into the situation and develop a plan of rehabilitation, pledging to any such plan the hearty backing of the Austrian people. The premiers acted promptly and appointed such a committee, made up of highly intelligent and experienced civil servants, British, French, and others. This committee, without undue delay, laid down a plan of reform based on two cardinal principles: first, a vigorous handling by the Austrian people themselves of their domestic situation; and second, the friendly and effective coöperation of Austria's late enemies, including her neighbor states. This plan, novel as it is in political and financial procedure, has been carried out to the letter and has thus marked an extraordinary forward step in international coöperation — coöperation in this instance shared by states (European) as well as by bankers and investors.

Let me explain a little further the workings of this plan. First, as to reforms within Austria, I will quote from the official letter of Dr. Alfred Zimmerman, formerly Burgomaster of Rotterdam, an experienced and vigorous administrator, who is acting as the Commissioner-General for Austria in the carrying out of this plan. As Dr. Zimmerman points out, the programme of reform included:

(*a*) The reduction of ministries, simplifying their organization and eliminating overlapping.
(*b*) Reorganization or eventual transfer to private management of State industrial enterprises.
(*c*) The reduction by one hundred thousand of the civil servants employed by the State.
(*d*) The enactment of legislation providing for increased revenues from indirect taxation, customs duties and duties of other kinds, and the introduction of a turnover tax.

In addition, the plan included the establishment of a new bank of issue to assist in the stabilization of the crown.

With extraordinary energy, the Austrian Government undertook to carry out its part in these reform measures. For instance, prior to the end of May last, the reduction of State employees had been effected to the extent of upwards of 36,000; new tax levies were laid, the increased income from them beginning almost immediately; so that the government deficit is already below the estimate. Largely through the operations of the new bank of issue, inflation has ceased, the Austrian crown has been stabilized, its exchange value for the last ten months having hardly deviated at all from the level established in October last.

Now what about the measures external to Austria? First, the Continental states, and also Great Britain, executed the protocols, so-called, of October 4, 1922, guaranteeing the then political integrity and economic independence of Austria. These same governments further agreed to become

guarantors, in several shares to be arranged, of an international loan to be issued by the Government and to be floated upon the investment markets of the world. The governments thus becoming guarantors of the projected loan were: Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland; while the Government of Switzerland has taken a direct share of the loan, and the Spanish Government is expected to do likewise.

These guaranties were designed to accomplish a double purpose: first, to make the loan more readily salable by showing to world investors the confidence that outside Governments had in Austria's stability; and second, collaterally, to make it clear that, having given their guaranties, Great Britain and France, and in particular the adjacent states — Italy and Czechoslovakia — have a very strong inducement to do everything in their power to see that such social and political stability is maintained in Austria as will ensure the continued sufficiency of the assigned revenues. Thus we see the spectacle of nations recently enemies of Austria turning around and doing everything within their power to assist in the restoration of a defeated foe. The Government coöperation did not end here, for in order to make the new loan an effective primary lien upon all Austrian Government revenues it was necessary for these former enemy powers, including the United States, to waive their reparations and other claims against Austria, which has been confirmed by the various treaties. This waiver was without exception promptly granted. The result was, as we have seen, the successful flotation of this loan, the extraordinary thing being, not the success of the operation after coöperation had been arranged, but the fact that such unity of effort could be secured.

Close on the heels of this successful measure comes the information that Austria has concluded with Italy and France commercial treaties calculated to facilitate Austrian exports, and that similar treaties with Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Yugo-Slavia are about to be negotiated. Such action, if carried through, will go far to dissipate the impression that, by the operation of the Treaty of Saint-Germain, Austria has been completely isolated and an impassable tariff wall built around her. Meantime, too, with the passage of time, it has become apparent that Vienna, instead of losing her place as the *entrepôt* and financial centre of the whole region of Southeastern Europe, is still retaining that position and has a promising future, with a helpful reflex upon industry throughout Austria.

It may be noted in passing that this whole plan of reform and restoration as to Austria has been devised by men of affairs. To carry it out has required the coöperation of Governments themselves, which in this instance has been generously and promptly granted. But the severe scheme or reorganization was worked out originally by technical experts so-called, and by plain men of business, who had the advantage of being able to lay out a certain definite course and then to move rapidly along that course, instead of being handicapped, as premiers are, by the necessity of constantly stopping and looking over their shoulders to see what their constituents think about it all. The Committee of the League of Nations which devised the plan did its work speedily and thoroughly. In all fairness the public should recognize, just as the Austrian people recognize, that without the League of Nations Austria might have gone under. The League Committee laid out the plan, arranged the guaranties upon the loan, appointed an expert foreign administrator to

supervise the internal reforms. Then the bankers and investors carried through the loan operation itself. Together they have restored a nation's confidence in itself.

In the accomplishment of the plan American interests have been exceedingly active. At first it looked as if it would be an uphill job to place the American share of the loan, $25,000,000; but gradually the investment public here learned the facts as to the change for the better that had taken place in Austria; so that the loan was finally over-subscribed many times. In announcing the plan to assist in this loan, Mr. J. P. Morgan said: 'The importance of the Austrian loan which is being issued to-day lies in the fact that the attitude of American investors to the loan will show that they are interested in helping those nations of Europe who are prepared to help themselves toward the reëstablishment of their credit.' And the initial motive that led the group of American bankers to undertake the plan was that of extending American help to a sister state of the family of nations, a state once in distress and yet making heroic and effective efforts to relieve her own situation.

It is curious to note that while this Austrian loan operation was hailed as a great triumph in almost every news-centre, at Berlin, on the contrary, it was ridiculed and reflections were cast on the good motives of all concerned in it. Whether such an attitude at Berlin was prompted by jealousy, and by the discomfiture of seeing the Austrian crown reach a more valuable and stable position than the mark, no one can pretend to say. Nor is it worth while to speculate upon the inquiry, frequently and urgently put to those who helped work out the Austrian loan, as to whether this operation shows the way to a similar operation for Germany. Such a question to-day is, to say the least, purely academic. Prior to the time that Austria took herself in hand and proceeded to do her hard job of house-cleaning, no one could foretell the possibility of a loan operation. It will be time enough for the world to talk about lending money to Germany when and if Germany shows, as Austria has now shown, that she is determined to take radical measures to sound ends. Meanwhile Berlin is the city of melancholy, Vienna of optimism.

II

The second instance of international coöperation that I had in mind is, as I have indicated, that relating to Mexico, and specifically to the foreign-held debt of the Mexican Government. Going back ten years or more, it will be recalled that, prior to the outbreak of the revolutions following the fall of President Porfirio Diaz, the Mexican Government had borrowed in foreign markets an aggregate of about $500,000,000, or its equivalent, in different national currencies. When the revolutions came on, the Mexican Government failed to meet the service (interest and sinking fund) of these loans, with the consequence that their market quotations fell off to low levels. Four years ago, with what hopefully looked to be the beginning of the end of active internal revolutions in Mexico, an International Committee of Bankers on Mexico, as it was styled, was formed for the purpose of protecting the interests of the foreign bondholders and of trying to bring about at some opportune moment a readjustment of the Mexican debt. This Committee was made up of representative bankers — American, British, French, German (eventually), Dutch, Belgian, and Swiss, with an American acting as chairman. The several Foreign Offices and the

Department of State approved the formation of this Committee, designed as it manifestly was to prevent a helter-skelter scramble for preferential position on the part of different classes of bondholders, which would have led to an endless amount of crisscross trading with the Mexican authorities, tending to prevent the friendly coöperation of all external interests.

The course of negotiations with the Mexican Government was necessarily slow and arduous. At the beginning of them, as chairman of the International Committee, I was obliged to visit Mexico City. In conference there with the leading members of the Government, including President Obregón, Finance Minister de la Huerta, Foreign Minister Pani, and others, we gained fresh information, which was of some value in the negotiations that followed. The first stage of these negotiations was terminated by the friendly visit of Finance Minister de la Huerta to New York. Here, on June 16, 1922, after long conference with the members of the Committee (the British and French delegates having crossed the ocean to meet with their American colleagues for the conference), an agreement was drawn up and signed between the Mexican Government on the one hand and the Committee on the other as presumably representing the great bulk of Mexico's foreign bondholders.

It may be worth while, in order to indicate the spirit of give and take that pervaded the convention, in default of which no agreement would have been possible, to set forth certain of the considerations that the Committee had in mind in making the concessions that it did to the Government. These considerations are described in the preamble to the agreement, some of which I quote as follows:

> That the International Committee, recognizing the difficulties with which Mexico has had to contend and the limitations upon her capacity for the immediate payment of all her obligations, due or overdue, and earnestly desiring to find means of safeguarding the interests of the bondholders, and at the same time of coöperating with the Mexican Government in the solution of its problems and in the upbuilding of its credit, is prepared to this end to recommend to the holders of Mexican Government obligations certain substantial diminutions and adjustments of their rights.
>
> That they also recognize that the Mexican Government has other obligations which it is important for it to meet, such as the restitution to the banks of the specie fund, the agrarian debt and arrears of pay, which may have to be cared for by the issue of internal bonds or in some other manner later to be considered.
>
> That the interests of the people and Government of Mexico, on the one hand, and of their external creditors, upon the other, being identical in that, for the benefit of both, the increasing prosperity of Mexico must be assured, therefore the individuals now composing the International Committee give assurance of their continued interest and desire for helpful coöperation.

The agreement goes on to set forth the conditions of bond readjustment, which undoubtedly involve heavy sacrifices to the bondholders, but which also recognize without quibbling the existing situation in Mexico and which endeavor to meet that situation in an equitable manner. Certain bondholders will undoubtedly complain that the Mexican Government should be compelled to live up to the very letter of its original obligations, but what bondholder is going to be successful in invoking the forcible intervention of his Government for the collection of his claim? Would not such action be almost unthinkable?

This plan, the details of which have heretofore been made public, the bondholders are invited to examine and assent to. Presumably, when a sufficient number have so assented, the plan will be declared effective, and interest payments dating back to the early part of 1923 will promptly begin upon these securities; the Mexican Government having already put at the disposal of the Committee in New York sufficient funds to make a fair start upon this programme of cash-interest payments. It is, of course, too soon to say that a plan as complex and broad as this is a success, but manifestly it is a scheme analogous to a colossal reorganization of a corporation fallen into financial difficulties. In this instance the Government occupies the place of the corporation. There is a scaling down of claims and there are readjustments and concessions among the various classes of note- and bondholders, the whole scheme designed to assist the Government in restoring its own credit and in meeting promptly the obligations which, upon an amended scale, it now freshly undertakes to pay.

Of course, the noteworthy thing in this whole operation has been this same sort of coöperation to which I have alluded. In this case it has been a close and cordial unity of action among the great banking houses and institutions representing security holders of at least seven different countries with by no means identical interests. Coupled with this have been the approval and coöperation of the governments whose nationals originally invested in these Mexican Government obligations. The operation has been attended with many discouragements and has called for great patience. Yet, with each fresh obstacle there has been the feeling on the part of the International Committee that this was a case demanding every possible effort. Here was Mexico, our nearest neighbor to the south, her frontiers marching along with ours for almost two thousand miles, sore beset for almost a decade by revolution and armed conflict, now telling us that she was determined to meet her obligations faithfully and asking our assistance in arranging those obligations so that they might be paid duly and punctually. Certainly that is the sort of call calculated to appeal most strongly to the American business man and to lead him to spare no effort to bring about a settlement manifestly friendly and helpful to all the relations between Mexico and the United States.

III

The third effort along the line of international coöperation relates, as I have said, to China. This effort has been under way for some years. The favorable results of it are, as yet, by no means apparent to the ordinary observer, yet they are tangible. As far back as 1909, during the term of President Taft, there was organized an International Consortium for the financial assistance of China. A small group of American bankers became a member of this Consortium, but, soon after the inauguration of President Wilson, Secretary Bryan stated through the newspapers that such a plan for the assistance of China savored too much, in his judgment, of so-called 'Dollar Diplomacy.' Upon this announcement the American Group necessarily withdrew from the Consortium. In 1919, however, the Wilson Administration, having then looked into the matter with some care, reversed its policy and requested the formation of a new American Group on a much larger scale than the old one; taking occasion at the same time to put up to the governments of Great Britain, France, and Japan a

scheme for a new and reorganized Consortium on a somewhat broader basis than before.

After certain rather difficult and protracted negotiations with the Japanese Group, it became possible to dovetail the ideas of the various national groups, and in October 1920 the new Consortium was formally organized at New York, with delegates present from London, Paris, and Tokyo. Its brief constitution was promptly approved by the four Governments in question and since that time it has been a factor in the general financial situation of China.

American participation in this plan has been on a wide scale, almost forty banks and banking houses throughout the country having become members of the American Group of the International Consortium.

Its rôle, however, has been a negative one; that is to say, up to date the Consortium has succeeded in discouraging and preventing the making of loans to China upon an irregular scale and in ways calculated to tie up and eventually dissipate the national resources of China, as well as to encourage the possible corruption of minor Chinese officials. Previous to the organization of the new Consortium, certain Japanese banks had started a rather wild career of money-lending to China. The so-called Nishihara loans (largely negotiated through the efforts of a Japanese agent named Nishihara) were well over a hundred million dollars and were secured on the pledge of various concessions in China, presumably of great value. To this sort of loan operation, calculated to dissipate Chinese resources without yielding her any adequate revenue for legitimate constructive purpose, the Consortium has been (since its organization three years ago) an almost insurmountable obstacle. The reason for this manifestly is that the banking groups of America, Great Britain, France, and Japan, which together go to make up the Consortium, have, in effect, pledged themselves to make loans to the Government of China, or to the Provinces of China, only for constructive purposes. The day of the old administrative loans, when a small banking coterie (possibly at the instigation of its Government) might succeed in providing funds simply to fatten a weak and not impeccable Peking Government, is seemingly past.

The Consortium now stands ready, as soon as domestic conditions in China permit, to devise with responsible officials of the Chinese Government definite plans for constructive effort in China; the extension of existing railways or the building of new lines such as, for instance, would serve to connect the South of China with the North and so bring about greater political sympathy and unity throughout the Republic. The prime policy of the Consortium is the substitution of coöperation for that international competition in the economic and financial affairs of China, which, a generation ago, went far toward the establishment of the notorious 'spheres of influence' and almost accomplished the disintegration of China itself. This policy of the Consortium has, as its recent report pointed out, 'been definitely affirmed and endorsed in a larger sense by China and the Powers in the treaty signed at Washington on February 6, 1922' — this treaty being one of the notable results of the so-called Disarmament Conference at Washington. 'The treaty is, in effect,' as the recent Consortium report runs, 'an undertaking by the Powers to respect the sovereign rights of China, to preserve her territorial integrity, and to provide her with a free and unembarrassed opportunity to

develop her economic resources and maintain for herself an effective and stable government.'

To carry out this policy the Consortium is deemed to be an appropriate instrument. It is not, as many people have believed it to be, an organization for the fastening of financial control upon China. It is rather 'a temporary bridge by which China may be assisted to pass in comparative safety through the difficult period of transition from an unsettled to a settled state of government.' The Consortium hopes to assist China in the reconstruction of her credit until such time as she can obtain loans single handed and upon the strength of her own national credit. Furthermore, it is the settled policy of the Consortium to refrain from interference in the internal political affairs of China. Such interference has no part in the programme of the Consortium.

On the question of foreign control of Chinese government finances and of Chinese government public utilities, — as, for instance, the railways — the Consortium offers no programme more radical than such measure of regulation or supervision as might be required to assure the foreign investor who may be invited to subscribe to a Chinese loan that the proceeds of such loan shall be properly expended, and the principal of it duly repaid to him at maturity. With the Chinese railway system lacking, as it is to-day, in sound organization and management, it goes without saying that it would not be proper for the Banking Groups to offer to investors a loan secured upon such properties unless they could be assured of a management sufficient to safeguard the loan, and, what is of equal importance, to increase the operating revenues for the benefit of the Chinese Government.

The present disorganization in China is a matter serious enough, but it should hardly be looked upon as indicating what is in store for China for the long future. The fact is that, up to date, China consists more of a people than of a nation. In the old monarchial days there was a fairly strong central power at Peking — strong, that is to say, in its immediate vicinity and in the surrounding region which it controlled; strong too in the tribute that it exacted from outlying provinces and in the method which it adopted of holding those provinces in line, by permitting an ample share of the local revenues designed for the support of the central government to be 'squeezed' out for the benefit of the local officials. When the monarchy was overturned in 1910 and a republic established, this movement was more or less in line with the spirit of the times, but no student of government could pretend that at that time China was fully prepared to become a republic. Industry, honesty, thrift, love of peace, devotion to family, reverence — these are all qualities which the Chinese people possess in abundance. But as for popular education, or knowledge of government, there was very little of that sort of thing in China thirteen years ago, and there is little enough to-day.

The situation, however, is gradually changing. A slow evolution from the ancient dynasty to a modern democracy is going on, but it is an evolution necessarily marked by errancy, discomfiture and turmoil. Such, however, are the innate sobriety and law-abiding qualities of the Chinese that, even with the disorder and banditry that are made so much of in our newspaper headlines, business goes on as usual in China. Trade, both domestic and foreign, increases; and wealth grows. Just how long it is going to be before the qualities that I have described as being a part of the Chinese character assert themselves in the form of orderly gov-

ernment, no one can tell. If, however, the foreign governments, which have given their seal of approval to the Consortium as an earnest effort to prevent strife and to promote friendly coöperation, and if the banking groups that make up the Consortium were not hopeful that the time of reform would not be too far removed, they would hardly be as determined as they are to-day to hold their organization intact and to stand ready to assist China when she bids them come. Even to-day the representatives of the Consortium at Peking are working together in an effort to lay out a plan of consolidation and readjustment of all the Chinese Government's outstanding loans.

This coöperative effort as applied to China should not, in its purposes and possible results, be minimized. We have here the picture of the nationals of four great nations, formerly engaged in attempting by cutthroat competition and frank endeavor to secure special concessions for themselves, now joining together in an effort to help put upon its feet, economically and financially, one of the oldest peoples of the world. Any such effort as this, to which the Japanese have cordially pledged themselves, is, whether the actual workings of the plan come to early completion or not, bound to serve as a great stabilizer of conditions in the Far East. It is hardly too much to say that the Consortium is one of the factors helpful to the preservation of peace in the Pacific Basin and in the whole of the Far East.

This effort, like the other two that I have briefly described, has had to be carried on in large measure by men of active business. Their difficulties of organization have been great. Large differences in national points of view have had to be reconciled. But those who have been endeavoring to bring about this particular form of international coöperation have at least been unvexed by politics or by the necessity of making serious compromise of principle in order to gain a problematically useful end. America's share in these enterprises of coöperation has been large and important. For instance, the Austrian Loan Delegation urged upon us last May the consideration that without American coöperation the loan plan seemed almost doomed to failure; and they added that the very fact of our coöperation would quicken the pulse and bring new vigor into each of the several like operations in the Continental financial centres. Such seemed to be the case as it proved; for the moment America's participation was finally announced, the success of these other like offerings in Europe became assured. Doubt and hesitation in a few such centres were succeeded by confidence and initiative

IV

In no one of these three cases of international unity of action which I have been describing are the difficulties all solved or our problems at an end. We are not completely out of the woods in Austria or Mexico, certainly not in China. But in all three instances a strong start has been made and I may be permitted to testify as to the good faith and high spirit that, in all these operations, our foreign associates have shown. Never have I noted an instance in which they have tried to get the better of the American interests. I should hardly venture to mention this fact were it not that so frequently we hear among ourselves expressions of the greatest distrust of the motives of our European friends. Certain of our publicists are fond of saying that we in America are fashioned from a nobler clay, and that if we enter into close re-

lations with the nations abroad we shall inevitably be hopelessly out-manœuvred — put in a hole, as the phrase is.

My own experience, limited as it is, would lead me to believe quite otherwise. In these instances of coöperation that I have described, all these varying nationalities have worked shoulder to shoulder in the same spirit of give and take. It is, I believe, true that in no one of these great economic or financial reorganizations could the great progress already made have been realized without America's help, and, in a certain sense, even her initiative. America's participation in these three instances (Austria, Mexico, China) of financial coöperation having, then, proved vitally important and valuable, does not the question again come home to us, Is there no way in which we can helpfully participate, as a nation or a Government, in the solution of the other pressing problems of the world? Is it not arguable that if men of business of so many different nationalities can find common ground for constructive action, then the nations that they represent, including clearly the United States, can work together for an end that is of international benefit? We Americans enjoy great good fortune in having been able to bring to bear the experience of many generations and peoples upon the problems of our own material and political development. Such good fortune should conceivably render us not unduly satisfied with our progress, but, rather, more tolerant, more sympathetic, and more eager to understand the problems of people less happily situated than we.

I shall not dwell upon the harmful economic effects which lack of solution for these problems has upon our agricultural and commercial life. I prefer to put the matter on other grounds and to ask whether we cannot show a spirit of keener and more helpful interest in the larger problems of our sister nations, a spirit of greater generosity that recks not of possible slight loss to us, if only we can bring immeasurable gain to them.

TURKEY AND THE EAST

BY AN OBSERVER

I

THE return of the Turk to Europe — the pivotal fact in all the Near-Eastern muddle — came about very simply. It was the old story of a group of strong men defying their fate. They 'took to the hills,' as so many others have done before them, gathered about them more and more support in the essential form of human will, and so at last, by endurance and self-denial, won their cause.

This troubled world has seen the like many times before. When 'conquerors' are sufficiently wearied by the exhausting business of conquest, and their heads are sufficiently enlarged by the same process, to ensure their doing the wrong thing at the right time, the

determined rebels in the hills always have a chance of success. And both these conditions have been amply fulfilled by the Allies in the years that have followed the Armistice.

To one looking back on it, it is amazing how invariably the Allies played into the hands of the Nationalist Turks. Nothing else, of course, would account for the complete reversal of fortune which the Nationalists have been able to effect. Four years ago Turkey was more thoroughly beaten than Germany or Austria or Bulgaria. She was the only one of the defeated powers which the Allies proposed to cut up into their own spheres of influence. And to-day she is practically mistress in her own house.

The Allies blundered repeatedly. Within six months of the Armistice they introduced into the heart of Turkey the one element capable of reviving the spirit of resistance — the Greek army. Not content with the spread of that irritant, — though in truth it spread and irritated beyond all reason, — the British, in the following year, must need carry out a coup d'état at Constantinople. Many of the men they then suddenly arrested and sent to Malta were later released — in time to lead the Nationalist movement to victory.

The French in the meantime had got themselves into trouble in Cilicia, and could think of no better plan than to arm the Armenians against the Turks, — another irritant of the most virulent kind. The Armenians suffered, and the French were driven out of Adana and Marash with little prestige saved. A puppet Government in Constantinople was forced to sign the hopeless Treaty of Sèvres, to the further infuriation of all true Turks.

Constantine returned to the throne of Greece, an event which brought almost as much encouragement to the Turks as disgust and confusion to the Allies. The Bolsheviki then began to take an active hand in the game, supplying the Turks with war material they had captured from Denikin, who in turn had had it from an all-too-trusting British Government. The French reefed their sails to the rising gale, and curried favor with the Turkish Nationalists by signing a treaty with them and putting them in the way of getting further material assistance. The Italians in the meantime had made a clean breakaway, leaving only a small detachment of troops in Constantinople.

And so the sad story dragged on. The Allies, wearied of war and blundering at every turn, would neither control the Greek army which they had allowed to go into Turkey, nor aid it in crushing Turkish resistance. Like Pilate, they washed their hands of the whole affair. But they could not rid themselves of it so easily, since in the end either the Turks had to be held down or the Allies had to give up the one essential they had gained — the all-important Straits and the bar to the return of the Turk to Europe.

The last act in the tragedy was perhaps the most characteristic of all. The Greeks, wearied at last by their hopeless war in Anatolia, attempted the desperate play of seizing Constantinople. Their army, aided by the Allied fleets, might at least have held the Neutral Zone of the Straits, — the one thing that really mattered to Western civilization, — but they found their way blocked by a line of Allied bayonets. There were few enough of those bayonets to accomplish any useful object, but there were enough to keep out the one force that might have provided the necessary man-power to bar Constantinople and Europe to the Turks.

Then, with dramatic suddenness,

came the finale. The war-wearied Greeks lay in their Anatolian lines, weakened by the detachment of troops they were trying to put into Constantinople. The Turks attacked and swept them into the sea. Smyrna burned. For a few dramatic weeks nothing but a few British battalions stood between the victorious and fanatic Turks and the Balkan powder-magazine. The resurgent East came up against the exhausted and blundering West.

For one must note that the West was dealing, not alone with Turkey, but with all the Moslem East that stood behind the Turks. Throughout the whole struggle the hands of the Western Powers were largely tied by their fear of trouble in their Moslem dependencies. In a treaty made in 1921 with another Moslem power, the Angora Government assumed the title of 'Guide of Islam,' and threw the mantle of its protection over its Moslem brother 'as a beginning of good fortune for the happy future of all the East.'

Islam is not the strong tie that binds all Moslems together in an efficient mutual-aid society, as some people would have us believe, but it is strong enough for propaganda purposes among peoples already drawn together by common repugnance to European domination. As a rallying cry, a slogan, it was most useful to those who could say that they were fighting the infidel to liberate the Caliph, and to regain the relics of the Prophet. It was not hard to scare the already bewildered politicians of the West by the bogey of religious uprisings. The politician hates religious fanaticism as the Devil hates holy water.

One must admit, however, that the Turkish revival was a highly creditable piece of work on the part of the few determined leaders and the mass of the people. Making all possible allowances for Allied blunderings and the threat of Islam, it still remains a notable feat to have built up a beaten, impoverished, and demoralized country. So far as material resources went, they built it up practically on a shoestring. They lacked nearly every material means of resistance, even transportation for the munitions of war given them by the Bolsheviki and others. And they did it all without raising a foreign loan or debasing their currency by means of the printing-press. A much greater triumph than their victory over the Greeks is the exchange on the Turkish pound. While the German mark, the Austrian crown, and the Bulgarian lev have dropped to anywhere from one twentieth to one ten-thousandth of their pre-war value, the Turkish pound has never dropped below one ninth of its former value.

This has meant both determination and sagacity on the part of the leaders. And on the part of the humble peasants who followed them and formed their armies, it has meant the greatest personal self-sacrifice and devotion. Much of the present intolerance on the part of the Turks toward Europe and all things European, including the non-Turkish population of Asia Minor, comes from the fact that for the past three years all of them have stoically gone back to a primitive Eastern life, devoid of most of the things we Westerners have come to consider necessities.

II

But, much as one may admire the solid virtues the Turks have displayed in their national revival, one must not be led astray by them. The Turkophile would have us believe that they have had a change of nature. He would persuade us that the 'New Turk' will rule well and prosper through the coming years. Smyrna was somewhat

of a setback to this theory. Also the wholesale deportation of non-Turks from Asia Minor has been a little difficult to explain. But against these disagreeable facts are set the Turkish moderation at Mudania and their patience at Lausanne.

One may, if one likes, believe in the theory that the leopard sometimes changes his spots. But perhaps it is safer to wait for ocular proof of this phenomenon before putting too much faith in the continued success of the Turk as a governing power. The military clique that rules the nation showed admirable restraint in holding back their armies after their victory over the Greeks; but they may find it much more difficult to rule in peace than it was to win in war.

However, they must have their try at it. And the West can only wish them success. For, however much one may regard the return of the Turk to Europe as a calamity of the first magnitude for Western civilization, the fact remains that he has returned. Only by war could he have been kept out of Europe last September; only by war could he be put out of Europe now. And the simple fact is that no power or group of powers in the West, since the Armistice, has been prepared to fight the Turk for the abstract idea of Western civilization, or anything else.

This has been his great source of strength. The soldiers and sailors who have directed Turkish policies at Angora and at Lausanne have been unwilling to commit their people to further sufferings and hazards of war. But they have known all along that the West was still more unwilling to fight. This has given them a great moral advantage. They could afford to wait, or even, if necessary, to fight. The West could afford to do neither.

With calm persistence the Turks made themselves masters of Constantinople and Thrace, even before the first Lausanne Conference. Constantinople was garrisoned by a small force, but it represented the flower of the British army. The Straits and the Sea of Marmora were held by the most powerful warships in the world. The great bulk of the Turkish army was bound by the Convention of Mudania to remain on the Asian shore, fifteen kilometres from the British lines. Yet quietly, step by step, the Turk came into his own again, and the Allies in European Turkey, as in Asiatic, found themselves masters only of the ground on which their troops actually stood. In Constantinople the police, the customs, and the other functions of civic administration were successively taken over. In each case the underlying cause was the fact that the Allies were unwilling to fight — and the Turk knew it.

In the East the rule has always been that those who will not fight must make way for those who will fight. This may shock our Western ideas. But it is well to remember it, and also to remember that the Turk has overthrown Europe's plans for the partition and exploitation of his country by force of arms, actual or potential. And until he is dispossessed by force of arms, he is going to run his country, including his bit of Europe and the Straits, as he sees fit. He may concede a little on paper concerning the treatment of Europeans in Turkey or the demilitarization of the Straits, but in practice he means to do as he likes.

But, says the European, the Turk has need of the foreigner: he has need of foreign money and brains. To a certain extent, he has — and he knows it. But he also knows that he can bargain for these things in a competing market. He does not have to accept them on any terms the West may chose to impose. He does not intend to accept

them at the price of his own independence. Circumstances have made him the champion of many peoples throughout the Near East and India who are acutely discontented with European rule and exploitation. He does not mean to throw away that position of leadership. Still less does he mean to repeat his old mistake in keeping in his midst unassimilable peoples who may be more astute than he, but who, through long centuries, have proved themselves to be parasites on his body politic. He is tired of seeing alien races in his land making money in ways for which he does not care. He is tired of constant disloyalty to his traditions and to his State.

Brutal and horrible as have been the wholesale deportations of Greeks and Armenians and other aliens from Turkey during the past six months, there is little use in denying the reasons behind them. Under the easy tolerance of the East, these people have been permitted to live in Turkey for many centuries. During all this time they have kept themselves apart. Neither the Turkish state nor the Moslem religion has been able to assimilate them. They have never been loyal subjects. And, like the Japanese in California, they have underlived the dominant race, they have made money in ways incompatible with its character, and they have surpassed it in the vital matter of the production of children.

Say what one likes about Turkish methods of getting rid of these people, the fact remains that no dominant race will, in the long run, permit other races on their own soil to underlive them, to outbreed them, to resist assimilation and to be disloyal.

III

That is the state of affairs to-day. Largely through Allied mismanagement, and also through religious appeal to other peoples struggling against European control, the Turks have regained their country and come back into Europe. If we choose to remember that they did not do this entirely by virtue of their own strength and wisdom, we should not at the same time forget that the struggle has cost them much in self-sacrifice, and that, in their own minds at least, they have overcome their European enemies and won their right to mastery in their own house.

What is to come of it? Europe is prone to say that the Turk cannot get along without the foreigner — meaning the foreigner who has made money out of him and wants to make more. In this there is a suspicion that the wish may be father to the thought. What is more probable is that the Turk cannot get along without a dictator.

Autocratic rule is in the blood of the East. The Turk has never known anything else. The long line of Ottoman sultans and grand viziers was ably topped off by Enver Pasha, perhaps the most ruthless dictator of the lot. The Turk understands autocracy. It fits into his scheme of things. His extraordinary docility, which makes him such an admirable soldier, lends itself to autocratic rule. He does not question. He asks only to be let alone on his own plot of ground, or to be led if he needs must leave it.

Yet, paradox of paradoxes, when the Turkish Nationalists raised their standard of revolt and made themselves the champions of the East against the West, it was the most modern of Western governmental forms they chose to adopt. They went far beyond the Western idea of a republic. Sovietism, of course, left them cold, for inherent in Sovietism is the dictatorship of a class. Nothing but the purest form of democracy would suit them. No checks or

balances, no ifs or buts for them. The government must spring directly from the people, by universal male suffrage, and must repose solely in a single National Assembly.

The West, for a century and more, has tried out democratic forms of government a-plenty, and never found any of them altogether easy to run. But rarely has the West set up for itself so unequivocal, so uncompromising a democracy as this. All power, executive, legislative, judicial, — even religious, — is imposed on one single chamber of the direct representatives of the people. The executives of the government are appointed by the National Assembly from among its own members, and not only are responsible to the Assembly, but are removable at the will of the Assembly. During the crisis of their war with the Greeks, Mustapha Kemal himself held power only for periods of three months, renewable by vote of the Assembly. 'Sovereignty belongs to the Nation without reservation or condition,' says the Law of Fundamental Organization. — 'The administration of the Nation's sovereignty is based on the principle of the direct decision of the people.' Most amazing of all, the people's representatives have assumed the responsibility of separating Church and State, — far more inseparable in Islam than ever in the Christian West, — and of electing a Caliph, not alone of Turkey, but of the whole Moslem world.

This is the vox populi with a vengeance. In theory, yes; but is it so in practice? Ah, that's the point! On that question rests the future of Turkey, and perhaps much of the East besides. For democracy carried to the extreme of the Angora government is both difficult to carry out and easy to overturn.

Its difficulty lies in the very pureness of its form, in its utter dependence and reliance on the vox populi. The West, with more intelligent people to work with, and far more liberal traditions behind it, has not found democracy an easy road. Even with all the elaborate machinery we have devised to protect minorities,—and sometimes, to protect majorities against minorities in temporary power, — the thing is not easy. The old car bumps a bit, now and then, in spite of the best shock-absorbers. And we consider ourselves enlightened people, used to power. But here is an illiterate people who have never shown any native intelligence in government, and who are quite unused to running their own affairs. If we know anything of the game, the Turks are in for a few hard knocks before democracy is made safe for them.

To overturn a democracy such as that of Turkey, one has but to seize the power of the National Assembly. There are no checks or balances, no counterweights to hinder. Cow the Assembly; turn it out, as Cromwell turned out the Rump Parliament, or force it to surrender its power into your hands, and the trick is done. It is a pretty paradox (and one which possibly has not escaped the notice of some of the Turkish leaders) that the nearer a government of docile people approaches pure representative democracy, the more does it lend itself to abrupt conversion into autocracy.

There are signs of coming autocracy, even now. In practice the Angora government, like most institutions in the East, does not march with theory. There is reason to believe that the elections in many instances are far from being popular. Candidates 'nominated' by the prominent Nationalist leaders have a way of being elected by large majorities, even in districts in which they are barely known by name. And, in spite of theory, there are distinct indications that all power does

not rest in the hands of the National Assembly. The last one appears to have dissolved itself at the bidding of a few of its leaders, though it was elected to sit until after peace was made.

A reasonable argument can be made for the reëstablishment of autocracy in Turkey. It is the form of government which the people have had throughout their history, and which they understand. The electorate is both highly illiterate and indifferent to politics. What is really needed is peace, that the losses in men and material of the past twelve years of almost incessant warfare may be regained. A long period of peace, in which law and order should be maintained — much might come of that, under any form of government capable of securing it.

It cannot be said, however, that the prospects for peace are particularly bright. Bound Turkey as we used to do in our geography classes, and on all sides, except perhaps where the Mediterranean washes her shores, there is trouble brewing. To the north there is her old enemy, Russia. It is chaos, organized for the spread of chaos. Every state bordering Russia to-day trembles for the future, and Turkey has her own particular reasons for anxiety. There are thousands of Moslems in the welter of the Sovietized Caucasus. The bait of the Straits has never failed to attract the old Russian Bear. Then to the east lie unsettled Kurdistan and Persia — and oil. (What a combination!) South of her are the Arabs, hostile, turbulent, disunited. To the west are the Balkans.

Internally the prospects are not much better. War has become a habit. A military class has been developed which knows no other occupation. And there is still the tremendous problem of readjustment from an autocratic government to one under which power may be won by any man or group of men strong or clever enough to seize it. Almost all the Nationalist leaders have come from the military professions, and so far they have run their country and won their war with little indication of internal friction or selfish ambition. But they are only human; time is a trying test, and environment and tradition are difficult influences to overcome. In a land of ruthless methods, with the example of such men as Enver and Talaat and Djemal fresh in their minds, it will be little short of a miracle if the ablest of the Turks display, year in and year out, that self-effacing patriotism which alone can bring about a peaceful development of their country.

Perhaps Turkey would have more chance of peace under a dictatorship than under any other form of government. In her present state of progress, democracy exposes her to both internal and external dangers. It is much more difficult to maintain, and a complete breakdown in government would almost certainly lead to foreign intervention, if not to armed invasion. Not a few foreigners frankly say the time to retake Constantinople, and whatever else the West may desire, will come in a few years, with the breakdown of the present form of government.

IV

And so indeed it may come to pass — or, again, it may not. The resurgence of Turkey amounts to an experiment of great importance to the world. She has set herself the task of running her own affairs, in her own way, independent of Western control, but on ultra-Western and liberal lines of government. The whole of North Africa, the Near East, and India are watching that experiment with intense interest. They, too, are sick of Eu-

ropean control, and particularly of the patronizing manners of their European mentors or masters. They, too, have drunk deeply of the theory of self-determination. If Turkey succeeds in maintaining complete independence of foreign control under a liberal form of government, so much the better, so much the more to be said for Eastern self-determination. But it really does not greatly matter how she succeeds, so long as she succeeds. To throw off European control and maintain her independence — that is the essence of the experiment in the eyes of the East. A dictator would prove their point almost as well as a National Assembly.

The influence of Islam on this experiment will be a most interesting thing to watch. Much depends on the extent to which Islam can be united behind the nationalist movements in the East. There is nothing quite so difficult to measure as a religious force when it is diverted into political channels. Of course, Mohammedanism is far more of a political religion than is Christianity. The Sheriat law, which is the religious law derived from the Koran, regulates most of the questions of personal and domestic life, such as marriage, divorce, and inheritance, in all Moslem countries. The Church enters directly into the civic life of the people to a degree unknown to us. And the Church and State are very closely linked together. Mohammed not only founded a religion, but made himself the head of a state. For six centuries his successors were temporal as well as spiritual rulers. The tradition of the indivisibility of Church and State, of religion and politics, is fixed in the minds of the people. The brotherhood of all 'true believers' is very thoroughly indoctrinated into Islam. The lack of a sacerdotal class, of a real priesthood or clergy, tends to strengthen the bonds between individual Moslems. There is a closer tie between Moslems of all races and classes than between Christians. Islam is a younger religion, more direct and much more simple.

And yet there are other things to be taken into account by one who would estimate the possible cohesive force of Islam in this struggle between the East and the West. The first is that, with all of its unifying tendencies, Islam does not and cannot present a united front. It has its schisms, its 'two-and-seventy jarring sects,' very much as Christianity has its divisions. Their lines of cleavage are not so deep as those which separate the major branches of Christianity, and the antagonism between them is not so bitter. But nevertheless the rifts in Islam destroy a great part of its cohesive force when applied to practical politics.

Furthermore, Islam comes into play only indirectly, for the revolt against Western domination is everywhere primarily political, and not religious. The Turkish Nationalists named themselves rightly, for their cause is almost entirely nationalistic. The mainspring of their action has been their intense desire to establish an independent national entity. Their slogan has not been 'The Crescent against the Cross,' but 'Turkey for the Turks.' It is the success of the Turks in recreating their country and freeing it from foreign control which has raised their prestige all over the East and made them the leaders in the new movement. The fact that they were Moslems fighting Christians enemies has had only a secondary and indirect influence, both on their own people and on other Moslem countries.

The idea of a Holy War, fought by a united Islam for Islam, has been pretty well exploded. Such a war was proclaimed in all solemnity in 1914 by the Sheik-ul-Islam, backed up by the

Sultan-Caliph (not to mention the All Highest in Berlin!). But the Mohammedan world did not respond. Arabs and Indian Moslems fought against the Turks, and few of their coreligionists supported them. The fact is that the Turks, even after having held the Caliphate in their hands for four hundred years, do not stand high as Moslems in the Mohammedan world. They are slack in their religious observances (including temperance). Their religious fervor does not burn with the same intensity as that of many other Moslems. The intellectual centre of Islam is the University of El Azhar, at Cairo. The great religious centres lie in the Arab lands. The mosques at Constantinople are little more than the glorification of the military prowess of the early Ottoman sultans. The Turkish Caliph, invested with the mantle of the Prophet, is nothing more than an appointee of the National Assembly, and as such carries even less weight in Islam than did the sultan-caliphs of the old Ottoman Empire.

Nevertheless, Islam, as a secondary force behind Nationalism, exerts an influence with which one must reckon. It is a common tie between Eastern peoples struggling for Nationalism; and a common tie is an excellent basis for propaganda. It is more than that, for it is the most intense religion in the world to-day in its hold on great masses of people. To throw off a foreign yoke, a people should believe that they are superior to that foreigner; that they have been given a light which has been denied him; that they are, in short, the Chosen People. There is nothing like a vigorous, intense religion to produce that superiority complex.

Islam is a force which the restless peoples of the East will not fail to use — as an adjunct to Nationalism. And, in being used, the religion itself will be seriously affected. On the one hand, the Western Powers will probably exert all the influence of their present political control to widen the schisms in Islam and destroy its cohesive power. Furtive steps have already been taken in that direction. On the other hand, the Eastern peoples will tend to develop the religious power of Islam by the very fact that they keep it before them as a bond of unity in their struggle with the West.

So this Turkish experiment may be expected to have ramifications all over the East, and to affect not only the colors on the map, but the inner lives of millions of people.

It is an experiment abounding in paradox. The nation whose despotism has been proverbial is now trying to be the most democratic in the world. The people who lead the East in its revolt against the West are trying at the same time to be most Western in their government and in their attitude toward prohibition and women. The people whose harems have become a byword for female seclusion and enslavement are now liberating their women and advocating a feministic movement. The nation which calls itself the 'Guide of Islam' and assumes the protection of the Caliphate, at the same time smashes through the deepest traditions of the Mohammedan faith and is notoriously lax in its religious observances.

Paradox can go no farther. One is tempted to say that Turkey is setting herself the most difficult problems in national transformation that any people have ever faced, unless we except those with which Japan has dealt since 1854. And she proposes to accomplish these great transformations in one of the world's centres of intrigue, surrounded on all sides by enemies. One can only wish her well. But in the achievements of other people, and particularly in the past history of her own

people, there is little encouragement to be found for the success of so prodigious an experiment.

Yet it is an experiment of the greatest import to the Western world. Turkish character may not have changed, may not be susceptible of much change under the inhibitions of Islam and the inertia of the East. But the Turkish state has changed completely. No longer is it 'the Sick Man of Europe,' the old moribund affair of mediæval traditions which had to be bolstered up and kept going somehow because the West coveted its property and could not agree on a division of the spoils. For a century and more Turkey has been under European influences. They have been jealous and conflicting influences, for the most part; and by playing one against another Turkey has often been able to mitigate European domination. But on the whole the West has dominated, and Turkey has meant nothing to the world except a decayed holding corporation for property and interests which could not be peacefully divided.

Now she means much more. Now she is free from European leading-strings, and she means to keep herself free — if she can. She faces the West as the leader in Eastern self-determination. She is doing what so many other people in Asia and Africa have longed to do since the beginning of this period of nationalist awakening.

Many men have told us that the East is sick of Western rule. It is true. Nothing is clearer in the East. Twenty years ago Western superiority was granted unquestioningly, and Western control accepted with little protest. But now, from Morocco to the Philippines, a new spirit is in the air. The Russo-Japanese War was a great eye-opener. The World War was an arena in which the West drained its own life-blood. The settlements following that war awakened the East to the full realization of Western weakness and folly. Rejuvenated Turkey is the result, and the inspiration to further revolt.

One cannot, therefore, see bright prospects for the West if the Turkish experiment succeeds. There may be peace on the shores of the Bosphorus, but what sacrifices of Western interests in the East will be demanded? How is the trade of the world to readjust itself if Western control is generally overthrown in the East? Western prosperity (and perhaps much of what we call Western civilization) has been built up largely on two things, the development of the New World and the exploitation of the Old. If, instead of continued control in the East, the West must face a series of successful revolts; if it must readjust itself to trade with many countries puffed up with pride in their new-found nationalism, and blundering in their first attempts at self-rule, the change will be great indeed. It may be a change for the betterment of the world in the long run, but one may suspect that the run will be both long and painful.

And yet, if the Turkish experiment does not succeed, the West must bear the consequent strain. If government breaks down in Turkey, either under a National Assembly or under a dictator, the West must bring order out of chaos or face the possibility of another great war. The old question of the inheritance of the 'Sick Man's' property will come up again, with the equally unsolved problem of the control of the Straits. (So many men have died trying to control those Straits!) Next door lies the Balkan powder-magazine. And next to the Balkans lie the greater explosives of Central Europe, extending from the Carpathians to the Ruhr, and north to the Niemen. Let the West look to itself if the prizes of Turkey are again to be had for the taking!

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MIDDLE CLASS IN ENGLAND AND IN FRANCE

BY EDITH SELLERS

I

It was the market day in a French manufacturing town, and the great square was closely packed with stalls, on which provisions of all sorts were displayed. Fish, flesh, red herrings, rabbits, and fowls, all were there; green stuffs, too, and fruit and nuts. And everything was appallingly dear! So at least the thrifty housewives, with whom the market was thronged, went about declaring: 25 francs for a chicken no bigger than a pigeon was *un prix énorme*, according to them; while a franc for a shriveled-up cabbage, or a handful of salad, was *un prix fou*. Some of them, indeed, waxed so righteously indignant as they went from stall to stall, that they refused even to haggle. The profiteering ways of those peasants who brought their produce into the town was a public scandal, they protested; and M. le Maire must really be made to interfere.

Among the marketers, it was evidently the working-class women who had most money to spend, and who spent it most lavishly. For much as the cost of living has risen in France since 1914, wages have risen still more.

Thus railway-men's wives, builders' wives, the wives of hand-workers of all kinds, indeed, are better off now than they ever were in their lives before. It is not they, but those for whom they used to work, who have now to pinch and save. It is the lower-middle-class folk who are to-day the poor in France, the new poor; and thousands who, before the war, were in the higher middle class, are now installed in the lower. Professional men and women who have had no luck, officials who have failed to rise, functionaries, ex-professors, invalided soldiers — they and their womenfolk all are there; and with them the great mass of the 'retired' — they who worked hard in the days of their strength that they might have the wherewith to live when too old to work.

In the in-between classes it is only they who have land, are in trade, or have had the chance to profiteer, who are now rich. For those who depend for their daily bread on pre-war fixed incomes, the yield of their savings, annuities, or pensions, life is one long fight to make both ends meet. And the fighters are, for the most part, alone-standing women. For while in all classes alike there are now more women than men, in no class are there so many more as in the lower middle class. Perhaps the men of that class drift away more easily than the men of other classes; or perhaps, in proportion to their numbers, more of them were killed in the war, or remained in the army when the war was ended. Be that as it may, there are now whole districts where there is hardly an able-bodied lower-middle-class man, while women of that class abound: women who are widows, or the wives of the unfit; spinsters who have no chance of

ever being wives. For many of them life is a struggle to keep the grim wolf at bay. In the market square that morning, it was quite pitiable to see how some of them pondered before spending even a sou.

One poor old lady who, unless her appearance belied her, had seen much better days, hovered about a fish-stall for a good half-hour before she could make up her mind to buy a herring. She had come to the market in search of a bargain — half a rabbit at a price she could afford to pay; and, as it chanced, there were no bargains to be had; even the skinniest of half-rabbits was dear, much too dear for her. That point settled, she made her way from stall to stall, seeing what was to be had, striving gallantly the while to look as if whatever there was or was not was for her a matter of no importance. She went about quietly, almost stealthily, keeping when she could to the darker end of the stalls; and if her fellow marketers waxed pushful, she with gentle courtesy at once stood aside. She never paused to bargain, very rarely to ask a question, although she always listened with keen attention while others bargained and questioned. And all the time she was weighing pros and cons, that was easy to see: was trying to decide what was best worth buying, what would serve longest as a pièce de resistance, to add to her coffee and bread. A calf's foot seemed to tempt her sorely; and, in spite of all her efforts, a touch of regret came into her eyes when she found that a foot cost as much as half a rabbit. Then the relative merits of sheep's trotters and veal bones were carefully balanced; but even trotters and bones were dear that day. There was nothing in the market, indeed, that was even fairly cheap, except herrings; and herrings evidently did not appeal to her. Again and again she went up to the stall on which they were lying and scanned them over critically; again and again she turned away with an air that betokened, 'Something better than that can surely be had for a franc'; and she started off once more on her search.

It was all of no use: the something better she could not find, let her try as she would; and — well, she ended by buying the herring. There was a look in her eyes, though, as she went on her way, that would have touched the heart of the veriest Shylock had he seen it.

As it was with her, so is it with many another. Although there are many rich people in France to-day, much displaying of wealth, much ostentatious spending, at every turn one comes across women — men, too, but much more rarely — who are manifestly underfed; who look as if they had not had a good square meal for months. On their faces short commons is written in unmistakable terms; on some of them, semi-starvation. And they almost all belong to the lower middle class. I saw but one working-class woman who looked hungry the last time I was in France.

Now, before the war, even lower-middle-class people could live in France in a fair amount of comfort, sure of a well-cooked dinner every day, a cheerful little room in which to eat it, and decent clothes to wear. They had not much money to spend, it is true; for the salaries of functionaries, as of all of their kind, have never been high. Still, what money they had was turned to good account; for the French of their class have a perfect genius for making five francs do the work of ten. In the provinces many a widow or spinster was then passing rich on £40 a year; while on £100 many a couple lived, throve, and brought up children, saving money the while.

A captain's pay was well under £200 a year, even if he were married and had two children. Yet on that, together

with the yield of her own little dot, the average captain's wife could house, feed, and clothe her husband, her children, and herself. It was a pinch, of course, for she, as an officer's wife, had a certain position to maintain; yet do it she could, and did; and, when New Year's day came round, she had, more often than not, francs left over for festivities, or perhaps for the building-up of a dot.

To-day things are different; for while the cost of living has risen quite woefully, — it is three times as high now as it was in 1914, — official salaries, professional incomes, annuities, and pensions have risen but little, some of them not at all. To make matters worse, the yield of past savings has fallen, fallen to zero if invested, as many middle-class people's are, in 'Russians' or 'Turks.' The pension of a retired official, whose salary was 9000 francs, is 3000; that of his wife, should she survive him, will be 1500. An invalided captain's pay is from 2420 francs to 2575. To a captain's widow 1550 francs are given; and very many of those who were wives before the war are widows now. She has only 300 francs a year more, even if she has two children. Thus, whether she be widow or wife, with children or without, life is a hard fight. And she is regarded as one of the lucky. Many widows, wives, and spinsters, too, among her own kith and kin, are poorer than she is. They must live from hand to mouth, always on short commons, going down in the world the while, slowly but inevitably.

Going down in the world is at best a painful process; and it is doubly painful when they who are going down see others, who were below them, stepping into their places — the places in which they had hoped to see their own children installed. That is what the new poor in France find so terribly trying. And if they are women, and most of them are, they are practically helpless: they must stand aside with folded hands while the process is going on. For it is almost impossible for an elderly middle-class woman to find a lucrative post in France to-day; and it is very difficult for those who are middle-aged, or even fairly young.

For, until the Congregation Laws came into force, the great majority of middle-class girls were educated in convents, by nuns; and many such girls are still being educated by nuns, who have changed their names and dresses, but not their methods. And nuns, although they teach their charges music, manners, and morals, together with housewifery and many good things besides, do not teach them how to make money, do not fit them to earn their own daily bread.

In pre-war days almost every bourgeois girl had something in the way of a dot. Even *la petite bourgeoise* had her few hundred francs, her little store of household goods. The nuns, therefore, took it for granted that those under their care would marry, unless they became nuns, and thought that the thing to be done was to fit them for their work as wives and mothers, or nuns. Thus the average bourgeois widow, wife, or spinster is heavily handicapped, if forced to enter the labor market: she is an unskilled laborer, a mere casual, so far as well-paid work is concerned. She cannot compete on equal terms with the women and girls who are not only better fitted for work than she is, but better educated all round from the business point of view. And the name of those girls is legion, and they are increasing in number from year to year. For even the highest of the State schools opens its door, gratis, to all who have brains, — quite rightly too, — and the skilled hand-worker can better afford to keep his children long years at school, than many a minor official or professional man.

So many girls who, before the war, would have been domestic servants, become teachers now, state officials, that there are but few places left for middle-class women, none at all for women educated in convents. The only work for which they, as a rule, are fitted, is *pension*-keeping, small shopkeeping, or housekeeping; and shops, as well as *pensions*, require capital, while there is no great demand for housekeepers.

For them, therefore, there is but little hope of finding work by which to eke out what they have. Practically the labor market is closed to them, unless indeed they choose to become servants. And for that many of them are too old, many too feeble, and still more, too proud. For servants are *ouvrières;* and between the *ouvrière* class and even the *petite bourgeoisie* there is a great gulf, one which many a petite bourgeoise would rather die than cross. Many a petite bourgeoise is now battling against starvation because she does not choose to cross it.

'Our workmen want for nothing,' the official responsible for the poor of a large department assured me last winter. 'It is the bourgeois who are in need, especially the petty bourgeois. I know some of them who need everything: they have n't enough to eat, not even of fire to cook with; and they won't accept anything from anyone, no matter who. It is pitiful!'

II

The official was right: the present state of things in France is most pitiful, so far as the 'between' classes are concerned. For them, indeed, it is pitiful everywhere, in this our day, in some respects even more pitiful in England than in France.

In France the small shopkeeper can still make a fairly good living; the small farmer, a very good living; while in England small shopkeepers and small farmers alike esteem themselves lucky if they can make both ends meet. Moreover, in France every man who has the strength to work and the will can find work to do; whereas in England it is far otherwise. Here thousands of men and women of the middle classes spend their days tramping round from office to office, shop to shop, seeking vainly for employment; while more than a million of the working class stand about in the market place, waiting to be hired, and no man cometh to hire them. And the greatest misery that can befall man or woman is, surely, to be forced to stand idle, while those for whom they care are lacking bread.

In England the cost of living is very high — higher, compared with what it used to be, than in France. Housing, lighting, heating, food, and clothes have all risen hugely in price since 1914; while rates and taxes have gone up by leaps and bounds, and are now much higher than in France. Still, salaries also are much higher in England than in France; but then they were already much higher in 1914. Since then the earnings of the average middle-class man or woman, apart from officials and soldiers, have risen comparatively little; and, what is much worse, their chance of employment has actually fallen. The yield of most of their saving, too, has fallen, while their annuities, pensions, and the like, have stood still.

The result is that thousands of men and women who, in pre-war days, never thought twice before spending a sovereign, must now think many times before spending even a shilling. They lived in great comfort, perhaps luxury, then; now they live in what seems to them poverty, bereft of all that makes life pleasant.

Still more thousands, many more,

who, when the war came, were living quite comfortably, are now in actual poverty. Then they not only had money wherewith to provide themselves with necessaries, but they had something left over for pleasures, something wherewith to buy books, entertain friends, defray the cost of a trip to the seaside from time to time. They belonged to the higher middle class then; now they belong to the lower, and every penny they have is earmarked before ever they have it. For necessaries cost so much that, when they are paid for, not a penny is left for anything beyond. And there are many who are poorer than they; who are so poor that their pennies often come to an end before bare necessaries are bought.

Even at the best of times, the lower middle class is, in England, the luckless class, that in which the struggle for life is keenest. It is always a large class, and now it seems to increase in size from day to day. For besides those who are born in it, all sorts and conditions drift into it, both men and women — the failures of the higher classes, the snobbish of the lower, the unfit of both. For neither great physical strength nor special brains are needed for the work most lower-middle-class people do — the work of a clerk, a minor official, a shop assistant, a lady's companion, or even a mother's helper. Moreover, it is eminently respectable work, work that even the 'genteel' can do without losing caste. And there are always more hands to do such work than the amount of such work to be done requires; and the result is they who do it are always underpaid. The average clerk does not earn a fourth so much as the average bricklayer; the young woman in a shop, not a third so much as a cook; while the clerk or the young lady must spend twice as much as the bricklayer or the cook on housing, shoes, and clothes.

Thus, of the respectable classes, the lower middle class is always the poorest; and it is poorer than ever now, not only because the cost of living is so high, but because so many of the new poor from the higher middle class have joined its ranks. And in England, as in France, it is the class in which there are most women; for when once a woman is there, there she stays, whereas a man often makes his way higher or lower. And in that class, life for women now spells a struggle to make money do more than it can do, a fight to keep up appearances and not go down in the world.

On avoiding that, they are just as bent as any petite bourgeoise is, just as ready to starve rather than go out as servants; unless, indeed, they belong by birth to a higher class and have come down into the lower. I have known but one born lower-middle-class Englishwoman who, of her own free will, went out as a servant; and I have known a fair number of women of a higher class, who have not only gone out as servants, but have done their work well.

Even before the war came, with its all-round leveling, I had a visit one day from two girls, gentlewomen evidently, who had come to ask me to find work for them. Through no fault of their own they had been reduced, at one fell swoop, from comparative wealth to poverty, and must find means of earning a living.

I asked them what they could do, whereupon they told me frankly that they were not clever enough to teach, not clever enough to do anything with their heads, or to do anything, in fact, except housework. One of them was sure that she could dust and clean, the other knew that she could cook. They had, therefore, decided to go out as servants, and were eager for my help in finding them places. Within forty-eight hours, I had won the eternal gratitude

of a very kindly old lady by providing her with an excellent cook and housemaid.

Only the other day another gentlewoman, one well over sixty, presented herself in reply to an advertisement. She had the speech and manners of a well-bred woman; and, in spite of her shabby black clothes, she might from her appearance have been a duchess. None the less she had come to apply for a place as servant. For her, though, as her face showed, the coming had been terrible. I very much doubt whether anything short of the grim wolf would have induced her to come; and had she been a born lower-middle-class woman, she would have faced the grim wolf rather than have come. Of that I am sure.

Quite recently I came across a gentleman, one well-known to me by name, who was living on what he made by selling boot-laces.

III

So far as things material go, life in the lower middle class is almost as hard in England as in France. For, although the English have more money than the French, as their salaries are higher if they are in work, the French are much more skillful than the English in turning money to account. They are much more thrifty, too, and much better cooks. The average Frenchwoman can concoct a good dinner out of what seems to the average Englishwoman mere refuse; and a good dinner is like sunshine — it oils the wheels of life in a wonderful fashion.

Still, things material are not everything; there are things beyond; and it is precisely those things beyond that make the lot of the new poor so much harder in France than in England, make it so terribly hard for them if they are women who have daughters. For then they have quite special troubles to face in addition to their poverty — troubles from which most English mothers are as free as the birds of the air.

In France, even the best of grown-up daughters is now a great trial to a new-poor mother, a cause of endless worry, anxiety, and often of self-reproach. For she has practically no chance of ever marrying, as the young men of her class, and there are but few, must seek brides who have dots, so high is the cost of living. And the daughters of the new poor have no dots. To most of them, therefore, marriage is barred; and that to their mothers is a real grief; for a French mother's heart is always set more or less on securing good husbands for her daughters. That is doubly the case now, when she has no means wherewith to provide for them, and has more often than not, never fitted them to provide for themselves. That is the rub, the cause of so much self-reproach, as well as of friction; for, had they been fitted to provide for themselves, the lack of husbands would not be for them the tragedy it is.

Then, too, even as children, girls are often a great care to their mothers; for not only must they be housed, fed, and clothed, but they must be educated; and of all the hard problems a poor French mother has to face, the hardest of all is that of deciding by whom to have them educated.

The great majority of bourgeois mothers were educated in convents, we must not forget; and, whether frequenters of churches or not, they are as a rule staunch Catholics, with a keen desire that their children also shall be staunch Catholics. They, therefore, bitterly resent the closing of the convents; for so long as the convents were open, they had schools to which they could send their daughters with an easy mind, sure of their being kept

safely in the orthodox fold; whereas now, more often than not, the only schools within reach are the State schools, in which the education given is secular. And the average bourgeois mother, especially petty bourgeois, is firmly convinced that, if she sends them to a State school, they will sooner or later stray from the fold, will cease to be good Catholics.

Nor is that all. Whether a devotee or not, she wishes her daughters to have good manners, to demean themselves as well-brought-up girls were expected to demean themselves in pre-war days. For she is not only staunchly Catholic, but, in what concerns girls, staunchly conservative. She has a great horror of the new girl that has sprung up in France, as elsewhere, since the war — the girl who sets her mother at nought, has male friends, and smokes; and she is as sure as sure can be, though without either much rime or reason, as it seems, that the new girl is a product of secular education, is manufactured in State schools. And she is sorely afraid lest, if she sends her daughters to a State school, they may become new girls, bent on going their own way, and that way a wrong way.

The average French mother of the lower middle class has undoubtedly a great dread of secular education for girls. She does not approve of it even for boys; still, for them, it is a necessary evil, she is inclined to think; but for girls it spells disaster, she is firmly convinced. And in that she is right, her clerical adviser assures her. Secular education is the source of all evil, according to him; while it is the veriest anathema according to her old convent teachers; and she still attaches great importance to what they say. Little wonder, therefore, that her heart sinks at the thought of sending her girls to a State school.

It sinks more deeply still, though, at the thought of not sending them there; for she is just as eager to do her best for them in what concerns this world, as in what concerns the next. And she knows that they will have to earn their own living; knows too, that, if they are to have a fair chance of earning it, they must go to a State school. For if they go to a clerical school, even supposing that there is one in the district, as their teachers would probably be ex-nuns, lucrative work would be barred to them, as it is barred to her and to their middle-aged cousins and aunts, perhaps even to their own elder sisters. Moreover if they go to a State school, they will be educated in a great measure gratis; whereas, if they go to a clerical school, fees will have to be paid, unless she is prepared to accept charity; and charity she will not accept.

Let her do what she will, she is sure to be blamed, accused by her clerical friends of hurling her daughters into perdition, or, by her male relations, of sacrificing them to her own superstitious fears and antideluvian notions. To make matters worse, she knows in her heart that, let her strive as she will to do what is right, her own daughters may later rise up against her, and join in singing over her a solemn Tekel.

As time passes things will right themselves, no doubt: even the most devout of lower-middle-class mothers will lose some of the fear with which she now regards State schools, and will realize that secular education does not necessarily entail either a lack of religion or bad manners. Moreover, there is always the hope that the Church and State may bury the hatchet, and join hands in trying to make sure that the best shall be done for the children of Clericals and anti-Clericals alike. Should that day come, it will bring great comfort to many sorely tried mothers, and set their minds at rest.

IV

Fortunately, in England, the troubles entailed on lower-middle-class parents by the education of their children are social and economic, rather than religious. Still, to many a father of the new-poor section of that class, it is a heart-breaking matter that, through sheer lack of money, he cannot send his sons to a genteel school. He feels that he is not doing for them what he ought to do, not doing what his father did for him, not giving them the chance that was given him of starting life as a gentleman. And to him that seems the first real step down, the beginning of that going-down in the world, the dread of which haunts him day in, day out. And the same sort of feeling prevails more or less throughout the lower middle class; only, among those who have always belonged to that class, the feeling is much stronger with the mothers than with the fathers.

The average lower-middle-class mother is a very good mother — a worthy woman to boot; and, in what concerns most things, she is level-headed. None the less the mere thought of sending her children to a County Council Elementary School may, and often does, act on her nerves as a red rag on a bull. The teaching in those schools is infinitely better than that given in any private school to which she could send them; and it is free, while in private schools it must be paid for. Yet the chances are that she will promptly wax resentful, if one ventures to suggest that she should send them to a County Council School instead of sending them to a private school. Rather than do so, she will not only pinch and save, but will go almost without anything, without bacon, fish, or beef, for six days out of seven; and, when the time comes, as it often does now, that send them there she must, it is for her a heart-breaking matter. And all because County Council Elementary Schools are not 'genteel'; because in such a school her children must sit side by side with working-class children, be treated in all ways as equal with them, and may perhaps — who knows? — become as they are! And in her eyes that would indeed be a going-down in the world; and in no other class is there quite such a horror of that going-down, as in the lower middle class, especially among the women who were born in it. The horror smacks of the absurd, of course; none the less it is at the root of much that helps both men and women to 'run straight,' holding their heads high the while.

In England and France alike, the in-between classes have now undoubtedly a heavy burden to bear; and for the most part they are bearing it very bravely. The French are bearing it very patiently, too, much more patiently than the English. For although doggedness may be the badge of our tribe, sufferance certainly is not.

I have sojourned in fourteen different countries in my time; and, so far as I can judge, in no other country is the average native quite so lacking in patience as in England. And they who lack it most are to be found in the lower middle class, among the women born and bred there. They who abound in it most of all are also to be found there, it is true; for it is emphatically the extremists' section of that class, the section in which the lovers of peace are the most fervent, the lovers of a fight the keenest and most aggressive, the dreamers of dreams the most visionary. In no other class, surely, are there so many women who have in them the making of an Elizabeth Fry, a Charlotte Corday, or a Donna Quixote. To hear what some of them say, one might think them the veriest Ishmaels; to see what some of them do, is to know that,

were justice the order of the day, they would take high rank among those to whom hats are doffed instinctively.

Again and again I have had hard tussles before I could induce poverty-stricken lower-middle-class women to accept old-age pensions. Again and again such women have refused them because of the fear lest, should they accept them, they might bring discredit on some well-to-do relative, who did not care a whit whether they starved or not. There is neither bound nor limit to the sacrifices some of them make, make gladly, for the sake of the most worthless of sons, most heartless of daughters. One poor old lady, to whom an old-age pension was offered during the war, refused it almost indignantly. 'No! No!' she cried, 'I will wait until the war is over. The Government need every penny they have now.'

Among such women political feeling often runs high; for the average woman of the lower middle class is much more keenly interested in public affairs than the average woman of either the higher class or the lower. She reads newspapers more than they do; books too, half-educated though she may be. A public library is to her a source of endless pleasure, especially if she be alone-standing. It is to her what society is to some of them, cinemas to others. If she is not a staunch Radical, she is fairly sure to be a staunch Conservative, one of the die-hard type almost as often as not. Communism does not appeal to her — she dearly loves her own belongings; while as for Bolshevism! were it proposed to hang every Bolshevik tomorrow, I doubt whether she would raise a protest. Whatever be her creed, her 'views,' as she calls them, are equally strong: there is hardly a subject on which she has not quite made up her mind; hardly a grievance but she has some pet scheme for redressing it, and is prepared to fight for the redressing with tooth and nail. For, although there are many very patient women in the lower middle class, the average woman born there is a fighter, a righter of wrongs by instinct, no matter whose the wrongs be. She bitterly resents the shameful way in which, as she maintains, the Government neglect those of her class, doing nothing for them at all, beyond raising their rates and taxes, while lavishing money on the working class, which, according to her, has already more money than it knows what to do with.

Nor is she content with resenting the wrongs of her class — she is bent on having them righted, let the cost be what it may. In that she differs fundamentally from the average woman of her class in France. When her sense of justice is outraged, she betakes herself straight to a public meeting, or to a political demonstration, if one is to be found; whereas the Frenchwoman betakes herself to church.

There is something infinitely pathetic in the uncomplaining fashion in which lower-middle-class Frenchwomen are now demeaning themselves. Among them there is no cherishing of grievances (excepting that of the closing of the convents); not a touch of that rankling sense of wrong that is so rife among their English sisters; hardly a trace of any effort to draw attention to their distress, and have a remedy for it devised. On the contrary, it almost seems as if their one wish was to hide the fact that they are poor, to keep themselves and their poverty well out of sight.

The average Frenchwoman of the lower middle class was always primarily *une femme de l'interieur*, it must be remembered. Her business was, she held, to take care of her children, if she had any, and to tend her men-folk, to feed them well, so far as she could, and

make life easy for them, they in return providing her with the necessary money. And now, more often than not, she has no men-folk, or only men-folk who are maimed. She never had any great interest in public affairs, and now she has lost any little interest she ever had: she has barred her doors as it were against the outside world and its concerns. She never cared much for reading, rarely touched even a newspaper; for she relied on her husband, father, or brother, telling her if anything special happened. In her better days, going to the theatre, entertaining her friends and relatives, buying and furbishing clothes for her Sunday promenade were her recreations; but they are out of her reach now, as they all entail expense. Thus, beyond churchgoing, she has not a recreation, not a pleasure in life, hardly an interest, unless she has children. And if her children are daughters the interest they afford her is fraught with pain.

Her life, therefore, is terribly narrow, as well as sad; and what makes it the sadder and the narrower is that she sees no chance of its ever being less narrow, less sad. Among the women of her class, and the men too, there is undoubtedly great despondency at the present time. They have lost all hope. They have even ceased to seek a remedy for their misery, so sure are they that there is no remedy to be found. They are, in fact, many of them, haunted by the fear that they and theirs must go down in the world; that the class to which they belong must cease to exist.

Perhaps they are right; it is not for me, a mere outsider, to say whether they are or are not; but, if they are, France will certainly be the poorer. For the lower middle class is a solid element in the State, one that makes for righteousness as well as peace.

As it is in France to-day, so it may be elsewhere in the days to come; and wherever it is, women will be the first to suffer. Everywhere, therefore, it behooves mothers, surely, to see to it that their daughters are fitted, while yet there is time, to cope with the new state of things that may lie before them. If every girl, no matter what her rank, what her wealth, were taught some calling by which to earn her own daily bread, come what may, she could face the world bravely, secure against the worst kicks the Fates can give.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE GREEN-RIBBON CLUB

FRANCE has always been clever and forehanded in arranging the marriages of her sons and daughters. Good Parisian fathers and mothers have this matter on their minds. Most of our own words that openly refer to such preliminaries are borrowed from the French: such words as escort, chaperone, rendezvous, beaux, bouquet, bonbon, vis-à-vis, tête-à-tête, and billet-doux, all the way up to the fiancée, the dot, and the trousseau.

But the latest matrimonial venture of Paris deserves, if we may say so, the *Grand Prix*. They have established (according to the report of an astonished British editorial) a Green-Ribbon Club, designed and regulated expressly for 'young men and women who are honestly in search of partners.' To join this club, you must furnish full information as to worldly situation, and a complete moral and medical history, and you must openly declare your intentions in advance.

The London editor concludes with the wistful remark that 'we are not informed what physical and moral defects bring down the blackballs.' But one would infer there might be preferences in choosing among the Bourbons, the Rousseaus, the Lafayettes, the Apaches, and the Pasteurs.

To an expert in racial earmarks, the notion of the 'complete moral and medical history' sounds not entirely French. One suspects that this card-catalogue idea came straight from the sterner lands of the Edwardses and the Jukes. But the Green Ribbon itself is Parisian enough; and, as with many a ribbon of France, there is a temptation to import it.

Would a Green-Ribbon club in New York or Boston 'take'?

At this point I hasten to remark that I myself am no longer eligible to this club, except as a graduate member of the board of trustees. My interest in the matter is founded on the fact that once in my early spinster days I had the temerity to chaperone and abet a mild American version of the Green-Ribbon Club myself.

No member of it was, of course, outspokenly and 'honestly' in search. Quite the contrary. If one of the girls ever referred to her dawning friendship with one of the men, it was in some such terms as this: 'There is no nonsense about *him*. He is just a great big brother to me.'

This choice coterie gathered without avowed purpose or ribbon or ritual, in the haphazard fashion in which America always opens the marriage mart. They happened to gather in my study, for I was keeping house by myself that year, in a tiny cottage at the end of a suburban lane. To reach my door, you left the busy city streets, and you walked a long and picturesque journey out from town; and, if you came on a Sunday afternoon, you found there a brisk assembly of other young free lances like yourself — conservatory graduates, masters of arts, electricians, college girls, and mechanical engineers. They all came ostensibly to see me, an understanding that brought with it an assured sense of safety, and a noncommittal footing that was vastly stimulating to us all.

I entertained no conceited delusions

as to my own position in this scheme of things: I was an Approved Chaperone, by virtue of householding and diluted professorial rank. To these healthy young tramping couples, stranded in the city far from their own homes, I was a Beloved Destination, and no more. So I used to build up my fire with apple wood and pine cones, get out the music and the fudge-pan, and prepare for a meeting of the fraternity each Sabbath afternoon. The club itself adored itself. Its emblems should have been a log fire and a corn-popper, bordered in early springtime with globules of maple-sugar wax cooling on bowls of snow.

This sounds idyllic, and I would offer my services as trained duenna to any Green-Ribbon club that might be formed, if my spirit had not been broken by one memorable event.

It happened that one of the Great Big Brothers wrote from a distant city to one of the girls, making her an offer of marriage in the most unexpected way. She rushed over in a driving snow-storm to tell me, but I was out. So she pinned a note on my door, assuring me that, since she had no home of her own to take him to, they would be over to see me next morning, when he was to be in town for her answer.

At the time, I stood in complete terror of all couples newly engaged. Besides, I had an unbreakable appointment out of town. Therefore, failing to reach her either by messenger or telephone, I, in my turn, pinned a note on my door next morning, regretting my absence, enclosing a key, and telling my visitors they might come in out of the blizzard and talk over old times and use the Cape Cod firelighter on the logs in the fireplace, if they chose.

But as I went down the drifted steps of my bungalow, I remembered that I had left the window part-way open in my kitchenette, and I was afraid the pipes would freeze. Back I went, closing the front door against the snow. I darted into my kitchenette, and the swinging door between kitchen and study closed behind me as I went over to shut the window at the rear. It was stuck fast with frost and sleet. I pushed and pulled for many exasperated minutes, but it would not budge. At last, I climbed up on a shelf, so that I might grapple scientifically with it at close range. Absorbed with my efforts, I must have been dead to the world, because presently I became aware that there was a murmur of voices conversing in my study. With a great thud of my heart, it dawned upon me that the engaged couple had found my note, had let themselves in, and had made themselves at home. From what I could overhear, they must have been there some appreciable length of time.

Paralyzed, I found that I could overhear all too perfectly. A New England conscience of the tenth generation is pretty well run out; but what there was left of mine rose up in horror against eavesdropping at such an hour. They might, moreover, come in and find me at any moment, for my larder was always a communistic supply-kitchen for starved gentry from the Siberian wilderness of restaurants and cafés. I thought of escaping by the window, as in the *Perils of Pauline;* but the window, of course, was stuck. I thought of heating the teakettle and unfreezing the window quietly with steam; but even so, there was a shed-roof outside, along which I should have to climb in full view of the large windows in the study where my visitors were. Unless, like Falstaff, I could be carried out with the laundry, my escape must surely be seen.

Of course, by this time, I had let the perfect moment go by. I knew that I ought to have dashed out at once, if I was going out at all. Here I indubi-

tably was, entrapped in my own kitchen — listening, listening, like Polonius behind the arras; though I will say there was nothing much to hear. Still, it was morally impossible to remain there; equally unthinkable to emerge.

I remembered with nightmare irrelevancy that my costume was in my favor. At least, I looked the part of a person keeping an imperative appointment out of town. I was completely appareled for the blustering winter weather, with goloshes on my feet, furry coat fastened high about my neck, and on my head, as Daisy Ashford would say, a small but costly hat. Buoyed up by the thought of my elegant haberdashery, my courage rose. Stepping down from my shelf, I began to rattle cosily about my kitchenette, humming a little tune, and clashing now the egg-beater, now a kettle-lid. As I clattered, I mentally swore a great oath that never never would I have to do with Big Brothers any more.

At this point, firmly clasping my umbrella beneath my arm, I walked into the study, just in time to witness the last mad endeavor of my callers to disengage the meshes of the young lady's dark brown hair-net from the button on the sleeve of the young gentleman's tweed suit. A hair-net knows how to wind itself thrice around a coat-sleeve-button and tie itself neatly there, like a cobweb in a clovehitch.

My guests assured me that they were delighted to see me; but it is the memory of my incomparable stage entrance that forever dampens my enthusiasm for Green-Ribbon clubs. Such things are too disquieting for the tardy Anglo-Saxon mind. The French touch is needed to keep the situation chic. In the future, marriages must be made exclusively in Heaven, or in Paris; not, at least, within a three-mile radius of my kitchenette.

I was bitter, as will be perceived, and my Polonius-complex has persisted to this day. But though I shall not be responsible for such proceedings any more, the club life will not languish for lack of me. For the world is a club; and the Green Ribbon is every river-bank, and every strip of growing grass along the edge of a city esplanade, and every slender cat-tail leaf that swishes against the rim of a canoe. The Green Ribbon is also every shining blade of beach grass beside the board walk; every turf border of every tennis-court; and the winding curve of all village roads and garden paths and country lanes. At the sign of these green ribbons, Aucassin still goes seeking Nicolette.

If we had the French instinct for form, we might organize this club. But with the individualistic English-speaking race, the discovery of a partner is usually casual and accidental in its preliminary details. It is one of the stock conversations of lovers, to retrace in memory the steps that led them to find each other. One slip in the time-table, and they might never have met. The devious path whereby two spirited young creatures travel the world to meet each other is the most mysterious itinerary under the orbits of the stars. No wonder the astrologers went to the horoscope for explanation of these strangely intersecting paths.

In the French Bible, the Psalmist praises God, 'l'Éternel,' for 'ses grands exploits.' Doubtless, we ought to translate that debonair French psalm into serious King's English, and 'praise Him for his wondrous works.' But for special occasions, it seems to me, we might keep it as it is, praising the Eternal for his grand exploits. The process by which men and women are led across the universe to meet their perfect partners is the chief exploit of the Eternal — a very miraculous and quite ungovernable thing.

WHERE THE BOOKWORMS MEET

Arma virumque cano — so is it ever. It is of those lusty souls who travel by airplane from Berlin to Moscow, and cruise from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Land of the Midnight Sun, that the book of the American summer exodus tells. The migrations of the bookworms go unsung.

I wait to see in that faithful expression of our national spirit, the American press in Paris, such a note as this 'Miss Mary Smith of Mid-Western State College has arrived in London. Miss Smith will spend the months of July and August in the Reading Room of the British Museum, editing Early English metrical romances.'

There are dozens of Miss Smiths and Mr. Smiths living in London in the summer months, fattening the innkeepers of Bloomsbury. We are to be seen, any week-day morning between nine and ten, with our national insignia of bone-rimmed glasses and brief-cases, converging upon the gates of the British Museum. We pass the police at the gates and the pigeons on the steps, bore through the groups of tourists inquiring the whereabouts of the Museum's choicest mummies, march between two more guards at the door marked 'Readers Only,' pass the tolerant admonitory sign, 'It is particularly requested that SILENCE may be observed as strictly as possible,' and enter into the dust and haze of the great domed Reading Room.

Perhaps there is something of symbolism in the long journey; for the path of learning which leads to the British Museum Reading Room is a rough one, and narrow is the gate. It is more difficult to become a properly certificated reader than it is to enter — the state of matrimony, for instance. The pursuit of knowledge is not regarded by the Museum authorities as a thing to be undertaken lightly, or in the first flush of youth; it is an avocation for the soberer years of maturity.

To pass the door marked 'Readers Only' one must have achieved twenty-one years. The reader-to-be must also own to some recondite purpose in his researches — no surreptitious reading of modern fiction! Finally, he must fortify his (written) application with a letter from a London householder (*sic*) testifying to his honorable intentions.

The casual-minded soon learn that the Museum will accept no substitutes. It was late in the summer when I made my first assault upon its gates, and the few householders I knew were still away on their holidays. To be sure, the fever of my minority had passed and I had come decently of age, and I had exceedingly erudite works in prospect; but the crux was the householder. I flourished evidences of membership in more or less learned societies, murmuring that they were rather better evidence of my fitness to use a library than a note from a college friend's husband was likely to be. No use. I must first catch my householder. With a new docility I sought and found him, and from that moment the pursuit of knowledge was unobstructed.

I later came to think that it would be better in the long run if the Museum authorities required a physical examination as well. Of those who pass the gates only the physically fit survive. The first part of our daily routine consists of a muscular exercise which has been neglected — wrongly, I think — by Walter Camp, probably because it is the product of a complex society, and the tiger knows it not. The device of the card-catalogue has not yet been introduced into the Reading Room. Its place is filled by hundreds of ancient leather-bound books, each weighing

about as much as a bound volume of the *Times*, in which the entries are pasted in an approximation of alphabetical order. These are disposed in cases just above the level of the floor, so that the seeker performs the feat of hoisting them by their leather straps to the top of the case, describing an arc like that of an athlete putting a heavy shot.

It is a strong man's work, and bit by bit it is weeding out the weaklings from the Intelligentsia. In time, the delicate college-professor of fiction will disappear from our ranks.

Behind the battlements of books achieved we look rather like a menagerie of intellectuals gathered in one great cage. The Americans, padding about in the flat-heeled shoes, and the quick-moving English are the most common species. But mixing with them are Continentals with clipped beards, dark men and women from India, in strange and graceful clothes, Orientals, and Near-Easterners of unclassifiable nationalities. West and East and North and South are met, never to speak, and never to meet again.

We work at strange tasks at our shiny black desks. The little man who reads interminably on endocrinology sits next a thatched-headed woman in a burlap dress who is writing music for songs. Next her is a bearded fellow who is compiling figures on the cost of armaments in the United States. Just beyond is one of the bone-rimmed clan, reading folk-tales of the Papuans.

Side by side we go our inexplicable solitary ways. Some of us are obscure and will end our lives in obscurity. The names of a few will be pasted many times into those great leather books. Upon us all for a little while a kind of magic sifts down through the dusty amber air, a fleeting sense of the internationality of scholarship, the brotherhood of the printed page.

THE PHILOLOGY OF BABY TALK

Few mothers are aware that Baby Talk is a true language, as susceptible of linguistic study as Latin, Greek, or modern French. I was not aware of it myself till recently — but then, I am not a mother. I am, in fact, a bachelor, of rather fixed habits and prejudices, and it has long been a peculiar eccentricity of mine to number the very young of the species in the category with fountain-pens. Personal observation could never have led me to discover, or even to suppose, the astonishing fact that we are all of us born equipped with instinctive language, with grammar and vocabulary and, possibly, irregular verbs. This is apparently all born in us, just as the songs of the birds are hatched with them from the egg. By language, I mean, of course, much more than animal cries, emotional outbursts; I mean articulate speech, words, ideation.

Instinctive speech suggests the language of the angels. Indeed, I have dug this arresting hypothesis out of a little old stray book by an African missionary of the last century, who was hoping, by study of the primitive Bantu dialects, to discover the long-sought-for language of the Garden of Eden. He is very guarded about it, as one sensitive of ridicule from the Darwinian party. Also, there had been considerable dispute during the Middle Ages as to the original and perfect language spoken by God to Adam; and men had grown a bit sensitive about it — by the time the Dutch had put in their claim. To be sure, the subject was 'old hat,' even among the philosophers of ancient Greece. Herodotus begins his second book with the relation of how Rhamsinitus isolated two infants with silent attendants, in order to discover what language man would speak by nature.

In fact, speculation upon the origin of

language is as old as it is perennially fresh. There is hardly a month's issue of periodicals that does not contain some story of a Tarzan of the Apes discovering or inventing language for himself.

My African missionary is probably no credited authority among philologists. Bantu represented to him almost pure Edenic as spoken by Adam 5891 years previously (Archbishop Usher's reckoning). But as few persons of intelligence still hold to the literal account of the Creation, I have ventured to read 'language of instinct' for 'language of Eden,' and so to apply to a new and interesting hypothesis philological observations quite wasted upon a lost cause.

We may not all be descended from Adam, but we are, with no exceptions that I can think of off-hand, all descended, in the sense of being grown up, from the infant state. It is quite possible, I think, to trace certain elements in all languages of mankind to that basic root-language, that universal Sanskrit, which every living one of us spoke first — Baby Talk. I do not pretend that chairs of Baby Talk will ever be established in our universities, or that Esperantists will hold their next international conference in this *lingua franca* of the bassinet. I present only what I feel would interest a mother, and what she may verify by observation without bothering to look up text references.

Infant speech begins with the sound 'Ah!' A natural remark and one that adult speech retains in its purity, as an expression of surprise and astonishment. This *ah* sound is hardly a vowel, because the mouth does nothing to shape the natural tone as it emerges direct from the throat. Upon this *ä* the closing of the lips imposes the interruptive consonant sound M. When baby begins to say 'mama,' he is referring to himself. It is the first vocal expression of personal consciousness. Roughly translated it means, 'I am getting along in great shape.'

Bubbles are next blown. The lips are here engaged with the consonant series *pi-beta-phi* (Grimm's law). '*P-brrr-fff*' becomes 'puffs,' as in English, and is accompanied with a gesture of airily waved fists thrust upward out of the cradle. 'P'ff' is rather a term of derision. Compare Pooh! Bah! Pshaw! Faugh! It is applied in Baby Talk to almost anything that is above baby's comprehensions, that is up in the air, airy, vapid. The gesture is that of a Podsnap flourishing away the French nation. But baby still regards his hand as a wing. He blows with his lips and fans with his wings.

In due course, baby will begin to crow and chuckle, and otherwise to emit gargling sounds of the consonant series *kappa-gamma-chi*. These gutturals (*k*, *g*, *ch*,) express life, motion. 'Gaga' may be translated 'Something doing!' By aspiration, the consonant is intensified. 'Gha-gha!' 'This is jolly!' The reserved English alphabet has no letters by which we can render phonetically the crowing sounds. Arabic, however, has several such aspirates, which carry the intensification through the gargling, chuckling stages of aspiration, almost to the hiccoughs — which is where aspiration of the guttural ceases in Baby Talk. The laughter of adults may easily be traced back to the root *ga* (go, something going on, a lively time).

'Ta' is, of course, 'take,' without the *k* of adult executive action. 'Ta-ta' is accompanied by a reaching gesture. 'Da-da' (see Grimm's law again) is a softened or more polite form — 'I'll thank you to hand me that.' 'Ta' expresses an emphatic demand, hence the explosive consonant. The gesture of grabbing may in moods of temper be

reversed, when 'ta-ta!' will have the meaning of 'Take that, you!' (*ta'-tha'*).

These then are the consonants. *P* for airy trifles, for fluttering frivolity. *K* for life and a gay one. *T* for desire. *M* must be added, for, from a mere closing of the lips, it comes to signify reserve, retirement, self, whatever is within. *N*, or nasalization, is a later accretion. It is an intensification of dignity and importance. Babies probably do not grunt instinctively; they learn to do so as they grow older, by association with their parents and the world.

The three vowel sounds are *ä*, properly *aa* (as in laager beer), *oo*, and *ee*.

Aa, the most elemental, a mere bleat, has a meaning in Baby Talk that is best expressed by the spreading gesture of the hands. It expresses urbanity, the broader point of view, the generous generality, horizontality. 'Ga' may thus be seen to be composed of G+Aa, which is to say, the guttural of action with the vowel of horizontality. Hence 'ga' as a root means go, something going on, on the go. 'Ma' (M+A) in its verbal sense will be readily seen to mean 'I myself am getting along, broadening out in my views, extending my acquaintance,' and so forth.

Oo, the second vowel, requires considerable practice in shaping the mouth. The vowel is generally acquired in conjunction with the consonant *P*. *Oo* sounds an early note of criticism. The accompanying gesture is upward, as if measuring the fullness of things, or estimating higher qualities. 'Goo' (G+OO) means, of course, 'good.' Adults naturally associate the *d* or the *t* of grabbing with anything that is *goo*.

Ee is introspective. It is by far the most difficult vowel to pronounce, and it marks the highest development of instinctive speech. It expresses personal identity, physical consciousness, pain. When the infant, gazing inward upon his still soul, cries 'Me' (M+E), he has achieved that self-expression which we recognize as the ultimate purpose of language.

These primitive roots apparently all exist in Bantu, and may be traced, more or less, through all languages. Thus *ta* — English, *take;* French, *tiens;* Spanish, *tome;* Latin, *teneo;* Arabic, *a'ta;* Japanese, *dasu*, etc. Comparative philology is the easiest thing in the world if you go about it the right way. You can always find a word sounding something like what you want it to sound; meaning something like what you want it to mean. And in doing this you pass over about a thousand exceptions. All this is allowed, and is quite regular. But I am not going to go into this part of my subject.

In conclusion, I will say that whether or not two shipwrecked, orphaned infants brought up on two desert isles by maternal crocodiles would, upon attaining their respective manhood and womanhood, speak the same language, is a question that seems to me of slight practical interest, if any. But the popularity of this type of story shows that people are still wondering, as Rhamsinitus did, about it. I can't help wondering myself.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

We wonder if there has been any subject discussed so universally and so intensively in America in the past year or two as Prohibition? In that period argument and special pleading pro and contra have run their course. The *Atlantic* publishes this month an article based on living examples in order to refocus thought upon what has become a condition and not a theory. The author has never written upon the subject of Prohibition and is not professionally allied with groups either for or against the amendment. **Mr. Haywood's** business is adjusting fire losses; his avocation writing short stories, mostly about golf. ¶For fifteen years, as a newspaper correspondent in Washington, **Elmer Murphy** has been gathering materials from Congressmen, office-holders, political advisers, diplomats, and presidents for this intimate diagnosis of government. **Carroll Perry** is rector of the Episcopal Church at Ipswich, Massachusetts. His father, Arthur Latham Perry, was for long years professor of political economy at Williams College. We doubt if the true feelings of college graduates at their twenty-fifth reunion have ever been as vividly and accurately set down as in 'Twenty-five Years Out.' **E. M. Forster** is an English novelist, author of *Howard's End*, *Pharos and Pharillon*, *The Celestial Omnibus*, and other novels and short stories. Rebecca West remarks that there is no one quite like him except Jack Frost. 'His novels are richly imaginative, wildly and strangely beautiful.'

* * *

Atlantic readers will recall a number of papers, in recent issues, touching on marriage and divorce, 'What God Hath Not Joined,' by Joseph Fort Newton, and, last month, 'What Is Marriage?' by A. Maude Royden. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould,** essayist, novelist, and keen critic of American society, brings to the subject wisdom and a shrewd analysis. **A. Edward Newton,** who writes in this number of a famous English playhouse, the 'Old Vic,' has himself turned playwright and achieved the unusual — if not the impossible — in writing a popular play upon Doctor Johnson. Every *Atlantic* reader knows his *Amenities of Book-Collecting* and *The Magnificent Farce*. ¶We wonder if it is at all widely known among the readers of **Amy Lowell's** poetry that, besides her half-dozen books of poetry, she has written a volume of critical essays, and a book of poems translated from the Chinese. For many months of each year she lectures on poetry in every quarter of the United States. **Margaret Baldwin** will be remembered by her paper, 'The Road to Silence,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for December 1917. **William Beebe,** who has written so many accurate and vivid sketches of Jungle Life, is director of the British Guiana Tropical Research Station of the New York Zoölogical Society.

* * *

Among the younger writers of novels, **Robert Nathan** has achieved a singularly sure and personal style. Though writing delicately and very simply upon such matters as schoolmasters, hay fields, manufacturers of puppets, and little girls who play with them, he has a curious skill in hinting at the same instant of both the pathos and the irony of human life. 'The Marriage of the Puppets' is selected from his novel, *The Puppet-Master*, to be published in the fall by McBride and Company. ¶Professor of English at the University of Minnesota, **Joseph Warren Beach** is a poet and author of a number of critical studies in English literature. **George Herbert Clarke** is professor of English at the University of the South, and editor of the *Sewanee Review*. He was the editor of *A Treasury of War Poetry*, 1917, Second Series, 1919.

* * *

The Merchant Marine has been discussed from nearly every angle but the

human one. Why are fewer and fewer young Americans following the sea every year and what can be done about it? **William McFee** turns his pen for a few moments from his sea stories to tell us. **Clifford H. Farr** is professor of botany in the University of Iowa, and author of 'The Psychology of Plants' in the December 1922 *Atlantic*. Of his present paper, 'The Mind of the Molecule,' he writes: —

> The question may readily arise as to what business has the botanist bothering with mind on the one hand or molecules on the other. I can only reply that the study of plants holds a peculiarly central position among the sciences, with physics and chemistry below, and zoölogy and psychology above. It may after all therefore be left to the botanist to weave it all into a harmonious cosmic philosophy. This work will then be not so much a matter of his research, nor yet of his recreation, as it is of his religion. And it is with this attitude that I have written this paper.

Edward W. Bok, former editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and now much in the public mind because of his offer of $100,000 for the best peace suggestion, discourses in this number of the *Atlantic* on what is the matter with advertising, and how it can be made both more artistic and more truthful.

* * *

Had **Thomas W. Lamont** chosen to tell his story less impersonally, credit for the success of the critical world-negotiations he records would go where credit is due. Member of the house of J. P. Morgan and Company, he has placed his experience and wisdom at the world's service. Since Mr. Hoover's withdrawal from Europe, no American has accomplished more than he for the general good. ¶Are Turkey, Russia, China, and Japan 'facing East'? We publish this month the first of several papers showing the development of an 'Oriental consciousness,' which implies in certain ways a great loss in Western prestige, and a new confidence in Oriental ideals and destiny. The author is in a position which enables him to write with freedom only in case his name is withheld. ¶An English essayist and student of social conditions, **Edith Sellers** has devoted the past year to a study of lower-middle-class life in France and England.

* * *

Here is a legitimate complaint, it seems to us, from a disabled veteran against the disparaging use of the 'consumptive-looking person' in literature and the creation of a heroic race of he-men and womanly-women: —

Dear Atlantic, —

Is it common for authors to choose one type of unfortunates to bring out the qualities of he-men and womanly-women? Really I am tired of taking up a book or short story and reading about that 'consumptive-looking person.' Not only that but many authors seem to think that it increases the value as characters to compare them with so-called consumptives. Does he realize in dealing with them in this manner that he deprecates them in the public eye? Does he realize that many make a return to health? Does he realize that in most cases it is only he-men and womanly-women who become consumptive?

Am I any the less a man because I am tubercular? I do not think so. I fought in France with the Marines. Surely I deserve a little consideration as a man. I am paying the price of patriotism. Nor am I a consumptive-looking person in the way our authors are prone to describe them.

I take this issue to *Atlantic* because I am a reader of it, considerate people read it, most writers read it. I appeal to *Atlantic* to help us in asking that we be held in a better light. I appeal so that the public will not be horrified when it learns that we have been in sanatoria for T.B.

I appeal to the authors to give us a chance. If they are going to use consumptives as material I hope they will use us kindly. We are he-men and womanly-women though we be afflicted with this trouble.

A Disabled Veteran,
A. E. Beaton.

* * *

Here is a chance for some modern Joseph not yet Freudianized.

Dear Atlantic, —

In rebuttal of the idea expressed in 'The Land of Nod' (August *Atlantic*), I venture to tell a dream. I was taken prisoner by a heathen potentate, who gave me eight pieces of cardboard on each of which was drawn the picture of a pig, and was told that I must place the eight pieces touching each other, and at the same time they must cover one mile in length.

'Pigs have hair,' said I.

'Yes,' said the king.

'And hair is fur.'

'Yes.'

'And fur is long.

'And eight furlongs make a mile!' triumphantly declared I.

'You are free,' said the king, 'but the night is dark and the forest is full of wild beasts; take these with you.'

And he gave me a long piece of white muslin and two tin dishpans. Soon I was beset on every side by lions. Crouching low I tied one end of the cloth around my neck, and giving a terrific spring upwards, I crashed the pans together with the white streamer trailing behind, and so safely passed through the forest.

P. B. Crosby.

* * *

Are there materials for a true Liberal Party in the United States that would be like the British Liberals? Curtis Nettels of the University of Wisconsin expresses his skepticism in an able comment on 'Progressivism Old and New' (July *Atlantic*): —

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Merz suggests that the Progressivism of 1923 is somewhat akin to British Liberalism. It is doubtful if theUnited States at an early date will produce a genuinely liberal or truly progressive party. A liberal party, devoted to the uplift of the oppressed classes, is not actually needed in the United States as it was needed in Great Britain before the passage of the last reform bill, because all of the classes of people here who feel themselves oppressed have been schooled in political action, have the instruments of salvation within relatively easy reach, and generally, in hard times, are not disinclined to use them for their own purposes. Accordingly they do not need a set of benevolent, liberally minded men to sympathize with them and to act in their behalf.

Besides, conditions throughout the rural sections of the country are not favorable to the formation of a permanent and consistent liberal party. The farmers have their periodical grievances, and at different intervals give way to bursts of radical passion. But the materials of a permanent progressive or liberal party have n't yet been assembled in the agricultural districts. The farmers have among themselves no particular class of individuals who stand as a symbol of social injustice — no class which excites sympathy among and inspires liberally minded men to political action for their benefit. The class as a whole is homogeneous and when political action is accomplished for its benefit, it is accomplished by itself. When it does act, it acts as a unit, and when it acts as a unit, it tends to be radical, not liberal or progressive. When farmers are dissatisfied, they are all dissatisfied; when they are contented, they are all contented. In the past they have not been, for a long, unbroken period, either consistently satisfied or consistently discontented — and there is no reason for anticipating that they will be consistent in either in the future.

Accordingly the permanent basis of a real party, liberal or progressive, is lacking. The farmers may be driven by hard times into radicalism, as in 1896, but the return of prosperity will change them into moderates, as in 1900. Moreover, there still remains a good deal of individualism on the farms. Life in rural districts is not so cramped as to necessitate the formation of a political party which will exist in order to rescue the individual from a series of conditions which socially minded people feel are not good for him. This is essentially what a liberal party does exist for.

Among the discontented voters, in the city, the case is altogether different. The conditions under which a great number of them work are not conducive to individualistic enterprise, and consequently there exists the need of organized political effort for the improvement of those conditions. In the second place, the conditions that cause the kind of unrest which finds a political outlet are more permanent in the cities than on the farms. The chief of these conditions is that each day every one of a great many men has to spend eight hours in contact with a dirty, ugly, unattractive, even repulsive economic system, from which he receives nothing desirable except his pay. There is in this condition a source of discontent and the permanent basis of a political party — not a liberal party, though, but a radical one instead.

The foundation of a real union between city workers and farmers is lacking. The fundamental grievances of the two groups are not the same. Within the cities, among the workers in basic industries, there is a marked solidarity of interest. But among all the other urban classes, there is no unity of sentiment — and although the interests of the middle class usually incline it toward Conservatism, still there is no telling how the American democratic tradition may modify that normal interest of the middle class in preserving the status quo, and what state of political-mindedness the two working together and reacting one upon the other will produce. For the present, it seems that only small minorities representing the extreme views of conservatism and radicalism can form the permanent bases of parties separated as Mr. Merz and his friends of the New Republic would like to see them separated. The great mass of people in

between not yet vitally touched by the great problems arising from the age of machinery do not take their politics nearly so seriously as they take their sports and motor cars and the other similar things which right now have the strong hold upon the public affections.

* * *

We think that readers of *The Quare Women* either in the *Atlantic* or in book form will be interested in the following: —

Dear Atlantic, —

I wonder if the people who have read about the doings of the 'Quare Women' in their 'cloth houses' on the hill above Troublesome Creek twenty-three years ago realize that these were very real experiences, and that that summer's work resulted in the founding here at Hindman, on the Forks of Troublesome, in the heart of the mountains, of the Hindman Settlement School, in which academic and industrial training are combined with various forms of social service? This school, the pioneer of its kind in all the mountain regions, and the one upon which later settlement schools have been modeled, has for twenty-one years been doing most solid and valuable work.

Because of the extreme sensitiveness and pride of our Kentucky Highlanders, and their aversion to being held up to the world as a peculiar people (qualities which we greatly respect and admire in them, as we do their sterling characters and great natural intelligence), we have never given much publicity to our work, and are still unwilling to do so.

Since the work is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions, this reticence has been a handicap; and had it not been for the faithfulness of many old friends — some, individuals, others, women's clubs and organizations of various kinds — who have stood by us year after year, we could not have kept the school going.

It is my hope that *The Quare Women* will make new friends for us, who will be interested in helping these children to a chance in life. At present we have about eight hundred boys and girls on our waiting list, but cannot take them for lack of scholarships and room. A scholarship of one hundred and fifty dollars provides for a child through the year, together with the daily labor done by the child.

If any of the readers of the *Atlantic* wish to write me on the subject I shall be glad to answer their inquiries; if they belong to any clubs or organizations which would be interested in having one of the 'Quare Women' talk to them about our work this fall or winter, I shall be glad to know of it.

Sincerely yours,
Lucy Furman.

Hindman Settlement School
Hindman, Knott County, Ky.

* * *

Experienced readers of the *Atlantic* will mark the distinction between those interesting human vagaries often described by the adjective 'phony' and the philological achievement expressed by the generic noun 'Fono.' We are glad to print the following communication from its inventor, S. N. Stewart, C.E.

As am absnt minded frm old aj frgot to say: If u akspt any of my artcl u r to publsh it not latr thn in ur Oct. isu bcauz I uz it erly in Oct. as an xrciz in Fono (my unvrsl languaj) whch isus erly in Oct.

* * *

Harold Vinal wrote a poem for the February *Atlantic* in which the moonlight 'burned.' The controversy over that supernatural phenomenon still rages.

Dear Atlantic, —

Quite probably there have been and will be other defenders of 'burning moonlight' against what is called a 'successful thrust' of a railroad man which you print in the August number. To my mind it is not a convincingly successful thrust — however, everyone to his own taste. For I *have* seen the moon smoulder — dropping behind the hills across the Hudson River on a hot July night, seen from a certain Quaker Bridge road which crosses the Croton River. And it has smouldered so hotly that it was with held breath that we awaited its burst into flame.

And surely the Erie R.R. man has known of the potency of white fire! Shelley would bear me out in this. For I have felt the fire of the moonlight 'topside' a coasting steamer in the China Sea, and a Burma moon could burn all common sense and practicality from a teacher of mathematics! As for the smoke that he mentions — I may leave that to other students of moonlight for refutation.

Very truly yours,
Elizabeth L. Van Brunt.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

Rooseveltiana

HAVING announced already in these pages the biography of Theodore Roosevelt by **Lord Charnwood,** which the Atlantic Monthly Press will publish in October — before Roosevelt's birthday on the twenty-seventh of that month — the Talker of Shop would wait for the book to speak, with its own eloquence, for itself, but that Lord Charnwood's narrative is supplemented by two pieces of editorial apparatus of which a word may well be said. These are, in effect, a preface and an appendix, though neither is so called. The first is a chronology — with a difference. Instead of presenting the bare bones of a list of dates and events in the life of Theodore Roosevelt, many of the entries are extended and illuminated by appropriate quotations from Roosevelt's own words. What would normally be a few pages of dry and forbidding reading are thus converted into a large number of uncommonly readable pages. For this addition to the book the Press is indebted to Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, Director of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, with whom both the author and the publishers have been in frequent correspondence since the book was planned.

By way of appendix there is a facsimile reproduction of a long manuscript letter — a dealer would catalogue it A.L.S. — written to Lady Delamere in Ireland, by Theodore Roosevelt immediately upon his return from Africa. It is an autobiographic document, hitherto unpublished, of remarkable interest, and the strange story of its recovery from loss after the Sinn Fein destruction of an Irish country house, and its preservation by the Roosevelt Memorial Association, which has most kindly made it available for the present purpose, is told in the book.

Lord Charnwood's dedication of the biography in a letter to Dr. Wallace Buttrick of the General Education Board contains a memorable tribute to their common friend, the late Walter H. Page. Not only in the body of the book, therefore, but in all the pages set in smaller type, the conscious and unconscious collectors of Rooseveltiana will find their possessions notably increased.

The New Hawes Story and Its Pictures

A month ago the *Atlantic* contained not only the sorrowful news of the death of **Charles Boardman Hawes,** but an announcement of a prize for the best story of adventure maintaining the standard of fiction represented by his three remarkable books in the field he had made his own. In the offices of the Atlantic Monthly Press there is a strong conviction that this is a standard well worth maintaining. There is abundant evidence that we are by no means alone in this opinion. In fact the Honorable Maurice Francis Egan gave memorable support to it when, in his *Confessions of a Book Lover,* he was discussing 'the kind of book that old age might read in order to renew its youth,' and gave utterance to these expressions: —

> I had taken to *King Solomon's Mines* and *Treasure Island* and that perfect gem of excitement and illusion, *The Mutineers,* by Charles Boardman Hawes. I read it and am young again. I trust that some enterprising bookseller will unblushingly compile a library for the old, and begin it with *The Mutineers!*

This was Mr. Hawes's first book. Then came *The Great Quest.* Now his last and, we believe, his best story, *The Dark Frigate,* is making its posthumous appearance. The first and second of these books were illustrated by an acknowledged master of nautical design, George Varian, a veteran artist, who has died since the publication of *The Great Quest.* The editors of *The Open Road,* in which *The Dark Frigate* has been appearing serially, and the publishers of the book have accordingly turned to an

artist whose promising career has just begun. This is **Mr. A. L. Ripley,** who, in his recent course at the Art School of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, has won a traveling fellowship which is to give him two years in Europe for the study of painting. Meanwhile his illustrations in periodicals have been attracting the most favorable attention. The vigor and faithfulness with which he has illustrated Mr. Hawes's new sea story match admirably with these qualities in the author's work.

Progressive Education

The name of **Eugene Randolph Smith,** headmaster of the Beaver Country Day School, Brookline, Massachusetts, is intimately associated with the movement known as 'Progressive Education.' Not only has he dealt with the new view of teaching and its methods in various magazine articles and on many a public rostrum, but he holds the official position of President of the National Progressive Education Association.

Mr. Smith is, indeed, the leading American authority on the subject with which he has thus identified himself. It is therefore a matter of uncommon interest that he has written, for publication by the Atlantic Monthly Press, a book to be issued a few months hence under the title, *Progressive Education: A Practical Outline of Modern Tendencies.* More specific announcement of its contents will be made in due time. At this moment it is enough to say that **President Charles W. Eliot** who, in his ninetieth year is far more interested in the future than in the past, and has long stood for the same general ideas of education for which Mr. Smith has become the spokesman, is providing the book with a sympathetic and stimulating introduction.

Mr. Chapman and the Teachers

In a recent newspaper article on 'The Modern Craze of Learning How to Write,' Mr. John Jay Chapman says that the new Atlantic Classic, *Fact, Fancy, and Opinion,* edited by **Professor Robert M. Gay,** contains in its introduction 'the best hints about writing that have ever been thrown together. . . . The Introduction is worth the price of the book, and to him that needs it, it will be of more value than a copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*' Mr. Chapman quotes certain of Mr. Gay's paragraphs, and adds, 'I advise any young reader to cut out these dicta and paste them on the wall of his bedroom, despite the damage of the wall-paper — which will, in any case, wear out, and had best be flanked by something that will not wear out.'

Instructors in journalism, by the way, are especially interested in the group of newspaper editorials which forms one section of Professor Gay's book. One professor writes us, 'It is practically the only book of selections which I, personally, have read with interest; and I think even the flunks would agree with that opinion.' Mr. Chapman is not to be classified as a 'flunk,' but on this point he differs from the teacher just quoted, in that he greatly prefers Mr. Gay's 'Introduction' to his selections. Disagreements between teachers and Mr. Chapman are, however, not unprecedented.

Atlantic Books

'Atlantic Books are Pleasant Friends.' Such, indeed, they have been found by a great variety of readers. It may also be said, 'Atlantic Books *make* Pleasant Friends.' This we know from the nature of the correspondence they call forth. Pleasant friends in large numbers the Atlantic Books are indeed making for their publishers. The office letter files for any single week or month establish the point beyond question. Out of the quarry they constitute we dig a single stone — in the form of a paragraph in a letter from a foreign-born reader calling for a book the acquaintance of which he had made through the *Atlantic.* Thus he wrote: —

> I am enjoying immensely such articles like above. I wish I will be able to read more and more because the great spirit should be feed just as much as the stomach.

It is truly a pleasant friend who knows that he has a great spirit to feed, and permits you to share in the feeding of it. Up to the measure of their success in this direction the Atlantic Books deserve themselves to be called 'Pleasant Friends.'

The early response to our first announcement of the Encyclopædia Britannica at half-price has been so overwhelming that in fairness to all we publish this

W A R N I N G

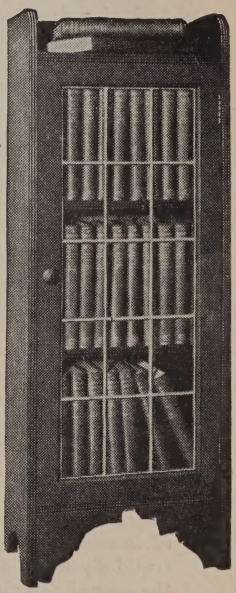
ACT TO-DAY if you hope to secure

The New Encyclopaedia Britannica

12th Edition, in 32 Volumes

at Half *the* Price

of the regular Cambridge Issue



WHEN we announced this unprecedented Half-price Sale of our few remaining sets of the Handy Volume Issue of the new Britannica, we entirely under-estimated the demand that would arise. At the present rate it is already certain that our small stock of Handy Volume sets will not go around. To prevent disappointment as far as possible we print this frank warning—*the only way to be sure of getting a set at half-price is to act at once.*

When our last Handy Volume set is sold, that will be the end. No more Handy Volumes will ever be produced. This is your last chance to get this marvelously convenient issue. Soon it will be out of print. Even now, only those who are quick in action can possibly secure one of these last few remaining sets.

The Christmas Gift Supreme. What a present the new Encyclopædia Britannica in the Handy Volume set makes! All the family, from youngest to oldest, will rejoice in it for years to come. It solves the gift question now. A handsome mahogany-finish bookcase, with attractive leaded-glass door, is included free with each set.

This is the complete 12th Edition, the latest, in 32 volumes, including the three new volumes prepared since the war. The most complete, up-to-date reference and fact book in the world. The world's standard authority on all matters of human activity and knowledge.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, Inc.
342 Madison Ave., New York City

The Handy Volume Issue, that marvel of book-making, must be discontinued. This is rendered necessary by enormously increased manufacturing costs. We absolutely refuse to raise our prices in order to keep the Handy Volume in print side by side with the Cambridge Issue. For the sake of the public, that the Britannica may be always easily available to all, we are standardizing on the Cambridge Issue.

To-day you can buy the Encyclopædia Britannica at the greatest price reduction in all its history.

FAIR WARNING!! By or before—perhaps long before—December 23rd, every one of these sets will be gone. These sets at such a price are flying to buyers like steel to the magnet. At the very latest this sale must end on December 23rd.

Remember, when these sets are gone there never will be any more. IT CANNOT HAPPEN AGAIN!! Here opportunity knocks, and as you read these words, passes. Before you turn this page tear off the coupon, sign and mail it, and we will send full particulars of this last-chance, closing-out offer. DO THIS AT ONCE!!

Sign and Mail the Coupon TO-DAY!

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, Inc.,
342 Madison Ave., New York City. A-2

Please send me at once, without any obligation whatsoever, 52-page illustrated descriptive book containing specimen pages, maps, and full information regarding the Encyclopædia Britannica, 12th and latest edition, 32 volumes, on genuine India paper, together with complete details of your special half-price closing-out sale.

Name: Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address.....

.....

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Theodore Roosevelt, by Lord Charnwood. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. 1923. 8vo. xx+232 pp. $2.50.

EVERYONE who has read Lord Charnwood's Life of Lincoln has been impatient to read his Life of Roosevelt. This book is rather a study than a history, cumbered with the dry details so necessary to a complete understanding of events, and yet scarcely any of the great occurrences in Roosevelt's life are left unnoticed. The fact that the book is written by an educated and cultivated Englishman of great literary gifts and of much political experience adds greatly to its value; nor is this diminished by the fact that he never knew the subject of his book, although he confesses to a 'boyish hero-worship' for Roosevelt, 'conceived very long ago,' and says, 'If I had been an American, I should have been an item in the Progressive crowd that followed him.' This does not mean that the author has not been discriminating in treating his subject, for the book bears abundant evidence of the fact that, to use his own language, he was 'amply briefed with the worst that had been said of Roosevelt.'

His lack of personal acquaintance with Roosevelt, though perhaps contributing to a more judicial view, has its disadvantages in making it easy to fall into some errors — not, however, of very great importance. I do not think that any of Roosevelt's contemporaries in college could truthfully speak of him as 'shy,' nor can I accept the quoted description of Roosevelt in the New York Legislature as a 'blond young man with eyeglasses, English side-whiskers, and Dundreary drawl.' Blond he was, and he certainly had side-whiskers, although he was not proud of them and later said, 'I am glad I shed them early'; but there was certainly nothing of the 'Dundreary drawl,' or anything that remotely suggested it.

I find all of the principal events in Roosevelt's life treated with very discriminating judgment. It is perhaps too trifling a matter to mention, but Booker Washington did not lunch with Roosevelt; he dined with him. 'I was not at luncheon,' wrote Roosevelt. 'I asked him to come and take dinner with me that night.'

It is very satisfying to anyone believing as thoroughly as I do in Roosevelt's complete integrity of purpose, to have so high an authority as Lord Charnwood acquit him of any improper conduct in the acquirement of the Panama Canal territory and to praise him for sending the battle fleet round the world, in the interest of peace.

Lord Charnwood's conclusion that 'Roosevelt, with his record and known convictions, could not, with honor, have acted substantially otherwise than he did' in being a candidate for the Republican nomination in 1912, and the candidate of the Progressives in the Presidential campaign is, I think, as the statement of a conclusion, absolutely true. He might have stated the further fact that Roosevelt believed that two thirds of the rank and file of the Republican party wished him to be a candidate for the nomination; of this the proof is abundant.

I think the author should have made the fact clear that Roosevelt, at the time of his death, had fully regained his great prestige; for that reason, one of the opening sentences seems to me misleading. Speaking of the purpose of the book, the author says: 'It may arouse more interest in a powerful and noble man whose fate it was for a considerable while to rivet and indeed fatigue the attention of civilized mankind, then to undergo eclipse, and to die when the eclipse was total.' That Roosevelt underwent eclipse in and after the Progressive campaign is undoubtedly true, but that the eclipse became total is very far from the truth, for at the time of his death he had regained the proud position of primacy which he held at the greatest height of his popularity and influence with his countrymen, and, had he lived, he would again have been elected President.

Roosevelt's charming autograph letter to Lady Delamere, with which the book closes, is a delightful revelation of his character, and the judgment of posterity might safely rest on that document alone.

An admirable chronology with quotations from Roosevelt's writings, appropriate to each event, adds greatly to the value of the book.

No intelligent person can fail to be deeply interested, and instructed as well, by Lord Charnwood's carefully considered and highly intelligent study of one of the most fascinating and greatest men in American history.

CHARLES G. WASHBURN.

The Irish Guards in the Great War, by Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1923. Two volumes. Illustrated. 8vo. xviii+334, x+307 pp. $10.00.

THE Foot Guards are the infantry *corps d'élite* of the British Army. Of the regiments so designated, — Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, and Irish, — the Irish Guards was in 1914 the youngest, having been created after the Boer War to give recognition to the work of the Irish in South Africa. The single battalion of which it consisted at the beginning of the Great War set foot in France nine days after England entered the conflict. In the second battalion,

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

New Fiction

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

Captures

A new collection of stories by the author of "The Forsyte Saga" and "Loyalties." $2.00

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

The Hope of Happiness

The significance of this engrossing new novel will strike home in the heart of thousands perplexed by shifting standards and shaken faiths. $2.00

By ARTHUR TRAIN

Tut, Tut! Mr. Tutt

The crafty and kindly old lawyer, Ephraim Tutt, the chief figure in these episodes, is one of the best-loved characters in modern fiction. $2.00

"Mrs. Wharton's most important and probably most enduring novel."
—N. Y. Herald.

EDITH WHARTON'S greatest novel

A Son at the Front

"She has done nothing that equals it. . . . At last we have a novel by an American artist which is subtle as it is perfect in its simplicity."—*New York Times.* $2.00

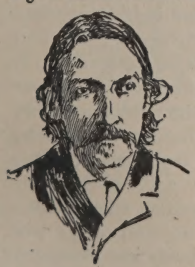
Important New Books

By MICHAEL PUPIN

From Immigrant to Inventor

The amazing life story of a great American scientist who ran away from Serbia as a boy. *Illustrated.* $4.00

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



The Short Stories of Robert Louis Stevenson

The first complete one-volume collection. $2.50

The Complete Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson

Containing, with others, more than 200 poems never before published except in a limited edition. $4.00

By PROFESSOR E. M. EAST

Mankind at the Crossroads

A startling book which shows the world dangerously near the margin of starvation. *Illustrated.* $3.50

By WM. LYON PHELPS

As I Like It

Brilliant and witty discussions of the books, plays, and timely questions of the day. $2.00

By the RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

The World Crisis, 1915

The second book in a great masterwork of historical writing. *With maps.* $6.50

By WALTER DAMROSCH

My Musical Life

These recollections of perhaps the best-known figure in the musical world of America form one of the most readable and illuminating musical memoirs ever published. *Illustrated.* $4.00

By PROFESSOR A. T. OLMSTEAD

A History of Assyria

A colorful account of the life cycle of a great empire. *Illustrated.* $7.50

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

Playwrights on Playmaking

A collection of closely related essays by a foremost authority on the drama. $2.00

By WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD

Ventures in Book Collecting

The memoirs of one who was among the foremost bookmen in America. *Illustrated.* $3.50

which was organized a year later, Rudyard Kipling's only son, a lad in point of years, held a commission as second lieutenant. He was lost in the first moments of the first engagement (Loos) in which the battalion took part.

This is the bond that has drawn England's most famous man of letters to the humble task of regimental historian, to be the 'editor and compiler' of the diaries and papers of the Irish Guards. The story of each battalion is told in a separate volume; there are no illustrations of either men or places; the maps are beautifully and quaintly drawn after the style loved by the old cartographers.

The book is written for the survivors of the regiment. Its field of vision is narrowed to their experience; its pages teem with references to places, individuals, and incidents that are trivial and yet precious. All the chords of memory are touched, the hideous and the heroic alike, with an impartial hand. And the overtones of memory, the things understood but not to be put into words, add a mystic quality that to the outsider is at once an illumination and an exclusion.

If any such is willing to push aside the pall of oblivion with which the world seeks to smother the horror of those years, he will find that, in addition to the patient and discerning labors of the historian, Kipling has lavished on this labor of love all the richness of his genius. Every aspect of the life of men in war yields a picture for his pen; the hand of the master never fails. There is the magnificently sustained narrative of the part played by the First Battalion on the Somme in September 1916, when in three days' fighting it lost a full battalion's strength; there are vivid descriptions of reliefs, raids, bombardments; the inevitable Irish stories in Volume I make us shudder and laugh at the same time.

The two histories are clearly differentiated. In Volume I, the point of view frequently reminds us of Mulvaney, and the manner is sometimes that of his creator. In Volume II, the history of the 'happy battalion,' although the references to Lieutenant Kipling are contained in six lines, there is a father's pride and yearning in the story of the deeds of his brother officers. There is more than a trace of feeling, too, when Kipling speaks of Loos, confidently advertised as 'the greatest battle in the history of the world,' and woefully miscalculated, into which the youngsters of the Second Battalion were tossed six weeks after their arrival in France. But on these personal concerns the artist in Kipling keeps a tight rein. Like the music-hall singer in the poem in which he commemorates his son's death, he must ply his art, must

> '. . . use the Word assigned
> To hearten and make whole.'

His first duty is to the regiment, and this duty he fulfills.

'But ye 'll understand, when everything was said and done, there was nothing *real* to it all, except when we got to talking and passing round the names of men we wished was with us.' For Rudyard Kipling, as for many another, life has become three-fourths memory. To comfort memory he has given these truthful volumes to the world.

HENRY GREENLEAF PEARSON.

A Lost Lady, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1923. 12mo. 174 pp. $1.75.

'THE Old West had been settled by dreamers, great-hearted adventurers who were unpractical to the point of magnificence; a courteous brotherhood, strong in attack but weak in defense, who could conquer but could not hold. Now all the vast territory they had won was to be at the mercy of men . . . who had never dared anything, never risked anything.'

There are a good many recurrences of such a motif in Miss Cather's new novel; but it is a motif which, in this least rugged and most sophisticated of her major works, has rather less than its calculated share in the effect. For one thing, the railroad-builders and land-holders who, in *A Lost Lady*, suggest the pioneer type — by contrast with the 'shrewd young men, trained by petty economies,' who followed them — are themselves children of the modern complexity and softness when placed beside the truly elemental types of their predecessors; so that their qualities constitute the heroic half of a comparison only when set off against the positive ignobility of a succeeding generation. But the fundamental truth is that, in essence, *A Lost Lady* is not a regional novel. Its background of time and place, intrinsically an important enough chapter in the social history of the West, does not exist here to be expressed by the characters. It is but a set of circumstances attendant on one dominant character who vividly contradicts her environment — an exceptional individual whose tragic pathos can be seen only against surroundings grotesquely unrelated to her personality. In the kind of society which makes a natural place for such as she, she would seem relatively trivial. Her conspicuous greatness resides in her being from the outset, so far as her environment is concerned, a lost lady.

Marian Forrester is the woman who makes a purely decorative art of living and of her personal relations; who with unconscious arrogance claims all tributes by virtue of her sheer charm, and with that same charm answers all responsibilities, rewards all services. It is easy to point out the sterility of such a personal gift and of the life lived to conserve it: but the answer is that charm itself creates and blesses. It is simply a more generalized form of the fatal gift of beauty, which changes all who come within its spell. The true appraisement of Marian Forrester's gift is in, for one example, the attitude of her obscurely heroic husband, who valiantly protects, not only others, but even himself from seeing the weak spots in her armor. Men feel that the one thing which such a creature owes them is to keep her charm immaculate; and for

ALFRED A. KNOPF
PUBLISHER

220 WEST 42d ST.
NEW YORK

JANET MARCH

by Floyd Dell

Author of MOON-CALF

Moon-Calf was the story of an American boy; *Janet March* is the life story of an American girl. With an intellectual detachment which includes both tenderness and irony, Mr. Dell pictures the real younger generation of today and in contrast the generations of earlier days. *Janet March* is Floyd Dell's finest novel. $2.50

TWO ADDITIONS TO THE BORZOI CLASSICS

MOLL FLANDERS
by Daniel Defoe
Introduction by
CARL VAN DOREN
After two centuries this masterpiece by the author of Robinson Crusoe is unsurpassed by any account, real or fictitious, of an English female rogue. $4.00

THE CONFESSIONS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU
Introduction by
EDMUND WILSON
Rousseau's autobiography remains one of the most profoundly human documents in existence. 2 vols. Boxed. $7.50

THREE NEW TITLES

THE COLLECTED NOVELS AND STORIES OF

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

VOL. V. THE SISTERS RONDOLI AND OTHER STORIES
VOL. VI. MISS HARRIET AND OTHER STORIES
VOL. VII. BEL-AMI
Each $2.00 net

A LOST LADY

by Willa Cather

Author of ONE OF OURS

(Pulitzer Prize Novel of 1922)

"Like a piece of fine Oriental fabric, with a color and texture that catches the interest at once, and then, for reflection, a significance of things deeply and perplexingly human. The most perfect of Miss Cather's novels."—Henry Seidel Canby in *The Literary Review*. 3rd printing. $1.75

THE BLIND BOW-BOY

by Carl Van Vechten

Author of PETER WHIFFLE

". . . Sparkling with the characteristic Van Vechten brilliancy, as frank and as unconventional as his lively fancy dictates. The setting is present-day New York and almost everything in its social, literary and artistic life offers a target for the shafts of his satire." — *The Boston Herald*. 4th printing. $2.50

LOVE DAYS
by Henrie Waste
The study of a woman's sentimental life projected in eleven days, each of which represents the culmination of an experience. The technique is a strange fusion of the realistic and lyrical. $3.00

THE BLACK DOG
by A. E. Coppard
Seventeen distinguished tales by the author of *Adam and Eve* and *Pinch Me*, one of the unique talents of our day. $2.50

In CANADA from the Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

this reason they will deny their own senses when they find her conduct faithless or her character tawdry.

A Lost Lady is Miss Cather's version of the loveliness whose appointed task it is to include virtue as the whole includes the parts, and whose failure to be born with the strength for this high destiny is the supreme tragedy.

WILSON FOLLETT.

A Son at the Front, by Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923. 12mo. vi+426 pp. $2.00.

THIS novel, like a mirror, holds reflections of Mrs. Wharton's war-time consciousness. The frame of the mirror is France, 1914–1917, designed with conventional precision. The central image in the glass is that of a young American soldier of France, seen with a kind of wondering tenderness. About him move the ambiguous shades of the smart American colonists of Paris, observed with ironical detachment. It is inevitable that such images should haunt Mrs. Wharton in the post-war years, but was it not a little too soon, or too late, to transpose them into fiction? One misses the tragic immediacy of *Ethan Frome*, the evocative reminiscence of *The Age of Innocence*. There is something muted and devitalized about *A Son at the Front* that partakes, atmospherically, of the depression that followed the Peace Conference rather than of the tense-strung action in which the scene is laid.

The chief protagonists, who belong, of course, to the sophisticated, denationalized American world where Mrs. Wharton is most at home, are a father, mother, and son. Campton, a long unsuccessful, if gifted, painter, divorced by an empty and frivolous wife who has remarried a rich Paris banker, has grown to fame through a portrait of his son, in whom all his hope is centred. The boy, materially his mother's, spiritually his father's, happens to have been born on French soil, and has therefore been called to the colors as a Frenchman in August 1914. The parents come together, joined by a common determination, in which they are abetted by the banker, to keep their treasure safe, back of the lines. Wires are pulled and George in theory occupies a comfortable *embusqué* berth, but in fact gets himself transferred to the front, where he is seriously wounded. But there is in the lad that irresistible dedication to death, that desire for immolation, that moved the best of the youth of all countries at this period. Nothing can save George: he goes back to his men, is wounded again and dies.

In the background war charities turn to intrigue and speculation in the hands of pleasure-seekers who cannot long be altruists, while good Americans work humbly on and suffer over America's tardy entry into the war. There is also a feeble 'love interest' in the shape of Mrs. Talkett, a sort of denatured Lily Bart. What we are concerned with, however, is the psychological interplay of the central characters around that of George. The quality of the youth is somehow essentially conveyed, though the features are blurred, and he is much of the time a remote symbol: 'war had sucked him back into his awful whirlpool — once more he was that dark enigma, a son at the front.' When he dies, Campton finds his solace in the young Americans who come to France to fight. 'Sometimes to talk with them was like being on the floor in George's nursery, among the blocks and tin soldiers; sometimes like walking with young arch-angels in a cool and empty heaven; but wherever he was he always had a sense of being among his own.' This sense, conveyed again and again through the father, is the salvation of a rather too well-made novel, least final where it is expressive, and most where it is baffled by the unknown and poignant face of Youth at War.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

The Genesis of the War, by the Right Honorable Herbert Henry Asquith, Prime Minister of England 1908–1916. New York: George H. Doran Co., 1923. 8vo. 405 pp. $6.00.

So many memoirs and diplomatic compilations dealing with Mr. Asquith's theme have been cast upon the turbulent waters of post-war controversy that new offerings, even from distinguished givers, are beginning to be received with somewhat reluctant gratitude. None the less the present volume ought to prove something more than a perfunctory addition to the intelligent reader's library. It is not a political pamphlet or a personal apologia, but an objective narrative of events preceding and accompanying the outbreak of hostilities, written from an inside viewpoint that gives weight and interest even to a record of familiar incidents. Mr. Asquith does not favor us with startling revelations, but he illuminates known facts by presenting them in explanatory settings.

His chief original contribution is the four brief but comprehensive chapters describing Great Britain's pre-war preparation for the storm that was seen to threaten. They suggest rather than describe in detail the vast labor of organizing the Empire for war that was accomplished during the seven or eight years before hostilities began. 'Into the War Book, which was started in 1910, we incorporated all the predetermined action, decided upon as the result of the innumerable preceding inquiries, in the contingency of war. . . . The draft Orders in Council accompanied the King wherever he went in time of profound peace, as well as being set up in type in the printer's office.'

The quality of its background gives the book an appeal of freshness even when it covers oft-traveled routes. It is as if the reader were walking down a familiar street with a companion who knew intimately the history of every building and its occupants and made entertaining if not piquant comments upon them as he passed. The personal impressions of prominent actors in world affairs — especially the character sketch

Notable STOKES Publications

SHACKLETON'S LAST VOYAGE

By COMMANDER FRANK WILD

This impressive story of Shackleton's last journey to the far South is taken directly from the Official Journal and Private Diary kept by Dr. A. H. Macklin and is written by the man who took over the command of the Expedition at Sir Ernest's death — Commander Wild. *Over 100 illustrations. $10.00.*

EVERYBODY'S COMPLETE ETIQUETTE

By ELLIN CRAVEN LEARNED

A book intended particularly for those in average circumstances who want to know the correct way to meet each day's manifold problems of good taste — the simple problems of home life as well as the more elaborate problems of formal entertaining. *A distinctive feature is a complete section devoted to good manners for boys and girls. $2.50.*

THE SOUL OF KOL NIKON

By ELEANOR FARJEON

"Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" proved Eleanor Farjeon's special genius as a writer of whimsical, poetic love stories. This new book establishes her reputation even more firmly. It is in a more serious mood, full of emotion and drama. *$2.50.*

MY LONG LIFE IN MUSIC

By Professor LEOPOLD AUER

More than the memoirs of a great master of the violin — an engrossing record of seventy years among Europe's great personalities. *47 portraits. $5.00.*

FREDERICK·A·STOKES·COMPANY·NEW·YORK·ESTABLISHED·EIGHTEEN·EIGHTY·ONE

GODS of MODERN GRUB STREET

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

The well-known editor discusses more than thirty outstanding authors, including Hardy, Kipling, Wells, Noyes, Hutchinson, May Sinclair, Sheila Kaye-Smith, etc. *32 portraits. $2.50.*

FENCELESS MEADOWS

By BILL ADAMS

Sea stories not only for men who know the lure of sea life, but for all men and women who stir to the magic of a tale well told, by a born lover of life and teller of tales. The author shipped before the mast when a boy and followed the sea for many years. *$2.00.*

THE EXILE OF THE LARIAT

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

"Mrs. Willsie has written a book we firmly believe will rival her most successful novel 'The Enchanted Canyon' . . . a story everyone may read. . . . Excitement without alloy, adventure that is breath-taking." — *Dorothea L. Mann, Boston Transcript. $2.00.*

EMILY OF NEW MOON

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

The author of "Anne of Green Gables" creates a delightful new character sure to win the hearts of all lovers of the famous Anne. "*I like this new book better than any I've written since 'Green Gables'*," says the author. *$2.00.*

COME HOME

By STELLA G. S. PERRY

A love story of the Louisiana rice-lands, that country of romance and beauty untouched by the novelist until Mrs. Perry, herself a Louisiana girl, opened it to readers of "Palmetto." *$2.00.*

PATUFFA

By BEATRICE HARRADEN

This story of a girl violinist, wonderfully gifted, lovably human, takes the reader into an inner circle of the musical world where artists live their real lives. *$2.00.*

443 Fourth Ave. FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY New York

of the Kaiser — are as interesting as they are informing.

As already mentioned, Mr. Asquith refrains from personal apologetics and only incidentally alludes to British party politics, but his book is naturally a defense of his Government's policies before the war and its motives in joining the conflict. He quotes extensively from German political memoirs and the pronouncements of English statesmen to substantiate or illustrate his argument, and appends some forty pages of documents to his text as confirmatory evidence. His polemics, however, are unobtrusive and suggest the historian rather than the advocate.

One interesting result of the German defeat has been to exalt Bismarck's reputation as a statesman both at home and abroad. Mr. Asquith draws several comparisons between him and his less competent successors, among whom only one seemed to share in some degree his genius. This was Baron Marschall, for many years German Ambassador at Constantinople, who died in 1912, two months after his transfer to London. 'I am as satisfied as one can be of anything in the domain of conjecture that, if he had remained, there would have been no European war in 1914.' Interesting characterizations of Ambassador Page and Colonel House occur in connection with the unsuccessful mission of the latter to London and Berlin, in an effort to secure an agreement to reduce armaments, only a few months before hostilities began. The legend that Lord Kitchener's appointment as War Minister when England entered the conflict 'was forced upon a resourceless and ever reluctant Government by the prescience and urgency of a noisy section of the Press is, I need hardly say, a baseless and silly figment.' This is one of the rare cases where Mr. Asquith permits personal feeling to intrude into the text.

Indeed this book has a certain distinction in its sober balancing of reticence and revelation, in what it refrains from telling as well as in what it tells. The list of acknowledgments for aid received in its preparation does not include Mrs. Asquith. An understanding reader will hardly attribute the omission to oversight.

VICTOR S. CLARK.

Social Life among the Insects, by William Morton Wheeler. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1923. 8vo. viii+375 pp. Illustrated. $4.00.

As an illustration of what can be done to render scientific facts democratically available, one can point with pleasure to *Social Life among the Insects*, first delivered as a series of lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston in March 1923. Not that Professor Wheeler sacrifices explicitness to an altogether popular vocabulary, for there are words scattered over his pages upon which the eye of the uninitiated falls with an unfamiliar glance; but even in those passages into which technical diction is admitted, the context carries the meaning through to the thoughtful, though nonscientific, reader. The way is blazed humorously, as witness the suggestion (p. 36) that 'tippling Tommy,' the little beetle 'with a predilection for boring in the staves of rum casks . . . might be adopted by our prohibitionists as their totem-animal.'

Anyone with a natural curiosity concerning those weirdest of our fellow creatures, the insects, will find so much to astonish him that he will follow, with amazed interest, the account of twenty-four of their societies representing different stages in the evolution of the social habit. Good figures (116 drawings and photographs) supplement the text. The documentary appendix refers to the sources of such information in the book as is not based on Professor Wheeler's own extensive investigations.

The main emphasis in these lectures is put 'on the hunger appetite, because it is the most fundamental, exhibits the most astonishing developments, and is found to have an even greater influence on the reproductive and protective appetites than we had supposed.'

But *Social Life among the Insects* is not, despite its title, an entomological treatise solely. The deeper message of the writer rings through the pages in a sermon to such members of human society as look upon themselves as something apart from biological laws that govern all life impartially. 'Although man furnishes the most striking illustrations of the ease with which both the parasitic and host rôles may be assumed by a social animal, his capacities in these directions have been little appreciated by the sociologists.' This we are told (p. 197) with an earnestness that indicates that the underlying philosophy of the book is addressed to students of sociology. The phenomena of mutual aid and coöperation 'so prevalent among plants and animals' are dwelt upon with significant emphasis; and it is but fair to give the meaning of the book in Professor Wheeler's own words: —

'If asked why it seems advisable to devote six lectures to social life among the insects, I might say that these creatures exhibit many of the most extraordinary manifestations of that general organic coöperativeness which I have just mentioned, and that these manifestations have not only an academic but also a practical interest at the present time. For if there is a world-wide impulse that more than any other is animating and shaping all our individual lives since the World War, it is that toward ever greater solidarity . . . for the purpose of greater mutual helpfulness.'

EDITH M. PATCH.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1923

THE PRESIDENT

BY EDWARD ELWELL WHITING

I

EARLY in December the sixty-eighth Congress will assemble at Washington. It will be in session during the months when the country is making up its mind for whom it wishes to vote, in the following November, for President of the United States; months when the major political parties are making up their minds whom they shall nominate. The outstanding political figure at this moment is, by virtue of his office and by virtue of some other things, Calvin Coolidge. Will he be as outstanding a political figure next spring? During the difficult days of transition, following the death of President Harding, President Coolidge has commanded respect and has encouraged his friends to believe their judgment of his qualities is sound. The real test is to come after Congress assembles. This will be a test of his capacity for national leadership; not political-party leadership, but leadership of the nation. What is his equipment for the test?

I recall a day in the spring of 1920, and a ride through a beautiful hill-country with a former Senator of the United States. He was an admiring friend of Governor Coolidge. The conversation was of Coolidge and of the efforts by his friends to nominate him for the Presidency. 'The Presidency,' said the former Senator, 'is a high office. It is not something to be given to a friend as a gift or an honor. Many men aspire to it. Few are equipped for it. Is Calvin Coolidge equipped?'

The background of Calvin Coolidge — christened John Calvin Coolidge — is New England. He is a concentrated example of a familiar type. His thrift in words is not unique in his part of the country; but he has carried it further in life, and wider afield, than most of those who by custom and inclination practise it. He was born in Plymouth, Vermont, on July 4, 1872. Some have seen an 'omen' in the date. We do not know how the many obscure persons who have been born on the national holiday interpret this. Others have seen an omen in the fact that at the time of his election to the Vice-Presidency Calvin Coolidge was forty-eight years old; one year for each state in the Union. Another 'omen'! Yet many men reach forty-eight, and go on to forty-nine without a pause of the stars in their courses and without even a flag raised in celebration of the event.

The omens that mark the course of Calvin Coolidge are of other sorts. The atmosphere of his birthplace has

something to do with it. On July 15, 1920, after his nomination but before his election to the Vice-Presidency, he made a speech to a few thousand of his neighbors, at Plymouth, Vermont. Among the things he said was this: —

'Vermont is my birthright. Here, one gets close to nature, in the mountains, in the brooks, the waters of which hurry to the sea; in the lakes, shining like silver in their green setting; fields tilled, not by machinery but by the brain and hand of man. My folks are happy and contented. They belong to themselves, live within their income, and fear no man.'

This little speech has not been celebrated. Few read it, few know of it. Yet in that paragraph you have some key to the man who made it. It is necessary to remember this Vermont background. Calvin Coolidge loves the silent hills. He is kin to them. Once on a trip through Vermont I took some little photographs of his home town. There were pictures of the little school which stands on the site of the one he first attended, of the cottage in which he was born, of his father's house, of his grandmother's house, of the local cheese-factory, and so forth. And there was one that showed just a view up the valley, on the road between Plymouth and Ludlow, a manufacturing town twelve miles from Plymouth. I showed prints of them to Governor Coolidge, believing they might interest him. They did; he looked at them, one by one, until he came to the one of the view up the valley. It was a scene of characteristic New England beauty — hills rising to right and left, tree-clad and eloquent of the religion of nature. Governor Coolidge looked long at it. It was the hour of dusk; and the shadows crept into the fine old executive chamber in the Massachusetts State House and laid a screen of mystery on all that was there. The corners of the room faded into the uncertainty of passing things; the pictures on the wall crept back into the distance whence they had come at the hand of almost forgotten painters. There was no Governor sitting at the great desk in the centre of the room; just a plain man of the hills, swept back to them by the current of memories. And I went from the room, silently, leaving him sitting in the gathering twilight, his eyes seeing far through a little photograph, far into the green hills of his homeland, far into the history of strong young America. 'They belong to themselves . . . and fear no man.'

Vermont is Calvin Coolidge's birthright; but 'Vermont' stands for more than a state of the Union. It stands for vigor, for thrift, for courage physical and moral, for a mighty pioneer past maintained in a sturdy present. Maybe he idealizes his home state. Who of us does not idealize the thing he loves? And what would become of us if we did not? And what great work of civilization, what achievements of humanity's progress, could Time chronicle on the wide pages of experience, if ideals did not snatch some magnificent image from the facts of life, and so set a new and greater goal for the race? We think the national ideal in Mr. Coolidge's mind is needed. 'My folks are happy and contented. They live within their income, and fear no man.'

II

It is not easy to place Mr. Coolidge. He, too, has been idealized. 'A second Lincoln.' Strong praise. There is no second Lincoln: there will be none. Lincoln was Lincoln — not a type. Coolidge is Coolidge. His career in public life, spanning already nearly a quarter of a century, has been marked by industry and achievement. He has filled many offices. He has filled them

well. He has always been ready for the task at hand. 'Do the day's work' has been called his motto. They are his own words. A man who has always been ready, who has grasped opportunity, who has not pursued office but who has filled many offices, who has never been defeated in a political contest — he commands more than interest. He is now at the top; he occupies a great position — one of power and responsibility. It is here that he will make his permanent reputation, or from here he will fall into oblivion. The test is ahead. A friend called on him in the first days of his occupancy of this office. The usual greetings were passed. The first sentiment expressed by President Coolidge was that he needed advice. That is a good sign. It may presage good results, if he seeks, obtains, and applies advice that is good. I recall a conversation with a leader in the Republican party, some years ago, concerning another public man elevated to high office. 'He will take advice,' I said. 'Yes,' said the oracle, 'but — whose?' Advice may help or hinder, may strengthen or destroy. What will be the advice that President Coolidge receives — and uses?

The country is now idealizing President Coolidge. This is good for the country; probably it will not hurt Mr. Coolidge. He is not likely to succumb to flattery, not likely to idealize himself. It is good for the country, because it indicates a capacity in the national character without which this nation could not have grown in moral strength as we like to believe it has. As a people we see in leaders what we want to see in them. We dream, and we fit our favorites into our dreams. We see things, in our mind's eye, a little better than they are. So we try to sustain them on the level to which we have idealized them. We idealize our past heroes. We have erected in memory a gigantic figure of George Washington, the Father of his Country. We have forgotten, we will not recall, the attacks made upon him in his life. We retain the golden image of him, the colossal statue of him, created by his good works and kept brilliant and bold by the quality which is in our people. It is good for the country that we do so. Lincoln has grown so, as he should. The perspective of Time aids truth. The best of men is the truth of men. Civilization is an accumulation. Generation after generation adds to the treasures of massed human memory. Individuals contribute, memory makes sacred, these accumulations. Civilization goes forward by idealizing men and epochs, by retaining for everlasting inspiration the great things of life and thrusting aside the unworthy and futile things.

We idealize memories of the past. We idealize the new star. The heavens are filled with stars, one as mysterious and as splendid as the others to the layman. But discovery of some new star awakens the wonder anew. Betelgeuse, red rising in Orion, dims for a time the glory of Mars. We idealize the new star in political life; partly because of the unceasing reaching out for better things, the hope that springs unconquered in the heart of humanity, the unquenchable thirst for progress; partly because we are dissatisfied with things as they are and greet change with new hope. So now the country is in the stage of idealizing Calvin Coolidge. This we do, not only as we idealize each newcomer in authority, but as witnesses before a mysterious and curiously new manifestation. Coolidge is 'different.' He piques curiosity. He is so different that we hope the difference may be demonstrated as superiority.

Some men rise to high place, pass through their time of authority, and

step aside, never challenging greatness, never risking disaster. There are even ways traversible in high places as well as in the valleys. There are lofty plateaus in public life, and upon them walk men who control vast things. Raised by circumstance above the valleys, they yet scale no peaks. He who seeks the greater heights, he whom idealization has pictured there, can have no middle course. He must stand erect, looking clear-eyed into the sun, or must fall, blinded, and be torn. The idealization of Coolidge is pushing him toward the peaks. He has yet to stand there.

To native-born and -bred New Englanders Calvin Coolidge is less mysterious than he is to the rest of the country. New Englanders will understand the experience of a Springfield man, a member of the Republican city-committee of that place, who during the term of Coolidge as Governor heard his name called as he started down across Boston Common from the State House one summer twilight. He turned and saw the Governor coming behind him. He waited for him. This was the conversation: —

'Going down town?'

'Yes, Governor.'

'I'll walk along with you.'

That was all. They fell into step, and together walked to the Adams House where both were staying. No word was spoken on the walk across the Common and through to the hotel. Arrived there the Governor said: 'Well, good-night.' And the Springfield man said, 'Good-night.' The incident shows the love of human companionship: the perfect companionship that does not rest on the ornamental foundation of words. Had he been uncompanionable the Governor would not have called on his friend to wait and walk with him. Companionship gained, conversation was not necessary.

This thrift of words is common in hill countries, not alone of New England. The man whose constant companion is wide spaces loses, or never has, the need of speech for the sake of sound. Colonel John Coolidge, the President's father, is as chary of speech as is his son. I sat one day talking with him in his home in Plymouth. I asked about Calvin as a boy. Was he a hard worker on the farm? Did he do a good day's work in those days? The father was silent for so long I thought he had not heard. Then the corner of his mouth twitched a bit, at some memory of years gone, and his eyes narrowed to a twinkle. All he said was this: —

'Always seemed to me Cal could get more sap out of a maple tree than any other of the boys round here.'

On the day when Calvin Coolidge was officially notified, at Northampton, of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency, — July 27, 1920, a day of much honor for the Coolidge family, a day when the mind of the father must have overflowed with pride for the son, — I saw Colonel Coolidge standing silent and alone at a little distance from the crowd. The formal ceremonies were ended. Groups of persons were talking and visiting. But Colonel John stood alone. I approached him.

'Colonel Coolidge, this is a wonderful day for you. We all expect great things from your son.'

The father said: 'I hope you'll never be disappointed.'

The Coolidge kind does not slop over.

Mrs. Coolidge was radiant, laughing with friends, echoing the splendor of a perfect summer day. 'This has been a hard day for all of you,' I said. 'I suppose you will rest a day or two now.'

'No,' said the Governor's wife, 'Calvin says it is about like any other day. We are going right back to Bos-

ton.' And they did. The Governor was at his desk early the next morning. He was doing the day's work.

III

There are countless stories about Calvin Coolidge. Few men in public life in our time have given material for so many. Some of them are inventions of the tellers. Stories of his thrift are plentiful; no story that indicates lack of decent generosity is true. His is the thrift of his forbears. It is at the foundation of our land.

Other stories emphasize his 'coldness.' He is not cold; he merely is not emotionally demonstrative. His own mother died when he was a boy, thirteen years old. Her picture is on his desk in Washington, as it was on his desk at the Massachusetts State House. His stepmother, who loved him greatly, died in 1920. It is right to set down this fact: that Calvin Coolidge wrote to his stepmother personal letters not less than once a week, always. It is right to add this fact: since his stepmother's death he has written, not less often, personal letters to his father. It is right to add this: the two Coolidge boys, by their father's teaching and example, write not less than once a week to their grandfather. During the period of his stepmother's painful illness, and not long before her death, a newspaper man visited the family in Plymouth. He returned to his home near Boston, arriving in the late evening. He found that the Governor had twice during the evening tried to reach him by telephone; he found by a message from his office that the Governor had several times during the afternoon tried to reach him there. What had happened? He called the Governor, at his rooms in the Adams House. He heard his voice on the wire.

'You wanted to reach me, Governor?'

'How's my mother?'

That was the reason — that was the only reason — the Governor of Massachusetts had tried all the afternoon and all the evening to reach by telephone the newspaper man who had been at Plymouth. A cold man? Not he.

Most of the stories about Calvin Coolidge emphasize his silence. Yet he will talk — when he wants to. A Boston newspaper writer tells of his first effort to induce him to talk. He had no more than a casual acquaintance with Governor Coolidge then. He had mapped out in his mind an article dealing with the national political situation in a general way, and he wanted to test it by consulting with someone who was well informed. Governor Coolidge obviously qualified, so he obtained an appointment with him. He entered the Governor's office and was greeted pleasantly but not effusively. There was no air about the Governor of 'I'm glad you came; anything I can do for you I will; make yourself right at home.' Nothing of the sort. The Governor looked at him and said: 'What can I do for you?' Then he looked away.

The young man began to set forth the plan of his article. He tried to catch the Governor's eye. He wanted guidance, wanted to see how his ideas were being received. The Governor appeared to have forgotten he was in the room. He was not ostentatiously inattentive. He was just detached. It is hard to talk to a man who does not, apparently, either see or hear you. You get no help. When you can hold a man's eye you are quick to sense it if you go on a wrong track. You are as quick to note a fortunate effect. You key your own ideas and you shape your interview accordingly. There is no such opportunity with Coolidge. The interviewer has to fight his own way. He

must go entirely on the merits of his case. He must exhibit himself.

This young newspaper man talked, with increasing difficulty, for some time, maybe forty minutes. He had not the slightest knowledge if the Governor approved or disapproved his ideas, or even whether the Governor had listened to him. At last he was talked out. He felt rather foolish, like a man who has suddenly discovered himself to be walking about in his shirtsleeves at a cold and formal reception. He desperately forced the situation, by asking the Governor, point blank: —

'Well, Governor, what do you think of it? Have I the right idea of the situation?'

The Governor looked again at the young man, and said this: —

'I suppose there's a good deal going on at Washington we don't know anything about. Come in any time and see me.'

That was all. Why was the Governor so brief? Because the young man was not well known to him, and there was no reason why he should undertake a fruitless discussion; because what the young man had mapped out was of no great value, and it made no difference whether it was or was not printed. In short, there was nothing for the Governor to say; so he said — nothing.

This incident has value by which to gauge the man. As President, he will be faced by many kinds of men, many of whom want something. They will try to feel their way with him. They will try to read him. They will fail. The most difficult task in human contact is to read a man who appears to have forgotten your presence. Mr. Coolidge greets his visitor with a direct, straight look. It is likely to give the visitor an idea that he sees much more than the visitor is willing to have him see. One is likely to have a sudden fear lest he has unwittingly done the wrong thing, or has blunderingly betrayed a secret thought; and he is likely to examine his own mind, rapidly, to be sure he had no secret he was trying to conceal. Then the Coolidge gaze wanders. It does not return for some time; sometimes not until the close of the interview, when he looks at his caller with an expression that carries the thought that he has dug deep into the personality of his caller. Sometimes in the middle of the presentation of a case to him he will dart a sharp look at the caller — who thereupon wonders what is the matter. Men who go to talk with Coolidge will take precaution to be quite sure of their ground before they start. They will, after a first experience.

The degree of success of most men in life rests upon their determination and ability to capitalize their strength. The wise man passes through a process of conscious and premeditated elimination. He overcomes weaknesses. He avoids developing that in him which promises no value. He concentrates his time and strength on what is best in him. He finds that which he can do best, and devotes himself to that line. He gives to each position he holds the best he has. He finds in each position a new school, or a new grade in school. He builds himself. Calvin Coolidge has been going through that process. Through more than twenty years of active public service he has schooled himself. To be silent, to listen, are not by themselves of value. The inarticulate and the moron may be silent and futile. The dull may listen. The sponge absorbs. The capacity to withhold unnecessary speech, the capacity to listen, may be of great value, to self and to society, if to them is joined an ability to sift what is heard, to balance facts, assort opinions, organize thought, and produce a product. We do not

know what self-purpose has controlled the career of Calvin Coolidge. We do not know to what extent, if at all, he has deliberately calculated the effect of silence and listening. We do see the results. We believe that he early discovered that by joining creative and constructive mental processes to his willingness to listen and his ability to remain silent, he could achieve.

IV

Calvin Coolidge's education was not surrounded by any remarkable incidents or circumstances. He attended the Plymouth district school, a school duplicated many times in similar communities. He went down to Black River Academy in Ludlow, twelve miles distant. It was a good school, but not at all extraordinary. Later he went to St. Johnsbury Academy, also in Vermont, a familiar type of New England academy. Through all these preparatory schools he was in the original atmosphere. He kept what he had. There is no indication that he added any new vision or had any new experience. Then he entered Amherst College, a typical New England college where fine ideals have held their ground through many years. There his contact was more varied. He was not a great student, but he did his work well. He was not conspicuous. Accounts indicate that he was an average boy, with his share of friends. He was asked, a few years ago, if he had been at all interested in athletics at college. 'Some,' he said. 'What did you do in athletics?' was the next question. Coolidge said: 'I held the stakes, mostly.' He was busy with books; and he was thorough. He delivered the 'Grove Oration.' It is a humorous feature of commencement; somewhat akin to the 'Ivy Oration' at Harvard. Thus the youth Calvin was something of a humorist. It was a good oration. In his senior year he won the prize, a gold medal, in a contest open to all colleges, with an essay on the principles and causes of the Revolutionary war. This essay has lately been reprinted. It shows maturity of thought. It might stand as the work of a man much older than twenty-three years, which was his age when he wrote it. He was graduated from Amherst in 1895.

The next stage in his education was yoked with work. He moved to Northampton and in a law office studied law. After twenty months of such study he was admitted to the bar, in 1897. He began the practice of law. Two years later he was elected to the Northampton City Council. That was the beginning of his political career. The next year he was Northampton City Solicitor. Then, from 1901 to 1907, he was out of office except for some service as Clerk of Courts in Hampshire County. In 1907 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. In 1910 he was elected Mayor of Northampton. The city was a Democratic city. He was a Republican. The day after his election a Democratic acquaintance met him on the street and congratulated him. 'But I did n't vote for you,' he added.

'Well,' said Coolidge, 'somebody did.'

In 1912 he was elected to the State Senate, in which he served until 1915. During the last two of the four years he was President of the Senate. This was his first test in leadership. He had already been noted for ability. In trying to judge whether his mind is 'conservative' or 'progressive,' it is worth while recalling that in 1907 he voted for the direct election of United States senators; that at that time he was on record in favor of the woman

suffrage amendment. He was an active champion of a bill designed to prevent cheating in the sale of coal in small lots; he supported a bill for one day's rest in seven; he supported a bill to prevent overtime work for women and children; he supported a bill placing surgical instruments in factories; a bill to pension widows and children of deceased firemen; he himself drew an anti-monopoly bill. He voted for pensions for public-school teachers; for playgrounds for children; workmen's compensation; low fare for workmen and half-fare for school children. He put through the House an anti-discrimination bill. He actively, by speech and vote, favored an anti-injunction bill which passed the House. In 1912 he voted for the full-crew bill, against which the railroads made a successful fight with the aid of a veto by Governor Eugene N. Foss.

The rest of Mr. Coolidge's political ascent, to date, is well known. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1916 and served three years. His service there was marked by loyalty to the Governor, his chief. The next two years he was Governor of Massachusetts. During the first term the Boston police strike occurred. We need not discuss that dramatic event here. It has been much celebrated. It drew the country's attention to him. It made him Presidential timber. It made him Vice-President. It did not create a new Coolidge; but it advertised him.

The campaign to nominate him for President was unusual, because he issued an announcement, in the middle of the campaign, that he was not a candidate. He refused to be a candidate, because he did not think it seemly for the Governor of Massachusetts to take part in a contest for delegates. The campaign was continued, under difficulties, without his consent, without consultation with him. It did not nominate him for President. It did, though it had no intention of doing so, nominate him for Vice-President.

On the day before the Convention opened, after the delegates had reached Chicago, one of his close personal friends thought he had a way to wring a declaration from the Governor. He concocted a telegram which read like this: —

'Your friends all send their best regards and want to know if you are a candidate for the Presidency. What shall I tell them?'

He was sure this would bring a reply. It did. The reply was this: —

'Thank my friends for their good wishes and tell them the truth.'

V

Throughout his public career Calvin Coolidge has done his duty in each office. He is now in a far higher office than he has held before. Its duties are many. Its difficulty is great. What is his equipment? He has yet to show. By his efficiency in past performance he indicates the best. Will his known qualities avail him in the new responsibility? Of his abstract qualifications we are reasonably sure. It is of his equipment to meet the specific needs of the high office that we are uncertain. There is promise in what may be called his mental attitude.

First, his attitude toward 'politics.' He regards politics as a means, not an end — as the art of government. These are his expressions. He believes that national stability requires public respect for men in office — the men who carry on the machinery of representative democracy. This is not an apology for the incompetent or the corrupt. It is a demand that public office, the functioning of democracy, shall command a respect based on faith in our form of government. That is a whole-

some and a stimulating attitude. If we do not respect public men, we lose faith in our government. If we lose faith in that, the gates are opened to the substitution of a quite different form of government. Corrupt and incompetent men must be hurled from posts of authority; honest and able men must be elevated to power for the public good. But faith in service must prevail. We have to judge politics as we judge the professions, business, the church — by its best. Else civilization perishes.

Next, President Coolidge's attitude toward law and the Constitution is interesting and important. In July 1920, after a conference with Warren Harding, he said, in a formal statement, this: —

'I am here to coöperate with my associates. We have problems ahead. Many men have many remedies. The best remedy is the observance of the Constitution and the laws. Not their enforcement, mind you. I am not now speaking of that. Of course, the Government will enforce the laws. That is far from enough. There must be a return of public opinion toward a self-control by the people, toward a great and overmastering desire to observe the law. When that is done, the other problems will fall away; there will be peace, prosperity, and progress.'

This thought by Mr. Coolidge is closely related to his high conception of politics. The country must regard law not as a burden, an irksome restraint, but for what it is, in theory at least — a formulation of the public will in terms of application. Much might be written on another aspect of this idea; much might be said of the folly and futility, and even the danger, of laws which leap too far ahead of public opinion. If law is to be observed, as well as obeyed, if law is to be loved, it must be in fact what it is in theory, a true and faithful translation of the public will. That is why perversions of legislation, stultification of manifest public will, exploitation of the public by exertion of selfish authority, menace all law and all politics. There is much discussion of means to purify politics, means to secure sound laws, to abort or uproot corruption and decay. The thought which President Coolidge brings to this discussion is this: that a decent respect for public service and public servants, and a spontaneous public observance of law, in spirit as well as in act, are mighty levers to attain the perfection of representative democracy.

Calvin Coolidge has had executive experience as the Governor of Massachusetts. He has had intimate understanding of legislative bodies as President of the Massachusetts Senate and as President of the national Senate. He has served an apprenticeship under President Harding, by whose far-seeing courtesy he was a participant, or at least a listener, in Cabinet meetings. He has enlarged his horizon through two years and a half at Washington. He takes government with intense seriousness. He will listen to advice, but not to command. He holds law in high regard as law. He believes in national as well as individual self-control. He is of sturdy stock, of frugal upbringing. He is kin with the hills and the enduring manifestations of God. His capacity for national leadership is to be tested. He faces problems and difficulties. He comes from folk who 'belong to themselves, live within their income, and fear no man.' We believe he fears no problem ahead.

KLAN AND CHURCH

BY LOWELL MELLETT

The moonlight's fair [no doubt] *tonight along the Wabash. From the fields* [perhaps] *there comes the scent of new-mown hay. Through the sycamores the candle-lights are gleaming —*

No land could be lovelier than Indiana under moonlight. No air could be blessed with sweeter fragrance than that of new-mown hay. The home land of the Hoosiers keeps its hold on our hearts, even though many changes have come since Theodore Dreiser wrote the simple ballad to describe it, and his brother, Paul Dresser, composed the music which we all sang or hummed or whistled a generation ago. The moonlight remains undimmed by the years, but the scent from the fields is of scorching rubber and gasoline. Through the sycamores the blast-furnaces are gleaming.

Indiana is part of the modern world. All that any other state has, Indiana has — all the wonders. The chambers of commerce are quite explicit about this. They point to the dozen or more automobile factories in Indianapolis, to say nothing of those in South Bend, Connersville, Kokomo, Elkhart, and elsewhere. Of course, the state never has stopped producing politics and literature, and it now talks pridefully of its Brown-County art colony, 'the largest this side of the Alleghanies.'

And yet — can it be that through the sycamores of our Hoosier minds the candle-light is still gleaming? Even the cabins among the cornfields have electric lights, but what is our mental illumination?

So long ago that 'On the Banks of the Wabash' had not yet been written, I was a boy in Indiana. One happy hot afternoon I trailed along the streets of our little town, following a parade of the Knights of St. John. Perhaps this juvenile order no longer exists; I have never seen another of its parades, in any event. The Knights of St. John appeared to be small brothers of the Knights of Columbus. Their uniforms were blue and their little rifles were wooden. They were a bit awkward about the business of parading. Many of them were too small and their legs, in unaccustomed long trousers, had to stretch to keep the step.

Catholics were still something of a novelty to us natives. We had profound knowledge of the Protestant churches. We knew the Methodists, the Christians, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Campbellites, the Protestant Episcopals; knew which had the least irksome services; which Sunday School had the shortest sessions. But the Catholics happened to be newcomers. They came in on the boom that followed the discovery of natural gas and the building of many glass factories and steel and iron mills. They were strangers to us and consequently feared. It was some time before we realized that one of us was about as good, pound for pound, in a battle as one of the funny-talking lads from Pittsburgh. That having been established, in due course the barriers went down. The newcomers were absorbed into the community and it

soon was as if they always had been there.

Most everybody ceased to feel any strangeness, but a few held out. The few most sensitive to fear continued in a state of alarm. There was Pood Wamsley, for example. Pood, a little older than the rest of us, was our self-ordained oracle. We listened to his opinions concerning affairs. Most of these opinions he obtained in the back room of his father's undertaking establishment where, of an evening, when there was no undertaking afoot, leading citizens often congregated to discuss matters of moment.

The day following the parade of the Knights of St. John, Pood rounded us up and, glancing over his shoulder every now and then to make sure no Roman spies were lurking about, he gave us a whispered harangue to this effect: —

'Didja see them Cath'lic kids p'radin' yestiddy? Lissen! 'Ja know what they're doin'? Lissen! Ever' one of them is bein' trained to be soldiers when they grows up. That's what them Cath'lics is doin'. Soon's they git 'em all trained and they're growed up, they're goin' to seize the whole country and take charge of it an' ever'thing!'

'Howja know?' one of his aghast hearers inquired.

'I know,' returned Pood, mysteriously. 'There's certain people watchin' ever'thing they do, and when the time comes —'

He broke off with a far-away, portentous look.

'How kin they do it?' someone asked.

'How kin they do it? Don't ja know that ever' time a boy baby is born in a Cath'lic fam'ly they take and bury a gun under the church for him to use when he grows up? And they bury enough am'nition fer him to kill fifty people with!'

'Well, why's the marshal let 'em, then?'

'Huh! The marshal! Bob Mounts don't know nothin' that's goin' on!'

'Why n't somebody tell him?'

'The time ain't come yet. It's a-comin' though! Trouble is — the govinment. Can't expect to do nothin' while's Cleveland's president. They say that, sekurtly, he's mebbe a Cath'lic himself!'

Up to that point I think Pood had us almost convinced. We were forgetting how funny some of the little fellows had looked the day before, trying to keep a march step that was too long for their legs. What had seemed a delightful show was beginning to take on a sinister aspect. It was occurring to us that we ought to have a smarter town marshal than Bob Mounts. But when Pood brought out that about President Cleveland, some of us rebelled. We were Democrats! We argued the matter lucidly with Pood. 'Aw, he is not!' — 'Howja know he ain't?' — 'Well, he ain't. I know it. You're crazy!' —

And then we broke up his alarm feast in favor of scrub baseball.

Thirty years ago this was. And now I've been back home again in Indiana, among the folks I used to know. And two of them have told me — in this enlightened summer of 1923 — that every time a Catholic boy baby is born, a rifle is buried beneath the church against the day when the Church proposes to turn these United States over to the Pope!

Hoosiers surely have not been believing this ever since the days when that serious little circle met in the back room of Wamsley's undertaking shop and Pood repeated to us the weighty opinions there expressed. Worry about the Catholics apparently had disappeared under the pressure of more imminent and real problems. To-day it

has been revived. It is part of the state of mind that accounts for the amazing growth of the Ku Klux Klan in the old Hoosier commonwealth; that enables Indiana to compete with Ohio for the distinction of having a larger Klan membership than any other State. It helped make possible the remarkable election results of last fall, when practically every candidate opposed by the Klan went down in defeat.

In Indiana, as in other states, the Klan has the usual trilogy of fears. It fears the Jews, the Negroes, and the Catholics. But I heard little concerning the Jews and the Negroes. I heard much concerning the Catholics.

This is true of the Negroes, notwithstanding the immense Negro population of Indianapolis, and notwithstanding the fact that this city was the home of the notorious Bungaloos, a hoodlum organization that amused itself with anti-Negro riots in the earlier years of the present century.

It is true as to the Jews, especially in Indianapolis, although there the Jews appear to dominate big retail business as completely as they do in most cities. One intelligent member of the race, who has been studying the situation in a detached sort of way, pointed out to me that in Indianapolis the Jews do not engage in small trade to any extent, and suggested that this accounts for the apathy toward them on the part of the Klan. In the smaller cities, he said, I should find the Jews competing with the smaller business concerns, and should find the Klan actively antagonistic.

This upon investigation seemed to be the case. Here the anti-Jewish sentiment appeared to be the natural antipathy of small tradesmen toward a race that somehow always manages to do well in trade.

Very clearly the crux of the Klan problem in Indiana is the Catholic Church. The Klan is feeding on a revival of anti-Catholic feeling and renewed circulation of Catholic goblin stories. Men actually join the Klan because they believe that a magnificent home (a million-dollar palace, is the term usually used) is being built in Washington, D. C., to house the Pope, and that the Vatican is soon to be moved to the American capital!

This will sound strange to those of you who do not share the Klan's panic on the subject of the Catholic Church. It has been your observation, no doubt, that a good Catholic is just about as devout a church member as a good Protestant — and no more so. But it is customary for many Protestants to assume that the Catholic priest has some strange and complete control over the actions of the men and women of his parish; that he is a great deal more than their spiritual adviser; that all members of the Church walk about with bated breath in fear of incurring the priest's wrath. They forget that the older parishioners probably knew the priest when he was a small and irreverent boy.

Many have believed it is a fixed policy of the Church to keep its members down to a definite level of ignorance. Ku Klux Klan organs now assiduously spread this idea. The truth seems more nearly to be that the effort to spread education — general education, not merely sectarian education — is as great among Catholics as among Protestants.

Indeed, one of the most serious charges against the Church that you hear in Indiana is that they are endeavoring to obtain control of the public schools. Why? To wreck the public-school system, to be sure! The Catholics have had control of the School Board in Indianapolis for years, several excited informants told me, and,

they would say, look how the schools have deteriorated!

Investigation revealed that the Catholics had been represented on the School Board by one member. The superintendent of schools in a certain city, I was told in a confidential whisper, is a Catholic. But I had known this man intimately for half a life-time and knew the contrary to be true. Running down other such allegations was like running down atrocity stories in the German-occupied districts of France; the stories nearly always evaporated as one got near their source.

It would be unwise to assert that no case whatever can be made against the Catholics in some corners of Indiana. There are instances in plenty when, forming a majority of the voting population, they have voted themselves into power. There are instances in which shortsighted leadership has led them to abuse their power. There are communities where, while in a minority, they have been as clannish as the Klan, and have made themselves a solid and obstructive political *bloc*. But, recalling Catholic candidates who have failed to get the Church vote and recalling Protestant candidates who have succeeded, the conclusion is that, as individuals and as a group, no case of undesirable citizenship can be maintained against them.

However, unreasonable as are the allegations on which the Klan's growth is largely based, this growth is the most important fact in Indiana to-day.

One finds a friend who is neither Klan nor anti-Klan, fighting hard to preserve his neutrality. One finds a politician seeking to make each side think he hates the other. One finds a business man engaged in the same precarious undertaking, for now the business boycott has come in to harass further the middle-of-the-road folks.

'If,' said a man to me, 'you were widely reputed to be a member of the Klan and were not a member, what would you do about it? Would you publicly deny it? Or would you keep quiet? Well, no matter what you would do, I'd just keep quiet.'

He is a judge on the bench, a scholar, a man of high standing in the law, an honest, scrupulous jurist. But he is baffled by the religious war he finds raging about him, baffled into complete silence on a subject that touches real principle with him.

When certain Klan leaders had told me all the wild stories about Catholics they could think of, and certain Catholic laymen had told me all the wild stories about the Klan they could think of, I started out to find some of the rank and file, some of the plain Klansmen.

I found a great many, and who do you suppose they were? They were old friends of mine; folks I'd known all my life; just some of the best citizens of Indiana, that was all. The best citizens — save for this one weakness. Not the stuff of which cowardly mobs are supposed to be made, not the sort which drags women out at night to tar-and-feather and lash, naked, against trees. Clean, decent family men. Not even religious fanatics; their average church attendance probably not very high; men who have done more thinking, even if misguided thinking, about religion and churches during the present fever than in any ten years of their lives.

How true the stories of Klan outrages in other states may be, they were not committed by such men as I found in the Klan in Indiana. That is, they were not committed by men in the state of mind of the Indiana Klansmen to-day. What state of mind they may get into presently cannot be foretold. They cannot vision themselves running amuck and they do not believe the

tales concerning Klansmen who have run amuck in other states.

This feeling concerning themselves is shared by whole communities. Good people who could not conceivably join the Klan themselves have only good-natured curiosity regarding the organization. They amuse themselves by trying to identify the members when the latter turn out for public parade in their hoods and gowns. The shape under the sheet or the familiar shoes of a sturdy marcher often tells a wife for the first time that her husband is a member; but when she allows this information to spread about the block, it seldom excites real surprise — certainly not horror. It is not thought that this respectable neighbor has suddenly become a terrorist, a doer of evil deeds in the dark.

Much effort has been spent in Indiana, as in other states, to convince possible Klansmen that they became victims of a gigantic money-making scheme when they wrote their names in blood on the dotted line. But this has proved only a slight deterrent. That it has been a money-making enterprise for certain men is admitted. But so was — for example — the Loyal Order of the Moose.

The present U. S. Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis (a Hoosier, by the way), might be called the Simmons of the Moose, in that respect. Yet the rapid growth of the Moose could not be attributed simply to the fact that Davis had an excellent profit-taking idea. Tens of thousands did not join the Moose just because they wished to make Jim the Puddler a millionaire. No, he had a conception of enjoyable human fellowship that appealed to them.

So it was with the men who originated the Ku Klux Klan. They have made money, no doubt, an immense amount of it, but they did have something that appealed to thousands of other men. Unfortunately, the thing they had was not so wholesome a thing as that which Davis had. The thing they had was fear — fear, based on error, as most fears are; fear, based on a superstitious ignorance of the Catholic Church.

This fear is not to be dissolved by the voice of one fellow Hoosier asserting that there is no basis for it. All this assertion is likely to do is to convince some of his friends that he is a paid propagandist for the Catholic Church and to convince other friends that he is a paid propagandist for the Ku Klux Klan.

But here is a suggestion which, if acted upon, may help prevent the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana going the way it has gone in many other states, and may help destroy the notion that there is any proper place in Indiana society for such an organization.

The suggestion is: Publicity.

You may assume that I mean legislation to compel the publication of every secret order's membership list, such as New York's recent enactment. My anti-Klan friends will applaud, crying: 'That's the ticket! Drag them into the daylight!' My pro-Klan friends will begin digging in their heels and preparing to resist.

But I mean publicity concerning the Catholic Church. And I do not mean the usual sort of newspaper publicity. The newspapers have pretty well indicated the course they may be expected to pursue in the face of this truly grave menace. When the Klan was a far-off matter, not an intimate problem, they printed all the stories of brutal outrages that came over the wires. When it came closer home, they lapsed into silence. Now that they have reason for suspecting that every other reader may be a Klan member or sympathizer, many of the newspapers content

themselves with careful avoidance of the issue.

It might have been possible for a newspaper of wide influence in Indiana to head off the Klan's growth at one stage by printing the facts, but no newspaper has influence sufficient to accomplish that now.

By printing what facts? The facts concerning the Catholic Church, to be sure. There is the essence of the whole question. Are the firmly fixed beliefs of tens of thousands of Hoosier Protestants concerning the Catholic Church true or untrue? Find out. And print what is found.

No newspaper, of course, ever has thought of doing this, because the newspapers have feared the Catholic Church. There is one article of the Klan faith that has a real basis. Klansmen will tell you that newspapers fear to print anything they think may offend the Church. And Klansmen are not altogether mistaken on this point. The tradition has grown up in newspaper offices that such news is unsafe to handle, that the Church has some mysterious power to punish those who offend.

There is nothing mysterious about it, of course; it is simply that many readers are Catholics and might cancel their subscriptions. Many editors and sub-editors, however, seem to feel that the authority of the Church would be exercised to compel its members to do this. There is good reason for doubting the existence of any such shortsighted policy.

In my experience, the newspaper men who have seemed most free and unworried in their handling of news concerning the Catholic clergy, including sometimes unpleasant news, have been Catholic newspaper men. They have less fear of their own Church than Protestant newspaper men have.

One result of this news-suppression has been the growth of belief in all sorts of weird tales about the Church, mouth-to-mouth stories of pagan immoralities, involving all ranks in the Church organization. It is not conceivable that Catholic churchmen prefer general circulation of malicious or ignorant inventions to a condition in which they would receive from the press exactly the same treatment as the Protestant clergy receive.

But the remedy for the Klan problem. The suggestion toward which I have tried to pave the way is a statewide survey of the Church activities in Indiana. It should be possible to organize a commission of intelligent men and women to collect the facts concerning the churches and what the churches do. It can be shown what proportion of the state offices are and have been held by Catholics, and how this corresponds to the number of Catholics themselves. It can be shown how much the Catholics contribute to the support of the public schools, how many are serving on public-school boards, how many are teaching in the public schools.

Catholic churches could be forced open, if necessary, — which it would not be, of course, — to prove or disprove the tales of buried rifles and ammunition. This suggestion may draw a smile, but I am not certain that it is not the most important I have to make. The tales are preposterous, to be sure, but I would take the only possible course to eradicate them from the minds of those who do not consider them preposterous.

Further, a commission of inquiry might call publicly for the presentation of every charge against the Catholic Church that any responsible person or responsible group of persons might have to make, and then investigate the truth of these charges. They could bring the whole truth out of the dark-

ness of rumor into the daylight of established fact.

What do the people of Indiana receive in the place of the truth, now? Two or three days of each week the down-town streets of the larger Indiana cities resound with the voices of boys selling *The Fiery Cross*, a Ku Klux Klan weekly. These are bought eagerly and in great numbers by persons determined to hear and believe the worst concerning the Catholic Church.

On the same days, on the same corners, other boys are crying just as loudly the sale of *Tolerance*, an anti-Klan weekly, containing every intolerant idea concerning the Klan that the latter's enemies have to offer. These are bought eagerly and in great numbers by persons determined to hear and believe the worst concerning the Klan.

As for the neutral publications, they appear to be waiting warily for the storm to blow over. It may blow over and it may not. It has not blown over in many another state without having first been responsible for shameful incidents which those states will spend years deploring. Witnessing the trend it has taken there, it is hard to believe that Indiana will escape her share of bitter regrets unless some means is found to clear the air before the storm descends.

RITUAL AND REGALIA

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

THE anthropologists have said, of late years, a great many fascinating things about ritual and belief, custom and myth, magic and religion. They have invited us to observe, within ourselves, vestiges of the prehistoric soul; and far from endeavoring to free us of senseless superstitions, they positively encourage us to foster those gestures and reactions which mean that, a few thousand years ago, our ancestors were, in certain circumstances, happy or afraid. If we indulge in sympathetic or symbolic magic, the anthropologists are not shocked; they are genuinely pleased.

The physicist or the geologist may think you a fool for knocking wood, or refusing to destroy an old photograph of a friend, or looking at the moon over your right shoulder; he may even try to argue you out of it. But the anthropologist loves you just in proportion as you seem to him to be folklore. You do not have to be ashamed, before him, of these little habits; he finds them engaging.

So we love the anthropologists better than other gentlemen with card-catalogues. They cocker our weaknesses; they love our instinctive and unconsidered gestures. They do not even want us to be reasonable beings. When a farmer refuses to set cedar posts except with the moon in a certain quarter, the biologist or the chemist is annoyed; but the anthropologist would rather go without his garden gate

forever than appeal to the farmer on the score of reason. He feels a positive affection for any man who sees an occult relation between the setting of cedar posts and the phases of the moon. That is the sort of person that, to suit his book, we ought all to be. Very comfortable people, the anthropologists: easy to get on with. No hypocrisy needed. They love to look at you over the pages of *The Golden Bough* and put you, mentally, into a footnote.

Ritual is only one of the things with which anthropology concerns itself; and ritual, of course, is usually tied up either with magic or with religion. (No two anthropologists, I believe, ever quite agree as to the relation between the two.) It is, naturally, not my object to consider the love of ritual scientifically, or yet exhaustively. I am not equipped for dealing with folklore. I have referred to the anthropologists only because I think, being passionately preoccupied with our more picturesque weaknesses, that they ought to answer a few questions.

What is it, for example, that makes men, quite apart from magical or religious purposes, love to invent absurd rituals of their own, and love to ornament themselves with queer costumes and queerer insignia — not on Mardi Gras or Hallowe'en, or for theatrical purposes, but regularly, and merely for the sake of doing it? Why do they do it even more in America than in the older and presumably more conservative nations?

The peasantry in any land are the guardians of ancient customs and the preservers of old superstitions. But in America we have no peasantry; and it is not, in any case, our colorless equivalent for the peasant who so indulges himself: it is the business man, the dweller in towns, the hard-headed trader. We have more secret societies than any other country; and the man who is willing to make a guy of himself in the public streets is the very man who, in the other relations of life, is from Missouri and wants to be shown. A great many citizens who would feel the assumption of evening clothes an affectation not to be borne are quite willing to be seen on Main Street with turbans on their heads and cabalistic signs all over them. They are not praying for rain, or attempting to terrify their enemies: most of them are nominally Christians, and they all employ physicians when they are ill. They are doing it for the fun of it; and the fun of it is so real that they do not mind looking absurd to the uninitiated.

It must be a very strong urge. The average American citizen has less use for symbolism than any other civilized being; but is there any other civilized being who indulges in such vast and varied orgies of it? Citizens who resent an American ambassador's wearing knee breeches at court are perfectly willing, themselves, to parade, in the most astonishing clothes, behind a camel or a bear. We who censure the diplomacies of the Old World and must have open covenants openly arrived at, are more addicted to secret societies than the Chinaman himself.

Is all this initiating, and swearing of oaths, and reverencing of insignia, mere protest against the drabness of life? If so, why is it that the women do not indulge? Women are supposed to be fonder, both of secrets and of ornaments, than men are; yet you will notice that it is not the women of the country who create lodges and invent rituals and fashion symbolic costumes for themselves. Women do not wear aprons in the street if they can help it; but men do.

The last thing that I intend or desire is to ridicule this almost universal pastime of the opposite sex. There must

be some good and dignified reason for it, humanly speaking, or it would not be so widespread. There must also be something in the male heart that is left out of the female heart. It would be exceedingly interesting to know what these facts and reasons are. I wonder if the anthropologists can tell. Women are quite willing to band themselves together in societies: witness the prevalence of women's clubs all over the country. But it does not seem to occur to them to make their societies secret, and their ritual is open to all, being merely Cushing's *Manual.* Nor do they sport insignia.

That women have lodges as well as men, I am quite aware. But their lodges are, for the most part, mere parasites of the masculine orders, consisting of the 'wives, sisters, daughters, and widows' of the fraternal band. Women never started out, by themselves, to be Masons or Odd Fellows or Red Men or Elks. In order to have a 'Society of the Brides of the Odd Fellows,' you have first to have Odd Fellows, well established. Sororities did not exist until the spread of fraternities in co-educational institutions practically challenged the girls to create them. True, women seem to be Past Grands and Exalted Rulers, but there seems to be less solemnity about it; and certainly they do not parade in public.

Having occasion, once, in the interest of a public petition, to look through a list of the orders and societies which our very small town supports, I was confronted by many congeries of initials whose purport I could not even guess. O.F.'s and R.M.'s were simple; but what was the true meaning of F. and A.M., P.O.S. of A., O.U.A.M., and such? I came to have a real affection for people who wrote themselves out boldly as Knights of the Golden Eagle and Foresters of America.

I regretted the absence of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, immortalized by Mr. Octavus Roy Cohen; and had to put up with the Ancient United Order, Sons and Daughters, Brothers and Sisters of Moses.

I gathered incidentally that the colored race was more sociable and coöperative in these matters; less solemn and secret than the whites. Practically all my colored acquaintance belongs to lodges, and practically none of my white acquaintance does; but I think I am right in saying that the colored lodge-member is both franker and more practical about his secret society. Sick benefits and burial expenses are no side issue with him, but the main thing; and he does not conceal himself behind initials. He seems to reserve his theatricality for his churches. He shows more of his famous histrionicism in the technique of building a parsonage or getting converted from one Baptist sect to another, than in public display of fraternal organizations. Naturally, my experience is limited; but I have never happened to see a railway station filled with colored men in turbans and caftans and sashes. You might expect, indeed, to see the race that invented leopard societies do something more picturesque than white inhibitions can quite permit. On the contrary, in America it is the white man who takes the lead, and his colored brother seems content with mild imitation.

II

Here is the question I should like to put to the anthropologist: —

What is that impulse resident in the heart of the adult male of the white race, who is also a responsible citizen of a civilized country, which makes him desire to belong to a secret society, and makes him, so far from being ashamed of it or apologetic for it, willing and glad to parade

his mystic signs and fantastic clothes in the broad light of day? What is this instinct, so strong that it conquers his general horror of being conspicuous or absurd? Why is a man of the 'Babbitt' type, who objects to being called a real-estate man instead of a realtor, happy to be known as a tree in the Smithville Forest of Tall Cedars of Lebanon?

It is not religion, for the Trees go to different churches. It is not — essentially at least — politics; for none of the great secret societies in the United States has ever been publicly associated with political manœuvring, like the G.A.R. and the American Legion, or the labor organizations — which are not secret. I speak under correction; but these organizations do not seem to be out for 'power.'

It is an historic fact, I believe, that French Free-Masonry, which is both atheistic in nature and political in purpose, has been repudiated by British Free Masons, if not by American. It cannot be that lodge members find any magical value in their rituals and oaths; would not most of them, indeed, be shocked at the very notion of magic? The benefit-association side of it is easy to understand; but that does not explain the initiations and the clothes and the symbolism.

I have heard it said that it is 'good' for a man, in the business sense, to belong to some large secret society. But if that is all, why the paraphernalia? Why, too, are these initiatives confined to the male? In Dahomey the women had — perhaps still have, though I gather that Dahomey has been a good deal expurgated — a very powerful secret organization, strong as a leopard society. I once heard Professor Gilbert Murray make a suffrage speech in which he used the Dahoman Mumbo Jumbo as a symbol of male devices for denying the vote to women. Professor Murray did not mention on that occasion the Dahoman Amazons, who could accuse a man of anything, and sell him into slavery for punishment, if he showed his nose while they were parading.

There have always been female 'lodges' in the jungle. So you cannot be sure that it is mere atavism: the civilized male unconsciously regretting the good old days when he made himself beautiful and terrible with bones and bladders and feathers, and drank human blood, with incantations, to the salvation of his friends and the destruction of his enemies.

For that matter, if it is a mere harking-back to the joys of prehistoric importance, why are not the American Medical Association and the American Bar Association secret societies? Surely it is the physicians and the lawyers who — leaving religion aside — inherit from the medicine man.

Most of the men of my acquaintance have not belonged to any of these organizations, though I have once or twice in my life heard a man express regret that he had never joined one. Yet, like everyone else, I have known men who were members of some order; I have even known Masons who affected to believe in the antiquity of their ritual, though all encyclopædias explode that theory. Certainly I have usually heard the Masonic order, for example, mentioned with respect by men who did not belong to it.

But I have never heard any of these orders mentioned with what you could honestly call respect by women. To the female mind, the mysterious side of it, at least, does not appeal.

In country districts, where the 'Grange' is a social nucleus, it is another matter. Women will come in on the social side of anything that is going in the community; and they will affiliate themselves, for social reasons,

with anything that their husbands belong to. Every woman knows that all women consider their own sex an open book, while men seem to them incalculable and unpredicable from start to finish.

I have never known a woman who understood what men meant when they talked of women's being mysterious or incomprehensible. Whereas the woman who boasts that she understands men is not only rare but usually a singular fool.

Most women, I think, take this secret-society business as merely another instance of the incomprehensibility of the male. They can understand the peacock's tail, and the biologic urge for the male to make himself beautiful in order to attract a mate. But what they see is men making themselves, not physically beautiful, but physically ridiculous: a phenomenon which can have nothing to do with biologic urges. If men were unconsciously attempting to be attractive, they would abolish the hideous uniform of the 'business suit,' to which they have condemned themselves; and they would never, never wear aprons over cashmere trousers.

III

Is it mere human love of ritual and mystery? If it is, why do not women indulge as well? For women are even more susceptible than men to ritual and to the mysterious. The ritualistic churches keep a firmer and more enduring hold over women than over men, apparently; and in our own day women go in much more than the other sex for the occult and mystical. Or is it some faint memory of magic itself — a denatured magic, without results, without even purpose?

Do Elks and Red Men remember, without remembering, that signs and symbols were once legal tender in the realm of fate, and that a formula was stronger than a sword — as a dog, turning round three times, is said to be remembering, yet not remembering, the days of his wolfhood? Surely the anthropologists might tell us this.

The folk-lorist is happy if he can hear an old woman muttering something to herself before she gives herb tea to a patient; but does he ever look up when a thousand 'Shriners' pass before him in full regalia? If it is the old impulse to magical activities, why are the members of orders the last people to rely on the legitimately inherited magic which is popular superstition?

Women would seem to have preserved, more consistently than men, the old folk-habits, now impossible of explanation. Carrying the newborn child up instead of down, not destroying clothing that has belonged to a near and dear person, folk-remedies for trifling ills — women are much harder to cure of these habits than men. But they have not preserved the psychology of the 'long house' or the medicine lodge.

Nor can it be mere gregariousness, though men are perhaps more truly gregarious than women. Gregariousness, in men, is ministered to by the club or the corner grocery (the saloon having perished), rather than by the lodge. Gregariousness demands, not stated meetings or formal procedure, but a place where, at any hour of any day, you can find a comfortable chair and a group of human beings.

Sometimes one is tempted to consider these fraternal orders a mere hangover from the mysterious 'bunches' and 'gangs' of boyhood, as if men remained forever Tom Sawyers and Penrods at heart. But the essential requirement of the small boy's secret organization is that it should be small, exclusive, and flauntable in the face of unpopular playmates: the keynote is intimacy.

The two impulses are not quite the same. There are too many Elks; essential Elkhood must be a fairly indefinable thing, and any national convention of Elks must posit a like-mindedness that the Elk from Chattanooga and the Elk from Portland will not always recognize the instant they meet.

As well — almost — ask all Republicans, or all Democrats, to be congenial, as all Masons.

Besides, it must be remembered that many men belong to more than one of these organizations. Apparently being a Tall Cedar of Lebanon does not interfere with being a Knight of Pythias.

If it is not a hankering after magic, or a delight in self-adornment, or the satisfaction of the gregarious impulse, or the reaching out for secret power, what, then, is it that makes these orders so numerous and so popular? Here we have an instinct stronger than the instinct of protective coloring, which in our day translates itself into the objection to being conspicuous or absurd.

But just what is that instinct? That is what we should like the anthropologists to tell us.

Goats, and rituals, and cabalistic signs, all point back to a savage inheritance, to be sure; but if it is mere atavism, why are women exempt? Since the first thing savage women do when they become sufficiently powerful in any community is to create their own societies and make their own 'medicine,' why does not my completely emancipated sex rush into competition, instead of weakly allying itself with male organizations?

Why, that is, should one sex 'throw back,' and not the other? If the Elks are only feebly remembering and imitating ancestral totemism, why are not the directer heirs of the jungle — our colored citizens — foremost in both ritual and regalia?

There is something still left, it seems to me, for the folk-lorist to explain. Let him stop gathering charms from the Kentucky mountaineers and the New Jersey 'pinies,' and watch his hard-headed fellow citizens the next time they parade in full regalia. What goes on in the tangle of the male mind, no ratiocinating female would presume to guess; and women pass this over like so many other manifestations of the mystery which is Man. But the anthropologist — who is usually a man himself — has no right to give up the riddle. Here are fascinating indications, clues of the showiest, parti-colored hints that should take him far. Will he not explain?

THE CAPTAIN

BY ARTHUR MASON

I

'Two cards,' said the Captain, through his nose.

'Two?' echoed the mate. 'Hem!'

'Two, Mr. Dimm.'

'He's bluffing again,' thought the mate; then he said; 'Pete, how about you?'

'Gimme three.'

'How many to you, Gus?'

'One, sir.'

The mate helped himself to two cards. The Captain eyed him sharply.

'Got something this time, Mr. Dimm?'

The mate's smile was sickly.

'It's about time, sir. Twenty-five dollars gone already.'

'I'll make an honest bet,' said the Captain, 'so you can all get in on the pot.'

'How much?' inquired the mate nervously.

'Five dollars, Mr. Dimm.' The Captain moved five iron washers out in front of himself. 'That's the bet,' he said; and murmured, 'The wind is freshening a bit.'

The mate threw in his five washers gloomily. Pete and Gus wanted none of it.

'Show down, Mr. Dimm.'

'Three sixes, sir.'

The Captain's heavy, hollow hand reached out and raked in the pot.

'Mr. Dimm,' he said, impressively, 'you should stay out till you get something. Here's three ladies for you to look at.'

The Nellie Swan was a five-masted, bald-headed schooner plying from the Columbia River to Guaymas in Mexico. During all the years that she had been in the trade she had had the same crew almost all the time.

'All staying by her,' was the Captain's monotonous answer to the inquiries of the runners; so there was very little fuss when she came into port.

Furthermore the crew had the reputation of being a thrifty lot — hard-headed savers where the saloon men were concerned. How far is truth from conjecture! They were neither contented, thrifty, nor thirst-proof. They were always, in season and out, broke. They lived and breathed to balance, just once, accounts with the master of the schooner. The pay roll for them was but a transient illusion. Only the complaisant slop-chest and the ship's good fare kept them from becoming clothingless, foodless, and tobaccoless.

The Nellie Swan, being without topmasts, furnished easy work for lazy sailors. They were a small crew — ten men before the mast, donkeyman, two mates, and a cook; but they had one noticeable trait in common: they were all good and persistent poker-players.

The Captain, a quiet little man with humor and strength written plainly on his clean-cut features, maintained steady discipline throughout the week, and it was only on Sundays that the rustle of cards and the clicking of

washers would deafen the crew to other sounds.

All their week-days were spent, singly and in committee, scheming to beat him; all their evenings in reading thumb-worn books on poker. All in vain, for somehow the master would never play when the codes were working, and he continued to scrape up the washers, and to strangle a small pencil to trace out I O U's for them to sign.

The desperation of years grew on them, and at last they got to the point where they sank beneath it. They decided in full meeting that the ways of a sailor were not those of a poker-player. Pete was for quitting altogether.

'He can beat us, and that settles it,' he said.

'I have an idea,' said Gus; and they crowded about him. They were ever so keen on ideas.

'How would it go,' he whispered, 'if one of us laid off ashore next voyage, and we shipped a real crooked gambler to get our money back?'

'Could we trust him?'

'Make him sign papers to share and share alike,' said the ready Gus; 'then you have him. I know the very man for you.'

'What's to become of the man who gives his berth to the gambler?' asked Pete.

'We can make a tarpaulin muster and get a few dollars for him before the ship leaves,' Gus said; 'that'll get him grub and lodgings. Then he'll get his pay ashore when we've cleaned the Captain.'

It was decided that they were to draw lots to determine who was to stay ashore. Pete cut rope-ends for lots, and when it fell to him to stay behind his bland looks were enough to dispel any wrinkle on the brow of a shipmate.

'It's the rheumatiz, sir; I can hardly move my joints at all.' Pete demonstrated his painful stiffness beyond the possibility of a doubt.

'Well, Pete,' answered the Captain, 'if you're as badly off as that, perhaps you're right. I'd hate to lose you, even for a voyage; but you'd better stay ashore for one trip.'

The next day, when the Nellie Swan was tied up to a lumber wharf, the Captain called the crew aft.

'We'll pay off now, men,' said he.

Some of them had as much as seven dollars due them for a three months' trip. They took what was coming good-naturedly. There was an unusual conquering glow in their eyes.

In due time the schooner was loaded ready for the voyage south. As the hour of departure drew on, Pete developed a touchiness that was the despair of the crew; and they were hard put to it to give him enough assurances of good faith to lull the suspicions that arose in his eyes and manner.

'You're getting so a man can't talk to you,' said Gus, sorrowfully. 'Of course we'll bring back your share to you. You'll be here to meet us, won't you?'

'It's all right about you, but how about the gambler? When's he going to sign up?'

'That won't be necessary at all,' said Gus, heartily; 'he's as honest as the day is long. He's not a shark. He's rolling in money now, and only coming along to oblige us.'

'Is he handy with the cards, Gus?'

'Handy is n't the word for it, Pete. He pretty nearly makes 'em *talk!*'

That night, in the shadow of the wharf lights, the gambler was sneaked aboard the Nellie Swan. He was fat and fairly tall, with a white skin and black hair. Pete, having successfully manœuvred to obtain the Captain's permission to ship his 'friend,' was there to look him over.

He gave each of the men a warm handclasp.

'Boys,' he said, solemnly, 'I am going to help you out. Now,' and he cleared his throat, 'how much do you think your captain has to lose?'

'Thousands!' they answered, with one voice.

The crook smiled, and lit a cigar.

'Do you think you can get it?' asked Pete anxiously.

'I'll show you my work.' The gambler selected one from many packs of cards in his bag, and commenced to shuffle and deal them. 'Draw to your hands,' he commanded. 'I don't want any. Show down.'

He held a pat flush.

Pete smiled. 'You're a dandy.'

Next morning the Nellie Swan left port. The crew were wreathed in smiles. The sails went up as never before; some sang, others whistled, peace and discipline ruled fore and aft. Most of all they were considerate of their Captain. He, the prize, must not come to harm.

'Let me do that, sir'; 'Yes, sir'; 'No, sir,' they'd say, till he wondered what had come over his crew. He called the mate's attention to them.

Mr. Dimm, all unknowing, said it was their good-nature.

'They have been here so long they are just like ourselves.'

'How's the new fellow?'

'A bit soft yet, but the crew seem to have taken a fancy to him.'

As the schooner headed south, and the first Sunday came, the crew and master played a little poker — a tame game, in which the crew, as usual, lost.

'They'll warm up to it,' thought the Captain; 'they're a bit stingy starting a new voyage.'

The gambler, under the watchful eye of Gus, was not to be allowed to show his skill until the return voyage, which would be without a stop. They did n't quite trust him.

But the third Sunday out, when the Nellie Swan had rounded Cape St. Lucas, and headed north in the warm Gulf of California, they had a game, and the gambler, ignoring the crew, picked the Captain off for two hundred dollars. How he did it, the crew did n't know, or the Captain either.

In the forecastle, afterward, the crew forgave him, and it was agreed that the money should be kept in the forecastle under his pillow, he assuring them that he would put a head bandage on anyone who touched it till the end of the voyage. The best they could do was to sit around and look at the bunk, an occupation of which they never seemed to tire.

In less than a week more the Nellie Swan was unloading lumber in Guaymas, and scantlings and boards fairly flew from her. There was no gambling while they were in port; and if the Captain felt any regret at losing his money, he did not show it. Nevertheless, as he came and went to and from the schooner, his eye would seek out the new sailor and rest on him with a kind of speculative yearning that showed that the Prince of the Forecastle had attracted his attention.

II

When the Nellie Swan left Guaymas, the crew were as happy as children. Their plans for spending the Captain's money were all made, and the week-day nights before the first game were spent philosophizing on the benefit that the long accumulation would be to them.

Sunday the game on the main hatch finished with the cook's gong. The crew were cleaned, their I O U's in wages going to the gambler, for subsequent division. The Captain also was a heavy loser, but in real money. The gambler insisted that money talked, and the crew applauded, silently. Mr. Dimm

would n't play, but looked on and shook his head, wondering what had happened to the skipper's luck.

The master's losings did n't seem to bother him as he rose from the hatch and stretched; but there was a hint of action in the single glance he gave the gambler as he walked past him on his way to his cabin for supper.

In the forecastle the sailors brought the gambler his supper, and apologized that so great a man should have to stoop to common fare. The winnings being tucked under his pillow, he set himself to entertain the crew with golden boasts, which held them spell-bound until the last trace of a tired sun had sought refuge in the sea.

Their last Sunday out was the day of the great tryout between the gambler and the Captain. Wild excitement pervaded the forecastle. The crew had made various excuses to the Captain, who seemed to think nothing amiss of their sudden denial of the game. Now they were doing everything that could humanly be done to send the gambler to the test groomed like a race horse for the run.

'Fetch him out,' said one voice, gruff with anxiety.

'Put his muffler on,' urged a second; 'he might catch cold.'

It was indeed cooler, for the Nellie Swan had come into northern latitudes, and it was the fall of the year. Squally weather was threatening, and the sea ran like molten metal cooling off. The main hatch could no longer be used as a poker-table, and the Captain invited the gambler into the cabin to play — a move affording him great satisfaction, and the crew equal discomfiture.

There was nothing for it but to await eight bells; and when noon brought the gambler to the forecastle with a monstrous pile of gold, they felt that their waiting had not been in vain.

But all was not beer and skittles for the gambler. It had happened that his luck had run a trifle suspiciously to the good, and the Captain took advantage of that moment when the schooner started to pound and dive and list away to leeward, to lay down his hand and get up from the table.

'I guess we're running into bad weather,' he said innocently.

He walked over to the bulkhead where the barometer hung. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw cards being pulled up the sleeve of the man at the table as if by some unearthly hand.

'The barometer is falling,' he said, 'we're in for a blow. We'll play this hand out before I go on deck to get my noon position.'

The gambler was n't enough of a sailor either to scent a suppressed storminess in the Captain's voice, or a threat in his unusual politeness.

'You'll play this afternoon?' he asked, greedily.

'After lunch,' said the Captain, going up on deck with his sextant, leaving his piles of gold for the gambler to take forward to the crew.

The southwest wind was increasing, and the sea was coming up. The Nellie Swan, with a free sheet, was racing away for the land.

'It's a bad place to be caught in a blow,' said the Captain.

''T is that,' said the second mate, whose watch it was, wiping the spray from his face.

'We ought to make the mouth of the Columbia River between three and four o'clock.'

'It'll be bad if we can't make it — we'll be on a lee shore. It might be safer after all to heave to out here, while we have plenty of sea room, and ride the gale out.'

'No,' said the Captain, 'we 'll take a chance and run for the river. Get

everything ready, in case we have to shorten sail.'

At one o'clock the decks were awash, and the schooner was pitching the waves high over her hull. Gus escorted the storm-frightened gambler aft to the cabin.

The Captain put away a chart he was looking at.

'Oh, you want to play,' he said, unconcernedly, but his hands trembled. He locked the cabin doors, pulled off his coat, and threw it across a chair. Then he rolled up his sleeves to the elbows of his hairy arms. A large American flag was tattooed across his right forearm, and, as if there were danger of losing it, a ship's anchor and chain moored it down to the wrist.

The gambler moved uneasily in his chair; the ocean spray went splash against the cabin windows, the ceiling paneling squeaked.

'Take off your coat,' said the Captain, 'and roll up your sleeves. You'll feel more comfortable.'

The gambler grew pale; it dawned upon him that the Captain was wiser than he thought. He smiled a cracked-clay smile.

'I'm not going to take my coat off,' he said, 'and I'm not going to play. I'm going back to the forecastle. Unlock the door.'

'You 're a cheater, and you know it,' said the Captain; 'you're going to play, and you're going to play fair.'

The gambler made a lunge for the door.

'Oh no you don't!'— the Captain had him by the throat with both hands, — 'Take your coat off!'

The gambler fought; but the Captain held on to his throat till he wilted like a sun-parched seaweed. He threw him to the cabin floor, stripped him of his coat, and threw open his shirt. There, as he guessed he would, he found the ghostly hand — a mechanical device that was strapped around the chest. It had a spring attachment running down his sleeve, ending in a delicate steel clip under the cuff, which would hold and release cards at will. The Captain's eyes bulged when he saw that it held two aces.

A knock came on the cabin door.

'Get up!' ordered the Captain, throwing the apparatus on the cabin table.

As the gambler rose and swayed stiffly to a chair, the Captain opened the door.

'What is it, Mr. Dimm?'

'It's blowing a gale, sir; the sea is running high, and the schooner has too much sail on her.'

The master locked the door behind him, and jumped to the deck. At a glance he took in storm, sea, and ship.

'Call all hands,' he shouted; 'take in the jigger and spanker. Hurry, Mr. Dimm! Don't let her broach to, whatever you do,' he cautioned the man at the wheel.

The Nellie Swan, with sea and gale abeam, was burying herself in foam.

'Damn the storm!' the Captain muttered to himself, and his eyes cursed the salty sea.

In the cabin the gambler rubbed the kinks out of his stretched neck. He looked at his holdout, as it lay on the cabin table, and pushed it from him in disgust. The sound of flapping sails frightened him. The schooner was vibrating as if some gigantic hammer were pounding her. He caught up his coat from the floor and put it on. The thought of the bag of gold in the forecastle was outdoing the horror of danger. He made a dash for the window and opened it. It was too small to be of use for his escape. With all his power he shouted, —

'Split the money, and hold on to it!'

His voice was instantly lost in the storm, and the sailors, busy furling

the sails and ignorant of his extremity, waved affectionate greetings. A dash of water forced his head in, and he closed the window.

The schooner rode more easily now, with the jigger and spanker furled. But the Captain looked worried as he told the mates to let her run another twenty miles, to see if she would n't pick up Cape Disappointment.

'Keep a sharp lookout; it 's hazy, Mr. Dimm; anyway, call me when she 's made twenty miles on the log.'

With another glance at the weather, he walked down the companionway and unlocked the door.

'Well,' he said, 'are you ready to play?'

'I'll play,' said the gambler sulkily.

'A hundred-dollar ante, and jacks or better.'

The whites of the gambler's eyes rose and fell with the motion of the schooner.

'A hundred-dollar ante — Hell! I'll not play a game like that. Make it five dollars.'

'Oh no,' answered the Captain, 'I like a fast game. Anyway we may be on the rocks in an hour and our fun be spoiled.' His serious look sent a shudder through the crook.

'I'll have to get my money from the forecastle,' he said.

'Never mind your money; I'll keep the score in my book.'

The Captain walked into his room, and took all the money he had left from a small safe. It amounted to a few hundred dollars.

'If I lose this, he'll win it honestly,' he thought.

The roar of the storm outside, the tramp, tramp of the mates' feet, wrought a fear in him far greater than the fear of losing again to the crew who would so seek to humiliate their Captain. After all, their lives were his to guard, and his was the responsibility to save them from the mangling treachery of a lee shore. Twenty miles, — so little space, before he could know what awaited them all. Twenty miles, and part of it gone already. The more need for action then. Time to play swiftly, to dispose of that thing at the table one way or the other, forever.

The gambler felt that this was no time for change of habit. Money under his eyes meant more than written records. He made a sacrifice. From his pocket he pulled a dirty bandanna handkerchief. It contained three hundred dollars, held out of the forecastle winnings.

They played half an hour, their grim faces showing the strain. Luck was with the gambler. The Captain, bare-armed and bare-headed, showed calculating coolness.

A patter of running feet and the excited sound of men's voices stopped the game once more. The Captain jumped to the door, opened it, closed and locked it, and ran to the deck. The sea looked as if a deep fall of snow had settled on it and the gale were turning it into drifts. On the port bow Cape Disappointment, like a drab coffin, stuck out cold and dangerous. He ran to the break of the poop.

'Stand by your sheets!' he roared, and then raced aft to the wheel.

'Put your helm down, and let her come up to the wind!' He braced himself with legs apart as the Nellie Swan breasted the seas and headed up into the teeth of the gale. The waves had no mercy on her now. The weather bow was the bulwark. They slid over that, rolling green on the decks. Rain commenced to fall. The gray cape disappeared in the murky haziness of the land. The crew sheltered themselves in the lee of the galley. Quiet and solemn they were, trusting their Captain in that plain simplicity which

is the everlasting bond of the sea.

The Captain looked over the stern. His lips moved.

'This will never do. She's got to have more sail. Reef the spanker and set it!' he commanded the mate. His voice trembled.

'She'll never stand it, sir, she'll turn turtle first!'

'Reef the spanker, and set it, Mr. Dimm!'

When the sail went on her, she reeled like a drunken man, but nevertheless she gathered speed offshore. Instantly the Captain's mind reverted to the poker game.

'Keep her full and bye,' he told the mates; 'don't let her lose steerage-way.'

Then he dived down into the cabin.

The gambler stood looking at the fallen cards and money. He was clutching the table; his yellow face and starting eyes spoke for themselves.

The Captain fitted a storm-rack to the table, and put the cards and money back.

'Deal,' he said, calmly.

The gambler dealt with one hand; and night set in while the storm raged and the Nellie Swan fought for open sea. Every few minutes the Captain ran to the deck to encourage the mates and the man at the wheel.

'She's making it now,' he told them, at last; 'the gale is letting up a little. At eight bells we'll tack ship.'

As if he were being rewarded for his defiance of the ocean, luck at the game now came to the Captain. He won steadily. The gambler demanded his money from the forecastle. He must have it, he whimpered.

'You shall have it,' and again the Captain ran to the deck.

'Mr. Dimm,' he called, 'reive a life-line fore and aft the main deck. Have some of the crew go to the Greenhorn's bunk and fetch his money aft.'

'What's come over him now?' thought Gus, as he and two others struggled along the slippery deck with their precious cargo. Their backs were humped and their mouths watery. With trembling, shivery bodies they handed the bag to the Captain.

They pressed their clammy faces against the cabin windows and watched the players. What they saw weazened their souls, and they slunk forward like wet rats to dry holes.

The sun was shining on the Portland docks, and a wisp of an angry tug was screeching for a right of way. Behind her, fastened by a towline, rode the Nellie Swan. Her Captain briskly walked the poop, crisply smiling.

On the wharf was Pete, a drizzly look on his face; for all his greetings to the crew went unacknowledged. They never even so much as waved a hand at him. On the contrary, they moved as if they had heavy weights on them; their pocket faces seemed locked in sullenness.

When the schooner made the wharf, the gambler jumped ashore. He made his way, coyote-like, through the lumber piles, and on into the city.

Pete went on board.

'Back again, eh, Pete?' said the Captain seriously. 'All well now?'

'Never felt better, sir. I've had enough of land and lubbers.'

'Call the crew aft, Pete; I'm going to pay off. You come too.'

A rusty moisture came into Pete's eyes. 'I will, sir.'

The crew lined up. They answered their names shiveringly, and when each man, even to Pete, had been paid off in full for the voyage, they just could n't thank him.

A little later, in the forecastle, Gus spoke.

'Pete, I'm goin' and get the Old Man a present.'

'Damned if I don't go with you.'

GOOD-BYE TO OXFORDSHIRE

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

GOOD-BYE to England — land of little towns
And a great history. Good-bye, sweet lanes
Full of bright angel children, and old men
Ruddy and gentle; and the oaks and beeches,
Elms that engulf a hamlet in the sky,
Majestic, beautiful, benignly towering
Over a tiny green and grassy vill, —
Thatched and depressed with ivy and the beehives, —
And infant shops with Lilliputian toys,
Odd nothings sold for a penny with a smile,
From clean bowed windows out of wonderland.
These are her jewels, these small sacred towns,
Unique in the Universe! These miniatures,
Initials on a mediæval text,
Brilliant as Chaucer's death-defying page,
Enrich the map of England. Such she was,
Is, and shall be, whatever else the Fates,
Conspiring in their gloomy cavern, threaten,
Or the dark skies forecast, or foes at home —
Enemies, or the Avengers of the World —
Wreak on her distant realms through peace or war.

MR. EVERYMAN, MANAGER

BY ARTHUR POUND

As a producer, my neighbor John Black is one of many 'hands.' He coöperates with several hundred others in a complicated process of fabrication and assembly. His contribution to that process is not highly individual. He does what his foreman says, and the foreman says what the superintendent indicates should be said; and what the foreman says is predicated upon what the general manager 'out front' has decided should be done. Black's work, clearly, is cut and dried. His opportunity to innovate is strictly limited by the fact that any prospective change must be considered with reference to all the other factors in the production scheme, to the capabilities of the men who handle the goods before he gets them and after he passes them on, to the potentialities of the machine equipment, to the possible effect of such changes upon a market created by a definite selling policy and consistent advertising. In other words, Black does not manage his job; if he tried to, he would be fired.

One of the inevitable results of large-scale business is the concentration of the managing function of production in relatively few hands. Black's grandfather had a small shop of his own, and, perforce, met his own management problems. Black's father was a partner in a somewhat larger enterprise, and shared responsibility for production and sale. But the enterprise could not hold up against competitors organized as corporations, in command of large resources with which to hire engineers, salesmen, and advertising space.

It is an old story and common — this concentration of the control of production.

Note, however, that my neighbor Black works under orders only eight hours a day. For but a third of his time does he function as a producer exclusively. The rest of the time he is a consumer. No one supervises his consumption; he manages that end of his life for himself.

The results are eminently satisfactory, not only to Black and his family, but also to the community. Black is one of our leading citizens; owns a home, paid for through fourteen years of thrifty living; and has enough margin, so that fears of sickness and old age no longer worry him. He is a good manager of consumption; in fact, the zest for management which he inherited from two generations of managers finds expression in the management of a household now that it is denied management of work.

Every so often the ladies of our one-street village give a church supper. Upon such delightful occasions Mrs. Black will be found 'out front,' bossing the fresh-cheeked country girls who wait on table. She, too, is a manager; but whether she picked up the knack from her husband, or he chose her because she knew how to manage, is something I have not determined. But Mrs. Black is 'out front' at these suppers, not merely because she is a good manager, but also because she is a recognized pillar of society. Even in

our little village there are social gradations. Here, as elsewhere, the social organism builds itself around dependables. Mrs. Black we feel sure of; she was here last year, and will be here next; our knowledge that the Blacks have a deed to their two acres and nine-room dwelling gives us confidence. In the country social standing gets back to landownership eventually.

While Mrs. Black orders things about in the dining-room, Mrs. Snover is standing over the cookstove in the kitchen. The social cleavage between the two women is not wide; yet it is unmistakably deep. If we patrons of church suppers should discover, on entering the church basement, that Mrs. Black and Mrs. Snover had changed places, we should be shocked out of our appetites.

Have no fear; such a revolution never can occur. For one thing, Mrs. Snover has no black silk dress, and is not likely to have one. For another thing, Mrs. Snover has no joint deed to land, and is not likely to have one. For another thing, though Mrs. Black can cook as well as Mrs. Snover, Mrs. Snover cannot manage as well as Mrs. Black. Sooner shall these eternal hills gape asunder, than that our little gathering shall fail in this significant tribute to the Blacks' superior management of consumption.

For, when you analyze the favored position of the Blacks in our midst, that is what has put them where they are — superior management of consumption. The Snovers get rather more real wages into their house in a year than the Blacks. Snover is a farm-hand, a steady, reliable fellow. In addition to money wages, he gets free house-rent, potatoes, and firewood. If you account for these items justly, and then subtract the cost of getting Black into town and out every working day, you will find the earnings of the two men almost balance. Both their wives work, as loyal, healthy women have worked since the dawn of time. The parasite woman has always been an inconsequential part of feminity, both in numbers and in social significance. Both do their housework — and more. Mrs. Black keeps three hundred white Leghorns and makes the best butter in the township, while Mrs. Snover 'helps out' for wages.

There is no discounting Mrs. Snover's energy and usefulness. She is a community asset of the highest importance. Our village scarcely could function without her. Always ready to take on another washing at an hour's notice, she also provides the extra muscle at housecleaning time, and holds the fort when sickness attacks our homesteads. Though she looks older than she is, Mrs. Snover is constitutionally gay. She earns and tosses into the common fund considerable cash — probably more than Mrs. Black reaps from the sale of butter and eggs. So that, by and large, the Snovers have more purchasing-power than the Blacks. Yet the Snovers get less out of life, in security, comfort, and social standing, than the Blacks.

The trouble is that the dollar depreciates the moment it crosses the Snover threshold. Mrs. Snover's ideal is a home of her own; but that consummation, devoutly wished these many years, never gets any nearer. Mrs. Snover rarely has time to get to church, or clothes to grace her entrance. The Snover children look neither as well fed as the Black children, nor as neatly clad, in spite of the fact that they, too, pick up a little money doing odd jobs for the neighbors, while the smaller Blacks, like their mother, confine their economic activities strictly to the home lot. The Snovers, manifestly, have not mastered the problem of managing consumption. They waste more,

break more, and have less buying-sense.

It is impressive to witness the social results of economic powers in a small community. All of us take the Snovers for granted, but none of us build upon them. In point of time, they have been here longer than the Blacks, yet they do not give the same impression of domestic and civic solidity. Our whole attitude toward them is colored by the fact that next May Day may find them on the move, providing Snover does not come to terms with his employer, who is also his landlord. He has worked for that employer many years, and possibly may continue so to do until he is beyond work; nevertheless, he is n't sure of his job.

We have the feeling that the Snovers would be about the same elsewhere; but it is impossible to think of the Blacks as dissociated from our community, as living in another house, as scratching other earth than their own.

On the productive side of his life, Snover has a chance to do far more managing than Black. He is not under observation to the same extent; if he can think of work-improvements, there is nothing to hinder him putting them into immediate effect. As a matter of fact, his boss says Snover is a good hand to figure things out for himself. No man in these parts does better with animals, or gets more milk and pork out of feed. 'Snover ought really to have a farm of his own,' his employer told me, 'but he can't seem to get far enough ahead for that.' You would think that Snover's ability to manage production, developed as it has been through experience, would carry over to the management of consumption. But it does not; consumption is his blind side.

No enthusiast for a minimum wage can observe Snovers and Blacks at close range, without realizing that here is a basic difficulty. One man prospers and accumulates on a wage just sufficient to keep above-board another man with no greater family responsibilities. A living wage for Snover is a saving wage for Black.

No matter what formula of words you construct, no matter what ideal wage-figures you may draw from statistics, these variations in consumption competence confound your calculations when you attempt to transfer them from paper to life.

If all these individual variations could be ironed out, there would still remain the embarrassing fact that costs of living vary with locations. Black, for instance, cocksurely says that he has prospered because he dared leave town for the country. One evening, when I went over to his place to buy eggs, and remained to talk, he said, —

'I'd still be renting if we were in town. There's veterans in the shop earn more than me, and they're still renters. It's hard to get hold of a bit of city land, and after you've got it, it's only good to live on and be taxed for the privilege. Here we raise a good bit of food — eggs, vegetables, milk, and a couple of fat pigs each year. But that's not all. We're out of the rush. We are n't doing a lot of expensive things just because we see others doing them. When we stay in town for the movies, it's an event, and we pick out the good ones. Of course, ten miles by train night and morning takes time; but it would take half an hour to get to the shop from any neighborhood where I could afford to live. Yes; I've got a Ford, but I don't use it all the time. The train is cheaper when there's only one to go; and I guess it's easier on me, too.'

Here, you see, is another stumbling-block for the minimum-wage theory. Base your wage on the cost of town living, and you reduce to some extent the incentive for wage-earners to im-

prove their conditions by shifting into low-cost locations where there is more elbow room, and more chance for the common man to come by that imponderable boon dear to the heart of each of us — social esteem. Among us John Black is a person of importance; in town he would be something less. If he died a townsman, he would be described in a brief paragraph as, 'John Black, a Sanger workman'; but when his time comes as a villager, the local correspondent of our country paper will give him a half-column credit for a useful life.

That, it seems to me, is one of the things men live for — a good obituary. As long as John Black can be a leading citizen among us, he does not mind being No. 476 in Sanger Products the rest of the day.

Perhaps, after vast difficulty, town activities might be adjusted on a minimum-wage basis. But what about us farmers and villagers? Will the minimum-wage statisticians fix crop prices? They must do something about farm prices, obviously, since food prices limit the purchasing power of city earnings, and since farmers get their wages out of prices. Yet the idiosyncrasies of land-holdings are just as marked as the idiosyncrasies of human character.

This farm yields large returns; that one breaks a good man's heart. Shall the farmer's minimum be a return for effort or a return for produce? If the former, what vast system of espionage is to determine effort, and what superhuman judgment establish rewards? And if the latter, he who farms fat acres will himself wax fat; and he who labors on lean acres will himself be lean, as at present, and for centuries without end.

'Ah,' you say, 'but the minimum wage does work. On the railroads, for instance.' Softly, friend, softly. Have you heard the farmer or the small storekeeper talk about railroad rates and railroad wages? The fact is that, here and there, some managers — or their overlord, the government — can establish minimum wages for the labor of special groups; but let all managers, or any considerable proportion of them, do so, and see what happens. You hear from the country — buyers strike, agrarians murmur. For wages in volume enough to be socially important are then being maintained in defiance of economic law; and the productive power of those vast sections of the population whose wages are not so protected are being drawn upon unfairly to maintain a shaky business structure. When organized labor exacts and maintains a minimum, in reality it is exploiting unorganized labor. And even if all the labor of this country were organized well enough to maintain minimum wages in all lines, there would still be the outside world to hear from. We compete with all nations; despite tariff walls, our wages must go up and down with theirs, in obedience to economic laws older than the code of Hammurabi.

We are a rich nation, and so are privileged to commit absurdities suicidal for others. But not for too long, or on too large a scale. For a time we can maintain favorable minimum wages for railroaders — long enough, at least, to rouse the farmers to political solidarity in opposition. But we cannot continue that protection for railroaders indefinitely, because there are too many of them.

And as for extending any such immunity from economic storm to the producers in an even more extensive industry, such as agriculture, the thing is impossible. It could be tried only at the risk of bankrupting the country. It can be done only when Uncle Sam has learned how to lift himself by his bootstraps.

The farmer, always a practical fellow, is beginning to see that the government is working against him when it sets its seal of approval upon minimum wages for other socially necessary labor, such as coal-mining and transportation. He sees that these experiments are carried on largely at his expense, since they would be impossible unless he kept on giving the business wheel enough momentum to overcome these drags upon it.

Professional men and women are coming to the same conclusion; but the farmer's experience is such that his ideas on the subject have crystallized into a burning conviction. For experience has taught him that some men, like some animals, are 'harder keepers' than others, and that putting any sort of premium on the 'hard keepers' in the human family penalizes all the others.

Standard of living, great are the sins committed in thy name! Let us judge any family's standard of living by its results, not by its cost. Consider wages, not as so many dollars in the pay envelope, but as the means of purchasing life and pursuing happiness. Then we will not worry so terrifically over the fancied necessity of setting up barriers on the road down which that steady, tireless team, Supply and Demand, must travel; and down which they will continue to march, never fear, though minimum wage and all manner of law-patented absurdities clog their footsteps for a little, here and there, along the way.

THE DISSOCIATED SCHOOL

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

I

Our main concern as a nation, our one possible offering to the cause of civilization, is the organization of a workable democracy. There are other forms of society to be experimented with, — forms which in the end may prove to be better than those we are set out to perfect, — but their development lies in the hands of other nations and other races. Our task here and now is to see what can be done with democracy in a country constituted, as ours is, of diverse peoples and traditions, and of great numbers of human beings distributed over a tremendous extent of territory.

There are two activities which should be of profound interest to our citizens. The first is the functioning of politics. The responsibilities of the electorate, the qualities important in the elected, the performance of their duties by those chosen to represent us, are intimate concerns of each one of us. On the wisdom and integrity of those we choose to rule over us depends not alone the individual security in each day's existence, but the promise of the coming in of better and finer ways of living together. Yet we have allowed the very names, politics and politician, to become 'an hissing and a reproach.' We have

absorbed ourselves in our personal affairs, and reserved a shrug of the shoulder for those who busy themselves, from motives noble or base, with our great heritage, sanctified though it has been by the services of a Washington and a Lincoln. The path of history is stained red with the blood of those who have died martyred in the struggle to place this privilege in our hands, and yet we begrudge the modicum of time the duties of citizenship entail upon us. Our one hope of fulfilling the promise to humanity that our type of government holds out is in developing in our people a consciousness of the primary importance and significance to each individual of this participation. For the potential citizen we have deliberately organized the machinery for effecting this purpose by the establishment of our public schools and the passing of laws which compel the attendance at school of all children between specified ages. This second important activity of our common life, the preparation of children for citizenship, has need of the best enthusiasm and the most discriminating attention of which we are capable.

Education, in so far as it means placing the experience of the past in the hands of the next generation, is of moment to all races and peoples. But in a democracy education has an even more extensive responsibility. Democracy is not a type of organization natural to undisciplined man: it is a society based on ideals which entail a heavy strain on the more elemental human instincts. Primitive man accepts the doctrine of all things to the strong and every creature fending for itself. Democracy demands that man respect the weak and the strong alike, and that he safeguard conditions so that he may fend for himself without first fighting off his worst enemy, his fellow being.

The training of individuals to this mutual relation is the exacting task of the educational system of a democracy. Since reactions and attitudes so subtle and complex cannot be taught save by indirection, their imparting accompanies the passing-on of the experience of the race to the children in each generation.

But drilling in the three R's, or attainment in any other division of learning, must, in this country, be subordinate to, and receive its significance from, the part it plays in the preparation of a child for his place in a democracy. The criterion of a successful education in the United States will never rest solely upon the scholarship achieved, but must measure itself by the degree of loyalty and dedication to American ideals that it inspires. The common-school basic education may seem to the superficial observer a purely pedagogical process; in reality it is essentially moral training, with a superstructure of intellectual exercises, built up on a profound and indefinable base of racial aspiration, ideals, and ethical concepts.

American enthusiasm for public education has been one of our most distinguishing characteristics. No institution we could show has been of more interest to foreign visitors than our public schools. Educational institutions are no novelty to the civilized nations; but a country aiming to educate all its citizens at the expense of the taxpayer is attempting a task whose significance has not been lost on serious students of Western civilization.

When the Philippines fell into our reluctant hands, we invaded their shores, not with conquering battalions, but with an army of schoolteachers. We were the amusement of the chancelleries of Europe in our intent to overcome the Filipino with the spelling-book instead of with the sword. Those

experienced in oriental administration disparaged our efforts. But it was not a fantastic move on the part of the administrators of our new dependency. It was the logical carrying-over to the newer part of our country of the principles of democracy itself. We had to ask ourselves, how could the Filipinos, or any other people for that matter, be made fit for the burden of self-government to which we ultimately destined any people under our flag, except through discipline and training, one with another, in the common language, the common ideals, and the common responsibilities that they must eventually bear in common? So the little Filipinos, rich and poor, high and low, were brought together to study the primer of that difficult subject, the technique of creating a democratic society.

The results justify us in cherishing some pride in our achievement. Arduous as was the task, and imperfect and incomplete as was the work done, the foundation was sound, and we may look with hope to the future.

II

We have given the gift of public education as the best we had to offer to our new brothers in the Pacific. Are we within our own borders recreant to this great ideal that we have attempted to realize on those distant islands? What are the facts? Is America, which has held the public or democratic school equal in importance to liberty and justice for all, as prerequisite to her very existence, ready to betray the one God, and erect many brazen idols in his place?

The spread of private and sectarian schools in this country in the last twenty years has gone along with a very great increase in the proportion of citizens of alien traditions and customs in our midst. The withdrawal from the public schools of more and more of the children of those already Americanized greatly enhances the difficulty of making a unit of this inchoate mass of human beings that we call America. What does such a shift of large numbers of children signify? One can think of it only as the recrudescence in this country of the aristocratic, sectarian, exclusive traditions of the older European civilizations—attitudes incompatible with belief in democracy, with groupings determined by individual ability and capacity independent of inherited class or religious associations.

Are not these groups of children set apart for reasons antagonistic to the purposes, and inimical to the upbuilding, of a democracy?

There seem to be three main currents of feeling which lie at the base of this apostasy—all three types of human exclusiveness. Exclusiveness as a moral attitude is singularly out of place in a country built up as ours has been; and yet its disaffecting influence has penetrated into the very heart of our educational system. The type of most importance, as far as numbers are concerned, is religious exclusiveness. In a land where religious freedom is supposed to be secure, specifically safeguarded by both Federal and State constitutions; where religious tolerance itself has almost the status of a universal creed; where the fundamentals of the moral life—honesty, loyalty, responsibility, consideration for others, respect for difference of opinion—are matters of common agreement and are basic to instruction in the public-school system; hundreds of thousands of future citizens are withdrawn from the public schools, and given an education with those of their own faith, in parochial schools of the different denominations.

By the very nature of things such training cannot fail to be narrowing. However noble the religious ideals taught, an American school which has failed to be first an instrument of democracy has failed fundamentally. In a theocracy such schools would be appropriate; in a democracy they are an anomaly. It is a sad commentary on the trust that religious leaders have in the holding power of their own beliefs, that they dare not spare their young believers five hours a day, for five days in the week, for nine months in the year, to a training for citizenship in company with the varied groups which go to the making of an American community, lest they lose the faith of their fathers.

The second type of exclusiveness is social. Parents who fear for their children physical or moral contamination from the children of less favored families; or who desire to have their children associate with those of a social status to which they belong or to which they aspire to belong; or who wish their offspring to know only those whose walk in life will parallel their own, send their children to private schools, selected on the basis of the particular type of social exclusiveness that they desire or can attain. This group is largely reënforced by those who do not think at all, but merely follow the lead of those about them.

Such reactions are not confined to democratic society. Wherever human beings congregate, the imitative instinct, the fear of being different from one's group, dominates the weaker members of the community and determines their conduct. In a country like ours, with large numbers of new and alien types being rapidly injected into our midst, the earlier immigrants and their imitators are separating themselves from the more recent; are grouping themselves defensively, to preserve, not democracy, but the habits and customs which, they feel, cannot withstand the onslaught of the aggressive and dominant peoples now invading our shores. Yielding to this kind of exclusiveness not only impoverishes the individual child involved, but it strikes at the very root of American life; for it crystallizes and defines the class lines which, to our common gain, have been fluid in the past. The grandchild of the rich man of to-day may suffer from this calcifying of our social life, no less than the grandchild of the poor in our midst. These children of the immigrant are here. They cannot be driven away. They will inevitably form a part, and an increasingly numerous part, of our citizenry. If America is to preserve the ideals on which it was founded, these children must in some way learn what these ideals are.

But how can we Americanize without Americans? The teachers cannot carry the burden by precept alone. Our main dependence must be upon example, association, shared experience. And from whom can a child more readily learn such mysteries of human relation and attitude than from those of his own generation? As it is now, differences are emphasized, rather than likenesses. The children of the prosperous miss the sympathy and understanding that come to the various racial, religious, and social groups through the discipline and fellowship of an education shared in common; the children of the less prosperous miss the opportunity for a natural and certain assimilation of American points of view; and the development of the whole country halts, and the problem of the foreigner in our midst becomes increasingly acute.

In addition the community loses the chance to pick out, from every economic and social level, the children of

superior ability in the total child-population, to whom it desires to give that special training and rapid advancement which will equip them to render their best service to the cause of democracy. The public schools are accused of disregarding the needs of the unusually gifted child. In varying degrees this is true of all educational institutions, since the needs of the majority of the children press so insistently upon the educators that their attention is distracted from the very dull and the very bright. But the public-school officials are as alive to this defect as any others concerned with the education of the young, and the machinery of the schools is being adapted to meet the country's demand for trained leaders in all forms of activity. Those destined for leaders in a democracy, however, are destined to failure if trained in a totally different environment from those they are to lead; for a prime requisite for leadership is an understanding of the diversity that is humanity.

The third type of exclusiveness is intellectual. Enthusiasm for the so-called new education in this country is equaled only by enthusiasm for the new medical panaceas successively acclaimed by health enthusiasts; and the varieties of the one are as numerous as those of the other. One apparently needs to know very little about education to develop a jejune fervor over schools for self-expression, schools for self-discipline, schools with free furniture, schools with no furniture, outdoor schools, fresh-air schools, schools for the cultivation of the impulses, schools for the development of the will, schools of correct posture, project schools, progressive schools, schools training the whole child through music, through the use of the large muscles, through deep breathing.

To the novice they all sound alluring: so much so, that it is hard to choose among them, since they all seem to promise the perfect child, made out of the more or less nondescript material that we offer our educational systems in the form of our children.

What the newcomer to the problems of education fails to observe is that these schools all alike ignore the purpose fundamental to education in a democracy. The public schools of our Republic are not designed primarily to train native ability, or to follow the pupil's interests of the moment, or to provide a child with the stimulus of unhampered work or play. For the preservation of the Republic the potential citizens must be taught the principles of democratic society, and learn to understand and to work with their fellow sovereigns. The one place to accomplish this is in the school, before the artificial divisions accompanying maturity arise, while the mutual relations are simple and the consciousness of likenesses is keener than that of unlikenesses.

An additional advantage is furnished by the fact that the school offers an opportunity for activity, supervised by trained persons, in an atmosphere favorable to bringing out the best rather than the worst of human nature. In this environment may be wrought those slow profound alterations of personality which make of diverse races and temperaments the true American; and the children of our nation, in understanding companionship, may come into their own. Any refinement of educational method sinks into insignificance beside this great endowment, the quintessential quality of our public-school system.

III

How do these various dissociated schools justify their existence?

The sectarian schools say, of course, that religious training is indispensable to the life present and to come; that it is more important than training in democracy; that the one does not exclude the other; and that the religious and intellectual education of the child are inseparable. In so far as they say that moral and intellectual training are inseparable, they speak as Americans. When, however, they assert that sectarian and intellectual education must take place together, they are aligning themselves against what we believe to be a principle on which this country was founded — fundamental separation between Church and State. The danger to the advocates of sectarian education is as great as the danger to the country as a whole; for the training of sectarian groups to think and act as groups means the emergence of religious prejudices and intolerance. The greater fellowship is sacrificed to the lesser, and these citizens of an America which was able to be a refuge for the oppressed of all nations are insidiously undermining the very foundations of their own security.

The private schools, the outgrowth of social and intellectual exclusiveness, are a unit in acclaiming their belief in the public schools. Parents, principals, patrons vie with each other in praise of the idea of public education, and in declaring the importance of the activity of the public schools in building up American civilization. But their personal world bristles with exceptions. The parents believe in the public schools — for other people's children; the principals think public schools the natural refuge for routine educators; the patrons recognize the function of the public schools as the Americanizing agency for our large foreign population. They belong to that naïve group which is convinced that a good textbook and a skillful teacher can perform the miracle of Americanizing the socially insulated alien.

The reasons for sending individual children to private schools are as numerous as the children. A reluctance to impose the burden of the education of one's own child on the community as a whole; a professed willingness to use the public schools if they were still as good as they used to be; a desire to use them when they become as good as it is hoped they will be; an eagerness to send a child to the public schools as soon as everyone else does; a conviction that one's own child is too delicate, or too talented, or too sensitive, for exposure to the anticipated rough hurly-burly of public education and must have the special tenderness and consideration which, in the judgment of the anxious parents, can be secured only at great price, in a private school — these are a few of the reasons that pacify the consciences of American fathers and mothers in their apostasy to democratic educational ideals.

Some private schools are satisfied that their main purpose is public service, stimulating public schools by serving as competitors. This ingenuous assumption ignores the competition between public schools themselves, from school to school, from city to city, from state to state, which, in its intensity and fervor, leaves the sporadic educational achievements of the private schools a place of very minor influence. Only a blinded enthusiast could claim that the private schools are created to serve the community as a whole. They are particularistic institutions, designed to serve a portion of society which, in this aspect of life, is willing to be indifferent to, if not actually in contravention of, democratic ideals.

Still other schools feel that they serve as experimental plants for the testing out of new educational ideas. Some are

undoubtedly able to emphasize, by superior methods of achieving publicity, educational procedure which it is well now and then to have brought into the foreground of public attention. But groups of enthusiastic parents who establish or back a private school, with the expectation that thereby they are going to make a contribution to educational reform, have an exaggerated sense of the accomplishment possible to an institution so constituted. Any educational development in this country, to be fundamental, must grow out of the soil of democracy. It cannot be nurtured under exotic conditions, and then be expected to grow in any climate. Experiments, to have intellectual quality and staying power, must be tried out in schools connected with universities, or other similar institutions, where scientific, critical methods may be applied, exact data accumulated, and conditions approximating those of the average school provided. Results achieved with small groups, the criterion of whose selection is solely economic, are neither fundamental nor applicable to a true cross-section of society.

The less militant reasons for the establishment of the dissociated schools are often accompanied by sweeping criticisms of the public schools. The teachers are condemned as ignorant, the instruction as poor, the pupils as dirty, profane, and prone to disregard the early symptoms of disease, the school curriculum as impoverished and narrow, the schools as crowded and unsanitary. The system is accused of being rigid and inelastic, forcing the individual child into an inflexible mould; the school authorities are denounced as corrupt, allowing political influence to determine appointments; and the whole organization is held up to scorn, as absolutely impervious to new ideas. It is no wonder that, in face of such a formidable arraignment, the timid hesitate to plunge their cherished young into so degenerating an atmosphere.

On whom do such criticisms reflect? If the facts are as the critics state, they are a tremendous challenge to the citizens of a community which could allow its citizenship to be corrupted at its very source. If the criticisms are unjustified, they are an equal challenge to the citizens to rise to the defense of their institutions. Of course, as a matter of fact, such criticisms are neither all true nor all false. The perfect educational method has not yet been found, either in the democratic or in the dissociated school, and probably never will be, since education, like other human devices, must be in a state of constant flux, a changing system in a changing world.

But the important thing is that we, who are the source of all authority in our democracy, are the bearers of the major responsibility.

Schools which the patron of the dissociated institution feels are not fit places in which to educate his children are unfit places in which to educate any American child; and he and the rest of us are morally liable for the wrongs we are inflicting on the children of the community. As citizens, we are consenting to compulsory education for the children of people less favored by fortune than ourselves, in these schools from which we turn with abhorrence. Every consideration which, we feel, justifies our withdrawal from the school is equally present in the families of the poor. Precocity, feebleminded-ness, delicate health, sensitiveness to crowded rooms, to defective ventilation, to long hours of confinement and to working with large groups, are not the perquisites of the rich alone. Any superiority of educational environment which the prosperous family feels that

it must have for its children is tenfold more needed by the children of the poor, to whom school is often the only window open to the light.

IV

The American parent is a person of conscience. Whether his child is in the democratic or the dissociated school, he wants to find a way out of the difficulty. His desire is not only to do the best he can for his own child, but to serve the larger purposes of democracy as well. What can he do? The irreducible minimum is the placing of his child in the public school. Everything else will follow. However he might assure himself that, though he withdrew his child, he would give his major efforts to the improvement of the public-school system, he could not do it with the same zeal and dedication that he would give to the cause if the fate of his own were involved.

We inevitably understand the big things of life best through the small and the personal.

We deplore the fact that our country is becoming less rather than more democratic. We are alternately puzzled and outraged by the strange medley of unfamiliar tongues, alien ideals, and militant critics that we find in our midst; but, unlike the amœba, which encircles and absorbs the foreign substance, we are tempted to withdraw at the first touch, and reduce our area of contact by every means in our power. This makes neither for understanding nor for concerted action.

'Yes,' says the agitated parent, 'that is all very well; but I am only one parent. The school organization is a rigid, relentless machine, inaccessible to pressure from me; and meanwhile my own children are physically suffering and mentally starving. Must I beat out my energies against hopeless inertia? Shall my own children be sacrificed while I tackle the larger task, which is, after all, not my first responsibility? You seem to assume that my children are only a part of a great whole. But to me they seem of primary importance. If every parent thought of his progeny in terms of the national life, would not our race go to destruction?'

Each parent naturally thinks of his own children as vitally important; but their importance is associated in their parents' minds with the personal affections. Biologically they count only as a portion of the stream of life, while socially their significance lies in their being a contributing element to the building up of a generation. One of the great gifts of parenthood is the opportunity it offers, through the emerging needs of the individual child, to realize the wants of that child's contemporaries. Fatherhood and motherhood become privileged citizenship. Those without children cannot know so intimately the awakening longings of childhood, do not feel the hunger and suffer the deprivation, are not so conscious of the incompleteness in the environment, are not actuated by the same incentive to alleviate, and cannot see so promptly the needs, which must be met as they arise or the chance will be lost forever for that particular generation.

The larger social view of one's child is, after all, the only possible way of seeing a human being. We have all become so inextricably a part one of another, that our every act is determined by conditions remote from us. A murder at Serajevo may tear our lives asunder, and yet be hardly noticed in the daily paper. The fate of our children and ourselves is so tied up with that of our fellows, that we cannot think of them as separate. What will determine the happiness, the dignity of

life, the worth of living to our children? Does not the richness and promise of their existence, even as children, flow from the fact that they are little Americans, a part of this beloved democracy of ours? Other elements in their environment and opportunity are of subordinate value. To share from childhood true fellowship with the other children of their community, to be trained with them to take a worthy part in the upbuilding of their country, is to come from earliest youth into the fullness of their inheritance. If, through the indifference of the able and the well-to-do, the level of education sinks so low that democracy becomes a farce; if, through the withdrawal of the older Americans from contact with the newer Americans in their one natural meeting-place, the public schools, class-divisions crystallize and inevitable suspicions and discontents follow; if revolution rears its ugly head in the midst of groups with no clue to each other's motives and purposes—of what value will the religious and social affiliations, the intellectual *finesse*, be to our segregated and sheltered, our thought-for and protected children? Their acquired superiorities would be all burned up in the fierce flame of an avenging and destructive proletariat.

V

In the midst of the chorus of strictures against the public schools and justifications for the existence of the dissociated schools, one element is almost never formulated, which nevertheless stirs obscurely in the consciousness of every parent. As the unit of community life, both in the city and in the country, has grown larger, the parents have been more and more detached from contact with the schools and more and more alienated from participating in the education of their children. Much of what the child formerly learned at home he is now being taught at school. Some of the parents are, of course, glad to shift the burden, and hardly follow the child to school, even in imagination; but the more enlightened see the change with regret, and are as eager to serve the child in the school as they formerly were at those same tasks in the home. For this reason, many parents cherish an enthusiasm for the dissociated school, where they feel, through the payment of a tuition fee, a right to participation in the school activities which the more remote association through a tax-levy does not seem to their minds to confer.

This copartnership between the parent and the school is not only a natural accompaniment of the child's education, but an essential part of the adult's education. The school is the place not alone to train the child, but to develop, through the threefold relation of teacher, child, and parent, a community sense.

But is it necessary to resort to the dissociated school to satisfy this parental yearning? No institution in our democracy needs responsible interest on the part of our citizens more than the public schools. And no group holds so strategic a position as the parents. As voters, they are the authority for the establishment of the school system; through the taxes, they are the source of the income for the support of the organization; they become the clientele of the schools by virtue of the children they supply to be educated. What more natural than for the parents to put out their hands to take what is, after all, their own? The surprising yet easily predictable fact is the extreme sensitiveness and rapid response of the system to pressure from the parents.

The one impediment is the likelihood

that pressure will confine itself to criticism. Criticism by experts is stimulating, but chance condemnation by parents, who are very prone to hear one side only, is apt to be unfair and to have a deadening effect on the very system which it is hoped to turn to better ways. A mutuality of interest which finds its most natural outlet in indictment of whatever is does not hold out much promise of understanding service on either side. It is fatally easy to find fault, and to decide that stupid conservatism and reaction are responsible for the ignoring of, or opposition to, one's suggestions.

There are undoubtedly cases, when the children of a public school are suffering from stupidity, graft, or inefficiency, in which fierce criticism and unwavering assault on entrenched authority is the only right course to pursue. But to the one school suffering from these menaces there are hundreds suffering from the indifference, inertia, complacency, or mere fretful faultfinding on the part of the citizens of the community. The responsibility can never be wholly that of the school-administration or of the teachers. A part of the blame must be borne by those who stand aside, expecting miracles to be performed upon their children, — miracles that the parents have never been able even to approximate in the home, — and who yet feel only reproach for a school that does not make scholars of dullards and paragons of the incorrigible.

How can the parents be an integral part of the school system? Two distinct movements, one within the school and one without, are evidence of the consciousness of that need on the part both of the school authorities and of the parents themselves. The visiting teachers, who visit the homes and consult the parents and relatives in cases in which children are out of adjustment to the school organization, are already established in some schools, where a failure to do the best service to the child is found to be due to a failure on the part of the school and the home to understand each other sufficiently to work together and not at cross-purposes. The parent-teacher associations, beginning to be organized all over the United States, offer opportunity to both parents and teachers to meet, to discuss their common problems, and to discover how they can be most helpful to each other in their mutual care of the children.

Both these movements are, it is to be hoped, but tiny beginnings, destined to a great development, bringing about more intimate relations between the home and the school. Their growth means enrichment in the education of the child and a more real content in the citizen's consciousness of his place in the community.

A hundred practical difficulties stand in the way of full and ardent coöperation between the parents and the school, but none that will not yield to a faith in each other's right purposes on the part of the two groups involved. The school authorities, long the target of criticism usually unintelligent and uninformed, all too often based on a supposed wrong done to an individual child, are justifiably wary of interference. Parents too often fail to realize that the professionals of the school system are, or ought to be, experts; that, in so far as they are not, the responsibility rests upon the citizen, through his elected representatives, to see that they are; and, in so far as they are, to recognize that it is a rare parent who is more informed on pedagogical problems or problems of administration than the expert. The expert knows also the limitations of the budget, the capacity of the teachers and the pupils to take advantage of innovations, the needs of

the system as a whole, the potential attitude of a public which may be led but cannot be driven, as the mere parent cannot expect to know.

On the other hand, the over-cautious, the apprehensive school official will welcome the aid that enthusiasm and coöperative effort from the parents will bring to the difficult problems of education. The master of the school that is suffering from poor ventilation is unable to open the windows and withstand the wrathful criticism of those parents, to be found in every school, who are fearful of a draft. But he will welcome a movement originating with the parents themselves, asking for fresh-air rooms or a new ventilating system, for he knows they can deal with the nonconforming parent as he cannot. Principals and teachers become weary in the long battling with ignorance and prejudice, and find fresh courage in an eagerness of parents to make conditions as favorable as they can be made. There are so many things that coöperation and a little money can accomplish. Paying the salaries of school nurses; supplementing the all-too-restricted budget for school supplies; buying lanterns, slides, maps, pictures, expensive reference-books, unusual musical equipment, ample material for large project work; all the types of expenditure that the school budget does not supply, or is not yet ready to authorize as a part of the regular equipment of all the schools; establishing a fund, to be drawn upon by the principal and teachers, for enrichment of the school-life and curriculum — these are services which lie ready to the hands of parents. They are services that not only fulfill an immediate purpose, but give courage and stimulus to the teachers, whose educational enthusiasms are so often restricted by limitations which the generosity and enlightened self-interest of the parents should spare them. How meagre the return from the investment of one child's tuition in a dissociated school compared with this giving — not to the growth of the individual child, but to the development of that part of his generation which lies closest at hand!

Enthusiasm for the dissociated schools as places for the educational experimenters seems to ignore the fact that most institutions of learning worthy of the name are eager to try out new ideas. The public schools are no exception to this rule. The superintendents, principals, and teachers alike chafe at the restrictions which the limitations of the budget place upon their ability to try improved methods of instruction. A tithe of the money poured into our dissociated schools, if added to the budgets of public schools as money to be used for experimental purposes, would serve to advance education more rapidly, and on a sounder social basis, than is possible in groups as narrowly selected as those in the dissociated schools. Parents in each public school can band themselves together to aid such a movement on a small scale in their individual institutions; and, in so far as they succeed, be part of an experiment which, in the end, will expand into a fully democratic and growing education, because it is built up of the efforts of the whole community, adjusted to the exigencies of public training of the children, and kept sensitive to changing conditions in the world outside, through participating interest by the citizens themselves. Many a new educational reform, enthusiasm for which has induced parents to put their children into dissociated schools which advertise the reform, might be available for all the children of the community if the enthusiasts would put the same energy into arousing their fellow citizens to

demand the new method in the public institutions, and the same money into making it possible. Any improvement in the larger organization means, not a more privileged child, but a more privileged community.

VI

We are much given to oratory about the work of our army of schoolteachers, but we seldom trouble ourselves about the individual teachers who are bearing the burden of making Americans of the chance material produced within our borders and thrown upon our shores. They need us as much as we need them. If the quality of the men and women taking up the profession of teaching to-day is inferior to what it was a generation ago, the blame must rest on our shoulders. We have failed to show the members of the teaching profession the high honor which is their due, and to give them the adequate remuneration which is their right. We owe them sympathy and understanding in the gigantic task which is laid upon them. We must recognize that we belong to a great partnership, neither the parent nor the teacher for the service of the individual child, but all three for the service of the community, deriving our sanction from the common will and our strength from the common effort.

It is only as we see the teacher struggling with her problems in a chaos of nationalities, backgrounds, and habits, that we realize the moral significance of the public-school discipline, to which many of the less disciplined parents in our communities object. The very recognition of that discipline and the submission to its dictates are part of the larger moral adjustment that every citizen in a democracy must make. He must be ready to yield his lesser liberties for the sake of his greater. The parent's responsibility is an equal acceptance, and a wise interpretation to the child, of the dignity of consent.

Richness of life and experience comes to the privileged in every community. But that enrichment derives its quality and meaning from its occurrence in a civilization where men are free, where opportunity is open to all, and where fellowship is above feuds and social antagonisms. Nothing that he has is his alone to enjoy. In part, it belongs to those whose ideals and self-restraints have allowed him to be happy and to delight in beauty. In part, it belongs to those who are to make the new world out of the old, and who need every treasure of the past to build into the structure of the future. Think what our schools might be if every citizen shared the beautiful things of his life with the children in those schools! If every possessor of a rare picture, a beautiful Greek vase, a unique rug, a treasure from a far country, an ancient musical instrument, possessions with an interesting history, autographs of famous people, strange birds or beasts, costumes of other countries, would hold always in the background of his mind that he must share these things with the children of the community; if every citizen made sure that the children of the public schools should never miss the chance to see distinguished visitors; should always have available the services of the musically gifted; should be able to call the hoarded historic treasures to their need, and, in so far as they could, or wished to, use them, should be assured that nothing would be withheld; if the manufacturers, the agriculturists, and the transportation agencies could feel a responsibility to the education of the next generation, inviting the schoolchildren to see improved technique and new methods of conserving life and energy — then

we might feel that the building of the Beloved Community had indeed begun. One cannot think of our communities, rich in lovely things gathered from all the world, without sighing for the public schools so needlessly impoverished of beauty.

A wise and discriminating use of the community resources is not something to be achieved in a day. They must serve as a supplement to the required work of the schools, and be fitted into the programme. In so far as the school organization is not devised to profit by what the community has to give, it must be modified, not alone for the sake of the child to be technically educated, but for the sake of the parent and the citizen, who need to be trained into the fullness of community consciousness. The Children's Museum is one of the means of bringing this about, particularly when it is a part of the school system; for it gathers gifts and loans from the public, and puts at the service of the children not only such treasures, but the volunteer teaching abilities of travelers, nature-lovers, and experts of all kinds in the community. It has a special function as a medium between the community resources and the school needs. Such paths must be kept open. The unpaid advisory committees of experts, occasionally employed in connection with different educational departments, serve as another means of utilizing the abilities of the community for the benefit of the children, which may well take on a very great extension in the coming years.

Certainly, whatever we, as individuals or in groups, pour into the public schools comes back a hundredfold to better life for us all.

Interest in the schools founded in the spirit of exclusiveness and detachment is a distraction from our preponderating interest in schools founded in the spirit of democracy. The abandonment of the dissociated schools would be shortly reflected in an improvement of our public schools. The fact that some states have debated the subject of the abolition of all schools other than public, and that one has legislated to that effect, shows the direction of democratic thought in this country, and reflects an attitude to whose significance we must not blind ourselves. Is it possible that the time may come when, in sheer self-defense, a democracy will have to resort to so undesirable an expedient?

Meanwhile, the public schools are here — the hope not alone of the children of the immigrant and of the poor, but of all the children of the Republic. What these schools teach, our country will be. No child can without impoverishment be deprived of participation in the training in democracy that they give. We parents of America have our unique opportunity to make ourselves partners in the great venture of public education.

MARRIAGE—A SELECTIVE PROCESS

BY RICHARD BOARDMAN

I

SHE fell into his arms. He kissed her passionately. They were married in the following June. And *they lived happily ever afterward.* So ends the novel of yesteryear. After inane misunderstandings and hectic reconciliations, an ecstatic emotion is discovered, which the author and his characters call love. A selfish man and a highly imaginative and emotional girl marry, and we are told to believe that, fed upon that emotion, they lived happily ever afterward.

We have thought of their living happily ever afterward with kindly amusement. It was a pleasing exaggeration. But it was well to keep the ideal before the young. They would be disillusioned soon enough. So we have reasoned. But it was not a harmless exaggeration. It was one of the most dreadful lies that ever passed current among the children of men. Unconsciously, we have taken the philosophy of the novel in relation to marriage into our serious thinking, and it has become incorporated into our very language. We look for 'happy' marriages. We inquire as to the married, whether or no are they 'happy.'

That the hero and heroine of the story lived happily ever afterward is a double lie. It is false in its statement and it is false in its assumption. The bride and groom did not live happily ever afterward. The ecstasy of the emotion passed away. It was followed by a much-paraded show of affection. During the period of the novel, both had developed a taste for inane misunderstanding, to be followed by hectic reconciliations. The bride, after a little, as she concocted the family meals, began to concoct family misunderstandings. The reconciliations did not work as well after marriage as they had before the engagement. But both husband and wife had acquired a taste for the dramatic. The lure of the dramatic led by devious courses, naturally and unfailingly, to the final drama in the divorce court. That is how the marriage of the novel ended in real life.

On the other hand, who ever said that, of right, these two should be happy? What ordinance of a good God ever directed that the married should be happy and the unmarried should be unhappy? What has mere happiness, or what have fortuitous happenings, to do with the success of marriage?

Marriage opens the door to a full life. It more than doubles the scope and play of experience, but it more than doubles the possibility of utter misery. But all questions of happiness and misery are quite beside the point. Can a mother who has borne a child, can parents who have experienced all the vicarious joys and agonies attendant upon parenthood, consider the relative happiness and unhappiness that those experiences entail? Marriage is life at its full, and brings in its train untold suffering and heart-

racking responsibility. Every father and every mother knows these things; yet, when we turn back to consider an engagement or a wedding, we pick up the flippant word and flippant thought of godless fiction and discuss 'happy' marriages.

Divorce is only the symptom of the disease that corrupts our marriages. Yet we have volumes written of homœopathic discussion of the symptom and very little allopathic investigation of the disease. In the discussion of the divorce evil, great confusion occurs; for just as one begins to discuss divorce as an evil, one is forced to the conclusion that divorce is a great boon. It is hardly more fair to discuss the evils of divorce than it would be to discuss the evils of surgery. It is the tumor in the marriage, not the surgery of the divorce, which is the evil that needs our painstaking study.

Law, as the crystallization of public opinion, is of necessity always a few strides behind advanced public opinion and whole stretches behind the most intelligent thought of the age. Nevertheless, in a survey of marriage as it exists to-day, it is important to note the point at which the civil courts have arrived.

When, several centuries ago, the courts broke away from the dominance of the Church, the English jurists, with a great show of intellectual independence, announced: 'Our law considers marriage in no other light than as a civil contract.' It was a contract *sui juris*, indeed, differing from every other known kind of contract in almost every possible respect. The American courts adopted the thought and language of the English lawyers, and judges for centuries insisted upon this definition. Then, about thirty years ago, there came a complete reversal. Marriage, it was discovered, was no mere contract, but 'a status arising out of a contract.' So the law remains to-day. Words, words, words!

The clerical view of the matter is even less helpful than the legal. St. Paul, an old bachelor himself, living in a corrupt age, admitting with great frankness that he was expressing only his own personal opinion, argued that it was better not to marry at all, but that, if it were necessary for one to marry, it was lawful for a Christian to do so. Upon this absurd basis, the Church built the notion, first of the *sacrament* of matrimony and later, of the *holy ordinance* of matrimony.

No doubt marriage is a status. It may be a sacrament, and undoubtedly it is a holy ordinance. But it is a holy ordinance that owes its origin, not to the dicta of any celibate saint, nor to the dogma of any holy church. It rests upon the mandate of the 'God of things as they are.' It is the product of the divine in man — the unselfish best. And it is that unselfish best within him that teaches him to exercise his noblest instinct with self-restraint, and to provide for children and the future of the race in the wisest manner he can devise.

One cannot pass by in silence that school of philosophy which seeks to explain all our institutions as products of economic influences. Sometimes its theory is known as Economic Determinism, sometimes as the Materialistic Explanation of Society. Socialists, especially novices in Socialism, frequently have radical views on the subject of marriage and divorce. But it is hardly accurate to denote the view under discussion in this paragraph as the Socialist view. Socialists, however, often claim that the Revolution, which they predict with so much assurance, will end the institution of marriage as it is now known.

In the April, 1923, number of the *Atlantic*, Dean Inge, in discussing 'Catholic Church and Anglo-Saxon Mind,' assumes that 'private property cannot be successfully attacked without destroying the monogamous family.'

If the monogamous family cannot survive the present social economic order, it is hard to escape the corollary that marriage is a mere product of the present social system. If that be so, its sacramental garb would seem to drop away. But we cannot admit that marriage and the monogamous family would not survive the triumph of Socialism and the passing of private property.

One might be willing to go a long way with the doctrines of this school of thought. One might admit that our courts express the view of the moneyed class; that big business sways our legislatures; that the capitalists dictate the nomination of candidates for the presidency; that the Constitution of the United States was 'put over' by the moneyed interests of those days — yes, that the Puritan Fathers were interested in cod-fishing as well as in civil and religious liberty. But marriage is based on instincts as fundamental as those which sway courts, or create constitutions or colonies. 'Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.' The political bosses attempt some very daring things, but the wise ones, except in great emergency, never attempt to put forward as a candidate for office a notorious offender against the marriage relationship. No bank will continue as its president a man whose marital affairs become a matter of too great public concern. No! Hymen still triumphs over Mammon.

We are told of the male ape with a club resting at the foot of the tree while his mate and their offspring sleep in the tree. The property of the ape in club and tree is the product of the marriage status. She is not his wife because he has a club and a tree, but the club and tree are recognized as his property because he has a wife and family.

So one may safely venture the opinion that private property and the capitalistic system are rather the outgrowth of marriage than that marriage is the outgrowth of capitalism and an incident of private property.

II

At Dartmouth, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, Professor Wells gave a short course in sociology. It was based upon a study of the census and of insurance statistics. One formula was so fundamental that it either answered every question or, failing that, served to convince Professor Wells that the student uttering it had a general understanding of the subject, sufficient to entitle him to a credit for his recitation. That formula was this: 'Marriage is a selective process.' Married men lived longer, made more money, had more children, held more political offices — because, forsooth, marriage is a selective process.

Twenty-five years of experience with broken marriages, as a lawyer and as referee in divorce cases, have led me to the conviction that Professor Wells's characterization of marriage is fundamental. That marriage is one of the evolutionary processes of nature is more significant than that it bears relationship to the economic order, or that it is a holy ordinance, or that it is a status based on a civil contract.

Everything connected with the evolutionary theory must be stated and restated with great caution. Survival of the fittest, of course, means not survival of the best. A selective process selects those best adapted to its own purposes, if we can attribute

purpose to an impersonal process. Generally speaking, the halt, the lame, and the blind are less likely to marry than those not so handicapped. Yet it often happens that one physically handicapped has qualities of the mind which so far outweigh the mere physical handicap that the possessor is more fit than his perfectly formed brother. Among women, the first thought that strikes one is that beauty and popularity lead to marriage. Yet it frequently happens that the girl who is both beautiful and popular thereby develops a hypercritical state of mind which renders her incapable of a decision that is necessary, and she remains unmarried. But in those cases it is the operation of the law of selection that is at work. For it is the power to overcome his handicap that renders the man fit for marriage, and it is the lack of decision in the popular beauty that renders her unfit.

In the normal wedding, where boy and girl ripen to manhood and womanhood, we see and are glad to recognize the operation of a great universal kindly law of nature, and the bride we vaunt as 'the beauty, the pride of our dwelling.' But marriage, as a selective process, has a far sterner aspect as the stress of life begins to bear more heavily upon the newly married. For marriage, as a selective process, means not only that the more fit marry, but also that only the fittest survive the strains and stress of married life. Full normal marriages are followed by parenthood. Marriage entails responsibility; parenthood brings further burdens; and, as the children increase in number and in age, the responsibility becomes greater and the burden becomes more severe.

Marriage, which begins as a selective process, continues as a selective process. If it has been entered upon lightly and inadvisedly, the strain becomes too severe and husband or wife falls by the wayside.

One might safely venture the opinion that in no country, at no time in the history of mankind, has there been a greater regard for personal chastity among young men than during the last twenty years in America. Yet, during those same years, the sense of responsibility for the obligations of the marriage relationship has been very lightly felt. The great increase of divorce has not been due to any marked increase of sexual immorality, but rather to a growing lack of sense of responsibility toward the marriage status. Men and girls have rushed into marriage because they were in love. Was not that reason enough, forsooth? They have been divorced because they were out of love. Was not that reason enough too, forsooth? 'What,' said their elders, 'could be more dreadful than a loveless marriage?'

The following is from the pen of a distinguished clergyman, published in the pages of the *Atlantic:* —

'Where love is, there marriage is; where love is not, marriage has ceased to be. For marriage to go on when love is dead puts before us a situation which, if described for what it is, would require the use of words that cut like whips of fire.'

These words are symptomatic of the disease that has corrupted our ideas of what marriage is and properly should be. Notwithstanding this dramatic dictum, it seems obvious that the continuance of the most fundamental of our human relationships, that of husband and wife, cannot safely be made to depend upon the continuance or cessation of an emotion. Society and the children of the marriage would seem to have some rights less ephemeral than the mere existence of an emotional state of mind in the parents.

When it is recognized that marriage is life at its full, and both a product and an operating agency of natural selection, it is easy to understand that in every age it will suffer from all the ills that attend upon life itself, and it will suffer too from the pain that is attendant upon the operation of all processes of natural selection. And in each age it will suffer from those ills that are the peculiar heritage of that age.

The causes, therefore, of the extraordinary prevalence of divorce in America at this time are to be found in those evils peculiar to our contemporaneous life. To name some of them is sufficient. The accentuation of competition, the increase of luxury, the higher cost of living, the speeding-up of life, the relaxation of conventional standards of conduct on the part of women, the over-insistence of woman upon her rights, have all borne their toll of unsuccessful marriages. But beyond all, and often coupled with the others, has been the disappointment that both parties have felt that their marriage has not proved 'happy.' They had been led to believe that their marriage would be happy, not by reason of any courage, self-control, or self-sacrifice on their part, but because of the fortuitous circumstance that they were married.

One would not rob love-making of any of its romance, its poetry, or its passion. But it were well for lovers to know that marriage is a stern challenge to their manhood and womanhood at every point, and that its success or failure will not depend upon any lucky chance or favorable happening.

If marriage is not based upon self-sacrifice, it is foredoomed to essential failure. In a successful marriage, only the children have *rights* worthy of consideration. In the lawyer's office, the wife's rights or the husband's rights may be discussed, but when the lawyer's office has been reached the success of the marriage has been sadly shaken. True marriage can never be a mere partnership for mutual benefit. Enlightened selfishness has in marriage no proper place. The profoundest philosophic truth — that he who loseth his life shall find it — has no better exemplification than in the estate of marriage.

It is an amazing way that the Creator, through the operation of his selective processes, has taken to provide for the continuance of the species, to link together a man with a man's emotional nature and a woman with a strikingly different emotional nature. It would seem apparent that such a union of necessity would increase both the joy and pain of life fourfold. Perhaps, forsooth, He is not interested that the lovers should live happily ever afterward. Possibly marriage is a holy ordinance that man and woman shall find their fullest expression in a life of sacrifice for others. But, be that as it may, marriage seems still to excite the imagination of all the sons and daughters of Eve. Children prate of it; old men totter into it; youth wastes its spare time on its preliminaries; and the wedding-day is the crowning day of young life. Mothers scheme for it for their children. Society finds it necessary to fix a more or less variable limit upon the time after which a bereaved spouse decently may return with another to the married state; and the divorced rush back into marriage as speedily as the orderly processes of the law will permit. Marriage — with all its faults, we love it still. It is not only the most fundamental, but also by far the most popular, of our institutions.

SEPARATE

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

They say they are one flesh:
They are two nations.
They cannot mix nor mesh:
Their conjugations

Are cries from star to star.
They would commingle,
They couple far and far —
Still they are single.

With arms and hungry hands
They cling together,
They strain at bars and bands,
They tug at tether,

Still there are walls between,
Still space divides them,
Still are themselves unseen,
Still distance hides them.

SAWING THE AIR

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

I can take off my shirt and tear it, and so make a ripping razzly noise, and the people will say: 'Look at him tear his shirt.' — SANDBURG.

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently. — SHAKESPEARE.

THE two vices of style to which current novelists are most addicted, aside from mere slovenliness, are affectation and sentimental violence. I have had my say on the subject of affectation. Affectation is bad enough. But the most suicidal practice of writers insensitive to verbal niceties is the constant, mechanical use of words, especially of adjectives and adverbs, denoting what Mr. Swinnerton so well calls 'extremity of feeling.' Next to 'poignant,' the favorite word of the moment is probably 'passionate.' 'A passionate desire for her kisses and an equally passionate craving to hurt and mar her': the first half of the phrase might well be from an English pen; it is the 'sadistic' note of the second half that marks it for the work of either Mr. Hecht or Mr. Fitzgerald. And even the sadism is not a certain indication of American authorship; for does not Mr. Swinnerton represent the very nicest of his three lovers as 'shot through and through with an impulse either to kiss or to strike her'?

In much the same class, but less common and more affected, is the word 'intolerable,' which Mr. Hergesheimer has brought into style among Americans, and which Mr. Swinnerton does not disdain. Not even Mr. Lewis is immune to this infection. Even his Babbitt is capable of intolerable and illogical emotions on hearing Mrs. Judique sing 'My Creole Queen.' But Mr. Lewis is not up to the Hergesheimer pitch. It was the hero of Cytherea who, 'with an involuntary and brutal movement,' took, if I remember, the heroine in his arms, 'and kissed her with a flame-like and intolerable passion.' It was intolerable; but she bore it. It was flame-like; but she survived.

The trouble with this sort of thing is not that we do not like to be moved, but that this is not the way to move us. It is particularly among the English writers that the excessive use of superlatives and of repetitions defeats its own purpose and wears out all our power of faith in the emotions represented. Mr. Swinnerton is not content to have his hero shot through and through with an impulse: he must needs have his heroine shot through and through with knowledge, and pierced through and through with longing, and even a quiet domestic scene must be shot through and through with a beautiful tranquillity. Things are not felt passionately, which in itself implies a considerable degree of feeling; things must be felt *most* passionately. People are not singularly, that is uniquely, moved: they must be *most* singularly moved. The heroine must not be merely shaken with a shudder; it must be, 'A deep shudder shook her.' If there is one word in English which tells of extreme feeling it is the word anguish; my dictionary

calls it 'excruciating distress.' Anguish is a word which should stand out on a page like a scarlet hunting-coat on a snowy landscape. 'Shuddering anguish' is ultra-violet, and beyond our range of vision.

It has been suggested that some countenance is lent to the latter-day story-tellers by the fondness of Henry James, in such books as *The Awkward Age* and *The Golden Bowl*, for adjectives like wonderful, beautiful, magnificent. And I am inclined to grant that certain writers have been misled by this mannerism of James, and that much that is sentimental and affected in current writing has its ultimate origin in tricks of style which in the master are properly neither affected nor sentimental. Above all, not sentimental. For it is obvious, on reflection, that these adjectives are not so much the property of James as of his characters, for whom they make up a sort of smart drawing-room jargon, half-humorous in tone.

And, what is still more to the point, these terms of extravagant approval are not applied to the feelings. It is by quite other means that James indicates the generally suppressed emotions of his dramatis personæ. It is their social form, the intelligence with which they meet the tests applied to one another, which receives this meed of whimsical praise. It is simply the recognition these people give to the very definite moves they make in their complicated and exacting social game. To apply the term 'magnificent' to the high 'line' taken by Mrs. Brookenham in regard to the proposed marriage of Nanda and Van, or 'beautiful' to the strategy by which Maggie wins back her husband and mends her broken bowl, is like applying the same terms to a move in chess by which one double-checks his opponent's king. The citation of James is the best means of exposing the crudeness of certain writers who may fancy themselves his disciples.

The least convincing and most nauseating passages in current novels are naturally the scenes of love-making. In the books of last year, it is true, there was a certain abatement of what I may be allowed to call the crushed-strawberry manner. In *The Bright Shawl* Mr. Hergesheimer has given us a book without love-making. The love-making of Joan and Johnny in *The Cathedral* is demure enough, with no reminder of the crushing embraces of the earlier works of Mr. Walpole. Mr. Hecht and Mr. Fitzgerald do indeed hark back to the physical violence of year before last. 'His arms crushed her. He fastened against her. He could brook no resistance.' That is from *Gargoyles*. In *The Beautiful and Damned*, it was the heroine's dress that suffered. 'Together they crushed out the stiff folds of her dress in one triumphant and enduring embrace.' Mr. Hutchinson rises in one passage to the requirements of sentimental passion of the arms-and-the-man type, but with a discreet avoidance of unpleasant images. The whole passage is worth citation.

> She caught her breath. . . .
>
> The thing 's too poignant for the words a man has.
>
> She was caught in his arms, terribly enfolding her. He was crying in her ears, passionately, triumphantly, 'Rosalie! Rosalie!' She was in his arms. Those long, strong arms of his were round her; and she was caught against his heart, her face upturned to his, his face against her own; and she was swooning, falling through incredible spaces, drowning in incredible seas, sinking through incredible blackness; and in her ears his voice, coming to her in her extremity like the beat of a wing in the night, like the first pulsing roll of music enormously remote, 'Rosalie! Rosalie!'
>
> The thing 's too poignant for the words one has.

Surely Mr. Hutchinson need not tell us more than once what we have a thousand times determined for ourselves. But what we should like him to tell us is, why, with such a conviction of the inadequacy of his words, he continues to pour them forth with such merciless copiousness. One cannot even distinguish in Mr. Hutchinson the words of this year from those of last. There is only a difference in the relative frequency of one or another. 'Frightful' and 'terrible' and 'horrible' may turn up more frequently in last year's book; they may count up by the dozens or the scores. In this year's book the dozens or the scores are for 'extraordinary,' 'enthralling,' 'enormous,' and 'pathetic.' 'Inconceivably tremendous, unimaginably awful,' in last year's book gives way in this to 'most terribly pathetic' and 'extraordinarily wonderful and delicious,' 'utterly splendid' to 'tremendously splendid,' 'perfectly wonderful' to 'enormously wonderful.' On the whole, in the later book, the same word will be found used about twice as often on a page as in the earlier.

The thoughts of Rosalie, not sequent, but going about and amounting thusly, were thus: 'That is very pathetic. That is horribly sad and pathetic. Coming at the end like that and without any strokes and flourishes, it is as if she was exhausted of her hate and rage and just put out an utterly tired hand and set this here like a sigh. *That's* pathetic, the mere look of it and that thought of it. . . . And then she steps back on his foot and there's "his dear face" smiling at her; ah, it's pathetic, it's poignant! I can see it absolutely. Yes, I can . . . that frightful ending of hers: "You can get dozens and dozens of men to love you, but you have taken mine and I can never, never get another." That is most terribly pathetic. I think that is the most poignant thing I have ever heard. Well, I can realize its utter pathos; I can realize it but I cannot feel it.'

All within a page, and no end in sight!

In some parts of *This Freedom* there is just a suggestion of a very great story-teller. It was the manner of Charles Dickens, having fastened upon some droll or grotesque feature of a character, to ring the changes upon it humorous-wise in his own delicious and inimitable way, till the whole family of readers was sated with laughter. But it is with visible and substantial things that he deals, and not with adjectives; or, if with adjectives, it is not the sort of adjectives which make up the stock of Mr. Hutchinson. There is Miss Murdstone as seen by David Copperfield on her first arrival: —

She brought with her two uncompromising hard black boxes, with her initials on the lid in hard brass nails. When she paid the coachman, she took her money out of a hard steel purse, and she kept the purse in a very jail of a bag which hung upon her arm by a heavy chain, and shut up like a bite. I had never, at that time, seen such a metallic lady altogether as Miss Murdstone.

There is always in Dickens a great stir and bustle like that which Mr. Hutchinson tries to create in the opening chapters of *This Freedom*. But it is a real stir and bustle, a real drollery, made up of human traits and movements caught by an artist, and not the tedious and factitious liveliness of *This Freedom*, with its endless harping on those extraordinary and wonderful males!

But, after all, the absurdities of Mr. Hutchinson are too gross and palpable to justify long comment. The moral of Mr. Hutchinson is for Mr. Swinnerton and Mr. Walpole. The author of *Nocturne* and *Coquette* is worth saving, and still more the author of *Fortitude* and *The Duchesse of Wrexe*. And they are much in need of saving from the contagion of this manner of

writing. They do not indulge in mawkish pentameters and lisping Homeric similes, like Mr. Hutchinson; they do not, like him, quote and garble the poems of Stevenson and Byron and Wordsworth (*If Winter Comes*, page 411; *This Freedom*, pages 151, 159); not to speak of the litany (page 138), and the familiar rules of mathematics (page 224). But do they realize how often they suggest the manner of their popular compatriot? They may not so often disarrange the order of English words with the smirking self-conceit of a Roman buck wearing his toga with a difference. ('When from her first terrible dismay — that frightful crying, her face turned to the pillow — she had recovered; when to the lovely ardour of her love — stealing about her, soothing her, in the night; bursting upon her, ravishing her, in the morning — she had passed on.) But neither Mr. Walpole nor Mr. Swinnerton is altogether above the temptations of sentimental foppishness in the placing of words. 'He looked across at the house as on the evening of his arrival from that same step he had looked.' (*The Cathedral.*) 'Almost, her lips trembled. . . . Almost, he did not look at her.' (*The Three Lovers.*)

And both these talented novelists have, in particular, largely gone over to the convulsive manner of indicating emotion by a series of adjectival shocks about as indicative of true feeling as the twitching features of a paralytic. I do not suppose they are deliberately imitating the style of their popular rival. I will not be so cynical as to suggest that they have been affected by a vision of his gate-receipts. I doubt if they have any idea of the habits they have fallen into. Does Mr. Swinnerton know that, in the use of the words 'extraordinary' and 'extraordinarily,' he has exceeded in his last book the average frequency of Mr. Wells, and actually approaches the figures of Mr. Hutchinson? Does Mr. Walpole know how often, in his wish to make us realize the suffering of his characters, he uses the words 'horrible' and 'horror,' 'terrible' and 'terribly,' 'desperate' and 'desperately'? Does either of them realize how often, in the effort to make us jump with their characters, they jab us with the words 'sudden' and 'suddenly,' until we grow hard skin over that sensitive spot? 'Suddenly an absurd fancy seized her. . . . Then suddenly it overcame her. . . . He suddenly smiled. . . . She suddenly realized. . . . "Love me!" he burst out suddenly, starting up in his chair. . . . He turned, looking at her. Then suddenly put his arms around her and kissed her.' All in less than two pages. This happens to be from *The Cathedral*, but it might just as well be from *The Three Lovers.*

It is in passages where they would render the sensations of a character with a weak or agitated heart that these men most remind us of Mr. Hutchinson. I have seldom met with a person in fiction who was so liable as Patricia Quin to racing, beating, and fluttering of the heart — a person, that is, who is supposed to possess a sound organ. Mr. Walpole has more occasion for registering such phenomena, inasmuch as he is preparing the reader for the eventual death of Archdeacon Brandon. But Mr. Walpole might have given us quite sufficient warning of that event with a third or a quarter of his display of medical science. The thing begins to get ridiculous long before we come to the death of the Archdeacon. The climax comes when the author assures us, in a most serious passage, that 'Brandon's heart began to race round like a pony in a paddock.' It is this kind of thing that makes one feel in reading *The Cathedral* and *The Three*

Lovers that one is dealing with hack-work, turned out by the yard — the sort of thing they do in Hollywood and Carmel-by-the-Sea.

This is in no sense the style of the great dramatic writers. It is the refuge of those who feel not deeply but too well; or it is the makeshift of those who feel obliged to procure houses and motors more suitable to their social position. Archdeacon Brandon is well conceived, and obviously of the kindred of Michael Henchard, the Casterbridge grain-merchant and his own worst enemy. Let Mr. Walpole read again his *Mayor of Casterbridge*. Mr. Walpole is evidently a disciple of Dostoevsky, who writes so profoundly of the spiritual history of 'our town.' Let him read *The Brothers Karamazov*. Let him read *Anna Karénina*. He and Mr. Swinnerton wish to represent the mental sufferings of human beings strongly endowed. Let them read of the insomnia of Evelyn Innes, which drove her into the convent, or of Esther Waters awaiting the news from the Derby which was to settle the fate of her husband — life or death. The great writers deal not in adjectives, the words of the year; they deal 'boldly with substantial things.'

Oh, that I had the brush of Max Beerbohm! Oh, that I had his pen, that I might show these men, in parody, the folly of their ways! But the author of *A Christmas Garland* has woven a wreath for distinguished brows. It is men of note whom he celebrates with parody — John Galsworthy and Joseph Conrad, Maurice Hewlett and Hilaire Belloc. Let the younger men choose their company, let them choose their models well, lest they may never be game for such as Max Beerbohm.

BOY'S GRIEF

BY W. F. G. THACHER

MARY was going away. Her father had been transferred to another city, and they were leaving that night at eight o'clock. For two weeks I had known that she was going away; but the fact had no meaning for me. Simply, it had no meaning.

With a friend of mine, Harry, and another girl, we were to walk to the station together. We four had made up a little group and had been together constantly on walks and picnics and at parties. Harry was sixteen — a year older than I. His girl's name was Eunice. Mary was my age. She was small, quiet, with a pale, pretty face. She rarely laughed, but had a way of looking long into my eyes.

When I left the house, my father was sitting on the veranda smoking his pipe. I told him where I was going, and he got up and walked a block with me.

'You 'll come back as soon as you can, son,' he said, when he left me.

When I reached Mary's house, Harry and Eunice were already there. Mary's house was on one side of the town, and the station on the other. Harry and Eunice walked ahead. I had little to say to Mary. My mind

was filled with one great urgency. I wanted to kiss Mary before she left. I had never kissed her — never even held her hand. I knew that boys kissed the girls they went with; that Harry kissed Eunice; and I knew that Mary expected me to kiss her — wanted me to. But something always held me back.

Block after block we went through the clinging warmth of the summer night, and every step I said to myself, 'Now I'll do it.'

But I did n't.

'In the shade of that clump of trees I'll stop and put my arms around Mary and kiss her.'

But we walked right by the trees, and I did n't even take my hands out of my pockets. It was as if there were two of me — one thinking, resolving desperately; the other walking, walking, oblivious of the command.

Then we came to the lighted streets of downtown, and I began planning that, in the darkness of the streets that lay the other side of town, I would have my wish. And so strong was the thought that the thing was as good as done, and I was exultant. I had no doubt that I should do it. The image of my kissing her filled my mind tumultuously. But without so much as a pause we came into the lights of the station.

Mary's parents were there; but the train was ten minutes late, and I asked Mary to walk around the station with me. On the unlighted platform of the lower end I would kiss her.

She responded readily, and in the shadows, beyond the sputtering arc-lights, I felt Mary pause and draw close to me. I heard her say, 'Oh, Peter!' with a little catch in her voice.

'Now, now,' I kept saying to myself.

And then the great clangor of the incoming train was upon us, and we were trapped in the glare of the headlight. There was a confusion of sounds — hoarse shouts, a bell that beat brazenly, people, strangers, all hurrying, meeting, parting — the shrill scream of a child.

But one thought swelled within me: 'When I say good-bye, then I'll kiss her.'

Eunice and Mary were crying as they clung to one another. Mary's father was hurrying his party together.

'Good-bye, Mary,' shouted Harry, 'be good!'

'Good-bye, Harry.'

My turn came, I stepped forward, and Mary held out her hand. It trembled as it lay in mine, warm, confiding, infinitely dear.

'Good-bye, Peter. You — you won't forget me?'

'Good-bye, Mary. I'll never forget you.'

'Come, Mary!' Her father hurried her on to the train. I caught a glimpse of her as she disappeared into the cavern of the coach.

A trainman with a swinging lantern shouted something horrible in my ear. The bell beat more brazenly. The locomotive belched steam. The train started and gained motion imperceptibly. Mary was going away from me, and I had not kissed her. I could not believe it.

I walked along by the steps of the moving coach that was bearing Mary away from me. Then I grasped the hand rail and swung myself up. Now, snatching victory from defeat, in some mad way, I was to do it.

A man on the platform seized me by the waist and pulled me off.

'You darned little fool! Trying to kill yourself?'

Dumb with an amazement of grief, I turned away. I could not see. But I could hear the rapidly diminishing percussions of the train that was taking Mary away from me.

And I had not kissed her. I never should kiss her.

The night was an incredible agony of regrets. But, because I was young, I slept, and awoke with an ache that had but one voice: Mary had gone; and I had not kissed her! If I had but kissed her, I should not be so unhappy.

It was vacation, and there was nothing that offered to fill my time. The thought of the day ahead of me was unbearable. In my despair, I turned to the one source of comfort that I knew. Before I was up, my father had left the house for the sand-bank which he operated. The sand-bank was about a mile from the house and I walked in that direction. The bank was dug from the side of an isolated hill, upon which there was an abandoned graveyard.

When I neared the place, I could see my father standing near a group of men who were shoveling sand into wagons. When a wagon was filled, the driver would take the reins and whistle at the horses. But the wheels were sunk deep in the sand, and frequently the horses, though they strained and plunged, could not move it. Then my father would take the reins and swing the team around so the wheels were cramped.

I could hear the high ring of his 'G'lang there! Get out o' here!' And the horses would throw themselves into their collars, sink their feet into the soft earth — and the load would start.

But I could not bring myself to expose my naked grief before the men, so I climbed by a twisting path up the hill to the cemetery. There I walked about, reading the queer old inscriptions, and trying dully to re-create the identities of those whose bodies had once been placed beneath the mounds. Then I sought a spot that I had claimed as my own.

On the farther slope of the hill was a detached grave, with a partly ruined tombstone on which I had been able to make out the words, —

'Willy. Aged 11. 1854.'

Near by there had been planted long years ago a bush, and it had grown into a sort of bower, into the refuge of which I could creep and be all but hidden. There I gave myself up utterly to my grief.

But it was n't so much the loss of Mary that hurt me as it was my failure to kiss her good-bye. If I had done that, I should have felt badly, I knew. But even in my sorrow there would have been a triumph.

'Son!'

My father must have seen me climb the hill, and he had followed me to my retreat. I was his only child. My mother had died when I was five. My father and I had been together constantly, sometimes alone, with a housekeeper, sometimes in a boarding-house. Until Mary came, my father had filled my world.

Father was a big, fine-looking man, with dark, curly hair and a moustache that curled over his full mouth. His eyes were small and twinkling. His skin was tanned a coppery red. I always thought him the handsomest man I ever saw.

'Son — want to go for a ride?'

I got up and followed my father down the twisting path to a shed where he kept his horses and buckboard. Father was a great horseman, and always had a pair of fine driving-horses. Even when we were poor — as we often were — he always had horses to drive. He never kept the same horses very long, but was always trading, or buying and selling.

At that time he was driving a matched team of bay colts — Colonel and Kitty. They were high-strung,

and when we got into the road he let them out. I always admired the strength and skill with which my father managed his horses when he drove. He held the reins in one hand close to his body, and, even when the horses were mettlesome, never seemed to pay any attention to them.

We swung along at a spanking gait, mile after mile, until the colts were willing to slacken their speed a little. We had reached a road that I loved best of all those over which my father and I used to drive. A 'back road,' they called it, because it was used so little. It wound around the shoulders of a great hill, and was bordered by tangles of sumac, elderberry, and wild rose. The hedgerows were full of birds, and the bees were zooming on every hand. At our left, every break in the thicket gave the most enchanting glimpse of the valley below.

My father drew the colts to a walk. The road was deeply shaded, and the air heavy with fragrance. The sound of the horses' hoofs was smothered in the dust.

Then my father began to sing, and, after a bit, I joined in. We always sang when we rode together. Most of our songs my father had learned when he was at school or in the army. Some of our favorites were 'I Love a Sixpence,' 'The Boys of Sixty-three,' and 'Sweet Evelina.'

My father usually carried the air, and I sang an alto. He thought it was quite wonderful that I could make up a part to a song.

Finally, at a curve in the road where the view was unusually beautiful, my father stopped the horses. For some time he was silent. Then he began to hum a little nameless tune, over and over.

I knew that when he hummed that tune he was thinking of my mother. I cannot say how I knew it.

'My son,' he said, 'it was right here that I asked your mother to marry me — for the first time.'

We had never talked much about my mother. There was a sort of understanding between us that we should n't. For me, the subject had a sacredness about it. My heart swelled with pride that my father should refer to her as he had. His arm lay along the seat back of me. When I touched him, some quality always seemed to pass from him to me.

'Right here — twenty years ago. And I was driving a team of colts then, too — only they were gray instead of bay. I had n't known her but a week. She lived in New Jersey, where your uncle Bedford lives, you know. She was visiting a girl who knew her at school. I suppose I had always been a pretty gay young blade in those days — a lady's man, I guess you would call it. But when I saw Ellen — well, there were n't any other girls for me after that.

'I did n't waste any time, I tell you. If it was n't a drive, it was a walk or a picnic, or something or other. But usually we went driving, for my grays were the best team in the country, and Ellen loved to ride behind them. And this was her favorite road, too.

'I did n't think I had a chance. I was just a rough young fellow, with only a couple of years at the academy. Ellen — she was fine — finely bred, finely educated. Her people did n't have much money, but they managed to give her the best of everything.

'The first time I proposed, she just laughed at me. She did n't take me seriously. It hurt my feelings terribly, I remember. But she did n't say no; and I kept right on trying. Then she told me she had to go home. I thought the world was going to come to an end right there. But she went away without giving me an answer, one way or the other.

'We wrote frequently; but I was n't much of a hand with a pen. Then there came a letter in which Ellen said that she was in great trouble — that she had told her parents about me and they refused to let her have anything to do with me.

'That letter gave me great hope; for, I thought, if her parents took the trouble to object to me, Ellen must have given them reason to think that there was something serious.

'No letter came for several days, and I had half made up my mind to go to her. Then I got word from Ellen's friend to come over to her house. I went — and there was Ellen. She had taken matters in her own hand, and come.

'We were married the next day.'

Then my father fell silent for a time. After a while I found courage to ask, 'Father, when — when my mother went away, did you — kiss her good-bye?'

My father gave me a strange look, before he answered.

'The first time she went, you mean? No, son, I did n't. I wanted to like everything. But I did n't dare. I'll never forget, either, how I felt when the train pulled out and left me there on the platform.'

My father let me drive the colts all the way back to the bank. There were some men waiting to see him, and I climbed up the hill to my place by Willy's grave. When I got there, I lay down on the hot earth, with my head on the mound, and cried and cried. But I did n't know whether I was crying because Mary had left, or because I had not kissed her, or because my father had told me what he did.

Then I went to sleep. When I awoke, the sun was shining in my eyes, and I was thirsty. I stood up and looked around at the good earth. I could hear the voices of the men at work at the sand-bank — my father's above the rest. And then I remembered about Mary.

I tried the thought slowly at first, afraid of the hurt. But the hurt did n't come. It was like something that had happened to me long before, when I was a little boy. Then I tried to make it hurt. But it would n't.

So I ran down the hill to the bank — not by the twisting path, but straight down the cut where the bank was, taking long bounds in the yielding sand.

When my father saw me, he shouted, 'Want a job, son?'

'Sure,' I answered.

'Take the colts and go get a new kingbolt for this wagon. We 've had a breakdown.'

And I did, proud as Lucifer that my father let me drive the colts alone.

COLLEGE MIRTH

BY H. PHELPS PUTNAM

WHERE was despair a swift and careless joke,
And where was melancholy sweet and green?
Where was remorse a thin and lovely smoke,
And where was sin still insolent and keen?

Where was the crabbed chance a playing child,
And indolence the aim of death and birth,
And where was drunkenness still bright and wild,
And where was everything the food of mirth?

There in the college all these things were so —
The throat of thirsty mirth drank our despair,
A gorgeous wine which made our senses glow
So that derisive laughter echoed there.

And even now, with thin and clarion strains,
That laughter sweeps across our pompous brains.

A MIDNIGHT BEACH-COMBING

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

A TROPICAL night may be quiet and calm, and yet full of a strange restlessness. It was such a one when I lay in my bathing-suit close to the gray granite of Boom-boom Point, and watched the low-hung North Star twinkling through the fretwork of mangrove roots. Three great planets added their separate lustre — Mars overhead, in the very heart of Scorpio, Jupiter well down to the west, and Venus just setting, shining with the light of a half-moon. It was, however, predominantly a night of the Milky Way. The great luminous highway stretched from horizon to horizon, illuminating hundreds of the tiny mica facets on my rocky couch. Great Cygnus flew slowly, majestically, along the glowing path, and Pegasus reared his head just above the horizon.

Has the composite light of these myriad stars the same sinister psychic effect as the moon rays? Else, why were I and so many creatures restless? Only the giant tree-frogs, the Maximas, *wahrooked* in endless, stoical reiteration, unaffected by stars or planets, as endless as an after-dinner speech, and as unintelligible. Now and then a trio of Typhon's toads exploded in a short, hysterical outburst, as if intercalating 'Hear! Hear!' or 'Cut it out!' — a very impudent, understandable, nervous protest against the brain-fever repetitions of the great frogs.

I was ready for something unusual, and it came — merely a sound, but one which will probably be as mysterious on the day of my death as it is now. Without warning, through the air overhead, against the translucent celestial glow, came an *izzzzzzzzy-wonk! wonk! wonk!* as evanescent as the low cry of a bullet, wholly indescribable in its true weirdness and richness of twang.

No beetle ever turned as quickly as the *wonk! wonk!* indicated; no bat ever achieved a twang with its velvet wings. It was no sound of bird or insect that I knew; and it came again and again from the same direction, and seemed to emanate from some creature that watched me. The *wonk! wonk!* as of sudden, banking flight, happened close in front, over the water. I flashed my electric torch, and saw nothing, even while the sound continued; and so for half an hour one or more mysterious beings swept about me, close overhead. As once before, my mind went to pterodactyls, and I imagined a pair of the little web-fingered creatures launched out from some secret crevice in the distant mountains, for a brief time to hawk about in the light of the Milky Way, peering down with their great eyes, toothed beaks half open, whipping back and forth through the air, now and then snapping up a bat, and stirring the imagination of a curiosity-tortured human who would willingly give a year of his life to see such a sight.

I had meant to spend part of the night among the mangroves; but the glimmer of the white sand drew me up, instead of down, the shore, and I crept over the rocks and padded silently over the sand to our swimming-beach.

The tide was half-way down, silent and smooth as a mirror, with every star doubled. As I watched, they were erased, one by one, as if the reflections had become water-logged and sunk; and looking up, I saw a mist, swept by the high trade-winds, wind across the sky, while around me not a breath of air stirred. I wriggled into a form half below the surface of the sand; I worked down lower and lower, until I was at the very edge of the water, which is one of the most wonderful spots in the world. Being there is the very least part of it. Thousands of people are there all through the summer, at Coney Island and Margate, but never think themselves anywhere but swimming at Coney Island or bathing at Margate.

Between tides is really the wildest place left in the world — the truest No Man's Land; for while you may sail in all weathers just beyond, or loll in a hotel a few yards behind, you cannot remain where you are except anchored and in a diver's suit. And whatever man erects there is sooner or later joyfully smashed by the storm-waves into shapeless chunks of cement. The delight of it is to feel yourself, as I did at this moment, a third under water, a third buried in solid sand, and the rest of you bathed in and breathing the air. We sometimes feel a thrill at bestriding the border-line of two states or countries. How tremendously more wonderful to snuggle close to the three states of matter, — solid, liquid, and gaseous, — and then, indeed, to realize it and thrill to it with what seems a fourth state — the mental and spiritual.

The crunch of the sand-grains, the lap of the water, the breath of air — it makes the world very primitive and new. Without my flash I can detect no hint of either vegetable or animal kingdom — my little cosmos at the meeting-place of the elements is wholly inorganic, and mind. If only earth-fire were added, it would be complete, and here, a hundred feet from my cot, there would truly be an epitome of the primeval earth. I wonder, however, whether it is not all more adumbrative of ages to come, when the last animal has fallen, the last leaf shriveled, and only the inorganic and spirit remain, than of the infinite past.

My daydreams, or rather, nocturnal meditations, were leading me into hypnotic depths when, with a single bound, I deserted my most ancient medium — water. Momentarily I even left my more recent ancestral acquisition, — earth, — and entered the third, which I had conquered only during the last eight years. Gravitation, faithful through all physical and mental vicissitudes, brought me down with a resounding thump. At first I was simply dazed. What had happened? From the infinite calm of abstract meditation I had been galvanized into the most violent paroxysm and here I was, sitting on the sand, unhurt, stupidly wide-awake, with my heart trip-hammering. Then, all at once, the physical *me* calmed down and the mental took charge, first in a thrill of excitement at realization of what had happened, then with joyous recognition that, as at a well-planned dramatic dénouement of a play, the miracle had happened. Nature, tired of being ignored, had entered my inorganic make-believe cosmos, completed it, and split it apart with a vengeance. Instead of sending lightning or a firefly into my ken, she had been more subtle, and an electric eel

had brushed against the sole of my foot, and discharged his diminutive broadside. The shock had been slight; but, unprepared as I was and completely relaxed, it had seemed to my nerves like the short-circuiting of a third rail. With my flash I caught a momentary glimpse of the lithe black chap, and I dabbled my hand in his direction; but he eeled away and became one with the dark water.

II

I could not get back to my former isolation, even if I greatly desired to do so: the eel had changed all that. He seemed so modern, so conventional and specialized an organism, drawing the lightning down into the dark waters, and liberating it at the will of his fishy brain.

I rolled over and flattened myself, and with my electric torch held at eye-height, horizontally, I entered one of the strangest of worlds — a beach at black midnight. My mind kept wandering back to my trio of elements, and I thought of the water ouzel which has conquered them all. In the wilderness of western China I have seen this delicate, thrush-like bird run rapidly in and out of a tangle, over leaves and sand, to the edge of a high river-bank, and then, taking wing, fly in and out between the boulders of the stream, finally to dive headlong into the swift water and creep along the bottom, feeding as it went. In the space of a minute or two, it exhibited mastery of earth, air, and water; only the phoenix could claim superiority.

This evening I was to find a living rival to the ouzel — an insect, a cricket, which, like so many wonders, was not in the heart of the Asiatic continent, but at the very door of my British Guiana laboratory. In the level glare of my flash, all the beach creatures became unreal and of low visibility, while their shadows took full possession. This fanciful phrase reflected the very real and interesting scientific fact, that the reason for this lay, not in the unusual lighting, so much as in the color of the little people themselves. Picking its way over the sand came a low-hung, weird, blackish thing, whose silhouetted head swung from side to side; and just above it there appeared a fearful phantasm, on long emaciated legs, which crept nearer and nearer, and finally rushed at the first and sank down upon it. The attack was so sudden, and the images relatively so huge, that I involuntarily sat up and raised my light. The two rushed toward me and vanished, and my eyes suddenly shifted to nearer focus. I had been watching the shadows of a small insect and a sand-colored daddy longlegs, the substance of which now appeared ridiculously small and close to me, with their shadows well under control beneath them.

Slowly I lowered the flash again, and, in spite of all I could do, my eyes gradually lost the creatures themselves and followed back, along the lengthening lines of legs, to the gargoylesque phantoms — gyrating Brocken spectres of the sands. Never have I seen a more completely sense-deceiving phenomenon. Sitting up, I looked down upon small, slowly moving, barely distinguishable beach beings; prone I was surrounded by unnamable monsters. If I should accurately describe their anatomy and actions as revealed by my low-hung light, they would fit into no living or fossil phyle of earthly organisms. By shifting back and forth, I again focused on the terrible battle going on at my side; and now the giant had lifted the lesser beast bodily in its jaws, and was staggering about, mumbling it as it went. My scientific terms, Locustid and Phalangid, faded

from mind with their substance, and I lay watching the midnight shadow struggle between Plash-goo and Trippity-kang.

I had always thought of daddy longlegs as harmless living skeletons, who clambered aimlessly about and dropped their legs at a touch. Now I found that they could be ravenous beasts, their dwarfed and rounded bodies swung high aloft on their eight thready legs, creeping over the sand, and actually running down, pouncing on, and killing insects as large as themselves. In this case it was a green grasshopper nymph, which was seized, bitten, and worried, with an unnecessary amount of dragging about and vicious chewing. I leaned slowly forward with my hand lens, until I could see every detail; and if daddy longlegs were magnified in life only fifteen times, I should flee in terror from what would be a worse danger than any wolf. The horrid eyes, grouped in their solid clump, seemed to be even now watching me malignantly, and the great needle-sharp fangs were sunk deep in the grasshopper, and being worked back and forth as the juices of the still living insect were sucked up.

Soon the creature set to work to sever the abdomen from the rest of the insect, and the head and legs fell to the sand, the feet waving slowly and vaguely. The daddy longlegs did not move, except now and then to lift one or two legs and hold them aloft, when a passing ant brushed against them; twenty minutes later it was still there, draining the last drop from the shriveled grasshopper.

My attention was attracted to the approaching shadow of another spectre, only in this case the shadow was indefinite, humped: it might have enshrouded a low fluttering moth or awkward beetle. Instead of which, when I followed down the shadow-path to its substance, there loomed suddenly a figure even more terrifying than the daddy longlegs. But this was awful in a wholesome way. You started at first sight, then smiled, then felt a liking for the apparition. It was decidedly the Personality of the beach, claiming full attention as long as it was in sight, clownlike in its comicality and childlike in its seriousness and the affection it aroused. Many will doubtless wonder mildly at thought of the possibility of holding a mole-cricket in affection or esteem. Yet it is true that, when I return in memory to Kartabo, my thoughts of beauty go to the great blue Morpho butterflies, of grace, to the soaring vultures, of adorableness, to infant sloths, and of amusement and affection, to the jolly white mole-crickets of the sand.

These are the chaps who fairly outdo the water ouzel, outflying, outrunning and outswimming that bird; and, in addition, being powerful leapers, and the most perfect burrowing machines in the world. Unlike their neighboring relations of the jungle, these shore crickets have taken on the color of the sand, keeping only a few hieroglyphics of dark pigment. Their eyes alone remain solid black. No matter how deserted the beach, how lifeless the tropical jungle may seem, I was always certain of finding these optimists abroad after dark, scurrying here and there, or popping unexpectedly up from the wet sand, which, a few minutes before, had been covered with the tide.

As my new visitor approached, I was able, after my first emotion, to call him by name — a name as bristling with sharp-angled syllables as the tips of his front legs. Indeed, his sponsors must have been profoundly impressed with these great limbs, for in *Scapteriscus oxydactylus* they dubbed him the Shovel-winged, Sharp-fingered One.

In the month of March I found little spurts of wet sand on the upper beach, and following down each tiny hole for an inch, I surprised a diminutive white cricket, wingless, but otherwise almost a replica of the large ones, just hatched and bravely starting out in life for itself. In the following months their numbers sadly diminished, and the size of the few remaining individuals increased, being gaugeable exactly by the calibre of their holes, which they open when the tide goes down. Now, later in the year, the adult mole-crickets were in the full prime of life, vital, virile, meeting on equal terms all the dangers and advantages of nocturnal life on a tropical beach. I appreciated these insects all the more because of their local distribution, they being found nowhere, up or down the river, except on our short stretch of sandy beach.

The hind legs are swollen with muscles for leaping, and with broad, flat soles for pushing; the middle legs are normal supports; but the front ones are a study, as scientific, mechanically perfect excavators. There are sharp, horny, downward-projecting pickaxes, lighter pitchforks, backed by spade-shaped implements, and bordered with stiff, broom-straw edges for sweeping away the loose débris. In fact, this little insect has everything but dynamite for making easy its passage underground. It even has long feelers behind, as well as in front of, the body.

Like the kick-off of a big football game, or Fred Stone, or a sharp tug on your fishline, when one of my mole-crickets came into sight, I knew that something exciting was certain to follow. On this midnight, while the big insect had zigzagged toward me, the tide undermined my sandy elbow-rest, and I slipped. At the first scrape of sand, he put his oxydactyl hands together over his head, and half buried himself with three flicks. But he was neither coward nor ostrich, and after a moment he half turned and rested his great arms on the mound of sand — the strangest imaginable parody on Raphael's cherubs. His head turned from side to side as he watched — and, I almost added, listened — for the source of danger. I remembered in time that his ears were on his front arms just below the elbows, sandwiched between the pitchfork and the shovel. He twisted sharply to the left, at the same instant that a miniature hidden mine was sprung, and a spray of sand shot upward. Almost before my eye could follow, a second mole-cricket appeared, and each saw in the other the summation of all past troubles and future hatreds; they hesitated not a second, but flew at each other.

At first there was considerable side-stepping and feinting, and they whirled about, until a well-marked ring was worn in the damp sand. Then they clinched, and to my horror a leg flew up and off into the darkness. Now the timeworn — and at best, inadvisable — simile was reversed, and ploughshares as well as shovels, brooms, scissors, and pitchforks, were in a twinkling transformed into slapsticks, swords, pikes, and daggers. Twice the insects reared up on their hind legs, their arms working like flails. Now and then the lace-like wings unrolled and shot out as balancers, glistening like metal in the light of my flash. One cricket fell for a moment, the other pounced, and a whole front arm rolled away. Nothing daunted, and indeed apparently lightened by the loss of his left armory, my cricket leaped at the other and bowled him over. I cheered; they both reared again — and were washed away in a tiny swirl of water: the tide had turned, and the first of the trios of incoming wavelets had caught all of us unawares. *Le duel nocturne des courtilières* was

over. Each opponent had lost a leg; yet they scampered off and dug in with little appearance of crippling — one limped a bit, and the other sank his well somewhat obliquely: that was all. I remembered my first experience with these crickets, when I confined four together in a glass dish, and the next morning found but one, large, plump, happy, quite surrounded with the crumbs of eighteen limbs; and I recalled the diminution in numbers of the broods of infant crickets, and wondered whether I had not better slur over part of the home life of my little friends if I wished the mirror of my affection to remain untarnished!

I turned my light toward the water, which was lapping shoreward, and on the surface were two white spots, mole-crickets again, scurrying here and there with short strokes of the fore-arms, which had now become efficient oars. They soon sculled to shore and vanished, and a threat of moralizing came into my mind: how wonderful it would be if any of us could so completely master the conditions of life in our environment! Here were two sandy depressions where the crickets had disappeared; in a few minutes the tide would cover them; and for eight hours thereafter the two bundles of vitality would remain buried beneath the waves, able somehow to breathe and to resurrect, to scamper about on their business of life on what remained of their legs, to spread their wings and fly wherever they wished — one place, at least, being to the lighted lamp on my laboratory table.

The wash of the tide made me restless, and I swept my flash about in a last survey, when I saw a multitude of little orange-red lamps drifting toward me. Holding the light obliquely, I saw the wraiths of many shrimps, with their periscope eyes illumined by my electric wire. They swam steadily ahead, half-blinded by the glare, until suddenly there came Nemesis with a rush and a swirl. I caught sight of long waving tentacles, a gaping mouth, flash after flash of glittering silver, and there at my feet was a catfish, half stranded with its headlong rush. Mindful of poisonous spines, I flicked him up the beach with a hand blanket of sand, where he lay, protesting, with rasping twitters and peevish grunts, until I salvaged him.

III

My last glance at the beach showed something so strange, that I turned back, and discovered a wholly new field for enthusiasm. Many years ago I found that tracks in the snow could best be observed and photographed in slanting rays of the sun; and now my final, casual sweep threw out into strong relief a series of rabbit-tracks — this in spite of the fact that I was some two thousand miles from the nearest bunny. As I looked down at the tracks, they completely vanished; not a depression or marking could be detected; but oblique lighting showed the series of claw-marks, all four feet close together, with a good eighteen inches between leaps. I puzzled long over it, I traced it almost to the water, and up to the soft, dry sand. At last, a thought came to me, and I went up to where I knew there would be, day or night, a file of leaf-cutting ants. There, solemnly watching, and waiting for some favorable omen to begin her midnight supper, squatted my pseudo-rabbit — a huge, friendly grandmother of a toad. She blinked, and I reached down and tickled her side, whereat she grunted and puffed out prodigiously.

At this moment my eye wandered to a near-by bush, and I made a discovery which whole hours and half days of intensive search and watch had up to this time failed to reveal. The line of

leaf-cutting Atta ants led up this low shrub, and many scores were deployed over the leaves, busy on their eternal work of cutting off circular pieces. For years I had watched them carry these leaves back, and had seen the free rides which many small individual ants took back to the nest on these wavering bits of leaf. Here, in the light of my flash, a medium-sized ant staggered along beneath a load, as if a man should balance the Hippodrome curtain on edge on his head. Like small boys hitching on behind a wagon, there were seven small ants clinging to the top and sides of the bit of leaf, probably doubling the weight, and altering the whole centre of gravity. I have seen a Japanese acrobat in the circus balancing a ladder with several men clinging to it, but this feat was infinitely more difficult. And there was no 'side,' no display to this. It was all in the night's work. These ants know not the meaning of play, or vacations, or any moment of unnecessary rest; and yet here were seven of them, for their own convenience, making much more difficult the labor of their larger brother — or, rather, sister.

I knew there was some vital reason, some quid pro quo: but hitherto I had been able only to guess at it. The small bush made all clear. There were enemy ants in the bush, who were attempting to drive away the Attas; and their scouts made attack after attack on the busy harvesters. Unless actually attacked and bitten, the Atta workers paid no attention to their assailants. I saw one partly crippled and yet going on with his load as best he could, playing pacifist for duty's sake. Their work was definite and inviolable — to cut a leaf and transport it to the nest. The huge Atta soldiers, fat and enormous, who guard the depths of the nest and occasionally wander aimlessly along the line of march, getting in the way of their fellows, were nowhere to be seen; but the battalions of the Minims were in full action. They were too small to cut leaves or carry them, and had not even strength enough to walk both ways, to and from the nest. But on the leaves, facing the legions of the giant tree-ants, they showed their worth, their raison d'être. I have never seen such fighters. They equaled the army ants, and lost leg after leg, even the whole abdomen, without slacking their efforts in the least.

On one leaf I saw a most exciting engagement. Three workers were cutting along the edge near the tip, and five small Minims were standing about with jaws raised suspiciously, when three black tree-ants came on at once. One got past on the under side, tackled a worker, and was seized in turn by one of the tiny bulldogs. The black ant let go the worker and tried to get at his tormentor, who had a good grip on his tender antenna. Chop went a leg of the Atta; but then another came to the rescue, and got his jaws in a crevice of the armor beneath the black body. This was too much, and the trio fell from the leaf, out of the range of my light, into the darkness of the sand below. There were left three Minims and two black ants, the latter four times their size; and yet, so furiously did the little chaps wage battle that the invaders had no chance to get past to the workers at the leaf-edge. Another black ant now appeared, but close on his heels followed six Minims, and in the face of this squad they all fled, minus a leg or two, and carrying three Minims with them, who refused to let go, one of whom had little of him left but his jaws, which still retained their grip.

In spite of all the black tree-ants could do, I saw only two workers killed or forced to drop their loads. All

the time new contingents of Minims were arriving, and in the midst of the hardest fighting, a little warrior would now and then climb upon a passing leaf and settle down for a rough trip home. It was as if they belonged to some autocratic labor-union, and had to punch a time clock at the nest, regardless of how things were going in the front-line trenches. So the Mediums are the workers, the providers; the Maxims are the home guard; and the Minims are the standing army for border warfare, trudging bravely as far as they are needed to convoy the outgoing workers, but after battle, or their share of watchful waiting, getting a free ride home on any passing chlorophyll lorry.

Immensely pleased with the discovery of another detail of the Attas' life-history, I returned to my search for more sand-tracks. Walking along the reeds with light held low, I saw clearly where an opossum had come out shortly before, dug a little in the sand, and passed on; and most amusing was the record, in an isolated patch of clear, soft sand, of where a young one had fallen from her back and straightway clambered on again. Farther on, a big lizard had shuffled along; but the next track took me thousands of miles northward, to New England sands in autumn — the fairy footwork of a pair of spotted sandpipers, which that evening had teetered along the edge of this tropical river.

One last thrill my beach gave when, drawn by some instinct, I scanned the sand just beyond a clump of sedge. There, fresh and strongly etched, was a broad, sinuous line up from the water's edge, flanked alternately by crescents, deep bitten into the wet surface. This had been made by no creature with legs, but by some long, heavy body, alternately pushed up the beach — the line-and-crescent sand signet of a great anaconda, king of all these waters, who, while I watched shadows a few feet away, had slowly drawn his mighty length past me into the gully beyond — who shall say where or why!

No wonder this night, so calm and peaceful on the surface, had aroused an ill-defined suspicion of hidden things far otherwise. I looked out over the water, again alight with reversed constellations; I listened to the soft lapping of the rising tide, felt the first faint breath of the new day, and thought of the tragedies I had witnessed — the mole-crickets nursing their wounds in their dugouts deep beneath sand and water, the dead grasshopper nymph, the shrimp in whose orange eyes fire was forever quenched, and the death-struggles of the ants going on in the darkness at my feet.

The opossum was searching for food for itself and its young, and somewhere the great snake was coiled, watching with lidless, untiring eyes for its share in some life of lesser strength. It seemed somehow so cruel, this eternal alternation of life and death. If only the lower animals — and then I remembered that perhaps, at this very moment, my Indian hunter was pulling trigger on an unsuspecting agouti or curassow or peccary for my next dinner; it came to me that the very emotions of compassion and sympathy, which moved me, were materialized and sustained by the strength derived from the sacrifice of many, many lives of these same lower animals.

I stopped thinking, stepped carefully over the line of insanely industrious Attas, and went to my hammock.

DOVE AND RAVEN

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

I

'Of course a woman of thirty wears only gray or black because by then she has either met him or lost him.' In the *American Lady's Memorial*, dated 1840, this is given as the unvarying rule of conduct. Indeed, the words are capitalized to stress the propriety of such behavior, the Quakerish raiment underscored to mark the meekness of adventure. Women of a certain age surrendered quietly their chance of romance. They had nothing further to expect.

Not an irrelevant or flippant matter is it, thus, that the portrait of Mrs. Whitman which hangs in the Athenæum at Providence should first draw attention by the brightness of its color, by the warm blue shawl that droops about a cinctured muslin, by the indecorous pink streamers of the widow's cap. From the main reading-room below, you cannot see the face quite clearly, but you may catch at once the dainty rebel's badge. She has, it is true, the sloping shoulders of her time, the crisp and clustered ringlets, the high bosom, the restricted waist. She has its charm, its delicate seduction. She is a lady to be wooed. Yet in her broad, high forehead there is intellect. Her eyes have an eager sidelong glance past what they see, and give a hint of swiftness to her mind. Her jaw is firm before it narrows delicately to her chin. Impossible that such a woman should have dressed in token of meek resignation. There is a flash, a vividness, to her whole face.

I wonder how she kept it, that glad expectancy, that sureness of the richness and the generosity of life. A most indecorous look for one of thirty who had met and lost him, her husband, young John Whitman. A most absurd unreasoning look for one who, after a brief flight, a mere glimpse of freedom and the open spaces, had come back home to fold her wings. Come back, moreover, to spare New England thrift and to the need of it; to a sister and a mother who were to badger her with small precisions; to a little town, stiff and straight-backed with traditions, and to people whose protective coloring was drab. Had she shown discouragement or irritation or resentment, there would have been — as her own townsfolk still so bluntly say — some sense to it. For how could she guess that adventure would ever choose the very street she lived on for its strolling; that it would come haphazarding along between the prim square rows of houses set so rigidly upon the pavements, and the elms that rose so strait-laced from the curbs? Benefit Street. Why, there was rebuke to any such wild vagrant surely in the sobriety of its quaint Puritan name. Above all, how could Mrs. Whitman know that romance, no matter how unerring in its impulse, would ever find her in her garden; or that passion, no matter how insistent, would ever raise the stubborn knocker at her door? Yet in her portrait, painted when she was already over

thirty, she shows a certainty of life's adventure still before her, a certainty derived from some instinctive faith.

The women of her time, — ladies of her acquaintance, as undoubtedly they called themselves, — they never helped her to such notions. You may rest assured of that. They took her future quite for granted from the moment that they heard of her young husband's death. Nor did they, I am afraid, even gift that future consciously with a grave beauty, a twilight radiance cast upon it by the past. Their immediate interest concerned itself with what was practical for a young widow, with what they might deem circumspect. She had enough to live on — that was God's own providence. She would return to her own roof — that was entirely proper — and to her mother, whose black-satined and brooched presence would lend the adequate protection for a young woman situated as she was. She would take up small homely duties, attend the Reading Club and Sewing Circle — those were quite suitable diversions. And some day, perhaps, though after a decent interval, that it too might be becoming, she would rewed — a widower of course, who would honor her by offering her the tribute of his cool respect. Few among the number found it necessary to include that freedom both of mind and spirit which was, for Sarah Helen Whitman, the essential breath of life.

How soon did they begin to have their doubts of her? It might well have been the day when, not five years a widow, she laid aside her mourning, and with her gray all turned to iridescent plumage, went flitting down the street. She had, they say, a liking for bright scarves, for veils, for thin gay textures, for all that caught the light and took the breeze. And as she passed the little square-paned windows so close upon the sidewalk, there was more than one, I fancy, who, catching from her shuttered gloom a flash of radiance, professed that she could not believe her eyes.

But before that day there must have been uneasiness about this lady. Grace she had, and sprightliness, and delicacy in her social contacts. She drew and kept a circle of perceptive friends. But there were others who passed judgments only on face values. They liked a stoutness to the stuff, a serviceable pattern to the cut of their New England women. They distrusted an elusive texture, a design that was a subtle thing of glints and gleams. And Mrs. Whitman, had she even had the inclination, could not have made her life of homespun virtues, or have turned her whims of conduct to set figures and to dull repeats. She was no housewife. She was no needlewoman. I believe in the whole house there was no tidy crocheted by her fingers, no antimacassar decorated with her fancies, no hassock brought by her to its round plump conclusion, no embroidered lambrequin. Nor was she what you might call in any proper sense a gardener — a genteel term enough when it concerned itself with clipping off a nosegay or stirring tea-leaves in about the roots of pot-bound plants. Her little yard, if one may judge, she left a tangle, preferring, so I like to think, the push and stir of wayward growth. Her walks, moreover, that should have been a matter of right angles or a mere down-street and back again, she turned into the open country and went roaming far afield.

A dangerous business then, you understand, to seek that wild rude force called nature, so hostile to the venturing of any female, so generous in the ambushes it offered to lurking, prowling, evil-intentioned men. And just as dangerous was that strange wilderness of speculation where she went often wandering in thought. She dared,

it seems, discuss religion, which was after all a matter of acceptance. She had leanings, leanings toward what was neither orthodox nor safe. A Transcendentalist she called herself, as if to be a Baptist was not good enough. And for a snug Heaven, with its real estate all plotted out in little claims and with good walking to its firm paved streets, she wished to substitute some vague and shadowy region which she called the kingdom of the soul. Why, she must realize that even in this kingdom of her choosing she would be lost.

But what, perhaps, was quite as bad, she had a taste for writing poetry. No gift, you notice. With a mild word attempt was made to throw a cloak of decency about her passionate love. A *taste*, and one only less pernicious than a taste for novel-reading. So at least did her own womenfolk regard it, as an insidious delight to be stifled and subdued. Verse was after all a little different, a neat private gift that deftly turned out an acrostic, and that went no further in its indiscretion than the album of a friend. But poetry! You simply could n't tell its dangers. It led to waste of time and to extravagance of fancy. It might lead almost anywhere. Mrs. Whitman it led into print!

Think of it — the shamelessness and the barefaced publicity! To have emotions was quite bad enough. But to encourage them and set them down, to send them to an editor whom you had never met, to take pay for them, and then to have them printed with your name below! Yes, their tight, safe world was coming to a pretty pass when a woman gently born and one of them could bring herself to that.

No wonder that strange men began to write her letters and to start a correspondence with her. Since she had made herself quite public, — like an actress, — it was only what she must expect. These men — it did not matter that they were the young George William Curtis just back from Brook Farm and with his head all full of fiddle-faddles, or H. P. Day and Horace Greeley, whose positions after all lent weight to their expressions of respect. Of course they told her that they liked her poems—they had to find some opening. Of course they asked her for advice and criticism — they were only looking for what next. Mrs. Whitman could be made to see no shame and feel none. She answered their impertinences with her gratitude; she answered them without a simper, and with no false consciousness of sex.

II

She was bound, you see, to come to some bad end. There was no question of it. And if her critics had only been less spare in their imagination, more rich and definite in their gift of prophecy, I think they might have seen what end it was to be. La Fontaine, had he been there, could have told them. He would have found a fable ready to his hand. This Dove of theirs, who had so little patience with the placid strut and coo of her own dovecot, who would fly out to try her wings and circle in the open spaces — would you not guess that she would fall a captive to the Raven, that ill-omened savage bird of prey?

Already she was taken by him in imagination. She felt the sweep and power of his strong flight, the rhythm and the beat of his swift pinions, the mystery beneath his jet black wings. Yet when it came to an encounter, she made a struggling effort to escape.

Not that at this time she really acted from timidity. La Fontaine ran away with me. When Poe in 1845 came to Providence to read his poem at the Lyceum, when Mrs. Whitman did not hear him, I think she acted from a sense of fitness, an innate good taste.

What was this but a public exhibition of the poet? What they wished to look upon, her townsfolk, was a vagabond, a drunkard and a drug fiend, an evil nine days' wonder, an archangel fallen with his plumes bespattered in the mire. Few enough of them, she knew, would go to hear. It was then no time for her to listen to his magic words, a respite only in the clack and clatter; no place for her to see, beneath the glare, his dark, contemptuous, slightly snarling face. Once he had spoken and the crowd pushed curious about him, was she to smirk and thank him for a pleasant evening, to say she liked his poem, to give him a perfunctory hand? Better by far keep her sense of intimacy more real in unreality, plead indisposition, and stay at home.

But Poe, returning from the bright hot stifle of the public hall to the compression of his small hired bedroom, went out again on the streets. This town so quietly a-dream at midnight — surely there was a friendliness about it, once its people were asleep. Comforting the soar and droop of the great elms and the crisp rustle of their branches as he passed below them, the soft darkness round about him, the cool breath of the night air. The houses, square and angular enough they looked by daylight, but now closed down, shut up, each like a little turtle in its box, they had about them an air of stolid peace. And at the side of one of them he saw the yard dip swiftly to a garden and a drift of roses that came spraying upward toward him with their scent. Flowering currants, grapevines in a tangle, lay all misty in the radiance; and below them with a silver glamour full upon her, he beheld his 'Helen of a thousand dreams.'

Poe called the meeting, Fate. It may have been. Surely Mrs. Whitman had no business in her garden, for you could not call it business, that desire of hers to see the drenched white beauty of her flowers, to hear the wind with just a quiver to it, to feel the safe and slumbrous warmth of growing things. Poe had no business in the streets, for you could not call it business, that driving need of his to walk off restlessness. But if the arch-agency of human drama had sent these two, of all the world, abroad, it had indeed turned young and prankish and was directing in a sportive mood. The heroine it chose was by this time over forty and to her it gave the sentimental setting of a Juliet. The hero it took from an exotic world of his own sinister creating and gave him romance from the very stuff of his abhorrence, the uncompromising warp of a New England town. The chorus it tricked when all its Argus-eyes were drugged with sleeping: cheated it of all the pleasures of nice squinting, explanations, and aspersions. The silent stage and the conduct of the drama it handed over to 'the leads.'

But for Mrs. Whitman this meeting must have had the suddenness, the sharpness, the unreality, the almost fearful quality of dreams. The echoing steps, their swift arrest, the presence, gray and haunting in the moonlight, the intense and noiseless gaze. Was that really he who stood looking at her in a silence of communication? Was this the same dull street on which she had looked out so many empty nights, so many beggarly days? Was it not rather an enchanted world?

And a dream it must have seemed to her thereafter. Rumors reached her, floating wisps of gossip. Poe, she learned, had recognized her from much hearsay; he had refused to meet her; he knew and praised her verses; he had set his vision of her in a poem of his own. But more than that, she knew that days and weeks went by, and months, and that, though gossip stood at tiptoe, he still sent no word. Was this then all

there was to be to the encounter — ache, vague emptiness, and boredom after the swift rise and fall of a dark curtain on a five-minute pantomime?

And a memory it would have been, a recollection put away with potpourri of her June roses, had she learned a proper meekness in adventure, had she been in any sense resigned. But that same glad sense of youth, that same vitality that had made her lay aside the dismal colors of her middle age and mourning, made her rebel against the dull commitment of her spirit to tranquillity and waste. It might be unfeminine, a move on her part, but she would not let the future all slip by her because it was indelicate to clutch. An opportunity was what she wanted.

And when it came, it did not matter that it came ridiculous, as foolish as Malvolio cross-gartered, extravagant in silly trappings, lace frills, and bleeding hearts and mottoes, in all the frippery of sentimental youth. Saint Valentine! Can you imagine him the patron saint of any woman over forty? Can you imagine him the patron saint of Poe? Would you think that such a sophisticated pair of lovers must have the help of this naïve old man? Yet it was his name-day that provided Mrs. Whitman with her chance.

Her friend, Miss Lynch, then living in New York, was well known for her literary gatherings. Her guests were often men of much distinction. Horace Greeley, N. P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, sometimes, though rarely, Poe. For one of these evenings, Miss Lynch asked Mrs. Whitman to send a poem. February fourteenth was the date.

It was a date that took her back no doubt to rapped knockers and to paper missives, to glimpses of black boyish forms that sped around the corner, and to mad scampers in her pattens and frilled pantalettes out into the frosty air. Well, it had still its use. It made it possible for her to bare her heart as though in jest. 'To the Raven.' Slim and spidery the title as she sat at her black walnut desk and wrote it; but the act, if you consider it, was bold. It took a swift audacity to set down the verses that came crowding. It took a dash of recklessness to drop them in the post.

Poe as it happened was then out of favor. He was not among the guests. But his tribute was sent him, as was only kindly, by Miss Lynch. 'Judge then,' he wrote later to Mrs. Whitman, 'in what wondering unbelieving joy I received your well-known manuscript. The idea of what men call Fate then for the first time in my eyes lost its character of futility.' His answer at the time, however, was to send to her the loveliest of all his lyrics, that which had been written to the Helen of his youth. Quite frankly, he afterward admitted, he had made it do a double duty; but so exactly did it now express a new memory of beauty, that it contained all that he would have said.

For some time, Mrs. Whitman did not answer. 'The glory that was Greece' was certainly a heady tribute. But at last her courage had the best of her; she wrote.

And suddenly — for Mrs. Whitman — Poe was there; she saw him coming. A sinister black figure in a long dark cloak, he challenged observation. She saw him cross the street and give a swift look at the garden. Boldly where all eyes might see him, he stood before her door. She had known that he would come. She had wanted him to come; but not into this room, with its stiff furniture that cramped and stifled, its empty odor of disuse. His place was in the wild free air. Here in the uncompromising rigor of her parlor, she felt his power and missed his sweep. She knew only terror of the force she had let loose. Warned, moreover, by some strange prevision that he must

seize her quickly, Poe made no attempt at wooing. In three days he had asked her to become his wife, and suddenly life had justified itself for its long torpid dozing. It had become a feverish aching business in which, she felt, she might lose sight of love. Not lose sight of it, perhaps, save as it overwhelmed her by its nearness. But see it no longer as glamorous and romantic, with all the beauty of a far horizon. It was overhead, a storm that broke.

What was it that Poe asked of her? To brave the gusts of calumny and anger which he himself so often faced? Had she herself not flown against the wind? To share his own scant means of livelihood? Her own had not been plenty. To endure his exaltations and despairs? She had a poet's understanding surely of all black and glorious moods. To have faith in him in whom save for his genius not a soul had faith? She knew she felt the beauty of his tortured soul. But how could she trust this love for her, this passion that went rocketing, this feverish slaking flame? It seared, it withered, it consumed her. For the first time, before its close approach, she must have felt the weariness of her accumulated years. And, above all, how could she make such desperate departure from her old associations? Those stiff New England rules of gray and black: she had rebelled against them. But confronted with Poe's intensity of fervor, they now seemed to her dear, and comforting, and safe. Frankly she let Poe know her feeling for him, she assured him of her love. But when it came to passionate fulfillments, she could no longer trust to her clear impulse. She grew cautious of her own emotions and sought advice of friends.

Disaster from that moment lay ahead. It was one thing to love Poe, to marry him, and for the sake of ecstasy, however brief, to risk the price. It was another to advise so doing. That took a counselor more hardy than in her prim little city she was like to find. Her mother, I am sure, was not the one to give her courage in such mad adventure. Approached about the matter, she would not discuss it; and by a grim silence she determined that she would bring her daughter to her wits. As for those other judgments which might have been less biased, they too were passed, I fear, according to the tribal laws. Desire was nothing, safety everything, in marriage. You made your choice just to avoid whatever seemed unsure. Love and its fulfillment — those were indeed poor arguments, when placed beside the story of Poe's life. Mrs. Whitman must use her common sense, it seemed, upon a question to be settled only by her instinct. She must look at the hard facts.

Poverty, so her advisers pointed out, was one of them; not, you understand, genteel and quiet poverty that could be concealed by making both ends meet. But poverty, so it was said, that had gone often hungry and as often homeless, too wretched and too gaunt to make pretense. Her own frail health, her incapacity, her age were other facts to think upon. She had no strength for hardships and no gift at managing. How could she hope to hold a poet patterned by the common superstition then on a Byronic model, a creature of Satanic charm and roving eye?

But, above all, there was Poe himself, his very personality a threat to her security. They could not even judge him by nice standards. They had to drop the voice in speaking of his habits — and they stopped at drink. Even his genius was against him. It was too lawless, reckless, contemptuous of all that went to make a safe and ordered world. She was not even running risks; she was plunging breakneck into certainties. Fortunately

there was still time to pause and flutter to her perch. Yet it was less consideration for her own security, I think, that made her write to Poe of her temerity, than the dangers which beset their love.

Not even when Poe came again to Providence were all her fears forgotten. There must have been intoxicated moments when she was conscious only of his presence, when she belonged to him so absolutely that the future seemed quite magically hers. And at such times to walk straight out to meet it must have seemed as easy and as simple as to close the door upon her mother's disapproval, and to take their love beyond the reach of slur and criticism to the calm acceptance of the open fields. The need to walk by sight and by community judgment was only in the city. Once outside its strictures, they might walk more safely, their spirits shining and their heads held in the clouds.

Moments, too, there must have been, of a rare peace. These two — they had so much in common: a deep sharing of all beauty; the felt magic of the word for its expression; the rhythms that it set a-stirring when just for a fleeting moment it let itself be held in mind. And of such moments memories linger still about the garden of their first strange meeting, about the streets where they walked careless of all comment, about the Athenæum in whose little dusky alcoves they sought sure refuge with the books.

But there were other times, we know, when, even dominated by Poe's personality, Mrs. Whitman felt only weariness and doubt. It had come too late, this call for the despisal of all glad and giddy dangers. To sustain their love she must go unconscious of its perils; and at last she knew herself betrayed by the traditions of her flock. The custom of her kind held her to her dovecot. She, too, had the habit of low flight.

III

Sensitive in all his apprehensions, Poe was quick to take her indecision as personal distrust. Security to love. Was that then what she wanted? The very word was mockery of passion that drew exhilaration from the height and depth of risks. It was no promise of a settled calm that he had offered her. Nor had it been tranquillity that she had longed for, when she had written her first daring, breathless note.

She had no answer to his charges. What had looked like bravery she now admitted had been rashness, since she had been wrong in thinking that she had sufficient courage to follow to the end. But if she had erred in impulse, she was now right in judgment. The future held no peace for them together. Too many and too strong were the forces which assailed it. Let them keep what they had in all the beauty of its unfulfillment, unmarred by cruel test.

Sentimentalism if you like. But it was also the pathetic inhibition of the Puritan which, long after he had ceased to give to God his great possessions, urged him for very thrift to put away in dark safe-keeping whatever gave him most delight. To have, but not to use; above all, not to use 'for common.' This prompting is an old New England instinct. To lock up, to fold and put away whatsoever things are frail and delicate and lovely. Not to risk them. To get satisfaction only from the knowledge of one's ownership, not from the feel and touch, the wear and tear of daily use. And somewhat as if it were a priceless piece of lace, Mrs. Whitman wished to put away her love.

It was not to be expected that Poe should see the beauty of such preservation. As she faced him with entreaties, he must have bent upon her figure, slight and supplicating in its thin, sprigged muslin, a contemptuous face.

Perhaps, with her high spirit gone, she lost her radiance and annoyed him by a dullness as chastened and subdued, as remote from actual brightness, as the sedately darkened parlor in which they had 'high words.' None the less he argued with her in a low, rapid voice. In an attitude of wistfulness, a pose of resignation! With a sneer he must have told her that it was not so he saw himself. Nor would he choose to think of her with her resistance turned to mawkishness like any female in a sampler, languishing beneath a weeping willow that drooped above the tombstone of departed love. A silly posture, one not demanded of her save by those who did not matter. No, her desire to make of love so prodigal a gift to prudence was cowardice and nothing else.

Poe was surely not to blame for his impatience. Mrs. Whitman did not wish to marry him; but with the future bleak and chill before her, she did not wish to lose her hold on love and all its warmth. But since he was to fight against her stubborn caution and half-measures, he was to blame for the stupid means he took. He wished no weak capitulation of her fears, but their swift conquest. And yet he tried a swift, tumultuous storming, not the slow persuasion of a siege. With violence and angry words he railed against the meddling of officious friendships, he railed against her mother's natural solicitude. As a catchall for gossip and malicious hearsay, he railed against her love. He was, in short, the Raven; and now that she had transformed herself to prey by her attitude of flight, he swooped down with a savage pounce.

For a time it seemed likely that he might win by his sheer violence. To succumb to this strange antagonist, who had so lately been her lover, had its terror. But still more terrifying was it to resist. She knew, for resistance she had tried. And before she could recover from the scorn that overwhelmed her, Poe had left her, he had taken poison in his desperation, he had recovered and, swift in his renewed resolve, he had returned from Boston and stood insistent at her door. Again she had nerved herself to a repulse. Again he had left in anger, but this time for a barroom where he sought forgetfulness in drink. The next day he returned after a drunken and disheveling night.

Of his behavior at this time it is best to give her own account. 'He came alone to my mother's house in a state of wild and delirious excitement, calling upon me to save him from some terrible, impending doom. The tones of his voice were appalling and rang through the house. Never have I heard anything more awful, awful even to sublimity. It was long before I could nerve myself to see him. My mother was so moved by his suffering that she urged me to soothe him by promising all that he might require of me. After he had been in the house two hours I entered the room. He hailed me as an angel sent from heaven to save him from perdition, and clung to my dress so frantically as to tear away a piece of the muslin that I wore.' So it was that Mrs. Whitman promised to become his wife.

It is easy to imagine that the news spread quickly through the city, and that it was spurred on by each who felt that it proved his judgment right. Neighbors undoubtedly had seen Poe come — and in those weeks with what grimness and what eager fascination they must have watched for his swift passage by their doors. This time they had undoubtedly detected, too — well, something just a little strange in his demeanor and in the piteousness of his white face. He had looked wild — they could not bring themselves to use so coarse a word as drunk. They had seen him go into the house, and then for hours they had learned nothing further, though

those who had gone by upon some trifling timely errand returned to say that they had heard strange terrifying cries. Was it not natural, once Poe had taken leave, that they should go over to make sure that nothing was the matter, and that in return for their solicitude they should discover just how much the matter was?

I think that Mrs. Whitman did not tell them. Exhausted by the scene and by her forced commitment, she must have sought the peace of her own room. Yet she was not too far to hear her mother's overtones. 'Yes, Helen at last has given Edgar her consent.' For all her shame at his loose habits, I am sure that the old lady liked a patronizing intimacy with his name. It was something after all to have her daughter desperately loved and sought by the maddest genius of his time. 'Yes, Helen has given Edgar her consent. What else was there to do about it?' For the way to soothe a lunatic was to humor him, and defenseless women as they were, they had been forced to yield. Fortunately, however, she had seen that Helen had proposed a difficult condition. Let Poe once again yield to his vice, let them even hear a rumor of his drinking, and there was to be an end to the engagement. There was a loophole, and on that, she acknowledged, she had fixed her eyes.

Did Mrs. Whitman also so regard it? Certainly there were no auguries of happiness. Pressure was being brought to bear upon her from all sides, pressure to convince her that there was no need of loyalty to a forced bond. Her family, her friends were playing on her nerves and on her scruples, sometimes with cant and specious arguments, more often with moralities and wise old saws. Undoubtedly she learned that she had picked up a crooked stick. Even Poe could give her faith but scant assurance. He wrote her that he was pursued by dread and that he placed the weight of his regeneration on her frail shoulders. Yet at this time Mrs. Whitman seems to have developed a soft stoicism. Sure that she alone could save Poe from his dissipations and so restore a dignity and beauty to their love, she had apparently lost all her self-concern. She was secure at last from gossip, from all save Poe's failure to sustain her faith.

Then suddenly she knew the paralyzing truth. Poe had returned to Providence to lecture, but this time with the intention of compelling an immediate marriage. Desperately he wanted to make sure. And almost before she was aware of his determination, the license had been taken out, the banns were all but published, plans for a simple ceremony had been made. It looked, indeed, as if she were to break with her old standards and associations and put her courage to the final proof. And then, at the eleventh hour, the afternoon before her wedding, she had come in to find the parlor outraged by the stale, sweet reek of wine and by a wildly pacing figure whose voice in greeting her was dulled and thick. The exhilaration of certainty so near at hand had been too much for him. This time it was happiness which Poe had drowned in drink.

The next day he was remorseful, panic-stricken. It was atrocious, abominable, this affront which he had put upon her trust. But he assured her that this was something quite apart from his love and from his need of her. If only he were sure of her, it was a craving which together they could still.

But Mrs. Whitman knew that she had failed. She was free, free save of the flood of memories that broke upon her; the brief and unexpected glamour of the first encounter, the impatience of the silent months of waiting, the frank delight in a companionship which had

known no silly reticence, and which, if it took its charm from their mutual attractions, took its vigor from their minds. There was, too, the recollection of her first glad pride in this man's recognition of her little talent and her still greater pride in his wish to identify her future with his own. And above all, if there had been terror, there had been intensity. In the dull years ahead, with gratitude she would remember that. Yet she could not at that moment, when reality was gone. The old laws now met with vindication. She had met him; she had lost him. She was ready for her gray and black.

But there was still before her the ceremony of renunciation, the full Victorian close. She must see Poe, she must return his letters and all that he had given her. A rude break was unseemly, and it was required of her that she should say farewell. Apparently, however, she felt that she could not bear the torture; for before she came into the room where Poe was waiting with entreaties, she had drenched her handkerchief with ether, a wise precaution against the moment when the pain should grow too great. What happened thus she never clearly knew — not in all those after years of recollection. But as she lay half fainting on the couch, she must have felt the background of the stiff familiar room, a strangeness in its chill composure. She must have seen at times a white, a piteous face that bent above her own. Certainly she heard at last a bitter agonizing cry that rent and tore her consciousness. For to Poe's appeal she knew that she had given a reply.

'"I love you,"' she stated wistfully, 'were the last words I said.'

How much she loved him she had later chance to prove. For Poe, indignant at her mother's interference and at her own failure to reply to his one broken-hearted letter, expressed his resentment to her friends and spoke of Mrs. Whitman with a deep contempt. Henceforth he had determined, so he said with the quaint stiffness of his time, 'to flee the pestilential society of intellectual females.'

But if Mrs. Whitman had been vacillating in their days of courtship, she now showed herself as gallant under the attack. Some eager and pathetic efforts she did make — not to win him back, but to bring about an understanding. Her poems she knew that Poe from curiosity would read, and read perhaps with intimate interpretation. But to these she got no answer save what she herself professed to find in 'Annabel Lee,' the highborn lady of whom Poe found himself bereft by the machinations of her heartless kinsmen. With no surer sign of peace between them, she met Poe's bitterness with a proud silence and with a devotion that was to last her all her life.

When, moreover, Poe had died and she was free to act, she became his open champion in the lists. Nor was there affectation, posing, or self-consciousness to her defense. She, surely, was equipped with knowledge both of the author and the man; and no sooner did she hear of an attack than for combat she flew bravely out. Her mother and her friends, did they speak of him with condescension or contempt, she drove quickly back discomfited.

In her book, *Edgar Poe and His Critics*, she defended Poe from a malicious charge; she beat off the calumnies and lies of his chief enemy, Griswold. No one, in fact, could treat of him with less than praise unless he wished to meet her challenge. And Poe — if he had known, I think he must have recognized at last a dauntlessness about his Dove. I think he must have lost his sneer a little in his smile at the fierce loyalty of her defense for her lost Raven.

TEN DAYS IN OSSETIA

BY ROBERT PIERPONT BLAKE

I

On a chilly June morning in 1918 the call of a maid roused me from a feverish sleep. After a hasty toilet, I shouldered my roll of blankets and a hand bag, and passed through the slumbering house out on to the deserted streets of Vladikavkaz, the capital of the Terek district in the Northern Caucasus. The streets were deserted, with the exception of the scattered figures of the burgher guard. Only the murmur of the restless Terek woke the silence of the night.

Six mortal weeks had I vegetated in this pretty town, whither I had come on my way from Bolshevist Petrograd to Socialist Tiflis. My place had been taken in the diligence for Tiflis; but the Turks had begun their advance on the city the day before I was to start, and I had deemed it the part of wisdom to wait a bit and see what would ensue. The Turkish advance had been stopped, but the Transcaucasian federation had broken up. Three independent republics, Azerbaijan, Armenia, and Georgia had taken its place, and 5000 Germans had entered Tiflis.

At length I got word that I might come to Tiflis and work over my Georgian manuscripts without molestation; but by this time the conditions on the ordinary route — the Georgian military road — had become very unsafe. The Ingushi, — a branch of the Chechens, — who live on the foothills to the east and north of Vladikavkaz, were plundering all travelers, and those who got through to Tiflis left everything save their underclothes en route. I had no great objection to losing my garments, but I did not wish to lose my notes.

From this impasse I was rescued by the arrival of an Ossete friend, whom I had known well in Petrograd. The Ossetes are a tribe of Iranian origin, who dwell on the slopes of the Caucasus chain, in the valleys of the Ardón and the Digor on the north, and in that of the Djava on the south slope. He arranged that I should make the trip in the company of a cousin of his. This meant that I could undertake the trip without risk, and also that, in case the Teutons were too inquisitive, I could withdraw quietly and effectually.

My companions were three in number: *Imprimis*, Ivan Antonich Khetagurov, a native Ossete, once a priest and now a horse-trader. He was large and well built, slow-moving, deliberate and sage in manner, with a mass of long brown hair brushed back in a wave from his forehead. The others, his wife and her sister, round-faced, brown-eyed and -haired Ossete women, with sweet and gentle faces and plaintive expressions.

At about six A.M. there came to the door what the Russians call a telega: in other words, four elastic poles laid over axles, on which one sits sidewise, after the fashion of an Irish jaunting-car. Our baggage, plus one hundred pounds of flour, was placed in the middle, and

we disposed ourselves upon it in attitudes as comfortable and artistic as the bad roads and the timid horses would permit.

Our way led over an open plain, dotted with innumerable barrows of the bygone races who had fought and died for the possession of the 'Caucasian Gates.' Here and there were patches of green Indian corn; but for the most part it was open pasture land, which stretched out toward the low hills that hedge in the caldron-like valley of Vladikavkaz on the north, while on the south the gigantic mass of Mt. Kazbék clove the horizon.

Out of the distance there gradually appeared a line of willows; behind the willows, orchards; and ultimately we bounced into the shady streets and luxuriant orchards of the town of Ardón. It is an Ossete custom not to eat in the morning: a highly laudable one, but painful till one becomes inured to it. By the time we had drawn up in the yard of a relative of Ivan Antonich's, I felt that food was desirable. We were received with acclaim by a numerous family, and after a short wait were honored with an Ossete collation — bread, salt cheese, young onions, cucumbers, and beer. Ossete beer is not bad, but entirely lacks carbonic-acid gas. It takes time to get used to it.

About four o'clock we left, in the middle of a violent thunderstorm, and rode southwestward over a trackless, grassy plain, to Alagír, our destination for the night. The horses, which had trotted briskly enough in the morning, began to show signs of fatigue. A vigorous conversation in Ossete on the part of my companions elicited the fact that our postillion had neglected to feed them; furthermore, the money which was to have been expended for corn had gone into the driver's pocket. The beasts began to go slowly and yet more slowly, and at last we were forced to lead them by turns, which involved taking a mud-bath all round. We rolled into Alagír as the night fell.

Alagír is a place that is famed for its pears, and the whole village is embowered in a jungle of fruit trees.

Next morning we started for our initial destination, the village of Zaramág, high up in the mountains. To obtain what in Russian parlance is termed a phaetón proved impossible, and we were obliged to charter a conveyance, hight *brichka-Americanice*, a prairie schooner, quite innocent of springs.

Our line of march was the Ossete military road, which runs from Ardón to Kutaís in western Georgia. The road has had no military importance for a considerable period and its condition leaves much to be desired.

The prairie schooner bounced from rock to rock, and we tried in vain, by cutting branches and grass, to form some sort of cushion to avoid the shocks.

The road was divinely beautiful all the way. We followed up the valley of the Ardón and soon passed into a gradually narrowing gorge, clothed to the very summit of the cliffs with a luxuriant deciduous verdure. At length the great limestone crags in places almost perpendicularly overhung the rushing brown waters of the river. Every little nook and cranny in the cliffs was filled with vegetation. Great masses of rock campanulas depended from the cliff sides; ferns and cryptogams crowded every reachable crevice. The road ran, for the most part, high above the torrent, but now and again descended almost to its borders.

Of travel there was little. Now and then we met a man on horseback, or foot-passengers, for the most part loaded with sacks of corn, which they were carrying into their homes in the mountains. The Caucasian chain for the

most part is densely populated, and the arable land is not sufficient to raise grain for the population. In normal times they exchange their products, such as cheese, butter, wool, and wood, for grain from the plains. In other cases, they take service and send home their wages, with which their relatives purchase the extra food needed. With the dislocation of transportation all over Russia, however, normal traffic has been interrupted. Hence those who need grain must needs fetch it for themselves.

This mighty gorge extended for almost one third of our day's journey — thirty-six miles; then we passed into a strip of territory almost waterless and barren. Sage brush and aromatic vegetation, such as is characteristic of semi-arid countries, took the place of the luxuriant foliage of an hour before. The huge cliffs gave place to steep slopes covered with scrub and sparse grass. After passing a silver mine, we came to an Ossete *aúl* (village), where for the first time we had a close view of the towers and fortifications that are peculiar to these places. One was reminded of San Gimignano. Square, fairly lofty towers, pierced with loop-holes, rose from many of the houses; and on the opposite side of the precipitous river-bank, with a seething caldron of brown foam beneath, refuges were plastered on the face of the cliff like gigantic swallows' nests of masonry. They could not be reached from above, because the cliffs jut out, and from below ascent was almost impossible. The only thing that could eject the inhabitants would be modern artillery.

From this point our way rose into the subalpine belt. The vegetation once more became luxuriant, but the character of the flora was changed to a considerable extent. Great Caucasian lilies lifted their fairylike green stalks, crowned with a magnificent series of golden trumpets, to a height of sometimes eight feet. Campanulas of the Alpine type made the fields and roadsides blue. Huge pink cleomes clustered among the shrubs like a swarm of gigantic rosy wasps; while among the watercourses the ghostly devils' helmets of the white aconite danced and nodded in the fresh breeze.

Our party had been increased by a new member at Alagír. This was a relative of Ivan Antonich's wife, a Bolshevist by persuasion, an engineer by profession, who was on his way to Georgia to agitate among his fellow countrymen there. He had an agreeable baritone voice, and sang Ossete songs to us. I remember a sad and plaintive chant about a maid whose lover was poor but valiant. During his absence on a foray, her parents forced her to wed another. On her way to her new home she met her lover and leaped with him from a dizzy precipice into the brown waves of the Nar.

Now and again a horseman would catch up with us, enfolded in the stiff and voluminous *burka* (felt mantle), with astrakhan cap and the inevitable rifle and dagger. One of these cavaliers had been in America, and asked me a series of naïve and touching questions about the growth and well-being of Scranton, Pennsylvania, where he had resided for a considerable time.

II

The third stage of our trip led us through an open Alpine valley, without any large vegetation save scattered groves of conifers here and there on the slopes. Our destination, as I mentioned, was Zaramág, a point on the Ardón where five rivers meet, so that it makes a natural centre from which to start to cross the main chain of the Caucasus. After thirteen hours of most excessively tiring bumping over the

uneven road, we came in sight of the ruined castle that overlooks the scattered village. Our brichka very nearly went into one of the smaller rivers, through a plank breaking on the bridge as we went over; but, rather by good luck than good driving, the accident was averted.

I had had letters of recommendation to an Ossete, a relative of my friend in Vladikavkaz, whom one might call the squire of the town. On arriving at Zaramág, however, I found that he lived across the river, and that to make the trip that evening was somewhat difficult. 'Where shall we stay then?' was my query. 'At the first house we come to,' was the answer. 'Really,' thought I, 'are the Ossetes as hospitable as that?' I had heard much of Ossete hospitality, but had deemed the tales to be somewhat exaggerated.

True enough, at the first house we reached, the owner rushed out and led our bullocks almost by force into the court, while we ourselves were invited to enter the house. The dwelling was a one-story affair. The roof, flat and covered with earth, was supported by roughly hewn beams and trunks of trees. In the interior, with the exception of what we would call the parlor, there was no floor except the hard trampled earth. The structure was without a chimney, and without windows, barring one in the living-room.

We were seated in state in this latter room, on Ossete chairs hewn with an adze out of a tree-stump, while our host and hostess stood before us. Such is the Ossete custom. No one except an elder of the village is allowed to sit in the presence of a guest, until the guest practically forces him to do so. If the Ossete is a young man, he will not do it even then.

Our host expressed his deep regret that he had no calf or goat or sheep that he could kill for us, and asked our pardon while he made inquiries in the village to find one, but in the course of an hour he returned without any sort of ruminant.

By this time I began to wonder what we were going to get to eat. A fourteen-hour trip, and on scanty luncheon, had created an appetite.

The ladies of our party, immediately on entering the house, had collapsed on the bed and sunk into a deep stupor. We men waited and waited, and finally in came the hostess, carrying a small table, octagonal in form, whereon were a number of what looked like monstrous griddlecakes on a large copper plate. These were symmetrically cut into triangular sections, were steaming hot, and exhaled a most appetizing odor. 'What's that?' I asked. 'Hot *khachapuri*,' was the answer. 'What is in it?' was my next query. 'Cheese,' they responded.

Then our host, whose name was Siqóëv, appeared with a bottle in one hand and a ram's horn in the other. This was my introduction to Ossete *araq* on its native heath. Ossetia drinking is a serious affair, most carefully regulated by etiquette; and to infringe the custom is a sign of the very greatest ill-breeding. The order of toasts is immutable. First the host drinks your health, then you drink the host's, then he drinks to the health of your relatives, and you drink to the health of his. Next a toast is drunk to the health of those relatives who are absent, both his and yours; then a bumper for the benefit of those Ossetes who are on the great road, that is, not in their native homes. Finally you drink to the health of your host's wife, and after that you are free to drink as you please. If these toasts were drunk in beer, one could put up with it; but that is not good form. A man drinks them in araq, which is nothing more or less than corn whiskey of noticeably inferior quality,

heavily freighted with fusel oil. After ten tumblers—or rather, ram's horns—of this particular beverage, one is inclined to sleep.

Cheese-cakes and araq were all we had; but the quantity of these we disposed of would not have disgraced a squad of rookies.

We camped down for the night on the earth-floor of the hut, blankets and quilts being spread for us. The permanent inhabitants of the house were reasonably numerous; but fatigue and corn whiskey made me impervious to any kind of minor discomfort.

Next morning I crossed the river to Tsmi, where I met my new host, Ilikò Khetagúrov. Ilikò was a typical Ossete, tall, slender, broad-shouldered and thin-hipped, with a grizzled goatee beard, rather low forehead, aquiline nose, and black eyes, and with the formal, somewhat pompous yet courtly manners peculiar to the Caucasus mountains. He was fairly well educated, and had for a considerable time been a clerk in a regimental chancellery. Hence he had a good command of Russian. As the best-known man and roadmaster of the district, it fell to his lot to entertain most of the guests passing through the country. This an Ossete will do, should he bankrupt himself a dozen times in the process.

Ilikò's house was arranged more according to the European plan than those of most of his neighbors. It was a two-story affair, while bed linen, wall paper and European chairs put the stamp of civilization upon it.

With Ilikò I spent almost a week, becoming very friendly with him and with his two younger sons. By these latter I was called in as consulting expert to suggest some sort of cosmetic for his daughter, calculated to improve her complexion; went trout-fishing; hunted thieving cats with a Mauser revolver; wrote down Ossete words, collected superstitions, and consumed an indefinite amount of hot goat's milk and corn whiskey, and generally led an active life.

The Ossetes are nominally Christians, but Christians only after a fashion. They take the Christian religion easily, in so far as it does not interfere with their customs, and the priests have been wise enough to go with the stream and not to strive against it. Christianity has not succeeded in eradicating either blood feuds or sacrifices, as we shall see later on. Here is the story of how Ilikò met the devil.

It was when I was a very young man, about one-and-twenty, and I was returning from the southern slopes of the Caucasus chain to my father's home in the valley of the Nar. I had intended to make an earlier start than I did, so as to get across the pass and down into my own village before sundown; but I was delayed, and it was already dark when I reached the top of the pass. Like all the passes on the northern side of the mountain, it has a very sharp drop for a considerable distance, then an easier slope continues the way down.

Although it was very dark, and the valley had a bad reputation, still I was not particularly afraid, for I had made the trip many times and knew every foot of the way. After a prayer to Saint Michael, protector of travelers, I started down the hill. At the foot of this steep slope that I mentioned there is a little mountain meadow, perhaps fifty yards in diameter and almost circular. I had just got down to the edge of this meadow, when I saw before me a shadow moving in the darkness. I looked at the shadow carefully, and I saw that it was a man dressed in a black burka; but this man was of no human stature. He was as high as a tall man seated on horseback, and a head more than that. His back, however, was toward me.

When I saw him, I stopped for a moment and wondered what I should do. To return up the pass was not safe; to go around the meadow was dangerous, for I knew that, if I looked on his face, it would mean bad luck; so I grasped my rifle tightly, and stepped

slowly forward, keeping both eyes glued on the figure. As I stepped forward, the figure moved on in advance of me across the little meadow, and with every step that it took, it grew slightly shorter in size, so that it at length became the size of a very tall man, of a woman, of a tall boy, of a young boy, and then of an infant that can only just walk. By this time we had crossed the meadow and I saw it no more.

I was not very much worried, for I knew in general that devils haunted that valley, but that they did not bother people for the most part. I continued down the hill and finally came to a village where one of my aunts lived. Here I waited in uncertainty as to what I should do. I did not wish to go up and knock at the door, for I knew that, should I see a light, I should lose consciousness, so I stood around and waited. Fortunately my aunt happened to come out of the house. I went up and spoke to her; she invited me to come in, but I said, 'No, I will sleep on the porch here; bring me out a mattress and quilt.'

In the morning I told my relatives about it, and they said I was most fortunate. If the devil's face be turned away, the sign may mean either good or bad, or it may mean nothing at all. Should, however, his face be toward you, it means you will die within the year. Sometimes, though very, very rarely, one sees a man clad in a white burka, and that is a great and unusual sign, and it means that he who sees it will be happy his whole life through.

III

My next move after leaving Tsmi was to cross the main chain on horseback and come down to Georgian territory, into the town of Tskhinváli. As my former traveling companion, Ivan Antonich, was to make this trip, I decided to wait until he could go, and this circumstance gave me the opportunity of being the guest of honor at an Ossete religious festival, as they call it, a *quvd*. This festival was in honor of the Archangel Michael; he, and Gabriel, Saint George, and the prophet Elijah, are the four chief figures in the Ossete religion. In this quvd took part the inhabitants of five villages, all situated in the Nar valley, or in those of its affluents. The village by which I was invited passes under the euphonious name of Dzatskh, and is situated on the steep hillside of the river Dzrug, which flows into the Nar a mile above Tsmi.

The road from Tsmi led up a hill at an angle of about sixty degrees, and the sun, in spite of an altitude of over six thousand feet, baked like an oven. I finally reached the top of the spur, to find a large number of Ossetes clustered about in the shade of a flourishing grove of white birch trees.

Here I was greeted with acclaim by the assembled multitude. A number of rough shelters had been constructed out of birch branches, and covered with burkas and hides of sheep and cattle. Scattered round on the luxuriant greensward were a number of mammoth caldrons, of the type in which, according to comic pictures, the cannibals used to boil their victims. Under a number of these fires were burning, and in them quarters of sheep and cattle were cooking.

I was led under one of the shelters, and we sat around and conversed on general topics. The Ossetes are much interested in what goes on in the outside world, as economic interests and frequent migration lead them to keep closely in touch with it. Many of them had spent considerable time in various large Russian centres, and quite a number of the younger men had finished the Gymnasia at Vladikavkaz or other places. Only the elderly men and guests of honor were allowed to sit under the shelters. The younger men stood around and attended to their seniors' wants.

The view was entrancing. To the south of us extended the long spur that joins the main chain of the Caucasus;

to the left and the right lay the tremendous valleys of the Nar and the Ardón, dominated to the eastward by the soaring symmetrical snow pyramid of the Tépli, and to the westward by the gigantic mass of the Adáï-khokh, like a primeval Ossete *nart* (Titan) framing in his gigantic arms a snowy beard of rivers and serac-cut glaciers.

Far, far below us we could see the tiny hill of Zaramág, crowned with its ruined castle.

After resting a bit, I was invited to go up and visit the shrine. It stood just at the crest of the mountain, a small, one-room, stone-walled, roofed and vaulted structure, with a rude altar inside made out of a single block of stone, and walled around outside by a breast-high stone wall of unhewn boulders. The outside of the structure and the fence were decked with the bleached bones and horns of the Caucasian deer, tur (*Ibex Caucasicus*), bear, and others; here and there a rotten fragment of skin clung to the stones.

The two oldest men of each village in turn went into the enclosure, first, however, removing their shoes. Here they offered up a prayer, which I had repeated to me and translated, but which proved to be extempore in each case. It expressed the thanks of the village to the Archangel for the good he had sent them during the past year, and expressed a desire that this grace might be continued in the future. Then they withdrew and joined the main body. Not here was there a sign of the Christian religion, whether in emblem or in ritual.

The Archangel Michael is a weighty figure in the Ossete Pantheon. He is the bringer of rain and the protector of travelers. Ilikò recounted to me that his intercession had never failed to bring rain in time of drought, and related one instance of this from his own experience.

'I was attending a quvd in the Tsmi valley at the end of a fearful drought. We were just about to return home, when I had a glimpse out of the corner of my eye of something bright and golden flashing through the air away from our peak to a neighboring one. I spun round, and saw a figure whirling sidewise through the air, like a great dragon-fly, glistening as if it were covered with golden scales. Just as it reached the other crest, there was a stunning clap of thunder, and a fearful rainstorm began.'

After prayers, a meeting was called of all present to discuss whether or not a squadron should be raised to prevent Bolshevist incursions into the country. In the meantime the meat was cooking; when it was sufficiently boiled, the caldrons were tipped over and the broth poured out into flat wooden basins very much like old-fashioned chopping-bowls. Into each of these a handful of coarse salt was thrown, and then they were handed to each in turn, to drink from. It was not an easy job, for they weighed nearly twenty pounds and the size of the circle made it incumbent on one to tip it very gingerly, else a warm stream was likely to go down one's neck. The size of the basin, however, made it possible for each man in turn to touch his lips to a different part of the rim. The meat was then extracted from the caldrons and cut up with *kinjals* (Caucasian daggers). Beer and araq were then produced, and the feast began.

There was a cold breeze blowing, and by requesting various younger members of those present to drink certain toasts in my stead, I succeeded in staving off undue indulgence until the time came for me to leave, in order to get back to Tsmi before darkness fell. Then I found to my dismay that, before I could depart, I would have to drink a parting toast with the inhabitants of each of

the five villages in turn, and also try some of their very special beer, which had been brewed for the occasion. Five tumblers of corn whiskey, plus two of beer, was a bad foundation for a walk down the almost vertical drop that led to the valley of the Nar. In some cases, however, a special providence looks out for the traveler, as well as for other categories of humanity, and I reached Tsmi without untoward incident.

The next morning I said my good-byes to Ilikò, and started for Dzatskh, whence I was to take my departure over the main chain. We were held up a day in view of the fact that a fourth horse could not be found.

I did not much regret the delay, for the situation of the village was entrancing. There were only eight houses, which were stuck like swallows' nests on the precipitous hillside. Waving fields of grain covered every available inch of earth. Above the ravine swayed a cool gray-green pine and larch forest, above which the white shoulder of the Tepli pierced the heavens. The houses rose in terrace form, and here I sat and smoked with the elders, while the boys ran back and forth with smouldering branches, to coax the reluctant pipes into a blaze once more.

When the time came to start, there was no saddle for my horse, and it was necessary for me to do the next twelve miles bareback. We turned up the valley of the Dzrug, on which Dzatskh is situated, and made our way up a narrow gorge, filled with luxuriant and supremely beautiful Alpine vegetation: part of the way among the boulders of the river-bed, and then again high up on the slopes.

As we ascended, the valley gradually opened out and terminated in two great *cirques*, or, semicircular valley-heads. At this point, abutting directly on the main chain, there was a large aúl, also called Dzrug, where we spent the night. On starting from Dzatskh we had had no breakfast and only a slice or two of bread and some cheese on the way up, so that, by the time we got to Dzrug, my appetite would not have disgraced a wolf. And I was not displeased to note a sheep killed for our benefit. As a mark of particular esteem, the beast's throat was cut in our presence, and the animal was flayed before us. The titbits, such as the heart, tongue, liver, and sweetbread, were roasted on a spit. The rest of the sheep was boiled whole. The inevitable araq and khachapuri made up the balance of the meal, which was shared by most of the village as well.

It is amazing how rapidly the human stomach can accommodate itself to a prandial arrangement of this type, and likewise how valiantly a man can eat under such circumstances. I estimate that I devoured about one quarter of the sheep at that sitting.

The next morning we were under way about nine o'clock, this time with a saddle beneath me. The trail led along the farther cirque, through magnificent Alpine meadows covered with a dainty mosaic of white valerian and pink pyrethrum, and zigzagged upward along a rocky slope covered with marvelous electric-blue gentians of a type which I had thought peculiar to the Engadine. Here and there low patches of Caucasian rhododendrons, with their beautiful cream-colored corymbs and dark green foliage, were visible. We crossed the tail of several snowdrifts, and swung round a small snow-lake, then zigzagged up a steep snow-slope to a narrow flat shale ledge at the top, whence we beheld the upper waters of the Rachá River and the rolling forest-covered foothills, which slope down into the plains of Georgia. Far to the southward the tree-clad slopes of the Anti-Caucasus blocked the horizon, shimmering in the haze of the noonday sun.

We were continually meeting travelers, all of whom were laden with sacks of corn, which they were bringing up from the lower levels.

The southern slope of the pass was formed by a tremendous slide of shale covered with masses of purplish brown fritillarias. It dropped almost perpendicularly for three thousand feet or more, and down it the path swung. We scrambled down into a luxuriant valley, abounding in rank Alpine vegetation, into which numerous cascades dashed. Here we stopped at a spring to eat, washing down our simple food with cold water sucked up through the stems of burdock leaves.

Our way led down the river for several miles, then climbed the eastern slope of the hills; and after swinging round several spurs, dropped down into one of the affluents of the Jáva River. The vegetation had already changed from subalpine to that of the lower levels — Caucasian azaleas, and mullein, wild cherry, chestnut, and spruce, which last we had not seen at all upon the northern slopes.

Toward sundown we reached a small Ossete village called Tli, wedged into a deep ravine, where we stayed for the night. Going on the next morning, we discovered that our hospitable hosts had extracted from our pack during the night about half the bread that I had had baked for the trip. This infringement of Ossete custom made my companions extremely angry, and they declared that they would spread the story far and wide among their compatriots on their return.

The rest of our journey lay through thickly forested valleys, in and out over small spurs, through broad sun-scorched meadows to the river Jáva, which we reached at the village of the same name. Here again my foreign appearance caused considerable excitement, and we were forced to attend a village meeting, at which I was requested to show my passport: some of the inhabitants were of the opinion that I was Prince George Machabéli in disguise. The said esquire had been, that spring, dispossessed of his estate, which lay not far from Tskhinváli, just on the edge of Ossete territory. When, however, the land committee went to take possession of the estate, the prince and his retainers met them with a machine-gun, and the committee returned home in a somewhat perforated condition. My passport, however, with its red American seal, produced the desired effect, and we continued our trip without incident to Tskhinváli, where with cordial leave-taking, I parted with my two companions to complete my journey by a four-hour drive to the railroad at Gori.

HAVE WE KEPT THE FAITH?

BY ROSE PEABODY PARSONS

We are a pretty comfortable people. The farmers have their troubles, and some of us complain a good deal that labor is unreasonable. But profits and returns are high; there is food enough to eat what we can and to waste the rest, just as we have always done. We are building houses, comfortable ones, and the figures of our incomes are rising. Yes, we are pretty comfortable.

But as a people we are not happy. Am I wrong in thinking that our faces show it? Everyone is apt to be a little more excited than he was back in 1914, a little more nervous. Watch the crowds in the streets. There is more agitation and more unrest. We are impatient with the papers, which tell us all sorts of disagreeable things about the world. We are irritated with Europe, obstinately dilatory about putting her house in order.

Memories of the war crop up. We suppress them. Books and articles dealing with the war we simply won't buy. We have had quite enough of such unpleasantness. Yet we don't enjoy ourselves. Why is it, we wonder, that young men don't talk about their war experiences as their fathers always talked of what they did in the war between the States. The Legion even finds it hard to keep a full membership. And yet America did pretty well in the war. We were amateurs, but in a large way we did the business like professionals. Everybody who was 'over there' remembers that the American name stood high. We used to square our shoulders, not without satisfaction.

Things are different now. If we are more comfortable, we are not so proud. It was seven years ago that we started out to save the world. Well, the world is not saved, and we have stopped working to save it. Something is wrong, and we cannot enjoy ourselves as we have every right to do. I think of these things, and I remember my own experiences — experiences of one among thousands.

I was attached to a Mobile Unit, a hospital which received nontransportable wounded, and was stationed as far forward as possible, to diminish the delay before operation. It was under canvas so that it could be moved along at short notice. We were in five campaigns with the American Army, and ended in Germany in the Army of Occupation. It was a wonderful experience, but one so horrible that up to now it has been difficult to talk of it. Of course we had the very worst side of the war, seeing it almost entirely from a hospital point of view and but rarely coming in contact with the slightly wounded.

During the battles there would be row upon row of men on stretchers, lying about waiting to be admitted, some unconscious, others in agony, and still others helpless, but willing to talk and joke. One day a division which was encamped in a near-by wood sent over a band to cheer up the wounded. A good many had just come in and were lying about everywhere on stretchers. They were all much cheered to hear the music, and one boy, his face and arm

swathed in bandages, called to me, 'Say, Miss, can I have the next dance?' Another night, after a rush of wounded, I was walking about among them and noticed one who seemed in bad condition. I went to find a doctor to see if anything could be done, and when I came back the boy had died. Without struggle of any kind, he had just gone out; not even the boy lying beside him had known that he was dead. Alas, they did not all die like this!

Our first baptism of fire was on the night of July 14, 1918. We were attached to the Forty-second Division and about eight miles behind the lines. We had been warned that the Germans might possibly break through here, so we were all prepared to evacuate at a moment's notice. Shortly before midnight the barrage started in the distance, gradually getting nearer and nearer, and at twelve-ten the first shell whistled over our heads. It was thought to be gas at first, but, after a few minutes in gas masks, orders were sent around that there had been a mistake and masks were removed with much relief. We were ordered to the dug-outs, and all the men who were then in the hospital were carried down there on stretchers. After a short time the wounded began to come in, so we went up to the wards, and the operating-rooms started working at top speed.

The shock ward filled up rapidly with men who were in too serious a condition to be operated on. Their clothes had to be cut off, and they were given transfusions and infusions and in other ways resuscitated. Some of the men who were almost pulseless would react at once to heat alone. As there were no electric heaters, candles were rigged up in tin boxes and put under the beds. These, with the aid of hot-water bottles, would sometimes bring a man back when he appeared almost dead. They were terribly wounded, some of them delirious, groaning and shouting, and others would be put to bed only to die. The whole scene was a nightmare.

Meanwhile the shells were dropping nearer and nearer. While walking through a corridor I happened to look out just as a shell crashed in a near-by field. A great cloud of dirt was blown into the air, but no further damage was done. The next two fell in the hospital grounds, and by this time it was impossible to continue operating. Everyone was ordered to the dug-out and the wounded were carried down; but before they were all moved one of the wards was hit and two of the men were killed in their beds. The dug-out was so packed that it was almost impossible to find one's way about. There was a candle here and there, and some of us threaded our way among the men, giving morphine and helping them out in any possible way. One man showed me a large gash in his arm where he had just been hit up in the ward; his other wound was so much more severe that this was a mere scratch. Before morning two more men had died.

At seven o'clock we were ordered to evacuate the hospital, and it was a relief to breath the fresh air again. The wounded were sent back in ambulances, and the nurses and doctors followed in trucks. We went back to an evacuation hospital where we passed the next twenty-four hours, and then on a bit further where we set up our own hospital. As we were quite far behind the lines in this place, we did not have the desperately wounded, and it was a relief to see that there were some men only slightly injured, and not all in the desperate condition we had seen up to then. We had two young boys come in, who had circumvented the enlistment law; both were badly wounded. One of them remarked with a groan, 'If I had known how terrible it was, I sure never would have lied about my age.

I guess there 's no fun in this kind of war.' Another, who had been wounded in one eye and was in danger of losing the other, said, 'Well, I have seen enough of France, and I know what the folks back home look like, so what does it matter?'

We were in that spot for about a week and our orders came to move on. A train was to be at the little station near our hospital at midday, so, having no ambulance, we had to get the men there by loading their stretchers on trucks. They lay on their stretchers at the station platform all day without a sign of a train. In the evening more orders, to the effect that ambulances would be there sometime that night. There was nothing to do but cart them back, give them their supper, and put them to bed again. The next orders promised ambulances at midnight, so we cooked a large supply of cocoa, which was administered to the men preparatory to their departure. They left us in the early hours of the morning; their cheerfulness through all this trying day never left them for a minute; all one heard was appreciation of what we were trying to do for them, no grumbling as to why they were shipped about hither and yon, getting nowhere.

Our next move was to a little place not far from Château Thierry, called Lizy, where we were stationed in a large and hideous château. The hospital was set up on the grounds and the officers and nurses lived in the château. We received patients almost at once and, as before, most of them were seriously wounded. But the same courage was shown by these men as our previous experience had taught us to expect. Not only did they suffer from their wounds, but the flies came in swarms, and made life almost unbearable, particularly for the helpless men, who could not brush them away. We had no chaplain at that time and the adjutant, or sometimes another officer, had to hold the funeral services; it even fell to my lot to conduct it once, as the officers were so busy they could not get away.

One night we had six truck-loads of 'walking cases.' In addition to being wounded, many of them had not had a thing to eat for two or three days. All we could get for them was hot coffee and bread spread with oleo, but from the groans of joy one might have thought they had never tasted anything so delicious in their lives.

Our next camp was beside the wreck of a small town on the road to Fîsmes. A week before it had been the battlefield; now it was covered with 'duds,' tin hats, rifles, and all the débris of war. One day a young American boy was brought in, suffering from shock. He could hardly talk a word of English, but by the aid of one of our enlisted men he explained that he had been in No Man's Land for eleven days. There were four other men with him, they lived in a dug-out hoping that someone would come and carry them back to the lines. All were very badly wounded — this boy least; he was wounded in the knee and could pull himself about on his elbows and push with the good leg; in this way he went out and picked radishes and green apples from a neighboring field where happily he was able to find water as well. He stayed until all but one man had died, then he decided to make an effort to get somewhere. He left water and food with his friend, who was perfectly helpless, and started to crawl in the direction of what he hoped was the American trenches. By some lucky chance he got the right bearings and was welcomed back and sent on to our hospital. He gave instructions where to find the other boy, but we never heard any more about him.

As I walked about among the men

finding out how they were and chatting with them, I was often greeted with answers like this: 'I'm getting on fine, batting about 800. Fritz only got a little piece of me. I lost a toe and got hit in the leg.' As a matter of fact this boy was hit almost everywhere, in the back, leg, foot, neck, and a few other places. The day after, in answer to my inquiries he said: 'I'm right in the major league now and no one can touch me.' It was talk such as that which kept us all going, no matter how unbearable it seemed at times.

We were next ordered to the Saint-Mihiel salient where we sat perched on a hillside for three weeks waiting for the offensive. It was slack times that were almost the hardest of all. When we were busy no one had time to think, and it was far better not to be able to wonder what it was all about. We had no patients in this offensive, as most of the wounded were sent to the other side of the salient.

Our next and last move during the war was to another château, this time in the Argonne. In this offensive we really began to learn what war was. We had a great many divisions in action and here our losses were heaviest. Although we had dimly appreciated the horrors of war, we had not up to now realized how indescribably terrible it could be. After each attack we would have load after load of desperately wounded, some of them dead before they arrived, others dying shortly afterward. At times, one's state of feeling was that it did not matter how the war ended so long as it ended that minute. One could not bear to have any more of these young, healthy men die with their lives ahead of them and their families at home to live for. The men, themselves, often did not realize they were dying; they thought they were just going to sleep, and would lose consciousness and quietly go out.

They suffered far less from the mental point of view than those at home. The families are in a constant state of wondering if their 'boys' are safe; if the boy is killed, how great their misery, not only for the loss of their dear one but from the haunting questions of, Where was he killed? Did he suffer? Was anyone with him when he died? Did he send any last messages? All these things naturally rush to a mother's mind. One boy said to me, 'That's the worst part of being wounded—'cause it's so hard for the folks at home.' The first thought that a man had was that his family should not worry. If it was suggested to him that he might write a word to his family, he would answer invariably, 'I don't want them to know, they would worry themselves sick.' When they realized their families would know in any case, they reluctantly allowed one to write and say they were only slightly wounded and would be well soon.

One boy said: 'Tell mother I had one eye shot away, but I can see with the other fine, and one ear was hit, but the other works all right, and my head aches pretty bad and my stomach is pretty sick, but otherwise I'm fine and don't worry, I'll be all right.' He was most appreciative of having the letter written and when it was over he said — to me: 'If there is something you want in the States, just tell mother 'cause I know she'd love to do something for you.' Other men desperately wounded would say: 'I've just got to get well. It would kill mother if anything happens to me.' We finally acquired a chaplain and one day he was reading the Bible to a boy who was hopelessly wounded; both legs had been amputated, and there was little hope of his recovery; the chaplain came to where 'the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.' The boy looked up at him and said: 'That's just what

I've done, have n't I, so my wife and kids will have a better place to live?'

Here is a letter from a mother whose son died in our hospital.

'Your kind and welcome letter received and was glad to have you write and tell me of my son's death. I had got the information from Washington, but thought there might be a mistake somewhere. But I am happy to think that I had a son to give, as I know he died for a good cause, and am glad to hear that he died bravely.'

Not only were the men's mothers imbued with the idea that their boys died for a great cause, but the whole family were proud to have someone to give for their country.

This next was from one of the men's sisters: 'Your letter of September 28 was received to-day by mother. She was glad to hear any word of Fred. She asked me to thank you for her. I take pleasure now in so doing, for Fred was a wonderful brother and man. His death was a hard blow to us all, but we know he died a glorious death for a most righteous cause.'

Many people scoff at the idea that we went to the war for anything but selfish purposes; but certainly many of the men felt that they were fighting for something higher, and their families backed them up. Here is one mother who, though she gave her only son, and was overcome with grief, yet felt that her son had died that the world might be better.

'Please accept my thanks for the kindness shown to my son. Would it be asking too much of you to try and find a picture of my only boy in uniform, and please write and tell me more about him in his last hours. Did he suffer much, and how was he wounded, and in what battle, and when the battle was? Miss Peabody, I am almost frantic with grief, for he was all the child I have. Of course, it was a noble cause that he gave his life for, but oh, if he could have lived to enjoy what he fought for; but he never did think of himself, it was always others. He told me he wanted to go over there to fight for freedom so it would be a fit place for our mothers and wives to live in. They celebrated the great news of Germany's surrender yesterday. While I am so sad, I could not help but be glad this world-wide war was over for the sake of other wives and mothers. . . . My sincerest thanks for what you have done for my only boy. I gave all.'

One young officer who was hopelessly wounded seemed to have no idea that he was dying. We knew that it would make his last hours terribly unhappy, so we did not tell him. As I was talking to him he said: 'I wrote a letter to my mother just before I went into the fight. I just told her what a good mother she had been to me, and now it won't have to be posted, because I'm going to get all right.'

Here is another typical letter from a mother: 'We received your most welcome letter from France, and we thank you one and all from our hearts for the information you have given concerning the death of. . . . I am glad and thank God he had such a quiet peaceful death. It is a very hard thing for a mother to realize and believe when she cannot be with him in his last moments, but still we hope to meet in another world and I am proud to give up my only boy to his country, and that alone is a great consolation.'

The officer who wrote this letter was brought in during the battle of the Argonne. He was suffering a great deal, but never a murmur or complaint to show his agony, and this might be said of almost all the men who came in. He was taken in to the resuscitation ward, as he was too sick to be operated on at once, and there he was treated, with hope that his condition might improve.

He asked what his chances were of pulling through and he was told that they were a little against him. Everything that was done for him he appreciated, and he put up a great fight. He asked me if I would send this letter to his wife in case he died, and as he dictated this to me he said: 'We have been married only a year and a half, but we have been so wonderfully happy. I am so thankful even for that short time of happiness.' He was only twenty-one, and so full of health that we felt he could not and must not die; but when I went into the ward the next morning, his bed was empty, he had died in the early hours of the morning. Here is his letter: —

'My darling brave sweetheart, —

'Please don't worry about me, darling, because I am in good hands; I was hit this morning, and am now away down from the front in a nice warm bed. I am going to be operated on in a few minutes, and I feel fine. I have been hit by two pieces of shell, and the only thing is, it hurts a little bit once and a while. I was behind an American tank when some German shrapnel came overhead and got me in the chest. Darling, I make my hope all for the future happiness of us. Goodbye, God bless you.'

This is the answer I received from his wife: 'I cannot express in words my gratefulness to you for the letter you wrote me when my husband died. So many boys have left us and all we know is that they have died, but your kind letter is so comforting. I have so much to be thankful for, in just knowing he was in a warm bed, and just fell asleep.

'Your letter was the first notice I had received of his death. The last letter I got from him was written September twenty-sixth. He was then leaving for the front and he was wounded October fourth. All the time he has been there, in nearly every letter he has warned me of the chances but always reminded me that if anything should happen it would be for the best. But I have felt so sure he would be spared for Baby and me, and our little home. Now we know that he is n't very far away from us, and is just waiting for us to come to him. But oh! it 's so lonesome when I think that he is n't coming home. . . . But for the note he dictated I'd have hopes of probably his death being a mistake; but his note was like his letters, always thinking of my happiness.'

Hundreds of thousands of us saw these horrors and worse. However we refuse to talk about them, however tightly we lock their remembrance in our breasts, they are not hidden from us. We are still shaken with that same vibration of the shock and hideousness of it all. We think of those who bravely died. We think, too, of our dead selves who once vowed that these others should not have died in vain. Can we, dare we, travel our smooth road farther and farther away from those great peoples of the earth whose companions we once were?

A WEEK-END WITH CHINESE BANDITS[1]

BY LUCY TRUMAN ALDRICH

PEKING, CHINA
May 20, 1923

MY DEAR SISTER, —

I suppose if I am ever going to write you about our adventure I'd better begin at once, as I am getting to the place where I want to put the whole thing out of my mind, for a while at least. Of course, for the rest of my life, when I am 'stalled' conversationally, it will be a wonderful thing to fall back on: 'Oh, I must tell you about the time I was captured by Chinese bandits.' That remark, from a fat, domestic-looking old lady in a Worth gown, ought to wake up the dullest dinner party. I think I shall begin at the beginning and try to tell you everything as it happened.

We left Shanghai early Saturday morning, taking a Chinese guide with us as far as Nanking, where we changed for the Peking train. We had so much hand luggage with us, we were afraid of losing it on the ferry. With a good deal of bustle and rushing around, we finally settled down in two compartments on the Peking–Pukow express — Mathilde and I in one and Miss MacFadden in the other. The car was much the most luxurious I have ever seen in the East, quite the last thing in modern sleeping-cars, more like the Twentieth Century Limited than Chinese.

We had a very good dinner in an equally up-to-date dining car, and I amused myself watching — and criticizing, alas! — a party of young English and American men playing poker just in front of us. They were in their shirt sleeves and the table was piled with money. When they finished, the man who won jammed a big wad of bills into his pocket and strolled out of the car, jingling silver in both hands. Much good it did him!

I had given a small S. O. dinner party the night before and we were awfully tired, so decided to go to bed early. I went to sleep almost immediately and was aroused by the train stopping with a jerk. I got up, half asleep, put on a thin silk wrapper and bed-slippers, and without speaking to Mathilde, who was over my head, went into the corridor. Everything was quiet except for a (to me) queer crackling noise outside; but no one was in sight. I was just going to open the door and go back, when Miss MacFadden grabbed me, dragged me into her stateroom, slammed the door, and said in a queer breathless whisper, 'They are attacking the train and are just outside.' I peeked out through the curtain and saw a crowd of people. It was still dark and I could only see dimly, but they seemed to be swarming into the train. Miss MacFadden put her cape around me and her coat on herself, and for a minute we sat on the berth, side by side, waiting for something to happen.

I remembered Mama's rings, — the diamond and the emerald, — took them off and put them in the toe of my bed-slipper. Then Miss MacFadden

[1] Miss Aldrich's letter, addressed to her sister, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is printed just as written, with the omission of one extraneous paragraph. — THE EDITOR.

whispered, 'They are in Mathilde's room and she is crying.' We then shrieked to Mathilde to give them everything she had and not to try to save anything; but the poor child could n't hear, and in a second they were at our door, smashing and breaking the window into the corridor. Miss MacFadden said, 'Shall I open the door?' and I said, 'Yes.' In a minute the room was filled with a wild crowd, slashing, threatening, and snatching. One man had cut his hand quite badly. He looked at it stupidly for a minute and then went on pawing things over with the blood streaming. They cut and ripped the bags open with long knives, growling like tigers. When they emptied Miss MacFadden's handbag, I saw one take the red case with my letters of credit and Japanese money, and I tore it out of his hand. Another took her precious string of jade and I managed to get it away from him, only to have it snatched in a minute by another. He bent my fingers back, and in wrenching it out of my hand, broke the string, and the beads went all over the floor. I was furious and sternly told him to pick them up. Before he realized what he was doing, he did pick up a few of them, then straightened and held a revolver at my head, while I groped for as many as I could find, myself. Miss MacFadden said she thought he was going to blow my brains out, he looked so threatening.

When they had turned everything upside down and inside out, they stood looking at the ruin to see if there was anything more to take. Miss MacFadden thrust into their hands a box of candy they had overlooked and told them it was to eat, and we half pushed them out of the compartment. We thought it was all over and Mathilde joined us, but another party of bandits came rushing in, and in spite of our protests, forced us out of the car, pistols at our backs. One had me by the wrist and pulled me down a steep embankment at a terrific rate of speed. I do not see how I kept my feet. Although there was a moon, the light was too dim to see much, but I could feel long grass around my ankles, and knew that we were going out into the country. We kept together for a time. Poor Miss MacFadden had on mules, and slipped and stumbled so that I actually had to hold her up and keep my eyes on the ground to try and guide her into the smoothest places, but in spite of that she could n't walk.

I had planned — as soon as I had a chance — to take my rings out of my slipper, which was terribly thin, and string them on the elastic that held my wrapper around my waist. But I decided I loved Miss MacFadden more than my rings, and after she had tried walking in her bare feet and found it impossible, I tore off the elastic and tied her slippers on. Even then she could n't keep up, and the bandits kept bringing up ponies for us to ride. We always refused as we did n't want to be separated, and we feared one pony could not hold both of us. Finally I told Miss MacFadden we might as well do it sooner as later, so she was put on a donkey and they managed with great difficulty to get me on the back of a small frisky pony who plunged and kicked. When we first left the train I saw no foreigners and was afraid we were the only people taken. We passed groups of bandits sitting on the ground, sorting and dividing their loot, and at last, to my great relief, we came to some of the American men. They seemed to be taking the whole matter as a joke, and a big man was putting on a woman's green hat. Mathilde had been getting on wonderfully: she walked so well that it seemed to me she fairly pranced. I discovered afterward that she had on everything but the kitchen

stove: her shoes and stockings, her own dress, and mine — that a bandit had flung at her head in the train — over hers, then on top of that my pale-blue velvet wrapper trimmed with gray fur. She looked like the Queen of Sheba, and was so conspicuous in the dawning light, and so attracted the attention of the bandits, that I made her take it off.

I could n't notice much after I got on the pony — it was too hard work sticking on. I fortunately had stirrups of a sort tied with string to a makeshift saddle of blankets, and when my feet slipped out, as they sometimes did, I made the bandit who had me in charge put them back, notwithstanding I nearly slid over the pony's head when he went down hill and almost slipped over his tail when he went up hill, until I got the hang of it. On we went, mile after mile, the crowd of bandits around me shifting and changing. They made me think of a pack of wild dogs trotting back and forth, sniffing, growling, and snatching. I cursed the day that the love of color moved me to buy bright jade-green slippers. One old geezer eyed them longingly, but I scowled at him so fiercely that he satisfied himself with tweaking off the pink silk tassel on one side of my wrapper and then trotting around to the other side and pulling off the other. I bossed my bandit terribly. I made him lead my pony most of the time and scolded him when we went too fast. I finally got him so licked into shape that when we went down the steep places, he tried to find the smoothest way, and when we went over stone walls, he pulled the stones down so the pony would n't stumble.

It was suddenly light. I passed Mathilde on a donkey with the little Pinger boy in front of her, and shouted at her that I was glad she had him. For a long time a Chinese girl rode stolidly in front of me. I never saw her face, as she never turned. Then I was behind the Mexican bride. I only noticed she had on woollen stockings below her knees. We were all astride, with no saddles and hardly any clothes. I came to Miss MacFadden standing by her donkey, her glasses gone and a dazed expression on her face. She had been thrown off and they were trying to put her back. I wanted to get off and help her, but they slapped my steed into a trot and I soon left her behind. From that time on I was alone with the bandits.

Our way lay through a valley of cultivated fields of rice and maize, a most peaceful place. I could see miles in front of me a stream of bandits winding over the fields and far away, — thousands of them, — they were not scattered but marched together, apparently four or five abreast. It looked Biblical. I thought of Moses leading the Israelites to the land of Canaan. We were never frightened for a minute, and I never once saw any foreigner who appeared to be. I kept saying over and over to myself, 'We are really captured by bandits and in great danger,' but I could n't make it seem true. I have a vague impression of passing many people — a Chinese boy of about sixteen supported by two bandits, apparently frightened to death; a white man sitting on the ground, vaguely looking at his bare feet, one of which seemed to be paralyzed; a Chinese gentleman holding his silk coat up around his waist like a petticoat (I was surprised to see the beautiful silk in his trousers did n't go way up, for the seat was cotton); bandits of all kinds: one type short, pale yellow, intelligent; another very tall, almost coal-black straggling hair around wild faces and thick cues flapping around their knees, — the last more like animals than human beings, — and I can't say I fancied them, but told them to 'go away' every time they came near me.

We hurried on and on, and just at sunrise came to a little sleeping mud-village. A big gaunt Chinese, the only person visible, watched the procession of half-dressed foreigners as though it were an everyday affair for him. The bandits ran into an onion patch, pulling up the onions and thrusting them into the breasts of their jackets. I shall never smell onions again without thinking of bandits. They all reeked of them. A strange atmosphere for an Oriental outrage! Not at all according to fiction! Some one in the village must have been awake, for I noticed, as we left it behind, that the bandits had kettles of hot water and dishes of hot bean-soup. They ate as they hurried on, leaving the dishes carefully by the road to be picked up by the villagers afterward, I suppose.

The bandit who led my pony, when I could persuade him to, — he preferred to drop behind and smoke, — must have been a collector, for he had found a huge white vase (imitation *blanc de Chine*) and carried it tenderly for miles. He probably will sell it later to some guileless American as a bit of Sung porcelain that he 'picked up' in Shantung.

We soon turned to go into the hills, really low mountains that rose on either side of the valley. My poor pony, who had lost his first fine careless rapture after carrying nearly one hundred and seventy pounds for miles, slipped and stumbled over the boulders. His poor little legs trembled and so did mine when they helped me off and I tried to stand after the long rough ride. The bandits wanted me to get on my pony again, but the poor little fellow was really done and I preferred to climb on my own. We started off, a bandit tugging at my wrist, which was soon black and blue, to help me up the steep wall of shifting rock and stone that rose in front of us. Some of the time it was like trying to climb in a coal bin, there were so many loose stones. My heart beat suffocatingly. I told my captor that it was weak and that I'd probably die if I went on at that rate of speed, — a very bad thing for him if I did, — and held his dirty paw over it to show him. He was really very nice and explained to the others, by clapping his hands together very fast, how my heart was acting. He told me by signs that it was because we were so high and afterward let me rest as often as he could.

The first time I sat down, the sun was quite high and I felt it on my bare head. One of the men near me was looking over the things he had stolen and I asked him to let me take a beautiful orange-chiffon scarf he was unfolding to put over my head. To my surprise he gave it to me without a word. I saw a villainous looking Chinese with Miss MacFadden's blue georgette hat on his head, the feather waving in the breeze like the plume on the helmet of Navarre. I had spent hours over that hat, sitting on a hard chair in the little French milliner's, trying to decide if it was becoming, whether it was too heavy for her, and if the feather was the latest thing, and it was too killing to see it on the head of that dirty wretch. He also sported two strings of blue beads that were Mathilde's, and three wrist-watches.

Bandits were passing us all the time loaded with loot, and they often stopped me to ask the use of things. One of them had a tube of cold-cream and wanted to know if it was to eat; but I rubbed my cheeks to show him it was a skin food only, and he threw it away. They were terribly interested in the medicine they had stolen and I was consulted about Mothersill's Seasick Remedy, phenacetine, and all kinds of drugs more or less dangerous if taken by the bottleful. I was dying to tell

them it was candy, and reduce their number by a few; but a New England conscience is impossible to live down, even in a moment of danger, and I shook my head. Lots of them wore the foreigners' felt hats, held on by winding their cues over the hats and under their chins. They loved the clocks and carried them with a swagger, swinging them from their hands like dinner-pails. I had bought lots of cross-stitch in Shanghai, and one of the bandits wore a folded tray-cloth adorned with peacocks on his head, to keep the sun off. They threw away lots of things I should think they would have found useful — underclothes and so forth — but clung to blankets and sheets. I saw a boy drinking out of my silver powder-box and carefully putting the cover on afterward.

I was never allowed to rest long at a time, but was dragged on up the hill. When we walked along a steep path above a sheer drop to the valley below, I longed to push my bandit off, for just a touch would have sent him hurtling down to sure death. His grasp on my wrist and the fact that I would probably have gone too were the only things that saved him. When we were nearly to the top, I refused to go any farther, and I sat down surrounded by ten or fifteen, they as glad as I to stop. We were right by a trace of a path and the bandits passed back and forth. Some of them had most interesting chains to fasten their tobacco pouches, very beautiful old carved nuts, and so on. One man had a lovely piece of old white jade with a carved flying-fox as a netsuke. If they had left me any money, I should have tried to buy it. I persuaded several to let me look at their things closely and they were as pleased as Punch when I admired them.

The view was magnificent, more like the Dolomites than anything I had seen. I could n't enjoy it long. It had grown warm and one of the bandits sitting just a few feet in front of me took off most of his clothes and began killing cooties. It was an awful sight and I wondered how far a cootie could jump. We were miles up in the air and some of the village boys toiled up to us bringing small teakettles of water. I was awfully thirsty, but there was n't nearly enough to go around and they would n't give me any. They did share their food, such as it was, and gave me thin flat cakes of what looked and tasted like wrapping-paper. They offered me onions and when I refused them, one man gave me a pinch of what looked like tobacco to flavor the tasteless cakes. Papa always said I would eat anything I had n't seen before, so, true to form, I tried this and found it good though the hand that offered it was pretty dirty.

Everybody took a nap after tiffin, so I stretched myself out, my head on a rock — after rubbing my slippers with dirt to make them a little less green — and peacefully went to sleep. Suddenly someone shook me and pointed to the valley, and down we went again. It was really worse than climbing up. My man dragged me along and we slipped and slid down over the rocks. My chiffon scarf kept slipping over my face like a veil, and every time it did, the bandit put it back for me. I was very conscious of the rings in my slipper; they hurt me every step I took, but I would n't think of the pain, I was so determined they should n't get them. I did n't care so much about keeping the rings for myself as I was absolutely determined that the bandits should not have them. I thought it was such a good joke that I was walking on the most valuable thing I had and they did n't know it.

We rested for a minute under a small tree just above the village and finally went down to it. It was very quiet and

peaceful. Two old men were talking together under a tree in front of the gates and a woman was grinding corn in a primitive hollowed stone. She never even turned to look at me. The sun was very hot. The people brought me a little stool and I sat in the shadow of the gate with my back against the mud wall. Opposite me sat one of the headmen of the village smoking, while a few women and children gathered to look at the 'foreign devil.' I made them understand that I wanted something to drink and that I wanted it hot, so they sent someone to heat water. While we waited I felt a little soft touch on my arm and, turning, saw a little girl scuttling off to hide behind her mother. I tried to get her to talk to me. She would n't come but her small brother easily made friends. The man in the gate was very much pleased, as the children were his. I held up my five fingers and told him I had five nephews, showing the different heights. I saw he understood I had five sons and thought it was a great joke. I must have looked pretty wild, as the grandmother of the village brought out the village comb and wanted me to comb my hair. I wish you could have seen it. It was made of wood and looked more like a zoo than a comb. I'm sure if she had put it down, it would have run back to its place on the shelf. I politely declined, the only thing I refused to take from the Chinese women; they were so kind and gentle that I hated to hurt their feelings. When the pot of hot water arrived, I gulped it down though the rice bowl that held it had evidently been used for bean soup. They washed it out before handing it to me, but the rim was still beany and sticky.

I saw a small boy of ten with a little silver fan of mine and borrowed it to keep the sun out of my eyes. He was very proud of it and quite courtly about letting me take it. He was a bright little chap and understood English very well. After he appeared on the scene, he acted as my interpreter for the few minutes longer I staid in the village. Lots of the bandits understood and spoke English, when they wanted to.

Suddenly they pulled me to my feet and motioned that I must go on again. I was frightfully tired and they brought out a chair and tied poles to it to carry me; but the poles were too short and it was too difficult climbing up and over the stones, so they soon abandoned it, and dragged me on. The reason for our haste was the fact that the soldiers were coming up back of us, near enough for the shots to sound loud even to my deaf ears, and looking back once, — I did n't turn again, — they seemed only a few yards away.

We went up a different hill this time, not quite so steep but steep enough, running and stumbling on. Every time the soldiers fell back a little I'd drop to the ground, turn my back, and go to sleep. I thought if I were going to be shot, nothing I could do would keep it from happening, and it would be much nicer to die in my sleep. When the soldiers got too near for comfort, they would wake me up and drag me on. Occasionally one of the wild type of bandit, like a black leopard without the 'bien soigné' look a leopard has, would run up behind me and push me on violently for a few yards, with his gun at my back. But they would soon tire and leave me to the old man who had led my pony. He was really kind though he growled like a tiger and threatened me with his pistol when I did n't go fast enough to suit him. I knew it was all bluff and it did n't impress me in the least. I scolded him once or twice and told him to stop, but that did n't seem to impress *him*.

We finally reached the top of the hill, quite flat, covered with sparse grass and a few scattered rocks and

stones. We all sank down, completely tired out. There were several stone huts and some of the bandits crawled into them — refuges for sheep, I think. Though they were so small that only their bodies were sheltered, they were an escape from the sun and I wished they had offered me one. I pillowed my head on a stone, drew my cape over my head and went to sleep again. I was perfectly convinced that we were in for a week or two at the shortest and wanted to save my strength. It was so high the wind blew cold, and I asked a bandit to give me the white counterpane he was sitting on — part of his loot. He gave it up very reluctantly and never left my side until he got it back. It was an old-fashioned honey-comb spread, like the ones I used to see at my grandmother's when I was a child. I wonder where it came from.

I could n't sleep long; my Chinese friends kept shaking me unceremoniously to ask me questions. Though we were miles from the village, one man I had never seen before woke me up, held up his hand with five fingers spread and pointed at me with questioning pride. I started to explain that I had five nephews, not sons; but remembering the Chinese reverence for the mother of many sons, decided to adopt the boys thrust upon me and lose my reputation as well as everything else I had brought with me to Shantung. Doctor Houghton told me afterward that probably the tale of the size of my family had gone all over the country.

I had no sooner dozed off again than another bandit poked me, handed me a man's clean collar and a pencil, and made me understand by signs that he wanted me to write the word for collar. I did, then pointing at his gun I wrote GUN. In a minute I was surrounded by an admiring crowd, like children all wanting to see. One had a beautiful new red-rubber hot-water bottle. After I had written HOT-WATER BOTTLE on the collar, they tried to have me explain what it was used for. The owner pretended to drink out of it, but I shook my head. Then he held it to his mouth and blew to ask if it were a cushion. Again I shook my head and said 'hot water,' which they seemed to understand. I then held it first to my stomach and then to my ear, with groans and grimaces of imaginary pain, and they finally got it through their heads, to our mutual delight, what the thing was for. The owner loved it and was terribly afraid someone would take it away from him.

As they squatted around me in a circle, all of us laughing, an awfully nice-looking young man joined us. He was neatly dressed, about twenty-five or thirty, I should think, — though it is difficult to tell the age of a Chinese, — and evidently a person of authority. The other men were more or less stolid, some of them badly frightened when the soldiers came too near, but he seemed to have a real flair for adventure and was having the time of his life. He pointed proudly to the soldiers' hats and jackets he and one or two of the others wore, and held an imaginary gun to his shoulder. I could n't quite make out whether he was trying to tell me they had been soldiers or that they had captured the uniforms from soldiers they had just killed. I told him I was cold. He understood English perfectly, and took off his own coat and threw it around me and buttoned it under my chin himself. That left him so unprotected in the sharp wind that I did n't want to take it, and told him he would freeze, and urged him to take it back. He finally did and sent one of his men for an English coat, evidently taken from one of the men on the train. I could n't put it on over my cape and when I stood in the wind in only my

nightgown and little pink-satin wrapper, I felt so unprotected in front of my Chinese audience that I got the Bandit Chief — I'm sure he was that — to hold my cape like a screen while I put the coat on underneath. We sat down in the circle again. He took his little case out of his pocket and showed me his toothbrush and a piece of silver: fifty cents — all the money he had. He then sent for a rice bowl of bean soup, hot and good, though rather tasteless. All the bandits were constantly urging me to eat, but I was so thirsty I could n't swallow and they had n't enough water themselves to spare any for me. They offered me cigarettes too, and when I tried to make them understand that I did n't smoke, they thought it was the cigarettes I did n't like, so the Chief sent for a cigar, which I really hated not to take, he was so anxious to give me something.

Suddenly the bandit next to me jabbed his revolver against my heart. I laughed and told him he could n't frighten me that way. In a few minutes, with a frightful scowl he did it again. I laughed again. It really did amuse me, as I did n't think for a minute he would shoot me down in cold blood. The Chief patted me on the back the second time and held up his thumb above his closed fist. I will confess I was terribly pleased and flattered to have a bandit call me Number One. The chief bandit drew his revolver out of his belt and handed it to me, watching me with amused eyes. I dandled it up and down and said, 'very heavy' and gave it back. He gave it to me again; this time I shuddered and pushed it away. He showed me a jade ring that he wore, the stone turned into the palm of his hand. Although he was treating me almost like an honored guest, he was n't above pointing at me and then at the ring with an insinuating smile, to ask me if I had any. I shook my head sadly, waving my hand in the direction of the holdup, murmured 'All gone' dramatically, and drew my feet tighter under my cape.

When he told me my slippers were too thin to walk in and tried to make me put on a new pair of Chinese shoes he sent for, I began to think he was getting too 'warm,' as they say in Hide the Thimble, and I looked about to see where I could put my rings. I said that Chinese feet were smaller than mine and he did n't insist, but I was afraid that the subject might come up again, and then too, my slippers were wearing through. Just beside me was a low rock split down the middle, the crack about two inches wide and four or five deep. It was an ideal hiding-place, as across the crack was a thin diamond-shaped stone that I thought would serve to mark the spot. Very quietly I drew my cape over my feet and over the stone, took off my slipper and buried the rings. I had to be very careful, as I was surrounded by Chinese, and I was relieved when it was safely done. I then stuck my feet out in front of me and innocently said, 'They are getting cold.' I did n't quite dare to suggest the Chinese shoes, but I accepted a pair of men's socks they gave me and promptly put them on. It was just about five o'clock, because one of the bandits who was wearing a wrist watch — probably looted — showed me the time. My nice bandit chief started to leave me. I felt so safe with him that I wanted him to take me with him but he smilingly shook his head. Half way down the hill he turned, and gayly waved his hand to me in parting, and I never saw him again. Before he went I told him he was much too good and bright for such work, and when I added, 'Do you understand?' he gravely bowed his head in assent. I told him he should come to America and start over again, but the thought of

how impossible that was made me dumb.

After I had finished writing words for the amusement of the bandits I wrote a note on the collar to Mr. Atkinson of the Standard Oil Company, telling him where I was, as far as I knew. I held it out to the men saying, 'Mei foo, mei foo,' the Chinese for Standard Oil in Shanghai, but they either did n't understand or pretended not to, and threw it on the ground. It was still there when they pulled me to my feet to start on again, and I had a vague hope that someone might find it and send it on.

This time the middle-aged man who dragged me off the train disappeared, and his place was taken by a younger, stronger Chinese. The soldiers must have been very near as we started down the hill at top speed. It was very steep and as I climbed down from rock to rock I felt like the human fly. The men acted frightened and the mob spirit is very contagious and I found myself hurrying, hurrying just as they did; in spite of this I could n't go as fast as they wanted me to, and my bandit insisted, in spite of my protests, on taking me on his back, not realizing how heavy I was, but he soon flattened and had to crawl out from under me. Then he dragged me on as fast as he could by my wrist. Just in front of me were two bandits, half supporting, half carrying a Chinese gentleman. He sank to the ground and the wilder of his captors began to beat him with the stick he carried. He tried to struggle to his feet and I saw his face gleam white, impassive, for a moment, and then he fell again. The men went wild and fired at his prostrate body until he no longer moved. The one who had beaten him joined my bandit in pulling me along. I soon wished him away, as he was still crazy with excitement and very rough.

When we got to the valley, they put me on a poor little donkey whose back was already piled high with a thick pack of looted coats and blankets, with no saddle, no stirrups, and no bridle. Of course I slipped and slid. They tried to hold me on, but the rough brute grabbed my arm so hard he pulled me off instead of holding me on. I was so angry that I scolded him and he began to beat me; but my coat and cape were so thick I did n't feel it — it only made me more angry.

In back of us were the soldiers and in front of us a terrific storm was coming up — copper-colored clouds slashed with lightning. They were frightened and soon pulled me off the donkey and started running, dragging me between them and pointing to the clouds. I think I must have run a mile, panting and stumbling, before I became so exhausted even the bandits saw I could go no farther. I was streaming with perspiration and took off my cape, giving it to the kind bandit, and so thirsty that my lips were covered with a dry cottonlike substance. At last my bandit said, in perfectly good English, 'My wife lives in that village; you go there,' and gave me a little push toward a small town I had n't noticed before in the dusk. I turned obediently and trotted down between the paddy fields, thinking my two companions were of course following. In a second I found I was alone, the others having rushed on. The rain was already beginning to come down in big drops and by the time I got to the gates of the town the storm had commenced. I found myself standing or trying to stand in front of closed wooden gates set in a blank mud-wall. The gates were on a chain, and peeking in the crack I could see a donkey and nothing beyond but blackness. The rain was coming down in sheets, turning the dust into a sea of liquid mud in which I slipped and slid in my thin slippers. I pounded and pounded with my hands on the closed gates, crying,

'Let me in, let me in,' but no one answered. I was soon wet to the waist and so tired that I sat down in the mud as near the gate as I could get, drawing my knees up and trying to find an inch of shelter. When it began to hail I looked about to find some place I could crawl into, as I saw there was no use trying to get into the village, though I felt sure they had heard me. There were no buildings, nothing but the blank wall; but just in front of the gate was a tiny tent-like hut thatched with straw and with straw in the bottom. I could just manage to get in on my hands and knees; it was too small to sit up in, but I curled up on my side and drew my feet in as far as I could. It was very hard to change my position, but I did it as often as possible, as I was sure I was in a dog-house and did n't want to get too stiff to kick an inhospitable dog when he came home in the morning.

The rain blew in on me; in spite of my shivers I managed to sleep a great part of the night, and when I was awake I could n't help chuckling to think that here was I, who am never allowed by my family to sleep without some one in the room next to me with the door open, — because of my deafness, — alone in a hostile China, sleeping on the ground and 'getting away with it.' Once I got so cold I backed out to have one more try at the gate. While I was pounding and shouting, I saw about a hundred yards away a group of men running and struggling. When they began shooting I realized that every time it lightened I was silhouetted against the gate, and I was afraid they would take a shot at me or else recapture me, so I ran back to my dog-house, to stay until morning, this time. I was really quite uncomfortable; my head jammed against the thatch so that it made my neck stiff and when I managed to turn, my hair caught and pulled. I was still frightfully thirsty and tried to force my hand through the straw and get some of the hail, big as marbles, just out of my reach. I woke up at dawn with a jerk as though I had been called, and still haunted by the idea of the dog, scrambled out as best I could. No one was in sight as I walked feebly up to the still closed gates. I looked through the crack before I started to pound, and found myself gazing into the eyes of at least fifty Chinese men. I have no idea how long they had been standing there immovable, silent, waiting for the strange something that had been battering at their gates in the night to materialize. The sight of me did n't seem to reassure them, and I was the first to break the menacing silence. I begged them to let me in, trying to put a sob into my voice though I was really very much on guard, watching their expression and trying to guess their attitude. They were afraid of me, I think, and would n't open the gates for several minutes, and then not before they had searched me to see if I carried any concealed weapons. When I finally did get in, one old lady took possession of me and led me across a little courtyard to a mud seat in the opening leading to the mud houses beyond. The men lost their interest and disappeared, going out to their work in the fields, but I was instantly surrounded, altogether too near for comfort, by a crowd of women and children. The young boys, ragged and dirty, fought each other for places in the front line. Almost all were deeply pitted with smallpox, and I imagined that the few who were n't were coming down with it. My old lady was wonderfully bright or else knew a little English. She seemed to understand everything I said and told the others what to do. She smoothed my hair gently back from my face, tried to pick the straw out of it, and sat down beside me holding my hand. All the

women were terribly curious. They could n't understand why I was so white, — they were all very black, — and pawed my face, looked closely at the palms of my hands, pulled my wrapper down to pat my neck and lifted it up to look at my ankles. They were evidently anxious to see if I was white all over. I could stand that, but when they began to poke their hands in my mouth to touch the gold band on one tooth, I thought that was too much and laughingly pushed them away. They asked me in pantomime where I had slept. I pointed to the ground and they looked at each other with sympathy. A younger woman brought me food, bean broth in a rice-bowl and a Chinese biscuit of white flour to break into it, but I was so thirsty I could n't eat, and eagerly waited for the water they had made me understand they were heating for me. It was finally brought to me by an old hag (probably about my own age!) covered with rags, and so dirty. She knelt and sucked the spout of the teapot with her withered lips before she poured the water into a bowl for me. I could n't refuse to drink it — I was dying of thirst — but I had visions of coming down with all sorts of Oriental diseases if I ever got out.

All of the women I saw had tiny bound feet. Though there was no visible water to wash with and almost none to drink, most of them were comparatively neat. They had a look of being sewed into their clothes, and I wondered how long they had had them on — probably all winter. One young woman, much better dressed than the others, came for a minute to look at me from the edge of the crowd. After gazing at me curiously as though I were a captured mermaid or something equally strange, she turned away without a word. When I told Doctor Houghton about her, he said she must have been shy, but I have an idea she was a social leader and, as the children say, 'stuck-up.'

While I waited for the hot water, an ancient man appeared, clothed in a long silk garment. I have an impression too of a hat and a venerable straggling beard, like John's porcelains. With a bow he handed me a scroll-like paper on which was a line of beautifully written Chinese characters. He gave me a block of ink and a brush and waited. I did n't know exactly what was expected of me but wrote or rather painted my name and address and with an equally low bow, handed it back. He too disappeared and I never saw him again. (It may have been the head man of the village, and this a report to the local magistrate in case of trouble.)

I had a little lace on my wrapper and all the Chinese, even the bandits, loved it and fingered it longingly. I tore off a piece with a ribbon rose, gave it to the young woman who fed me, and she carefully carried it away. They really seemed crazy about lace, and Mathilde told me afterward that she saw a young bandit wearing a real-lace brassière of mine.

I never saw such hair as I saw on one man who was combing out his pigtail. In spite of his head being shaven back to his ears, his hair — thick as a horse's tail — came below his knees.

I soon got tired of sitting up straight on a hard mud seat and being pulled and pawed, even if they were friendly. The sun was beginning to get hot too, and I had lost my scarf the night before in my wild trot to the village. My young friend stood in front of me to keep the sun off, but I could n't keep my head up any longer, and persuaded her to take me into her house to rest, which she did at last, very reluctantly. It was just a dark mud-room. The only thing I could see was the kang covered with blue covers and a lone hen in a

box. It was such a blessed relief to lie down, using my coat as a pillow and to protect my hair. I did n't even mind when the Chinese woman tucked me up with her own covers, though I remembered the tales I had been told of the vermin in the villages of the interior. I was n't troubled at all, then or ever, though I suppose I should have ultimately been a victim if I had stayed in captivity long. All the village came in squads to look at me and I found it easier if I kept my eyes closed. If they thought me asleep, the women did n't try to talk to me, and I think I really did sleep a good deal. Once I woke up to find the room crowded with men, all gazing silently and respectfully. I made the woman among them understand I could n't breathe and she shooed them out.

The Chinese in the interior are terribly curious about foreigners. Mr. Holden told me that when he went on business trips, they crowded about him so that he had almost to throw them out before he had room to eat. My heart bled for those kind women. I can't imagine people existing with so little. They have clothes to cover them, mud walls, a little food (this is a famine district), almost no water. One of the nurses at the Peking Union Medical College told me of an old lady of seventy who was given her first bath at the hospital. She was frightened to death when she saw the water and did n't know what they were going to do to her, but later grew to love it. I wish I could go back to carry them — not religion, or even food, but a little beauty, bright colors, pictures, something to look at. It seems absurd, but they did love my pink crêpe-de-chine nightgown so, even if it was torn and stained with mud, and stroked the embroidery with admiration.

I must have dozed a good deal, because it was afternoon when a Chinese in uniform of a sort came into the hut with the young woman and made me get up and go with him. I was very comfortable and the villagers were so kind that I hated to, and hung back, but they all seemed anxious to have me leave. I realize now that they knew he was taking me out, but I thought I recognized him as the bandit who had sent me to the village the night before and was sure he had come back to get me and take me farther into the mountains. Suddenly an overwhelming feeling of curiosity, a desire to 'go, look, see,' and perhaps a little spirit of adventure made me want to go on and find out what was around the next corner, figuratively speaking, and I went without a word. The woman tied a little square of blue linen over my head and bade me good-bye. My bandit soldier knelt in the dust while I mounted from his knee to the back of another small donkey, and we started on. I never looked back but, keeping my eyes on the sun-drenched landscape in front of me, wondered where we were going. It was all very commonplace, no sign of the storm or the bandits of the night before, just fields and an occasional man cultivating them.

I was riding bareback this time with only a blanket. I tried to cling to the poor little beast with my knees in the approved fashion, but I was so tired my legs shook and I could n't get a good grip. The bandit seemed to be in a great hurry, and as we did n't go fast enough to suit him he beckoned to a youth in a rice field to come and lead the donkey while he held me on and beat the beast at the same time. We went very fast then and must have been a weird sight, galloping between the paddy fields. After many miles we came to another village. Over the closed gates stood a group of men, ten or perhaps fifteen, all with stern, threatening faces, aiming guns at our

heads. We rode straight up under them without a pause and I sat quietly waiting while my escort argued with them. He must have convinced them that we were harmless, as they came down at last and opened the gates. They did n't like me well enough to ask me in, but a fine-looking, well-dressed Chinese came out and gave me and my guide tea in cups. He poured cup after cup from the teapot he carried and I could n't get enough.

I had slipped off my donkey to rest a minute, but soon had to mount again and ride on. The sun was very hot, and when we stopped at another town and I rode into an almost fortified courtyard apart from the rest of the village, I hoped from the bottom of my heart that we had at last arrived wherever we were going; but I found that it was only to leave the donkey, who was all in, and no wonder, poor dear. How to carry me on was a problem. At first, after much searching for rope, they brought out a chair, quite an interesting old carved one, to rig up as a palanquin. As before, the poles were too short and this time the men who carried me too old to go far, and just outside the walls they put me down in despair. Then they hunted up a Shanghai wheelbarrow. My blue handkerchief would n't stay tied under my chin, and while they were making a cushion of hay for me to sit on I asked an old woman for a pin. Of course she did n't have one, but from somewhere in her ragged garments she brought out a needle with a bit of thread — evidently a great treasure — and sewed my handkerchief on in back and under my chin, making a sort of cap.

We started off, the bandit on one side of the wheelbarrow and I on the other, so near that I felt as though I had my arms around his neck. The old man who wheeled us staggered and lurched and the bandit commandeered three boys working in a near-by field, and with the three harnessed abreast to pull us in front, and the old man to steady us behind, we bumped over the stones so fast that I felt as though my teeth and eyes would drop out of my head. I tried to make them go slower but they only laughed and went faster. My bandit took out his purse and showed me a piece of money. I think he may have been asking for a reward, but I ignored it and he put it back without pressing the matter. This was the only time anyone even hinted at ransom.

I had been able for some time to see in the distance the smoking chimneys of what seemed to be a large town, but I never for an instant suspected I was being rescued. I suppose fatigue made me stupid. At any rate, I was overcome with surprise when my coach and four drew up at a little railroad station and I was surrounded in an instant by a crowd of excited soldiers and railway men. Mr. Nailla, a good-looking young American of the Asia Development Company, rushed out and helped me to my feet and they all escorted me into the station. I asked Mr. Nailla the minute I saw him, 'How much did you have to pay to get me out?' and was delighted when he said, 'Not one cent.' He told me he had been walking around all day with $50,000 in his pocket, expecting to use it as ransom, but it had n't been needed as yet. To my very great relief he told me that Miss MacFadden and Mathilde had gotten out that morning and were safe in the hospital at Tsinan-fu. I had n't worried about them much. I did n't see any reason why the Chinese should n't treat them just as well as they did me, but it was pleasant to hear just the same.

Mr. Nailla was an ideal rescuer — handsome, cheerful, executive, and having the time of his life. He looked absolutely worn out, as he had had no

sleep for two days and a night, but I can't say that he acted tired. He thought of everything at once for my comfort, gave me a pocket handkerchief, sent for tea and eggs, and then said, 'Now, Miss Aldrich, I am going to get you a pair of Chinese trousers.' This was a terrible shock and I thought for the first time of how I must look. My face was streaked with dirt, the skin peeling off my nose from sunburn, and my hair, tangled with straw, was hanging down my back. I had on a man's coat buttoned to my chin and reaching to my knees. Below that my wrapper and nightgown hung in shreds, caked with mud. Mr. Nailla said, 'Miss MacFadden's feet were in a frightful condition. How are yours?' I told him, 'All right,' but he insisted upon taking off my slippers, and found my feet blistered and torn by my rings. I had been so excited I had n't felt it.

The wife and daughter of the station-master took me to their room, bathed my face and feet, and fitted me out with new trousers and stockings. They were too kind for words and would n't take a cent in return. We were off the main line and we started the journey back to such civilization as there is in China, at present, in a baggage car, I lying in a wicker steamer-chair supplied by the station woman. Though I wanted to sit up, lying down seemed to be expected of me. Mr. Nailla perched in front of the open sliding door, swinging his feet. I felt as though we were still under fire and was terribly afraid he would be hit by a stray bullet.

I was introduced to the Chinese officers of the rescuing party, but when they began to question me as to the whereabouts of the bandits Mr. Nailla put his finger on his lips and I 'went to sleep' again. When we reached the Express we were met by the Catholic Mission Father. He was a big man with a beard and beamed with sympathy and kindness. He and Mr. M——, another Asia Development man, wanted to carry me from one train to the other. I was perfectly able to walk and would n't hear of it. It was the same train that had been held up and I had a whole car to myself.

The train boy made up a bed in one of the compartments, but first brought me a most elaborate dinner from soup to dessert. While I was stuffing, my bandit appeared at the door, gazed at the food almost in tears, and nibbled at his fingers to show me he wanted to be fed too. I was too astonished to more than stare at him and, Mr. M—— coming back just then, the man vanished. I said, 'My bandit was just here begging for food.' Mr. M—— looked at me as though he thought I needed a little ice on my head and said, 'Oh, Miss Aldrich, he could n't have been. All Chinese look alike. It must have been one of the soldiers.' I did n't insist, as I was afraid he might think I was delirious, but when he went to hunt some woman on the train who would be willing to lend me hairpins the bandit appeared at once, like the Cheshire cat's smile. This time I filled his hands with bread before he vanished. Back came Mr. M——, very much amused. 'By Jove, it is your bandit; what shall we do with him?' I said, 'Feed him up,' and trailed out into the car to see that it was done. They gave him money enough to buy food and took him away. For the rest of the time I amused myself drawing a map of the place where I had hidden my rings to send back to Mr. Nailla. He had promised to find them for me if I could tell him where they were.

We reached Tsinan-fu about eleven in the evening and I found Mrs. Nailla, the American Consul, and Mr. Babcock, the Standard Oil man, waiting for me on the platform. Mr. Bab-

cock already had the bandit in charge, and almost the first thing I heard was 'Miss Aldrich, what do you want done with your bandit?'—a question I was to hear repeated many times before I left China. Mr. Babcock offered to take him home, but I was afraid he might have a relapse and it was arranged to keep him at the station. The poor thing looked so forlorn, I patted him on the back and told him that they would take good care of him. He probably understood nothing but the pat, but that seemed to cheer him.

A great many of our experiences were amusing, but I found myself quite shocked when one of my friends in Japan said she wished she had been captured too. It made me realize that I had dwelt only on the amusing side. It is far from funny to lose all one's little treasures as well as the things that are valuable and difficult to replace. It must have been dreadful beyond words for Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Pinger to have their children torn from them in the darkness of a strange country by a wild horde of armed Chinese. If it is terrifying to tourists who can leave at the least hint of danger or who can give up their trip to China entirely because of the disturbed conditions, forgetting in France or England that such a country exists, what must it be to the many American and other foreigners who live there? Their children, their homes, their money — all safe if nothing happens, but swept away in any instant if there is any trouble.

If a man goes even a little way into the interior on a business trip, his wife does n't know whether she will see him again in a day or two or not. He may be carried off by bandits to spend months unheard from, and there is always the possibility that he may never come back at all. They carry their constant fear very bravely, even gayly, but I am sure it is there. Someone told me the other day that the Chinese Government had announced that they would pay no indemnity for 'shattered nerves.' No wonder — they would be supporting half of the foreign population if they did.

Once when Mrs. H—— and I came back from shopping, we were met by the gate-boy with, 'We can't find Benny.' I saw the color drop out of her cheeks and the terror come into her eyes. My knees shook as we searched the compound. How awful, if that boy had been kidnapped! Of course he had n't been; he had only sat down just outside under a bush to catch insects; but we were both very much frightened for a few minutes before we found him. Mrs. H—— looked ill for days.

The words, 'Lest we forget,' on the walls of the Legation Compound — in memory of the Boxer trouble in 1900 — are growing faint, and I am afraid they are fading out of the hearts of many people. I am not clever enough to make any suggestions; but I wish in some way the United Powers could impress China with the fact that if she is ever to be the greatest country she is capable of being, she must mend her ways.

Your loving sister,

LUCY ALDRICH.

THE TURK COMES TO TOWN

THE EXPERIENCES OF MARK O. PRENTISS DURING THE FALL OF SMYRNA

RECORDED BY JOHN BAKELESS

THIS is the story of the capture of Smyrna by the Turks, of the burning of the city, and of the new Odyssey of a quarter-million refugees — in a United States destroyer, a British tramp steamer, and such odds and ends of transport as could be commandeered — across the Ægean sea to safety in Saloniki and the islands. It is the story of one man, Mark Prentiss, American engineer and business man, who was in Smyrna when the city fell, who watched it burn from the deck of the destroyer Litchfield, and who organized the work of evacuating the refugees — scorched, wounded, exhausted, half insane with terror — from Smyrna and the country for two hundred miles to the east.

Because Mr. Prentiss is an engineer, concerned with doing things and not with writing about them, his story is told by another hand, which, during those days that in Asia Minor were so adventurous, was peacefully engaged at an editorial desk in Boston. Because it is a personal story, taken down from the lips of the man who lived it, there is no hesitation in using the first personal pronoun, which — naturally — refers not to the actual writer but to Mr. Prentiss himself.

I

In May 1919, the Greek army entered the city of Smyrna at the behest of the Supreme Council, and signalized its entrance by a massacre, over the circumstances of which there has been much dispute, but as to the occurrence of which there is no doubt whatever. For three years the Greek arms, in spite of the changes of régime in Athens and several military reverses, were in the main successful. In the summer of 1922 the Greeks held the all-important railway centres of Eskishehr and Afium-Karahissar, and felt so secure that they detached 50,000 troops for a demonstration in Thrace against Constantinople. But all this time a new Turkish army was being slowly whipped into shape in the country around the Nationalist capital at Angora. On August 26 the Turkish offensive opened. With supreme self-confidence the Turks in Angora had announced, long before opening their offensive, that they would be in Smyrna — three hundred miles away and at that time still firmly in the hands of the Greeks — by mid-September; and after their initial successes they made known the very day and hour of their arrival. They said they would enter Smyrna on September 9 at noon, and it was exactly 12:05 when I saw their advance cavalry riding down to the quay on the day appointed, just five minutes late — or rather, not late at all, for to reach the quay they had ridden through the city.

I reached Smyrna about September first, coming down from Constantino-

ple as an unofficial civilian, but at the request of Admiral Bristol, American High-Commissioner in the Near East. The Greek forces were already retreating, half of them northward toward the Dardanelles, the rest westward to Smyrna. For a few weeks in the fall the city holds more riches than any other in the Near East. Into it, the chief seaport of Asia Minor, pour all the olives, figs, tobacco, poppy seed, and Oriental rugs that the peasants of the interior have produced during the whole year. It was not merely a city that the Kemalists were to take, not merely a victory they were to win, but the whole war, together with the concentrated wealth of the lesser Asia.

The Greek army was routed — a disorganized broken mass of men, fleeing in confusion and almost uncommanded, for many of the officers had deserted their men in order to save themselves. During a retreat of nearly three hundred miles the Greeks — soldiers and civilians together — had ravaged the country, burned the villages, slaughtered the Turkish peasants, and looted as they went. When, after the fall of Smyrna, I journeyed two hundred and fifty miles inland, to Ushaq and beyond, there was not a moment when I could not look through my glasses and see scattered bodies lying here and there. Men, women, and children, often horribly mutilated, lay everywhere, and this was the handiwork of the retreating Greeks, whether soldiers, irregulars, or the civilians who had followed the armies inland during the three years of Greek rule.

With the memories of these deeds in their minds and the dread of Turkish vengeance hot in their imaginations, the Greeks came pouring back, a broken, beaten army; and it was at the very beginning of this movement — just after the battered first line from Eskishehr to Afium-Karahissar had broken, as I learned later — that I reached Smyrna.

Defeat was in the air. Already the sound of the rear guard's artillery, beating off the Turkish advance cavalry that hung on the rear of the retreating Greeks, was beginning to be almost audible in the city itself. Troops, bearing obvious signs of defeat, were becoming more frequent. The Greeks had retired to the Ushaq-Kestal line, the last defensive position — though in Smyrna, at the time, we had no means of knowing this. The Greek inhabitants, who had moved on into the country during the years when their armies held it securely, had been straggling into Smyrna for days, each man or woman carrying a rug and bearing in it such other goods as could be defended from looters. Ushaq fell on September fourth, and every man, woman, or child dwelling between it and Smyrna fled to the port for refuge. Fifty thousand refugees poured back into the city, adding to the frenzy of its population and choking it completely.

Into this chaos came the Greek army, without arms, without officers, without discipline, and with only one purpose — to put the sea between themselves and their pursuers as soon as might be. Every vessel in the harbor was seized. For three days the troops were embarking, new soldiers coming in from the front, transports sailing, and refugees clamoring to be taken too. It was a rout. A few civilians got away, and after that there were no ships to spare. The army took them all. Except for a few who fled southward the soldiers and the Greek officials sailed off — and Smyrna was left without defenders and without a government. There was not a policeman, not even a doctor, not a semblance or shadow of authority.

The buildings of the various quarters, stretching in a wide arc around the bay, were quite uninjured. There had been

no shellfire. The Greek and Armenian refugees had the Turkish army and the country, which many of them had helped to devastate, behind them, and the sea in front. An Italian, a French, and an American destroyer lay in the harbor, together with a few neutral merchantmen.

The Turks were in no haste to enter, though their troops were concentrating outside the town. The authorities of the defeated side had gone, the conquerors had not yet come, and the city government consisted of a few firemen, supported by the neutral warships, and a few neutral civilians like myself, mostly Americans sent there by Admiral Bristol — or living there to buy tobacco.

So long as the Greeks remained in the city, the people had retained their ordinary headgear. Straw hats, battered derbies, queer-looking caps swarmed in the streets, but scarcely had the last blue and white Greek flags dipped over the horizon when there was an astounding change. Almost every head bore a fez, and every wearer of every fez wanted to be thought a Turk. Whence so many fezzes were to be procured on such short notice is a mystery that I never succeeded in fathoming. Perhaps in the Near East every one keeps a fez laid by for emergencies, just as a prudent American takes out life insurance.

II

Outside the city the Turkish troops were moving up. So far there was not a Turkish soldier in the city, but atrocities had been occurring for days. The Near East is a hotbed of racial and personal feuds. The Greek police had been first disorganized and then withdrawn. It was a time when old quarrels between individuals were easily settled in the bloody fashion customary in the East for uncounted generations, nor had the passage through the city of unofficered troops by the thousands added to the general tranquillity. Many a Smyrniote Turk paid dearly for the victory of the advancing Turkish army, while chalked crosses on the doors — some of which I myself saw being drawn — protected Greek shops and dwellings. When the Turks came in those chalk marks were still there.

The streets were deserted. The refugees, finding shelter here and there as best they might, kept out of sight and under cover. The city, which for days had been in uproar, was silent save for occasional scattered shots as the worthy citizens of Smyrna settled their private misunderstandings of some time past; and the tension was terrific. I was standing on the quay looking up a street which for a long distance, as streets go in the Near East, was straight. I could see for blocks. Not a soul was in sight. Two gobs from the destroyer Lawrence, who stood behind me, might have been the whole population of Smyrna. Then, suddenly, far up that silent empty street, lined with its rows of staring white houses, something stirred — something long and dark that glistened here and there and soon was stretching down the street. Then we caught the clatter of hoofs on paving. The Turk was riding into Smyrna.

It was a small body of cavalry, a hundred troopers at most, the advance party of the advance guard, reconnoitring along the route by which the army was later to march in. They were the first Turkish troops to enter Smyrna, followed in a few minutes by the rest of the advance guard — perhaps a thousand soldiers — and a little while after by more troops, and then by more and more for days and days.

We stood there, the two sailors and I, and watched them come. They rode along without especial precaution, as if they knew the city was clear, the

major in command riding at the head with his adjutant. My kodak was in my hands. The temptation was too strong. It was the chance of a lifetime to photograph history in the making. As they drew abreast of us, I came to the salute and then shook my two hands vigorously together. It is not a graceful gesture, but as a means of registering congratulation and absence of hostility when you don't happen to speak the other fellow's language it is unsurpassed, and I had occasion to repeat it many a time during the days that followed. I motioned toward the kodak and held up one hand for the troops to halt.

He was a good-natured fellow — that Turkish cavalry major — and perhaps not averse to being photographed at the head of the first troops to enter the captured city. He shouted an order and the column halted. I made the exposure at my leisure, bowed, smiled, saluted, and stepped back. Another order. The troops rode on, and then, suddenly, from an upper window, a hand grenade came flying. It struck my accommodating major squarely on the head, knocked him off his horse, but failed to explode. A second grenade — this time an explosion. Two men down, their horses in pieces, and I found myself lightly sprinkled with hot horseflesh and with blood. Uninjured myself, I ran to help the officer, who lay where he had fallen in the street. Some of his subordinates also ran to help him. A search party were off their horses and into the house from which the bomb had come in less time than it takes to think about it. There was a little shooting inside, then silence, and presently the soldiers emerged with a little group of frightened Greek prisoners.

To be flat on the ground is the next best thing to a bombproof, and the dud bomb that hit him really saved the major's life. His officers took him down to the *koniak* where his wounds were dressed. He was not seriously hurt and presently made a little speech in the anteroom, which was rapidly filling with officers and orderlies. It was in Turkish and I had to rely on a friendly interpreter, but I still like to think of what he said and the way he said it. Everything, he told his men, must be done according to the laws of war. There must be no violence to civilians, and he himself would set them an example. The men who had bombed him, now his prisoners, would be held for trial. There must be no indiscriminate killing.

Our period of waiting was over. The Turkish army was in possession. The first troops to come in were cavalry — it was days before we saw any infantry — and the first horsemen to appear were as trim and spruce as if they had come from a parade ground and not from three hundred miles of fighting. The men were even freshly shaven and spare horses were led along beside the column, while machine guns seemed to be everywhere. It was no makeshift army. As new troops moved in during the days that followed, officers of higher and higher rank kept arriving. Each time that I went to the koniak I found the city had a new commander.

The problem of food was becoming serious. Fortunately the stores of the Greek army had been left behind. As spoils of war these were now Turkish property, but when we appealed to the Turks on behalf of their enemy refugees they opened one entire warehouse and bade us take what we needed. From the remnants of the American colony we established a relief organization, called in some amateur bakers whose experience was small but whose good-will was enormous, and fed the hungry.

The relief committee consisted of some twelve or fifteen members, in-

cluding Mr. H. C. Jacquith and Dr. Winfred Post, of the Near East Relief, with two nurses, and Major Davis of the Red Cross, — all of whom returned to Constantinople the third day after the fire, — myself, and some permanent residents of Smyrna. In order to provide food for the starving people the Turks decreed the exemption from arrest of the Greek bakers, — whom we put to work, together with our amateurs, wherever we could find places, — and even posted notices on the bakeries to protect them from molestation.

We had 10,000 refugees on the athletic field, where there were high walls all around, which gave the terrified people an odd sense of security, and 12,000 at the Aidin brewery, our biggest camp. The Turks, like faithful followers of the Prophet, promptly closed the brewery, and when, feeling doubtful of the quality of the water supply, I suggested reopening it, Noureddin Pasha, who had shown us every courtesy, smiled politely and regretfully shrugged, 'Oh, anything but that.' The brewery stayed shut.

The Turks also allowed us to fence off the large infantry barracks in the southern part of the town for use as a concentration camp, but it lay near the Turkish quarter of Smyrna and the frightened refugees could not be persuaded to approach it.

III

The day before the fire a group of us were sitting in the American Consulate, when a hastily penciled note was brought in, asking us to come at once to the Armenian Hospital. Dr. Post, with two nurses, a sailor, and myself, jumped into a motor and started out. As we rode through the narrow streets we passed perhaps ten bodies and once we had to stop the car to avoid running over one that sprawled, face down, squarely in the centre of the street. When Dr. Post moved the man, we found that he was not yet dead, in spite of dreadful gashes in his throat and abdomen; but he was evidently dying. The doctor lifted him out of the street, did what he could, said a few kind words, and we drove on. Then — as we found again and again in the trying days that were before us — the main thought had to be the greatest good of the greatest number. We had to let our desire to help at the hospital outweigh our pity for this one poor fellow.

At this time there were not many bodies lying in the street. Indeed, their total number has always been exaggerated, though bodies were only too common in the days that followed; Turkish military officials were never at any pains to remove them, possibly because they felt the dead served a useful purpose as warnings.

When we came to the Armenian Hospital, we found, as usual, that the refugees had made for the nearest walled-in enclosure. The hospital stood in the centre of a courtyard with stone paving and several piazzas with iron railings — a very queer-looking place, the whole surrounded by a high wall. We knocked at the gate, someone inside examined us carefully through a little wicket, and we were admitted. Inside we found perhaps two thousand refugees, every one frantic with terror. No one who has not seen them can conceive the awful state of mind of those people, nor imagine how dreadful it was to look about and see on every side faces of a sickly greenish white that spoke more clearly than anything else could of the stark fear that possessed them. The whole two thousand looked as if they were under the light from a mercury tube — not sunlight.

In the hospital proper there were about eighty desperate cases, attended only by a few nurses and a couple of

men who appeared to be internes, though they were not medical men. Not a physician was left in the city. Every one had run. Dr. Post went through the hospital and did what he could. Then, as there seemed no more use for us, we were about to go when a squad of Turkish soldiers, commanded by an officer, appeared at the gate.

The officer was as trim a soldier as one could wish to see, but his men were a pretty rough-looking lot — quite the worst I had met. Dr. Post spoke in Turkish to the commander, who showed an order directing him to take immediate possession of the hospital. The Turks intended to send in some of their own sick and wounded, especially their officers. I asked permission to go in and get the people ready to come out. The officer replied that I might do as I wished, but added that he knew most of the Armenians were armed and intended to search every one in the compound.

'Suppose I go in and tell them to send out their arms,' said I. The officer smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and bade me try. Inside the compound I went from group to group with my interpreter, begging them to send out their arms if they wanted to save their lives. There was a great screaming and weeping and tearing of clothes, but no arms were to be seen. I went out and reported to the Turkish officer, who was still smiling patiently at the whole proceeding. I went back in again and begged them to send out their arms, while they assured me with one voice that they had no arms. After a while, however, children began to come out of the gate, carrying old muskets, dilapidated rifles, and knives, together with about a bushel of cartridges. The Turk laughed and said, through the interpreter, 'Well, that's a beginning.'

All this had taken longer in the doing than it does in the telling. The Turks had been there most of the afternoon and were still waiting to carry out their orders, yet when I asked for one more chance, their commander acquiesced immediately. Billy Sunday himself never went through more dramatics than I did when I went back into the compound. I told the refugees I knew they had knives and bombs, and knew also that every one caught with arms in his possession would be shot. If they hoped to see to-morrow's sun, they must give up all weapons. We got more arms this time. The girls and children carried out enough to load a wagon.

The officer had been there three hours and more soldiers had been sent down to him. He told us we might put the refugees wherever we wanted to — on the quay or in the empty houses — but the hospital must be cleared. I went into the compound again and found the poor devils there beginning to climb up the walls, dragging their families after them in a vain effort to get away from the Turks. This would never do, whereas, if they came out quietly and submitted to search, they would in all probability be safe enough. I picked out a big fellow who had been in the United States and told him to get them off the walls — by force if necessary.

I went outside again and at last they began to come out, a few at a time. Pitifully frightened, they would look around, see Americans standing near, and rush over to us. It was time to go. We had done all we could. If we stayed we should simply be crushed under the panic-stricken mass of the whole two thousand. I did not actually see the wounded Turkish officers being put into the hospital, but I know that orders had been given to put them there, in the district where the fire afterward broke out — to my mind good circumstantial evidence that the Smyrna fire was not started by Turkish authority.

While we were waiting outside the

hospital compound that afternoon, I saw a curious contrast between Turkish brutality and Turkish chivalry. A little way from the gate sat a soldier on horseback. Down the street came an old woman — a terrible sight, her clothes all torn away, her gray hair matted with blood and hanging on one side of her face — scarcely able to move. As she staggered past the man on horseback, he turned his mount a little, thrust out his stirrup, and kicked the poor old creature savagely in the ribs. Down she went in a heap, then picked herself up, and began to struggle painfully along again. Now the horseman unslung his rifle and began to take leisurely aim. It must have happened in a minute. It seemed hours.

My hand was on the shoulder of the officer, who was standing so that he could not see them. For the sake of the helpless men, women, and children inside the compound, I dared not speak, for I dared not risk antagonizing him; but I let my fingers tighten on his shoulder. He turned swiftly, saw what was happening, yelled at the man, sprang toward him, struck him fiercely; then, taking the woman as though she had been his mother, helped her gently to the gate and put her inside — and that was the last we saw of her.

It was not the only time that a Turkish officer prevented murder. A little party of American sailors, commanded by Chief-Torpedoman L. E. Crocker, had been sent out to the International College — an American institution in spite of its name — at Paradise, just outside Smyrna, with strict orders from Captain Hepburn, Admiral Bristol's chief-of-staff and the ranking American naval officer at Smyrna, to stand guard inside the college compound and keep everyone inside and out of sight until the time came to bring them into Smyrna.

A day or two after the Turks reached the city, a band of *chettés* (irregulars) began to pillage within sight of the college, and the President, Dr. Alexander MacLachlan, insisted on leaving the compound to restrain them. Dr. MacLachlan is a British subject who had lived in Turkey for years, and, I was told, the only member of the faculty who was not an American. Rather than let him go alone, Crocker went with him, leaving some of his sailors outside the walls but at a distance from the Turks. The moment the looters heard Dr. MacLachlan declare he was a British subject, they attacked him and stripped him of his clothing. When Crocker came up they disarmed him and ordered both men to run for the compound. Crocker refused to turn his back, picked up Dr. MacLachlan, and keeping his face toward the Turks began to retreat, shouting to his own eager men not to shoot. To open fire would have been an act of war involving the United States.

At that moment, when, as Crocker afterward said, he believed his last hour had come, a Turkish regular officer appeared at the top of the hill, spurring his horse to a full gallop. Riding up to the irregulars he ordered them away, and helped Crocker and Dr. MacLachlan to regain the compound. He had learned what was happening while passing at the head of his own troops a mile or two away, and had ridden to their aid. Before leaving he stationed a Turkish guard over the college and told Dr. MacLachlan that if he had not disclosed his British citizenship he would never have been attacked. It was one instance of bitterness toward Great Britain of which we had many.

A good deal of the killing in Smyrna, however, and even some of the looting, had been done before there was a single Turkish soldier in the city. Let me give a single case that came under my own eye. Just after the Greek troops left, I

passed a Greek civilian, standing in a doorway with a rifle in his hand and his eyes fixed on a second-story window on the other side of the street. I almost brushed against him but he never saw me. He was as intent on that window as a pointer dog, and his face was not a pretty sight by any means. An hour later I came back. My Greek was still there with his rifle, and his eyes were still fixed on that window. Later in the day I passed once more. This time my Greek was gone, and there was a dead man hanging out of the window he had been watching so intently. Circumstantial evidence, of course, but I shall not hold the Turks responsible for that particular corpse — and there were a good many such in Smyrna.

IV

The fire that destroyed Smyrna broke out at noon on the thirteenth. Little fires had been breaking out for a week and during the last three days there had been an average of about five fires a day, far more than had ever been known before. The great fire was the work of incendiaries and broke out simultaneously at many different places in the Armenian quarter and especially near the Armenian Club and the Cassaba railroad station. The Turks assert — and I believe them — that all these fires were laid by an organization of Greek and Armenian boys and young men, determined to burn the city rather than leave it in Turkish hands.

Paul Grescovich, for fifteen years Fire Chief of Smyrna, with whom I went over the ground step by step after the fire, had no doubts about its incendiary origin. He had been born an Austrian subject, had held office first under the original Turkish régime, then under the Greeks, and now found himself again under a Turkish government. He was, therefore, as free from prejudice as anyone could be and certainly was in a position to know what had happened. With the precision of an engineer he showed me the various spots where the fires had been started.

His few remaining firemen had been shot and bombed, while lurking incendiaries slipped out, again and again, from alleyways and doors to cut the hose. Many of these men were shot down, but they did their work well enough to sacrifice the city. Armenians would throw open the doors of their houses, shoot at the firemen or the soldiers whom the Turks at last sent to help fight the fire, and shriek that they preferred fire to Turkish rule, then shut their doors and wait for death. The morning before the fire the Armenian priests were seen leading several thousands of their people from the churches and compounds where they had been staying for several days. Apparently they knew what was coming.

Breaking out at noon, the fire at first seemed unimportant. Even by the middle of the afternoon it was hard to believe that the city was threatened, but a southeast wind sprang up, something almost unknown in Smyrna, and drove the fire resistlessly across the city, to a standstill at the water's edge.

I was in the office of Kiazim Pasha at the koniak that afternoon before the fire became serious, when British naval officers from H.M.S. Iron Duke appeared with a formal communication. Kiazim went to reply to this in person at four o'clock, making an appointment to take me to an execution at five o'clock. That afternoon I had been trying to convince him that nothing would do the Turkish cause so much good — especially in American eyes — as an occupation of the city without atrocities; but Kiazim frankly despaired of American public opinion, for, he said, 'Your minds are made up about us, no matter what the facts may be.'

He explained that every Turkish soldier caught committing a crime was being punished. Indeed, that very afternoon some men were to be executed, three of whom were Turks. He would take me out to see the execution personally. I was to be allowed to take my own interpreter and find out from the victims themselves who they were and why they were being executed. But when five o'clock came we all — except, I suppose, the condemned men — were otherwise occupied.

The fire drove everyone down to the sea. With the burning city in their rear and the sea in front of them, the fugitives spread their rugs and waited. It was only by dipping the rugs in the sea and crawling under them that any survived. Many threw themselves into the harbor. Some of these were drowned. Others scrambled out again on shore. A few reached the little vessels that still were left; but along the quay next morning the sea was thick with a floating tangle of débris and bodies scattered here and there.

The American destroyer Litchfield, which had relieved the Lawrence, was in the harbor with orders to protect all fully naturalized citizens and all American property. There had been about two hundred American citizens in Smyrna, mostly naturalized Greeks, some of whom had not been in the United States for years, but all of whom were, nevertheless, entitled to the protection of the flag. With their families, these made up a company of about eight hundred. Beginning on Saturday, when the Turks came in, and during the days that followed before the fire, on Wednesday, they had all been gathered into the theatre and guarded by sailors.

It was heartbreaking work for the American Consulate to decide who was and who was not entitled to protection. Officially the Turks did not recognize American naturalization as releasing Greeks born in Asia Minor from their allegiance to Turkey. In Turkish eyes they were still merely members of a subject nationality. Moreover, they were all business men and all rich; of military age, too, almost every one — the choicest picking, so far as men were concerned, in the Smyrna capture; yet the Turks permitted us to load up and take away all who could prove American citizenship. Under such circumstances, the letter of the American law had to be strictly enforced.

Many had first papers, but that did not make them citizens. Still others — and this was almost tragic — had discharge papers showing honorable service in the United States Army during the war, and yet were not citizens.

One old lady was surreptitiously smuggled aboard by the sailors when they found that she had a picture of her son in undoubted naval uniform. That faded photograph was better than any passport. In the sailors' minds the mother of a gob was a person who had to be saved, and saved she was.

Wednesday morning, before the fire had broken out, most of these left Smyrna on a Shipping-Board boat that had been in the harbor. General Horton went with them, leaving American interests in Smyrna in charge of Vice-Consul Barnes and the naval officers.

When the fire grew worse, during the afternoon, the Litchfield was still lying at the quay, stern on; most Americans who were left went aboard her. As the crowd increased, the destroyer moved out into the harbor and anchored half a mile from shore, far enough to be safe, but close enough for us to see all that occurred on shore during that tragic night. As we looked back from the ship we could see that the sufferers on the quay had moved as far away from the fire and as near to the sea as they could. This crowding toward the edge of the

quay left empty spots behind them, and in these we could see, through our glasses, dark figures moving, stooping, rising, moving on again. What were they doing? Robbing? Killing? Planting inflammables? There was much speculation on the destroyer, but we never learned. We could also see the signal light of a party of five from the Italian destroyer, who stayed in the cathedral tower, signaling reports on the progress of the fire until it almost reached them. The tower eventually fell in and they got away just in time.

When the flames reached the Greek quarter explosions began and continued for several hours — mute evidence that a fair-sized stock of arms and ammunition had been left behind, which can have come only from the stores of the Greek army. The harbor, reflecting the fire, became a fiery red. Long ribbons of burnished copper, shifting gently in the waves, seemed to run out to the ship from the city, dulled when clouds of smoke rose, brilliant again when the smoke cleared and fire rolled up once more into the sky. This was punctuated by blasting to clear areas of the city and so stop the fire. Sometimes, in the Greek quarter a hidden bomb or store of small-arms ammunition would be reached. The bombs threw columns of fire and dotted bits of black débris far into the air. Ash and burning cinders fell all around us, a half mile from shore. At times the popping of the burning cartridges was as incessant as machine-gun fire. Through our glasses we could look back across the copper-colored sea, with choppy waves rising and falling under the stiff wind that was driving the fire down to the water front, and could see the people huddled on the quay, crouching under their dripping blankets. From time to time a fugitive swam out and was taken on board, until at last the Litchfield was full to overflowing, and orders were given to take on no more.

A moving picture had been showing in Smyrna when the city fell, *La Tango de la Mort*, some lurid tale or other (for moving-picture tastes are much the same the world over), but no more lurid than the real drama beneath it. A huge gilt sign had been erected to advertise the film and now the brilliant light of the fire set the gold lettering aglow. Lifted high above that all too genuine Dance of Death, the tawdry tinsel letters, seen through the superheated air, seemed to quiver.

More heartening was the fate of the American flag that had waved, ever since the Turks came in, above the theatre that had been used as American Headquarters. All night long we watched this star-spangled banner tossing in the red glare of the burning city. The staff from which it was displayed was horizontal, and from the Litchfield we looked back at the flag almost edge on. In the occasional periods of calm, when it hung straight down, motionless, we could not see it at all. Then, as the breeze caught it, we could see its folds again, only to find them obscured by the smoke and fire and flying cinders all around it. Each time the smoke clouds shut down we held our breath, never expecting to see it again, and each time they cleared we could see, like Francis Scott Key on the British ship off Fort McHenry, that 'our flag was still there.'

And there it stayed the whole night through, stayed until the fire burned out in the morning and a landing party of half awed and wholly reverent gobs brought it off to the ship — a little charred, a little scorched, but still the flag.

Mr. Prentiss's adventures will be continued next month under the title, 'Mustapha Kemal in the Saddle.'

THE LEAGUE AND THE ITALIAN-GREEK CRISIS

BY SIR FREDERIC MAURICE

I

FORTUNE brought me to Geneva within a few hours of the arrival of the Greek appeal to the League of Nations against the Italian ultimatum. I was met by the news of the occupation of Corfu.

It is well to recall the events of the last days of August. The murder on Greek territory of the Italian members of the International Commission for the delimitation of the frontier between Albania and Greece was clearly a matter for which a definite responsibility attached to the Greek Government, and it was equally clear that Italy was entitled both to the most ample official apologies and to substantial reparations. But M. Mussolini's ultimatum to Greece was as violent in form and in language as had been the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia which followed the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand. It assumed the complicity of the Greek Government in the murder of the Italian Mission without investigation and proposed that that Government should acknowledge its guilt in a manner as humiliating as could be devised.

The reply of the Greek Government, while expressing regret for the murders and agreeing to a public expression of that regret in a solemn and impressive manner, rejected the more extravagant of M. Mussolini's proposals. Simultaneously the Greek Government appealed to the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva, which happened to be in session as a preliminary to the Fourth Assembly of the League. Before this appeal reached its destination M. Mussolini had acted. A naval and military expedition, of sufficient strength to make local opposition useless, had occupied Corfu, and the guns of the Italian fleet had fired a few rounds into the old castle of the island, which is of no military value whatever, causing the death of a number of refugees from the Near East who were lodged there under the auspices of the Commission of Relief of the League of Nations and of the American Near East Relief and of the British Save the Children Fund. The apparatus of war was set in motion in Italy, the Italian press was warned to publish no information as to naval and military movements, the Italian troops embarked for Corfu singing patriotic songs amid the cheers of an excited populace, and the preliminary steps were taken for calling out two classes of the Reserves. War fever was rapidly spread through Italy by the virulent and one-sided propaganda of the Italian newspapers, and I gather that in London, on the first of September, war was considered to be almost inevitable.

It was not so in Geneva. The excitement at Geneva was certainly intense. Everyone connected with the League recognized immediately that this was a test case, and that the future of the League depended upon the manner in which it dealt with an act of one of its members which was in direct

violation of the Covenant. But the cooler heads understood at once that the mere fact that the Council of the League was in session, and that the Assembly was to meet on the third of September, made war between Italy and Greece highly improbable. It takes two to make a war, and it was seen to be unlikely that Greece, a weak and exhausted Power, would attempt to resist Italy in arms unless she were driven to despair. Before abandoning hope she would naturally place herself in the hands of the international body formed to prevent disputes between nations ending in war.

II

The first meeting of the Council of the League to consider the dispute between Italy and Greece took place in secret session on the afternoon of the first of September, with M. Politis, the head of the Greek delegation to the Fourth Assembly, present as representing the appellant. Thus within twenty-four hours of the full development of the crisis the representatives of the disputants were seated at the same table. This was the first achievement of the League in the matter and I doubt if it has been recognized at its full value. The influence of the League machinery in the attainment of a peaceful solution has been very generally overlooked, owing to the disappointment of those who were eager to see the League assert its authority swiftly and dramatically.

At the close of the Council's meeting on September first it was announced that M. Salandra, the Italian member, was without instructions from his Government, that the Council had adjourned to enable a member of the Italian delegation to go to Rome to interview M. Mussolini, and that the Council had requested both the Italian and Greek Governments to refrain in the interval from any act which might further complicate the situation. It soon got about that M. Salandra had questioned the competence of the Council to deal with a matter which concerned the prestige and honor of Italy, and that, when it was pointed out to him that the occupation of Corfu was an act which might involve the application to Italy of the sanctions of Article XVI of the Covenant, he had replied that no one had ever imagined that the sanctions of the League should be applied to a Great Power such as Italy.

The amazement with which these views were received in the Council and among the delegates outside it evidently showed M. Salandra that Italy would find little or no support in Geneva, and he no doubt so informed M. Mussolini, for the tone of the Italian Prime Minister immediately began to change. He announced that Italy had no intention of going to war with Greece, that the occupation of Corfu was a purely peaceful enterprise, and entirely of a temporary nature, and that its sole object was to obtain from Greece pledges for the prompt payment of the reparations demanded by Italy. This was curious language to apply to the forcible occupation of the territory of another Power, resulting in the death of a number of persons; but the direct result of the intervention of the League was that the danger of war had receded into the background, that M. Mussolini's indignation was directed rather against the League than against Greece, and that the maintenance of the authority of the League became the issue of immediate importance.

With the arrival of all the delegations for the opening of the Fourth Assembly the views of the smaller nations became articulate. Their representatives held meetings among themselves,

and in particular the Scandinavian group let it be known that if Greece's right of appeal to the League were impugned they would have to consider their position in the League, which as an international organization would be valueless to them if it were to refuse to respect the rights of the smaller as against the greater Powers, while information arrived that the British Government had instructed Lord Robert Cecil to support actively the intervention of the League. In these circumstances and in this atmosphere the Council again met, nominally for the dispatch of its ordinary business.

At this meeting M. Salandra presented an official Italian report on the occurrences at Corfu, a report which placed the responsibility for the bombardment and the consequent loss of life upon the Greek Commandant. When M. Politis began a reply on behalf of Greece M. Salandra at once objected that any discussion was out of order, as he was not yet in possession of instructions from his Government. To this Lord Robert Cecil replied that as the Italian representative had placed some new facts before the Council the Greek representative was clearly entitled to do the same, if he had any such facts to bring forward. M. Politis then handed in to the Council a statement in which the Greek Government expressed its willingness to comply with any decision which the Council might reach, and made suggestions as to the form which the inquiry into the murders should take, and the manner in which the apologies of the Italian Government should be publicly expressed. Further, the Greek Government offered to deposit in a Swiss bank 50,000,000 lire, the amount of reparations demanded by Italy, pending a decision of the League as to the exact amount which Greece should pay.

On the evening of the fourth of September the Italian delegate returned from Rome with the formal instructions of the Italian Government, which were read to the Council at its meeting on the following day. The Italian Government definitely and emphatically denied the competence of the League to intervene in an affair which concerned Italy's honor and prestige. It asserted that Italy had clearly and precisely declared that she had no intention of going to war with Greece, and that the occupation of Corfu was undertaken solely with the object of obtaining from Greece adequate pledges for the payment of the reparations due to Italy for the dastardly murder of an Italian Mission, and that, as there was no threat of war, there was no case for the intervention of the League. Further, the note accused Greece of deliberately trying to evade the responsibility for the murders by bringing the matter before the League of Nations, and by endeavoring to arouse the sympathy of the representatives of the nations present at Geneva over the question of the occupation of Corfu, so that the murders for which the Greek Government was responsible, and which were the cause of Italy's action, might be kept in the background.

To this M. Politis, who throughout these meetings spoke with great restraint and ability, replied that, so far from endeavoring to keep the question of the murders in the background, the Greek Government had already expressed publicly and to the Council its deep regret for what had occurred and had in advance agreed to accept any decision on the question of the murders which the Council might reach. He pointed out that the Greek Government accepted full responsibility for the fact that the murders had taken place in Greek territory, and was ready to make just reparation to Italy. He absolutely repudiated the suggestion that the

Greek Government was in any way implicated in the murders and pointed out that there was as yet no proof that the murders had been committed by Greek subjects. Finally he reasserted Greece's right to appeal to the League as one of its members against such an act of aggression as the forcible occupation of Corfu.

Lord Robert Cecil then asked that Articles X, XII, and XV of the Covenant should be read in French and English. These articles deal with guaranties against aggression, the danger of war, and the settlement of disputes between members of the League. The articles having been solemnly read, he reminded the Council that they formed part of the treaties of Versailles, Neuilly, and the Trianon, and that a repudiation of these treaties by one of the signatories would destroy the very base of the post-war settlement of Europe, and he concluded with a verbatim quotation from M. Poincaré's latest note regarding the sanctity of treaties. The Council then broke up in an atmosphere of extreme tension.

The meeting of the Assembly had been wisely adjourned, in order that a situation sufficiently grave and complex might not be aggravated by interpellations from the floor of what is essentially the Parliament of the smaller nations.

III

Meantime, the Conference of Ambassadors in Paris had begun work. That body, composed of the Ambassadors to France of Great Britain, Italy, and Spain, with M. Jules Cambon as French representative and with a French Secretariat, is a relic of the Supreme Council. The Commission for the delimitation of the Albanian-Greek frontier, of which the murdered Italian Mission formed part, was appointed by it and worked under its authority. Its right to intervene in the matter of the murders was therefore incontestable. It had dispatched a note to the Greek Government demanding explanations and had received a reply in which that Government declared its willingness to accept the decision of the Conference just as it had placed itself in the hands of the Council of the League.

The Conference met in Paris on the fifth of September to consider the Greek reply and, recognizing the responsibility of the Greek Government for the murders committed in its territory, proceeded to consider the form which the inquiry into the murders should take. It at once telegraphed a report of its proceedings to the Secretary-General of the League. Touch between the two bodies was thus officially established.

The next day, the sixth of September, the decisive meeting of the Council of the League was held. The proceedings began with the leading of the communication from the Ambassadors' Conference. It was agreed at once that a reply should be sent. Señor Quinones de Leon, the Spanish member of the Council, then brought forward a proposed reply which he had prepared in consultation with some of his colleagues. This reply fell into two parts. The first part acknowledged receipt of the Ambassadors' communication and expressed agreement as to the responsibility of Greece. The second part contained a statement of the penalties which should be imposed upon Greece. I will return to these penalties later.

M. Salandra, while agreeing that the first or purely formal part of the suggested reply should be sent, absolutely refused to agree that the second part should go, on the grounds that this would implicitly establish the competence of the Council to deal with the Italian-Greek dispute, a competence which he again repudiated.

In the discussion which followed clear

expression was given to the opinion which had been growing throughout the week. M. Hanotaux, speaking for France, Lord Robert Cecil for Great Britain, M. Hymans for Belgium, M. Branting for Sweden, and M. Guani for Uruguay, one after the other expressed the opinion of their Governments that the competence of the League was incontestable. The representative of Spain had already made his view clear in presenting his draft reply, and it was known that the representative of China would support the League. Viscount Ishii of Japan, in his capacity as President, had not expressed his views, but there was little doubt that he agreed with the majority of his colleagues. The only possible supporter of the Italian contention was Brazil, the representative of which country had not indicated the view of his Government.

It is worth while quoting M. Hymans verbatim, for he put clearly and concisely the point of view of the delegations of the smaller nations outside the Council: 'I admire Italy,' he said, 'and believe in her high destiny. I have a profound respect and esteem for the eminent statesman who represents her here. Yet my conscience compels me to say that I cannot accept the theory of the incompetence of this Council which M. Salandra has put forward. In my opinion Articles XII and XV of the Covenant are clear and precise, and their application to the present case is certain. I see in those articles precious guaranties for the small nations, guaranties which appear to me to form the very basis of the Covenant. The interests of the small nations and the observation of the principles upon which the League of Nations is based demand a vigilant application of the rules which form the foundation of a new order of International affairs, of which we have formed the highest hopes.'

I have dwelt at some length upon this phase of the crisis in order to show how utterly misleading is the view put forward in a section of the British press that Lord Robert Cecil was upon the Council fighting a lone battle against Italy. In fact, the representative of Great Britain formed one of an overwhelming majority, and it is almost certain that Italy stood alone. Equally misleading is the contention similarly expressed that Lord Robert in this affair has acted as a dreamy idealist and in pursuit of his ideals has isolated his country. No politician could have handled a difficult situation more astutely, as the sequel will show, and rarely, if ever, in her history has Great Britain had so many friends as she has had in this business. Incidentally I can deny authoritatively the statement that Lord Robert at any time threatened Italy with the British fleet or that the British Government ever offered or suggested to the League to place the fleet at its disposal for the purpose of bringing pressure upon Italy.

The views of the majority of the Council on the question of competence having been clearly expressed, Lord Robert proposed that, in order to ensure coöperation with the Conference of Ambassadors, the verbatim report of the proceedings of the Council should be sent to Paris. After some demur from M. Salandra this was agreed to, M. Salandra abstaining from voting. I doubt if the Italian representative quite realized what the effect of this would be, or perhaps he did not think it possible that the verbatim report could be prepared in time to reach Paris for the meeting of the Ambassadors to be held on the following morning. The Secretariat, however, played up splendidly, and though the Council did not adjourn till 7 P.M., the corrected report was on its way to Paris two hours later and in the hands of the Ambassa-

dors at 11 A.M., on the seventh of September. Thus the Ambassadors had before them the full text to which M. Salandra had objected, and at their meeting on that day decided to impose upon Greece terms which varied but slightly from those which had been before the Council of the League.

IV

It is now time to compare the terms imposed upon Greece by the Conference of Ambassadors, and accepted by both the Greek and Italian Governments, with the terms of M. Mussolini's ultimatum, with the Greek reply thereto, and with the proposed terms considered at the Council of the League and forwarded by that Council to the Conference of Ambassadors. I will take these terms clause by clause.

Clause 1. The Italian ultimatum required apologies from the highest Greek military authority to be presented through the Italian representative at Athens to the Italian Government. The Greek Government agreed to express its *regrets* in the prescribed form. The Council of the League suggested that apologies should be presented not to the Italian Government but to the representatives of the three Powers concerned in the delimitation of the Albanian-Greek frontier. The Conference of Ambassadors concurred.

Clause 2. The Italian ultimatum required that a funeral service should be celebrated at Athens in honor of the victims, in the presence of all the members of the Greek Government. This was accepted by the Greek Government, suggested by the Council of the League, and confirmed by the Conference of Ambassadors.

Clause 3. The Italian ultimatum required that the Greek fleet in the Piræus should salute the Italian flag in the presence of a division of the Italian fleet, and that the Greek warships should hoist the Italian colors at the main with a salute of twenty-one guns. The Greek Government proposed that a detachment of Greek troops should salute the Italian flag in front of the Italian Embassy. The Council of the League proposed that the Greek fleet should render a salute under conditions to be determined. The Conference of Ambassadors decided that the Greek fleet should salute the Italian, British, and French flags in the presence of the ships of the three Powers, which should proceed to the Piræus, and that the salute should be returned.

Clause 4. The Italian ultimatum required that military honors should be paid when the corpses of the victims were embarked at Prevesa. The Greek Government agreed. The Council made the same proposals and it was approved by the Conference of Ambassadors.

Clause 5. The Italian ultimatum required that the Greek Government should undertake an immediate inquiry into the circumstances of the murders, the inquiry to be supervised by an Italian officer. Greece agreed. The Council of the League proposed that the inquiry should be supervised by representatives of the three Powers concerned in the delimitation. The Conference of Ambassadors concurred, adding a Japanese President.

Clause 6. The Council of the League proposed that the trial and punishment of the criminals should be supervised by representatives of the League of Nations. The Conference of Ambassadors decided instead that this should be supervised by the above Commission of the three Powers, with a Japanese President.

Clause 7. The Italian ultimatum required the payment of 50,000,000 lire by the Greek Government within five

days. The Greek Government protested that the above amount was excessive and declined to make payment until the circumstances of the murders had been investigated. The Council of the League proposed the lodgment of the sum of 50,000,000 lire in a Swiss bank as a guaranty of the immediate payment of the reparations as soon as these had been estimated. The Conference of Ambassadors concurred.

Clause 8. The Council of the League proposed that the amount of the indemnity to be paid by Greece should be referred to the Permanent Court of International Justice. The Conference of Ambassadors concurred.

From this it will be seen that there is no material difference between the proposals considered at the Council of the League and the terms imposed by the Conference of Ambassadors, and as the latter body had the Council's proposals before it, it is reasonable to assume that it was greatly influenced by them. It will also be seen that the terms imposed upon Greece vary materially from M. Mussolini's ultimatum. In the first place they refused to admit the right of the Italian Government to receive reparations before the investigations into the circumstances of the crime are completed; in the second place the Greek Government was not required to pay honor to the Italian flag but to the flags of the three Powers concerned in the delimitation, and those honors were to be paid in a manner which, while it made the responsibility of Greece clear, would not be unduly humiliating to the Greek Government.

V

These after all are details; the essence is that war has been prevented, and that the competence of the League of Nations has been acknowledged de facto, whatever M. Mussolini may say to the contrary. It has been acknowledged by the constant interchange of communications between the Conference of Ambassadors and the Council of the League, it has been acknowledged by the fact that the final terms of the settlement are almost identically those proposed by the Council, and it has been acknowledged by the fact that the amount of reparations to be paid by Greece is to be determined by the Permanent Court of International Justice, which is an important part of the machinery of the League. The function of the League is to preserve peace by the use of all possible means of conciliation; its sanctions are intended to be used only when all other means of preserving peace have failed. Article XIII of the Covenant recites that: 'The members of the League agree that whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration, and which cannot be settled satisfactorily by diplomacy, they will submit the whole matter to arbitration. . . . For the consideration of any such dispute the court of arbitration to which such case is referred shall be the court agreed upon by the parties to the dispute.'

It might possibly have been better for the prestige of the League if the Conference of Ambassadors had not been in existence and if the whole matter had been in the hands of the League, but the Conference of Ambassadors was in existence and the murdered officers were members of a Commission appointed by it, while both the parties to the dispute agreed to refer it to the Conference of Ambassadors. In these circumstances the function of the League was clearly to forward a settlement by the Conference of Ambassadors in every way possible. For the

League to have followed M. Mussolini's example and for the sake of increasing its prestige with the small Powers to have applied its sanctions to Italy, which had a just ground of complaint against Greece, before it was known whether the Conference of Ambassadors could produce a settlement acceptable to the disputants, would have been morally indefensible and politically disastrous. Thus the League has so far in this matter acted in accordance with its principles. On the other hand, the Council could not refuse to hear the appeal made to it by the Greek Government, and I do not think that there can be any doubt in the mind of anyone who reads dispassionately the sequence of events which I have briefly narrated above, that, if the League had not been in existence and ready to receive the Greek appeal, Greece would have had no resource but to resist the Italian demands to the extent of her ability, just as Serbia resisted the Austrian demands in 1914.

Having attended all the meetings of the Council of the League held to consider this dispute, except the first secret session, I in common with the majority of those at Geneva have been much impressed by the simplicity and clearness of the Council's methods and also by the value of publicity in such crises as this. The public character of the proceedings of the Council prevented the dissemination of false news and of mischievous propaganda. One can only compare with thankfulness the publicity and directness of the methods of the League for the preservation of peace with the secrecy and confusion which prevailed in 1914. The final settlement, by which Italy is to begin the evacuation of Corfu on the twenty-seventh of September, subject to the application of further penalties to Greece if the International Commission is not satisfied that the Greek Government is pushing its inquiries into the murders with all sincerity and energy, has been accepted even with a degree of enthusiasm by both Greece and Italy. Only those are dissatisfied who had hoped for some flamboyant assertion of the authority of the League. They have, I think, forgotten that the Council of the League is not a juridical body. In an international crisis it has to act quickly, so as to prevent war and to obtain time for the application, if necessary, of juridical process. The League has, in its Permanent Court of International Justice, the means of obtaining considered legal judgments in international disputes, and it may well be that that Court will have to decide certain questions arising out of the Italian-Greek dispute, such as the competence of the League, the degree of responsibility attaching to Governments for crimes committed in territory under their jurisdiction, and the question as to whether the occupation of Corfu was an act of aggression and therefore a breach of the Covenant. But it would not tend to make good international law if the Council of the League were to attempt to depart from the rôle of conciliation and adopt that of the judge, nor would it make for peace if, in the heat of an international crisis, the Council were to attempt to resort to the slow process of judicial investigation.

Until the Permanent Court of Justice has spoken, the incident cannot be considered as closed, but up to the present the Council of the League has in this matter fulfilled the function for which it was created.

WHY THE WAR WAS PROLONGED

BY O. H. DANIEL[1]

I

THERE are two ways of settling differences — by reason and by violence. When the former fails, the latter is resorted to. It is then that the passive state of war — the normal state in which mankind unconsciously moves — merely passes on to its active phase. Suasion gives place to coercion, right yields to might.

The coercive forces fall broadly into two categories: the physical and material forces of destruction, by which life and property are driven from the sanctuary that they enjoy under the protection of an established moral code; and the economic forces that act passively on the conditions of human existence and of inhuman warfare. To live, man must eat and drink and be clothed; to kill other men, he must have guns and munitions.

It is for the twofold purpose of giving prominence to the contrast so strikingly furnished by the World War between these two groups of forces, between the seen and the unseen, the understood and the not-understood, weapons with which it was waged, and of indicating the potency of the latter weapon, that Admiral Consett has presented his commentary on the economic aspect of the recent war, under the title of *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces.*

This volume is designed to demonstrate the far-reaching and evil effects of trade on the fortunes of war, by showing how the failure to harness the vast resources of a great Empire led to the undue protraction of the struggle in arms of 1914–1918, and brought economic defeat alike to victor and to vanquished.

In August 1914, Germany was prepared and equipped for only a short campaign. It is beyond all reasonable doubt that her chief and immediate object was the subjugation of France. England's entry and the battle of the Marne finally destroyed Germany's hopes of an early victory, and made victory itself uncertain, and possible only after a long and tedious struggle.

Germany saw that her existence depended upon her ability to import supplies from overseas. The war thus resolved itself into a struggle for the mastery of these supplies, whose war status was governed by conditions, some of which were not in dispute, while others formed the subject of diplomatic controversy with America. Germany had free access to Scandinavian and Dutch produce; but Scandinavia herself was dependent upon overseas supplies for her industrial and economic existence. These supplies came from the neutral world and from Great Britain and her allies. Over the latter Great Britain had absolute con-

[1] Captain Daniel, R.N. (*Retired*), collaborated with Admiral Consett in the preparation of his important and most interesting book, *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces.* Our readers should understand at the outset that during the war Admiral Consett was stationed as Naval Attaché in Scandinavia — a post of capital importance at the time. — THE EDITOR.

trol, but only partial and challenged control over neutral commerce. British and British-controlled supplies, it must be noted, were of great, and, in some cases, of vital importance to Scandinavia.

What happened during the war was that Great Britain sent her own goods to Scandinavia, who passed them on directly to Germany, or used them either to release her native produce or to work her industries in the interests of Germany. British trade with Scandinavia continued for two and a half years, until, in 1917, Germany committed the blunder of declaring an unrestricted submarine warfare, thus virtually blockading herself by closing the North Sea to practically all traffic and bringing America into the war.

The generally accepted thesis with regard to the prolongation of the war differs from that of Admiral Consett. Admiral Consett attributes the prolonged fighting mainly, if not entirely, to the material effects of British trade on the blockade of Germany, and to its evil moral influence on American, Scandinavian, and Dutch opinion; whereas the official view, as stated during the war and as recently reiterated by Lord Grey, was that Great Britain's belligerent rights over neutral commerce were limited by the necessity of having to accept America's interpretation of international maritime law or to face the risk of a rupture with America.

It remains, therefore, before turning to the subject of British trade, to examine the contention of His Majesty's Government in respect of America's attitude during the time that America was a neutral; observing, however, that the subject of British trade is independent of the subject of maritime rights, to which, and to neutral trade, the official contention exclusively refers. In the one case we are concerned with a question of opinion, in the other we are dealing with a matter of proved fact. Also, before proceeding to an examination of the effects of an embargo on British exports, the ground must be cleared by a brief survey of the economic relationship between Great Britain and her allies and Scandinavia, with a view to ascertaining where and to what extent lay the economic advantage; and what were the political consequences that might result from the exerting of economic pressure on the Scandinavian neutrals.

I follow the plan which Admiral Consett has adopted. Naval belligerent operations have as their main, if not as their exclusive, ulterior offensive object the stoppage of all supplies to an enemy. The rules of naval warfare determine the extent of this right of interference; they are the expression of maritime rights and are framed for the protection of neutral commerce. They fix — or profess to fix, for they are very ambiguous and elusive affairs — the rights of neutrals equally with those of belligerents. Concerning, as they do concern, the basis of the prosperity of nations, it is not to be wondered at that they have always been fruitful sources of friction; and less is it a matter of surprise that the American overseas trade with the northern European neutrals, which they seriously threatened, brought Great Britain into sharp diplomatic conflict with America.

But the rules under which Great Britain fought during the war were of her own making. A long period of peace in the nineteenth century had lulled Great Britain into a false sense of security, and grave and radical changes had been voluntarily admitted into the code of rules under which she had previously fought. These changes greatly restricted the right of interference with neutral trade, though they would have operated greatly to the advantage of Britain, with her enormous carrying

trade, in a European war in which she should have remained neutral — a contingency which, unhappily, these changes had contemplated. During the war a series of efforts was made to retrieve the abandoned rights and to bring into use the rules of the past. These efforts were resisted by America.

The principal rules are contained in the Declaration of Paris, 1856, and in the Declaration of London, 1909. With regard to the Declaration of London, although Great Britain herself was not bound by this Convention, it not having been ratified, it was nevertheless adopted with slight modifications on the outbreak of war. During the war very great changes were, in fact, made in these rules; chiefly by reason of Germany's notorious contempt for, and disregard of, the moral obligations of the signatories of all contracts to preserve inviolate the faith from which alone a contract derives its value.

The Declaration of Paris authorizes a neutral vessel to carry enemy goods, with the exception of contraband.

The Declaration of London, which, be it said, was of German origin, deals chiefly with contraband and blockade. With regard to contraband, it gives lists of contraband articles, and, moreover, contains a list of articles which cannot be made contraband. On this Free List are to be found the principal raw materials for munitions. The capture of contraband is made subject to rigid conditions of proof of enemy destination, with which it was not practicable to comply. These conditions seriously fettered the jurisdiction of prize courts, the tribunal which pronounces upon the validity of all belligerent claims. The rules virtually amount to a notification to the smuggler of how to avoid risk to his venture. When it is considered that the smuggler stood to amass huge wealth, that he resorted to every trick and device that unscrupulous ingenuity could suggest, — in some cases, I think, he could afford to lose three cargoes out of four, — is it a matter for surprise that a nation, fighting for its life, confronted with conditions that had never been contemplated by these rules, and seeing its enemy flagrantly violating them, should endeavor to search them for underlying principles? Although it was open knowledge that enormous supplies were reaching Germany, yet not a packet of merchandise could be touched without the authority of the prize courts, whose decisions were based on technical presumption of proof.

In the case of blockade, the range of modern guns, and the presence of aircraft, mines, and submarines made it impracticable to approach enemy ports in the North Sea and effectively to close them.

Thus, neither by the rules governing the seizure of contraband, nor by the rules of blockade, could effective control over guilty cargoes be obtained. Ships carrying foodstuffs and the raw materials for munitions and military equipment poured into the neutral ports of the North Sea, the British fleet being powerless to stop them. The ships were held up and sent into port for examination, only, in most cases, to be released.

The claims asserted by Great Britain in her search for principles met, in many cases, with energetic protest from America. The arguments on both sides in this diplomatic discussion are carefully and impartially reviewed. For instance, although it is quite true that long-range guns, aircraft, mines, and submarines did prevent British compliance with the rules of blockade, it has to be acknowledged that these hindrances were the lawful measures of our enemy, to whom America was neutral as well as to Great Britain. It was hardly to be expected that America

would acquiesce, to her infinite injury, in the proposed rejection by Great Britain of rules to which she had agreed in peace-time, because in war-time she found that these rules did not suit her.

The controversy on the subject of maritime rights shows clearly how delicate a subject it is, and how utterly inadequate are the existing rules to meet the conditions of modern warfare.

During this discussion, however, the question of British trade was raised by America, who asked for the figures relating to the export of cocoa. These figures showed that British exports had increased from about 300,000 pounds during the first four months of 1913 to about 3,000,000 pounds during the first quarter of 1914. This is a very serious increase; but it is only fair to say that the general dislocation of trade and its diversion from accustomed routes may possibly in part have accounted for it. Further reference is made to British trade, which was justified on the ground that it was on a scale less than that of America's export trade. Admiral Consett holds very strong views as to the effect of British trade on Anglo-American relations. But he brings very powerful reasoning to bear upon what he has to say on this subject, which is that British competitive trading lay at the root of the friction with America.

It is noted that in the opening months of the war America was not disposed, in view of the unexpected outbreak of hostilities, to judge British policy harshly, or to protest against it vigorously. At this time, too, the prestige of Great Britain stood at its highest, and Scandinavia would have been least disposed to resist the imposition of all lawful economic pressure. That Scandinavians, in fact, expected such pressure, and were frankly amazed at not being made to feel it, is amply borne out by Admiral Consett's personal testimony. These inestimable moral advantages were forfeited. Had Great Britain herself on the outbreak of war abstained from trade, there would, Admiral Consett submits, have been neither time nor cause for America's displeasure to foment; for Germany's neutral neighbors could not support themselves without the resources of the British Empire; much less could they have rendered assistance to Germany. America made such reasonable concessions as strict neutrality would allow, but she placed no obstacles in the way of a British embargo on Britain's own goods. That the great mass of American opinion was sympathetic toward Great Britain seems to be beyond doubt. It is instanced notably in the case of the offer of an important firm of meat-packers. This offer and others were refused.

II

A survey of the economic relationship between the Allies and Scandinavia points to the nitrates of Norway as the only commodity of vital importance to the Allies. On the supply of Norway's nitrates the French at one time depended for ninety per cent of their ammunition. Denmark's food, Sweden's steel, pit-props, timber, and other goods could be replaced by Great Britain from other sources at the cost of inconvenience only, whereas a British embargo would spell disaster to Scandinavia.

Holland, whose economic conditions resemble those of Denmark, is not treated separately.

With regard to political factors, it would seem that Germany's aim throughout the war was the twofold aim of preserving at any cost the status quo in Scandinavia, and, to this end, of leaving no stone unturned to conceal this purpose from her enemies. Hence, Denmark is found preying upon

England's gullibility, to replenish her stocks, by pointing to fear of German invasion; and Sweden successfully staves off economic disaster by a simulated independence and a truculent or even bellicose attitude.

Perhaps the most important part of this volume is to be found in the closely reasoned discussion of these important factors. Admiral Consett's arguments have been described as conclusive and unanswerable. Denmark's army was small, and for defensive purposes only; Denmark was supplying Germany with 300,000 tons of food a year. Sweden was employing the whole of her man-power in turning out her priceless ore for Germany to the extent of between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 tons a year, and supplying her with munitions and military equipment. Denmark was Germany's larder, Sweden her workshop. The industries of these states were vitalized by British coal. Hostile to Great Britain, with the extreme probability that Norway would join the Entente powers, with the Scandinavian ports closed to commerce by the British fleet, with the Swedish army withdrawn from the mines and workshops, and, moreover, having to defend the Norwegian frontier and the west coast, with our enemies the only available source of supplies, with, in short, everything to lose and nothing to gain, was it likely that these states would abandon the unprecedented prosperity that they were enjoying and face almost certain and irreparable disaster?

Or was it likely that Germany, except on the supposition of a set of favorable circumstances too fantastic to receive consideration, could view the prospect of the turmoil into which Scandinavia would be thrown, except with the worst forebodings, and as pregnant with the gravest possibilities?

This examination of the political outlook is embarrassed by no necessity of having to consider the strategic features of Denmark and Sweden, by whom the navigable approaches to the Baltic were closed by mines and gates, which barred access to the British fleet, but left open a channel accessible only to the German fleet.

III

Having established his main premises, Admiral Consett addresses himself to the subject of trade and economic pressure. The bulk of the trade figures are given in an appendix. They are taken from official Scandinavian statistics published after the war. The observations that follow may suitably be introduced by three tables:

Metric tons of food sent by Norway, Sweden, and Denmark

	To United Kingdom	To Germany and Austria
1913	344,785	252,128
1914	359,820	262,376
1915	275,473	561,234
1916	191,916	620,756
1917	172,103	315,205

Metric tons of food sent from Denmark (the principal source of supply to Germany)

	To United Kingdom	To Germany and Austria
1913	256,754	123,547
1914	277,579	134,105
1915	197,398	274,401
1916	156,100	314,328
1917	102,423	196,907

Metric tons of food lost by England and gained by Germany from Denmark, as compared with 1913

	Lost by England	Gained by Germany
1915	59,356	150,854
1916	100,654	190,781
1917	154,321	73,360

Many food articles, such as beer, vegetable and fish oils, fruit, and immense quantities of vegetables are not included in the above tables.

Were these foodstuffs of urgent

importance to Germany? Could they have been restricted in amount?

The figures throughout the statistics for 1917, when the blockade became effective, furnish the most convincing reply to the latter question. In 1918 supplies to Germany dwindled away.

There was a factor which prevented Germany from drawing fully upon her native resources, and which governed access to the whole of Germany's potential wealth. This factor was labor. There was coal in abundance in Westphalia, there was iron ore, there were large timber forests, and there was a fertile soil for the growth of food, though not in sufficient quantities. But all available men in Germany had been withdrawn from the mines, from the soil, from the factories, and from the workshops, to join the colors.

To cite only one example of the dearth of German labor — when Germany was under the influence of the great Entente offensive in the West and the extraordinarily high rate of wastage that it involved, 50,000 workmen had to be released at the request of the coal controller. These men were never recovered.

To strike therefore at Germany's labor was to strike at her heart during the war. The ideal policy was to aim at the prevention of all goods from reaching her, but, alternatively, that she should receive component parts preferably to finished articles, in order that her own soil, her own labor, and her own transport should be pressed into a service which was being performed partly by enemy and partly by neutral labor, and thus made to sap her strength. But all the German labor — and this point must be insisted upon — could not produce food enough, or nearly enough, for her own needs, even with the Roumanian and Ukraine supplies when they became available. Germany's harvests had to be mortgaged and food riots had to be put down by the military. There were times when it was the immense stocks accumulated at earlier stages of the war that alone enabled Germany to bridge the narrow margin that separated her from famine. For the first time in history Prussian discipline had to yield to the relentless pressure of economic forces. In 1918, when the American armies took their place in the line of battle and the German offensive stopped, German troops left the fighting line in search of food. This significant admission is made by Ludendorff.

It is in the light of these facts that the importance of all outside supplies and the measures taken for restricting them must be judged.

It was not only food that Germany required, but it was food charged with fat. Fatty substances contain glycerine, the highly important ingredient in the manufacture of explosives. To this end Denmark imported immense quantities of oil-seeds, and fed her cattle on the most fat-producing food procurable.

Denmark's agricultural system had been built up before the war to meet the special requirements of Great Britain; it was mainly on British and British-controlled imports of fodder and fertilizers that, during the war, Denmark's soil was nourished and her stock was fed. Before the war Great Britain took about 60 per cent and Germany about 25 per cent of Denmark's total produce; but during the three years 1915, 1916, and 1917, Great Britain received an average amount of 100,000 tons a year less than in 1913, whereas Germany received an average of 138,000 tons a year more. While Denmark was feeding Germany at Great Britain's expense, British goods poured into Denmark, British coal was used in the transport of Denmark's raw materials from overseas, for its conversion into the finished article, in the mills that

crushed the oil, on the State railways, in gas works, and in electric light and power stations; it was used by manufacturers of such food as meat conserves; and, finally, the trucks that were used for the transport of Denmark's produce were German trucks.

During the war a system of rationing by agreement had been adopted. By this system neutral importers engaged that, in return for the expeditious delivery of their goods and freedom from the vexatious delays of examination and possible prize-court proceedings to which they were liable, they would guarantee not to use such goods for the benefit of our enemies. Neutral governments also prohibited the export of certain classes of imported goods; but, as the governments reserved the right to grant exemptions from the prohibited list, these prohibitions had very little value. The ambiguity in the drafting of these agreements and the failure to exercise a proper supervision in respect of their provisions greatly militated against the achievement of their designed aim. Traders were not slow to take advantage of the loopholes which they contained; and although prolonged parleys took place between the British authorities and the Danish agricultural representatives, with the view of amending the agreements, goods poured into Germany in a steady and unchecked stream for two and a half years. Broadly, Scandinavian importation under guaranty, though the goods were not sent direct to Germany, released native produce for export or fed the native industries that worked for Germany.

Prodigious quantities of oil-seeds were sent to Denmark from our colonies and from Manchuria. These seeds had great fodder- and great oil-, that is to say great explosive-value. The import of soya beans and copra into Denmark increased from a pre-war average of 68,000 tons to an average of 150,000 tons in 1915 and 1916. The export of cattle that were fattened by these seeds and that went on the hoof to Germany increased from 150,000 in 1913 to 305,000 in 1916.

The enormous access of wealth and trade that the war had brought to Denmark had enabled her to expand her food industries and to open up new ones. During the first seven months of 1916 the meat alone that she was able to export to Germany was sufficient to furnish about 1,000,000 meat rations per day throughout the seven months, on the scale of the current German army ration. So flourishing was Denmark during the war that special accommodation had to be provided for the grain that poured into the country.

The irony of this extraordinary situation lay in this, that the Danes, who at times could obtain neither fish nor meat in their own shops, which had to close down because the goods went to the lucrative markets of Germany, attributed the shortage to the harsh British blockade.

Similarly, in Sweden, the Swedish spindles were idle when the wharves and quays of Swedish ports were choked with cotton for Germany; and coffee, the favorite beverage of the Swede, was unobtainable in Swedish restaurants at a time when Sweden was exporting quantities to Germany.

The whole of the Scandinavian fishing industries depended mainly upon British or British-controlled supplies. The greater part of the immense products of these industries, from which fish-guano, fish-meal, and fish-oil were obtained, went to Germany, where, during the first two years of the war, fish was the principal article of diet in trains and restaurants. From Denmark and Sweden alone during 1915, 1916, and 1917, Great Britain received 7000

tons to Germany's 324,000 tons. An opportunity to purchase Norway's fish — her fishing industry is one of the largest in the world — early in the war was rejected. In August, 1916, at three times the price of the original offer, the greater part of Norway's catch was acquired by purchase. In the meantime Germany had been manuring her soil, manufacturing explosives, and feeding her population on the best part of the 355,000 tons of fish refused by her enemies. Petroleum was supplied to the Danish fishermen in unrestricted quantities, in violation of the signed conditions under which its import was allowed. The very fishermen themselves acknowledged that they were breaking faith and that they expected to be punished.

IV

Admiral Consett's reports upon the Danish traffic with Germany are borne out in a very striking manner in all particulars by a report from Mr. Conger, the American representative in Denmark of the Associated Press after America's entry. A copy of Mr. Conger's report was sent to the Minister of Blockade.

Of the examples selected to illustrate the effects of British trade, coal is given first place.

All merchandise in war-time has a special war-value as distinct from its market value in peace-time. Coal was not so much a commodity as a source of irresistible power. Scandinavia has no coal; and, moreover, she depended very largely upon British coal, for the burning of which the grate surfaces of her boilers in many cases, including state railway engines, have been specially adapted. British coal was a vital cog in the Scandinavian machine, not only from its high calorific value, but because it was readily accessible and had no efficient substitute. In his luminous chapter on this subject, Admiral Consett examines all alternative sources of supply. Long distance, freights, and want of shipping-space placed America, as one such source, out of the question; and both the Silesian and Belgian stocks which were sent by Germany proved to be almost useless except when mixed with British coal. In coal alone there lay the power, if not to smash the industries of those working for our enemies, at least to cripple them to an extent sufficient to enforce respect for our wishes and legitimate claims.

As an example, tinned foods are highly important in the commissariat of an army, and tin has no efficient substitute. In Norway British coal was withheld from firms that worked for Germany, thus dealing a severe blow at certain canning and condensed-milk industries. Germany was compelled to expend man-power in the manufacture of enameled iron cans and in their transport to Norway. She had also to supply glass bottles for milk, — coal pressure having been exerted on the glass-bottle manufacturers, — and to accept supplies of perishable fresh milk instead of condensed milk. In Denmark, where coal pressure was less stringently applied, the supplies of tin that came from Great Britain enabled the Danes to meet Germany's heavy demands for tinned foods, and to make and keep in repair the cans that carried the milk to Germany. A small amount of tin enabled immense amounts of foodstuffs to be preserved.

When Sweden was supplying Germany with copper in quantities three times as great as those that she sent to her before the war, the British export to Sweden was doubled. Among other of the infinite uses to which copper is put is that of rotating projectiles.

Nickel is a very hard metal, used in the construction of torpedoes and in

the manufacture of steel armaments. Norway was Germany's only source of supply, and the best part of Norway's output went to Germany. The particulars of these transactions and of those that refer to lubricants are given chiefly for English readers.

Cotton was not made contraband until August, 1915, although it is the basis of the most powerful explosives. Sweden's supply rose from 25,000 tons in 1913 to 123,000 tons in 1915. Denmark in 1916 received in piece goods alone a quantity equivalent to 16 yards per head of population. It is understood that the American cotton crop early in the war was offered to the British Government on easy terms of purchase. When Germany was cut off from cotton, she had to fall back upon an inferior substitute in the shape of pulp from wood fibre. Sweden's exports in pulps to Germany at once trebled. The Swedish mills were worked by British coal, fifteen tons of which were consumed in the manufacture of eighteen tons of pulp.

When Great Britain was sending hides, leather, boots, shoes, and tanning-materials to Denmark and Sweden on a scale of thousands of tons, in addition to hair, glue, and fats (such as oleo and lard), — all of which are component parts of the beasts that Denmark sent to Germany, — these countries were supplying Germany with cattle on the hoof, boots and shoes on a parallel scale. During the war, Denmark sent to Germany nearly 1,000,000 head of live cattle; and Sweden supplied Germany with about 4,500,000 pairs of boots and shoes.

In the early part of 1916 the wharves of Copenhagen were choked with tea, — a very bulky substance, occupying much freight-space, — a large part of which came from British colonies and was being despatched to Germany. These transactions came under the sardonic gaze of Admiral Consett's neutral colleagues, and were made by him the subject of strong protest. The evil moral effect of British trade on neutrals is instanced, in the case of America, by transactions in binder-twine and Singer sewing machines. Similar instances are given with regard to our allies, notably France and Japan.

Flax, which feeds the linen industry, so vital to our air offensive, was being exported at a time when the Irish crop was the worst during ten years, and when the occupation of Belgium had seriously affected supplies. Our export of jute, which Germany badly needed, was so excessive as to place the home trade in a very precarious position.

The trade in British cement with Holland is made by Admiral Consett the subject of a special chapter. Cement was largely used by Germany for military purposes in Flanders. Whether British cement actually reached the Germans is in dispute. That Germany received indirect benefit from it by the substitution of British man-power for German man-power seems to be unquestionable. A demand in Holland for British cement had arisen at a time (the end of 1916) when the dearth of German man-power had reached so acute a stage that Germany could not maintain her export trade and could not supply Holland with cement in return for foods. The following table speaks for itself.

Export of Cement from United Kingdom to Holland

1913	*1914*	*1915*	*1916*	*1917*
4,916	20,838	4,118	1,304	48,930

Financial pressure is touched upon superficially, pointed comment being directed against the British traffic in paper currency in 1918, at a time when Germany was openly proclaiming her need for it, and when on this account America had stopped the traffic.

Before summing up his conclusions,

Admiral Consett deals with the debates that took place in the Houses of Parliament on the British blockade policy, and makes reference to serious discrepancies between an official report on the subject of the excessive supplies that were reaching Germany and his own official reports on the subject.

British trade was justified on the grounds of regard for small neutral states and of the improvement of the exchange. These grounds cannot survive the criticism which is directed against them. With the neutrals Admiral Consett finds himself in sympathy. Their sufferings arose from the rapacity of a small body of profiteers.

On the question of Anglo-American relations, in a recent letter, Admiral Consett writes to me as follows: —

> During the war, and ever since, I have felt strongly convinced that the future progress of the world depends upon the continual friendship between America and England. There must be no suspicion on either side that one is trying to take a mean advantage of the other. One of my chief reasons for wishing to bring out the book was because it seemed to me that the only possible way of removing a mutual distrust was to state frankly and fairly the real cause of the friction which arose during the war between America and England. If, therefore, the book is not read by Americans, one of my chief objects has not been attained.

The Triumph of Unarmed Forces was written for the purpose, first, of placing on record facts which concern themselves with the unknown and dominating factors of a titanic struggle for which history can furnish no parallel, and in which the very liberty of civilized nations was itself at stake. It was written, secondly, in the hope that by making appeal to all thoughtful men, steps may be taken to profit from the lessons of the past by providing, as far as possible, safeguards against a repetition of the peril with which the liberty of nations may again be confronted.

That American readers may the better be enabled to form an opinion of the value of this volume, I may perhaps usefully conclude my paper with a brief reference to its reception in England. The facts recorded are admittedly unchallengeable, and opinion appears to be but little divided on the expressed views contained in the book. Both in the London and in the provincial press stern comment on the grave nature of the disclosures — which have been received with incredulity — has been tempered with a restraint due to those upon whom responsibility may rest, though scathing denunciation in unmeasured terms has found expression in one or two very outspoken articles. The book, which is the only work extant on the economic aspect of the World War, is recognized as deriving a special value from its authorship, which gives it a quasi-official character. Admiral Consett served for six years as Naval Attaché in Scandinavia, having previously been employed in the Naval Intelligence Department of the Admiralty. In 1920 he was appointed Naval Adviser to the Supreme Council in Paris. His knowledge of the economic and diplomatic side of the war is, it has been said, probably unequaled by that of any other Englishman. His opinions and his writings cannot be ignored. Indeed, the only tendency to adverse criticism that his work has met with has been based upon grounds which are in disregard of his main thesis. His book has been made the subject of debate in the House of Lords, where again in the autumn the question of the blockade is to be raised. It has evoked considerable comment in France, where a French edition is now in course of preparation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE LOWEST STRATUM OF SUMMER

THERE are patent reasons for walking, on this day, so late in the autumn. It is worth seeing how the goldenrod, though ashen-colored, still keeps its exact loveliness of line, ready to catch on its brittle fronds the still, silver flowers of the snow. Three days ago, the first snow settled there, and made beautiful shadowy things out of the dead stalks. To-day, that tentative sweep of winter is forgotten, and the sunshine is strong and creative. Let the North Wind nap, and warmth and beauty try hardily to return.

A great smooth wind draws down the hill-slopes, through the gray beauty of the flat beech-branches, with their clinging drift of frost-bleached leaves, which rustle together, paper-like and pallid. The sycamores have cast their shaggy bark, and stand up white, to meet the white winter. Their intricate, angled tracery is so hoary, yet so beautiful, so different from the simplicity of the white birches of the north. Yet close to the stream, to rival the birches and disprove that sentence immediately, stand three young sycamores, girlish and lissome. Freed of the brown bark, they stand ready, like beggar-girls who have thrown off their rags, to step down, silvery-ankled, into the silver water.

Birds' nests now are discarded cradles. Love-making is a dream, passed or to come, and the birds grow social-minded in the season of hardship. Those that sing now sing with keen, whistling notes, which tune with the winter wind. Quails call around dawn. The tufted titmouse summons, 'Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter!' This Peter must truly be a deaf little bird, with tufts of feathers over his ears!

Suddenly, across the landscape, like a lapful of brown leaves, drifts a flock of Carolina wrens. Their music rings, answers, and rings again. Hither and thither they flit, peopling every tree.

And here — oh, new beauty! — fly turtledoves. I scan them, in surprise. A cloud of tranquillity; think of the gray wealth of the sight against the soft sky — fifteen turtledoves, flying together, limning the very silhouette of peace along the horizon; here they breast the insolent airs, banded for the journey.

Drop down on this flat stone, watching the doves merge in gray cloud. Sit Japanese-fashion, near the almost Japanese beauty of the last stratum of summer, lying within ten inches of the surface of the earth. Down here are plants which have survived frost, and those which guilelessly think every warm day begins another summer, and so open their eyes too soon.

Trees blossom in the balm of spring, garden flowers are gay in May and June, and the waysides of August are awash with rich petal color. But greater plants yield up leaf and calyx to frost. Fingers of the oak leaves are curled and cold, tree branches move with the deadwood stiffness of marionettes when the North Wind pulls the strings. Berries are frozen and pulpy, and even the witch-hazel, with its pricks of light, glimmers no more.

But down here nearest the soil, shining with melted frost, are the small plants which cherish the tradition of

bloom, until it can be handed on to the green shoots of spring.

Here is supreme courage in tiny scope. With edges crimped by cold, the wee plants renew themselves with what measure of sunlight they can catch. These are the last, last outposts of summer.

The darling of maple trees, three inches high, still holds up crisply its two tiny leaves, as exquisite and crimson as any that were on the tall trees. All bright leaves on topmost twigs were shaken days ago. This infant thing, caught close to the breast of the earth, is still rosy.

Obscure tones of mauve, of cinnamon, of fadey scarlet, of fawn, of russet and rust and flame, have been put here by the sharp pencil of the frost, on these snippets of plants — colors which never appeared in their proper periods of blooming. Orange, bright as the fruit, lies on a leaflet of mouse-ear size. Chickweed, with its minute flowrets, preserves that fresh green which has been long gone from the larger landscape. A finger-long spray of goldenrod abloom is a rare salvage. The devil's-paintbrush, with its bricky pigment, is here, there, and everywhere, like its master, though the handle is short now. A bluet, the only forget-me-not of these fields, and a cinquefoil have come up in the face of the snow. A bit of catnip and an inch-high tree of pennyroyal — how extra-pungent their flavor rises now! I discover a couple of shabby red clovers, a glossy wild-rose haw, a rosette of woolly mullein, a bronzed dewberry bramble.

It is surprising to find so much that is fine in so straitened a space. Brave plants are these, blooming in a charming perversity, long beyond their appropriate time. Bless them all, here on our knees! Bless this field-daisy, golden-eyed, though its petals are tipped with that rose-color which touches white flowers only when life goes hard and long with them. That tinge will visit the trillium, the fall anemone, the Christmas roses that dwell chin-high in the snows. It is exactly like the pretty pink on the over-white cheek of an old, old lady. It is like the flush of a winter sunset over snow, the gallant show of life across the very face of death.

All round the warm flat stone I lean, to discover the circlet of charm that rings it. A bit of self-heal and a small saxifrage are bedfellows in a crack of the rock. You want to hover over them, to cuddle them in your hands. There is the feeling that you may help them now, for whom, before, sun and rain and breeze were sufficient. They were ready for this fragment of a season; their obscurity has come to distinction. One day their faith shall be justified. 'The broken heart it kens nae second spring again'; but nature kens, on and on, forever.

Alive with interest, we go down into the moist hollow where violets once bloomed — and bloom again! Two, no, three. Their color is deep, a dye of their very heart's best, and their chins are lifted a little, saucily. This is meekness, driven finally to rebellion.

Royal purple calls for gold to lighten it, and behold, up against the earth, the gold shield of the dandelion. Oh, this bravery of retreat! In summer he reaches and reaches above the grasses. Now he has gone back, step by driven step, the sword of the frost at his throat. But ever breast-forward has he gone, to the wall, and still holds his golden shield shining against the enemy. And on every sunny day he will be bright, until spring shall bid him lengthen his cords.

'Then thou, too,' Warrior of the Gleaming Armor, 'shalt return in honor, since in the battle thou hast kept thy shield.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Edward E. Whiting has for many years been a politically minded journalist — especially New England politics — and from the beginning of Calvin Coolidge's career, a friend and close observer of the President. New Englanders know him well as the author of the keen and whimsical political comment which appears in the *Boston Herald* as 'Whiting's Column.' ¶Most accounts of the Ku Klux Klan are by special investigators who go forth to find a story — and a good one. We publish this month the account of a man who simply went home and found that all his friends and 'the best people in town' belonged to the Klan. **Lowell Mellett** is a newspaper man, once managing editor of *Collier's Weekly*. He writes: —

> I'm as much opposed to the Klan now as I was when it first showed its hood, but, as the enclosed article will indicate, I've come to believe that much of the present opposition only serves to strengthen the organization. I've been back home in Indiana and I've found great numbers of the folks I used to know are Klansmen. You know they absolutely dominated the last state election. They claim, perhaps with some good ground, credit for the election of Senator Ralston; they may later claim credit for electing him President.
>
> The story of the Klan in Indiana is not the story that is told of the Klan elsewhere, though it may be the true story of the Klan elsewhere. I don't know, I've stuck to Indiana, about which I do know.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould is an old contributor, whom *Atlantic* readers know both for her short stories and her keen comment upon American life and manners.

* * *

Some of the struggle, the romance, and the salt of the sea, **Arthur Mason** is pouring into his sketches for the *Atlantic*. For forty years he followed the sea, first as a sailor before the mast, later as an officer on merchant sailing-ships. **John Jay Chapman**, American poet and essayist, is the author of *A Glance Toward Shakespeare*, *William Lloyd Garrison*, and many volumes of verse and prose. (DEAR READER, — No, *vill* is n't a misprint for *rill*, as you can learn from Webster or Murray. The place the poet had in mind is Great Tew. If the reader knows it, he certainly knows what a vill is.) **Arthur Pound**, author of *The Iron Man in Industry*, by turns a printer, editor, and farmer, is now a leader-writer for a New York paper. **Cornelia J. Cannon**, wife of Professor W. B. Cannon, the biologist, is the author of many much-discussed *Atlantic* papers. ¶A lawyer of Jersey City, **Richard Boardman**, sends us this month his first contribution to the *Atlantic*, born of his legal experience with divorce. ¶A young lawyer and poet, **Archibald MacLeish**, is about to bring out a new book of poetry to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company. **Joseph Warren Beach** is Professor of English at the University of Minnesota, and author of *The Method of Henry James*. **W. F. C. Thacher**, a writer new to the *Atlantic*, has put into his story a very perfect reflection of a small boy's mind.

* * *

H. Phelps Putnam, one of the younger group of American poets, is the author of 'A Lost World' (three sonnets) in the June *Atlantic*. **William Beebe's** 'A Midnight Beach-Combing' has his old qualities of biological drama — one might say — and scientific accuracy. **Margaret Emerson Bailey** is a new *Atlantic* contributor. **Robert Pierpont Blake** is a member of the department of history at Harvard College. **Rose Peabody Parsons**, a daughter of the headmaster of Groton School, and now the wife of Dr. Barclay Parsons of New York, served through the war as a nurse in France. **Lucy Truman Aldrich**, whose vivid account of her experiences with Chinese banditti, confirms anew our confidence in the gallant courage and enduring humor of American

women, is the eldest daughter of the late Nelson W. Aldrich, United States Senator from Rhode Island. At the time of her kidnapping, Miss Aldrich was going round the world for the second time, and was on her way to Peking, where she planned to spend several months. Her love of art, especially Oriental art, carries her far afield, and being very deaf she finds her greatest diversion and recreation in traveling. Miss MacFadden, who is mentioned several times in the letter, lives with Miss Aldrich as friend and companion. 'Mathilde' is Mathilde Schoneberg, a French woman and Miss Aldrich's maid for twenty-five years.

* * *

Mark O. Prentiss is an American industrial engineer who went to Constantinople under the auspices of the Near East Relief. His mission was to organize industrial employment, if possible, for the thousands of pauperized refugees. Later, at Admiral Bristol's request, he visited Smyrna, and was present when the city was captured and burned by the Turks. He was put in charge of the evacuation of refugees by the United States naval authorities, — an appointment confirmed by the Smyrna local committee, — and talked with the principal leaders, including Mustapha Kemal. At one time, three hundred Turkish soldiers assisted him; at another he was arrested by the Turks for using a camera, and ordered to be shot. Fortunately, through wit and courage he won over his executioners and hobnobbed with them for the remainder of the day. Mr. Prentiss is not himself a writer, and the story was written by John Bakeless, managing editor of the *Living Age*, who heard the whole from the lips of Mr. Prentiss and has recorded it for the readers of the Atlantic. **Sir Frederic Maurice,** who was present at the sessions of the League of Nations during the Italian-Greek crisis, is a Major-General in the British Army. He was military adviser to the Cabinet during the war, and director of military operations of the Imperial General Staff in 1915–1916. **Captain O. H. Daniel** of the Royal Navy (*Retired*) collaborated with Admiral Consett in the preparation of his book, *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces*, the thesis of which goes to show that certain commercial interests in England were largely responsible for the prolongation of the war. Admiral Consett was stationed as Naval Attaché in Scandinavia during the war, a port from which he followed the question of British exports to Scandinavia: exports which, as a rule passed on into German territory.

* * *

Was Ramsay Traquair just? The national jury which sat on 'Women and Civilization' was interested — no doubt about that — but the returns were mixed. Among men the 'Ayes' had it, but perhaps that is natural. The odd thing is that many women voted Aye too, though some with reservations.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You will have a storm of protest over Mr. Traquair's article, but at least one woman agrees with him! Unquestionably our gifts are more practical than imaginative. But there is a reason for the popular fallacy to the contrary: the *average* woman is more imaginative than the *average* man, also she is more executive. She does however never attain first place in any profession, business, or career, and the reason is that her mind is never that of a leader, never the supernormal, just as it is never the lowest type of subnormal. In all coeducational schools and colleges it is a matter of common knowledge that the highest and lowest places belong to the boys. The top rungs of the ladder and the bottom belong to the other sex, but the middle ones are ours! Also it has been said that the creative impulse in woman finds expression in bearing children. May there not be a grain of truth in that?

(MRS.) J. B. GILMAN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You would be disappointed not to hear from us, would n't you, after that estimate of us by Mr. Ramsay Traquair in the September *Atlantic*.

I emerged from reading the article with the tingling sensation that I have after my cold shower bath. The water was cold, but it started the circulation.

We have no arguments with which to meet the charge that we lack the divine spark of genius; the facts of history speak for themselves. We regret it, and accept it.

It is not my purpose to uphold women as educators, which may be at least a debatable question.

I only wish, in my feminine and ungifted way, to ask a timid question.

If, as the author remarks of women in a well-taken point on p. 290 of the *Atlantic*, 'their not taking opportunity is in itself a part of the record of their ability,' would not the same reasoning hold for the men of this continent now so stifled by feminine training? Why don't *they* rise to heights of genius *in spite of their handicap?*

Yours, with chastened spirit,

HARRIET W. PIERSON.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I suppose you have many letters on the subject of Mr. Traquair's article, 'Women and Civilization.' It is certainly stimulating to thought. It stimulates me so I can't keep still.

It is probably true that women have not so large an artistic imagination as men, still this may be partly due to their age-long training in petty thoughts. House-managing is made up entirely of endless jumping from one little thing to another. There cannot possibly be any concentration on one central idea as the housemother must be ready every moment to turn to a new difficulty. The difficulties, probably, are little things that take only a short time for adjustment, but they are so infinitely numerous and so absolutely unrelated to each other, that the situation inevitably produces a discursive state of mind, directly the opposite of that required for production in art, science or philosophy. . . .

Mr. Traquair says women have brought the whole teaching profession into disrepute. In this assertion he has made one little mistake which changes the whole proposition: not women have done this, but men. I have several friends who teach in New York public schools, and they all say the same thing: their work requires little or no imagination, and exercise of creative thought is discountenanced — and by whom? By the political machine which controls the school system — and is composed largely of men. I agree however that boys should be taught by men much more than they are.

Mr. Traquair in his whole article has entirely neglected one factor which seems to me at least existent in the life of most married women: childbirth. What may this perhaps do to a woman's creative faculty? How important is it in her life as a whole? The two impulses, of sex and of creation, being so closely allied, one wonders how much this has to do with the question. With women, those that have the strongest sex impulse are usually married, and their urge to create is perhaps often satisfied with children, though of course this is not always the case. With men, however, the whole thing is different; married or single they can create just the same. Perhaps their larger imaginations are equal to both impulses.

ETHEL C. GARDNER

PITTSBURG, KANSAS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The women in Kansas are all mad about it, too, of course. But I should like to ask the editor if he did n't chuckle a bit when he put 'The Robe de Boudoir' in the same issue?

MARGARET E. HAUGHAWOUT.

* * *

Because the Italian-Greek crisis might readily have proved a second Sarajevo, and so the spark for a world war, and because it was in the nature of a test case for the League, we are glad to publish this letter from Manley O. Hudson, professor of international law and member of the legal section of the Secretariat of the League. He comments upon a number of events that occurred after General Maurice had written and mailed the article which we publish in this number.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I am very much interested to find that General Maurice's conclusions tally pretty closely with my own, although I did not have the pleasure of discussing the matter with him in Geneva.

If I would have given anything in his article a slightly different emphasis, I think it would have been the position of the Conference of Ambassadors with reference to the dispute, and the part which it played in the final settlement. For the dispute was in fact a three-cornered affair. The murder of the Italian officers was not merely an affront to Italy, but also a challenge to the authority of the Conference of Ambassadors, under which the Delimitation Commission was acting. So that I think it would have been accurate to say that Greece, Italy, and the Conference of Ambassadors were all parties to the dispute. Moreover, the Conference of Ambassadors did begin considering the whole question before Greece appealed to the Council of the League.

I am a bit surprised to find such a clear statement by General Maurice that Italy had violated the Covenant. There is surely a case to be made for the Italian contention that their seizure of Corfu was not a violation of Greece's territorial integrity, given the precedents of the last fifty years. As to Article XII, the Italians have contended that they did not go to war or create a state of war. But I think there is no case to be made for the action of the Italians in jeopardizing the world's peace as they did.

Developments in the situation since General Maurice's article was written have been in line with the conclusions which he drew. Perhaps his emphasis on the reference to the Permanent

Court of International Justice is the one thing which has not been borne out in the events. For the original decision of the Conference of Ambassadors to have the Court determine the amount of the indemnity to be paid by Greece was modified on September 14, in such a way that no question relating to the dispute itself has been placed before the Permanent Court of International Justice. The Italian withdrawal from Corfu, even if accomplished at the expense of Greece's paying a very large indemnity, has now been effected as General Maurice foresaw.

There remains the contest in the Assembly and the Council of the League over the measures to be taken as a result of the Italian challenge to the competence of the Council. It is difficult to believe that the Italian lawyers are really of the opinion that the Council was not competent under Article XII and Article XV of the Covenant to deal with the Greek appeal. It would be difficult also to see how the Italian contention of incompetence could be substantiated in the face of Article XI, which empowers the Council to deal with any threat of war. I am extremely pleased with General Maurice's emphasis on the rôle of the Council as an agency of conciliation, rather than as an agency of judicial investigation. I think the Italian-Greek crisis ought to show what the League really is. It is not a super-state, it is not a League to Enforce Peace. It is a method of international life. It is a machinery for conference and consultation and for conciliation. In this view, I can only conclude with General Maurice that the League has had a real success, that the machinery has worked, and that the method has proved itself sound.

The important outstanding results are, first, though the world has passed through another Sarajevo, war has been prevented. Second, Corfu has been restored to Greece. And third, an adequate reparation has been made to Italy for the murder of the Italian officers. Surely these results should convince any doubter that the situation with the League of Nations is vastly better than the situation would have been without it.

MANLEY O. HUDSON.

* * *

In answer to a letter of ours asking about the Klan situation in Oklahoma, we have received the following from a citizen of Oklahoma:—

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

You ask me about the present situation in Tulsa. Frankly I don't know what to say. It is easy to pass the matter with the statement that we are not affected by martial law; or by the Klan either. The daily life of the city goes on as usual. But back of everything is the tense feeling that comes from the manifestation of religious bigotry, and of the secret rule of a hidden clique. The civil offices are unquestionably in the hands of the Klan; and that fact makes it impossible for the Governor to oust these officials. The testimony before the military court as to the outrages against citizens is almost incredible. Yesterday I was at the Capitol at Oklahoma City. Guards were at the doors of the House and Senate Chambers, and the Governor's office literally swarmed with gunmen. Thirty-five members of the House were in caucus in the Skirvin Hotel, laying plans for the self-convening of the Legislature for the purpose of impeaching Governor Walton.

Personally I do not see any satisfactory outcome of this matter until the Federal Government takes charge both of the investigation and of the military situation. The Klan is in charge of fanatics who have some idea that they are Heaven-sent crusaders to usher in a new day. The organizers have been very shrewd in gathering a large sum of money both for propaganda and for maintenance of offices and of officers. I have tried to have if not a detached at least a semi-detached view of the situation; but I feel that one does not exaggerate in saying that the Klan is the most dangerous force at large in the country to-day. For instance I have seen Tulsa in fifteen years grow from a village of twelve thousand people to a city of over a hundred thousand; and in all that time people of all religious beliefs and of all races mingled without any apparent clash. Since the Klan was organized we have had a race riot, and a continual jarring among the citizens until to-day almost the sole topic of conversation is the Klan and the Governor.

This condition I consider typical of the South and perhaps of Indiana and Ohio. I sincerely wish that someone could bring the matter to President Coolidge in such a way that he would make it known that the Federal Bureau of Investigation would be at the service of the various states in their fights against the Klan; and that in the last resort the Army would be available to maintain the State Governments. Serious opposition would then disappear in twenty-four hours.

A CITIZEN OF OKLAHOMA.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

Another President

THREE Presidents in four months! The Atlantic Monthly Press might almost be accused of attempting a corner in Chief Executives. In August it produced, in a diminutive book, **Mr. Wilson's** *Atlantic* essay, 'The Road away from Revolution.' In October came **Lord Charnwood's** *Theodore Roosevelt*, which is reviewed in another department of the *Atlantic* for this month by 'the Colonel's' college classmate and biographer, Mr. Charles G. Washburn, of Worcester, Massachusetts, who was, besides, a member of Congress during part of Roosevelt's presidency. Finally, in November, will come a brief biography of President Calvin Coolidge.

The author of this new book is **Mr. Edward Elwell Whiting,** whose daily production of 'Whiting's Column' in the *Boston Herald* has made his name and his admirable work known to a multitude of readers.

As a biographer of President Coolidge he stands in a position of peculiar advantage. He hails, as does the President, who entered public life as Mayor of Northampton, from western Massachusetts, where his father, the late Charles Goodrich Whiting, was long an editor of the *Springfield Republican.* His grandfather — for full measure — was named Calvin Whiting. Passing from Harvard College into journalism, he was himself fortunate in his exceptional opportunities, both in Massachusetts and in Washington, for observing the President at close range throughout the successive stages of his career. His knowledge of political affairs is comprehensive. And he writes with the ease and force from which both good writing and good reading proceed.

It was suggested to Mr. Whiting when he undertook this piece of work that he might be instrumental in solving a public enigma. His book is a positive contribution to that end.

A New Book List

This is the time of year at which our Shop-Talk is wont to contain some discourse reminding the friends of the Atlantic office that the books which have proceeded from it in previous years are still very much alive. As the list of our book publications grows longer — it now includes some hundred and forty titles — this practice can hardly be continued without a certain 'playing of favorites.' This is something which we avoid, for if a publishing house with a deliberately restricted list of books does not pursue a method of its own, what becomes of the advantage, to its authors and itself, of a policy of concentration?

Instead, then, of talking at this time of any one or more books of other seasons, we must be content with mentioning the fact that the Atlantic Monthly Press has been taking a special interest in the issue of a new Atlantic Book List, now in process of distribution. In many respects its pages will be found to suggest the identity of aim of the Press and the *Atlantic Monthly.* It contains a number of portraits of Atlantic authors and reproductions of the illustrations of Atlantic books, with descriptive notes upon their contents. Nobody imagines that all the copies will escape the wastebasket that yawns in every library and office for publishers' catalogues; but before this one finds its way into that hospitable haven we venture to believe that many friends of the Atlantic will remember that 'Atlantic Books are Pleasant Friends' and will not treat this new description of them with too peremptory a rudeness.

At about the same time with the appearance of this pamphlet a new list of the educational books issued by the Atlantic Monthly Press will be distributed. The number of these publications has steadily grown until they need a catalogue of their own. The teachers and others who will receive it are probably less addicted to the wastebasket habit than that composite personage, 'the general reader.'

The Unanimous Reviewers

The Shop-Talker naturally directs an open eye to the notices of new Atlantic books. They are generally comforting to read. At the same time they throw a certain light on the book-reviewer's mind and methods. His mind appeared to good advantage, for example, when he began a notice of Miss Montague's *Deep Channel* in a New York paper with the words, 'There is a familiar legend as to the infuriated rabbit that turned and savagely bit the pursuing dogs.' His methods came into question when this same review, beginning with the same words, appeared a week later, without quotation marks, in a newspaper of the Northwest, and two weeks later, with quotation marks, in a newspaper of the South. Whether the syndicate or the self-help method accounts for this triplication, it is interesting in its suggestion of the wide diffusion of New York opinion, and should cause the critics of that city to take their responsibilities with all seriousness.

It has been interesting also to observe that, quite independently of one another, several critics have found in *Deep Channel* something which has caused them to liken it to *Ethan Frome* and *Miss Lulu Bett*. The fact that *Deep Channel* is a short novel, extremely well written, is hardly enough of itself to account for this sense of resemblance. Perhaps it is that all three books, intensely local as they are, deal with essential situations of broad significance.

An Autobiographic Bookplate

Without recourse to illustration — of which these pages must remain innocent — how can we describe a bookplate that has recently drifted into the Atlantic shop? Will mere words picture its central design to the reader's eye? This is a drawing of a bookbinder's table with some shelves of books above it. Milton, Shakespeare, Epictetus, Cowper, and, most conspicuously of all, Mark Twain, linked in symbol with a plethoric frog, shine out among the titles. At one side of the tools and bookbinding apparatus on the table stands a volume labeled 'Homer's Iliad, Pope'; and at the other, 'The Amenities of Book-Collecting, Newton.'

If you see the picture, you imagine — and truly — how autobiographic it is. The 'Amenities' began the story, by causing one of its readers to read also *A Magnificent Farce*, which made a collector of him. *Doctor Johnson* followed in due time, but meanwhile the collector, being skillful with his fingers, had taken up bookbinding for the worthier preservation of some of the old books he was buying. Then came the designing of his own bookplate, and the deed was done. The Newton regiment in the army of bibliophiles had won a new recruit.

An Autumn Text

During the months since these columns first made mention of *Social Backgrounds of English Literature*, the mills of the manufacturing department have been at their grinding, and the book was ready for the fall term. The authors, **Mr. Ralph P. Boas** and **Miss Barbara M. Hahn**, both of the Central High School, Springfield, Massachusetts, have been at great pains to make entirely clear the relation of English literature to English life, and to select illustrations which will enable the student to re-create for himself the atmosphere of each period with which they deal.

Iron in the Blood

Professor Kenneth A. Robinson of the English Department at Dartmouth College is responsible for an interesting list of books which has recently appeared in print. The list is a part of the 'College after College' plan which Dartmouth is pursuing through supplying thousands of its alumni with recommendations of books for their reading. It is an extremely catholic list of titles, ranging from Eugene O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape* to William Lyon Phelps's *Human Nature in the Bible*. Biography, poetry, and fiction fill the spaces between, and in one of them it is pleasant to find **Mr. Charles Rumford Walker's** *Steel: the Diary of a Furnace Worker*. If the 'College after College' Dartmouth men develop in all the directions suggested by Professor Robinson's choice of books for them, they will indeed inherit the earth, as, in allegiance to their college, they would probably declare that they should.

D M | DODD, MEAD & COMPANY - NEW YORK | D M

Typee

By Herman Melville

Another great classic by the author of "Moby Dick" in a handsome gift edition. Mead Schaeffer, who gained prominence last year as the illustrator of "Moby Dick," has done even finer work in the full-page color plates which beautify "Typee." Size 7½ x 9½. **$3.50**

MOBY DICK, by Herman Melville, in a uniform edition. **$3.50**

The Wreck of the Grosvenor

By W. Clark Russell

Mead Schaeffer has drawn some beautiful color illustrations for this gift edition of one of the classic stories of the sea, and the publishers have made a book of unusual attractiveness. It will be hard to find a more attractive gift book. Size 6½ x 9½. **$3.00**

Twenty Years After

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

The sequel to "The Three Musketeers" handsomely bound and illustrated with sixteen color plates by Rowland Wheelwright. Size 6¼ x 9. **$3.50**

India's Love Lyrics

By LAURENCE HOPE

For the first time, an illustrated popular priced edition of this famous work. Eight full-page color plates by Byam Shaw. **$2.50**

The Compleat Angler

By IZAAK WALTON and CHARLES COTTON

With 250 delightful illustrations and photogravure portraits of Walton and Cotton.
In cloth, **$3.00**; *half morocco*, **$7.50**

Black Beauty

By ANNA SEWELL

One of the best-loved of children's books in a fine new edition, with illustrations in color and in black-and-white by Katharine Pyle. **$2.50**

Right Guard Grant

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Another rousing story in the "Football Series" so popular with boys. **$1.75**

Reynard The Fox

By C. S. EVANS

A new version of this ever popular story of the sly fox and the lion. Beautifully illustrated. **$2.00**

Quentin Durward

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

In one large, handsome volume with sixteen beautiful color plates by Percy Tarrant. Size 6¼ x 9. **$3.50**

Nonsense Novels

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Author of "College Days," etc.

Many laughable illustrations by that clever artist, John Kettelwell, mark this new edition of an ever popular book of humor. **$3.00**

The Natural History of Selborne

By GILBERT WHITE

A new edition of this classic with 291 illustrations.
In cloth, **$3.00**; *half morocco*, **$7.50**

Audacious Ann

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Every girl reader will be delighted with the story of Ann, the despair of her teachers, but loved by all who know her. *Illustrated.* **$2.00**

The Boys' Book of Buccaneers

By A. HYATT VERRILL

Historically accurate tales of the romantic and bloodthirsty pirates who once terrorized the seas.
Illustrated. **$2.00**

"Quite Wild Animals"

By BEATRICE CURTIS BROWN

Fifteen humorous and fantastic animals, entirely new in character, are presented to the children in this volume, with quaint illustrations. **$1.00**

D M | At All Booksellers | DODD, MEAD & COMPANY | Publishers Since 1839 | D M

THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Revolutionary New England, 1691–1776, by James Truslow Adams, author of the 'Founding of New England.' Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1923. 8vo. Illustrated. xiv+469 pp. $5.00.

WITH the same integrity of purpose, felicity of expression, and appreciation of scholarship that characterized his earlier volume, Mr. Adams now comes forward with a further installment of his story, presenting with insight, imagination, and an ever broadening vision those phases of New England's history that presaged the coming storm of revolt and accompanied the actual outbreak of hostilities. To an extent even greater than in his previous work — because the situations are more complex and the areas of action more widely distributed — he has given his treatise the form of a series of expository essays, often detailed as to facts and well fortified as to references, which deal with the dynamic aspects of his subject — the movements of liberation and expansion and the gradual transfer of power from the conservative to the radical elements in the colonies. He is concerned with periods of crisis and with those activities, mental as well as physical, that connote friction, conflict, and change. It is of 'Revolutionary New England' that he writes, of the contests of groups, classes, and sections within the colonies and of the radical element in America during the pre-Revolutionary period with the extremists in England committed to a policy of coercion.

He makes it all a delightful, even fascinating, story, full of life and action, and of the doings of an animated, but sinful, humanity possessed of the attributes of men and not of paragons and demigods.

The treatment is highly subjective, and the book, though rarely partial or unfair, is distinctly one of commentary, judgment, and criticism. Mr. Adams accepts willingly, and even eagerly, the opinions and findings of others more cool-blooded than himself, and searches widely for evidence upon which to base his conclusions; but in the end the deductions he draws are his own. He distributes praise and blame with an even hand, though on the whole he is more inclined to condemn than to extol. Whether intentionally or not, I cannot say, he leaves upon the reader impressions rather pessimistic than otherwise, as if there were something inherently bad about the Puritan and naturally artful about the New Englander in general. His merchants indulge in orgies of corruption; his capitalists are profiteers, obtaining their substance by doubtful methods. He leaves the further impression of a confused and disordered civilization in eighteenth-century New England, likening the course of its history to a deafening rush and tumult, a crash of waters, a veritable Niagara. He has nothing to say of placidity and calm, of quiet lakes and gently flowing courses, of times of contentment, ease, and good behavior. I am far from certain that he has not overcolored his picture. Can it be that he is interpreting the past in the mood of one still under the influence of the late war and its aftermath of depression and ferment?

Mr. Adams adds materially to the strength of his arguments and the interest of his reader when he turns to more recent history for illustrations and parallels wherewith to confirm his conclusions. He finds in the conditions attending our possession of territories and insular dependencies new points of view from which to judge the working of the old British colonial system, and in Great Britain's relations with her colonies and dominions to-day an opportunity to resolve some old-time questions. He makes occasional appeal to our present-day psychological reactions, when he notes that 'mobocracy' and revolution, though lauded in some quarters because as matters of history they have made us what we are, take on quite a different appearance when viewed as current events. Some of these comparisons are sure to bring the thoughtful reader to a realizing sense of the absurdity and injustice of many former verdicts and, in common with other parts of this admirable book, to effect a wholesome revision of historical judgments that have overlong possessed the popular mind in America.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

The Supreme Court in United States History, by Charles Warren. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1922. Illustrated. 8vo. 3 vols., xviii+540, xii+551, and xii+532 pp. $18.00.

THE award of the Pulitzer Prize to Mr. Warren's work as the best publication of 1922 in the field of American history placed a distinguished seal upon the excellence of these three volumes. It is seldom that a literary production, dealing with a subject closely related to the interest and activity of a professional class engaged in a specialized and somewhat technical field, can appeal to the general reader. To the legal profession a good history of the Supreme Court of the United States would, of course, always be welcome. Mr. Warren, however, has given us something much better than merely such a history. He was happy in the choice of his title, *The Supreme Court in United States History*, and his treatment of his subject amply justifies the selection.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

A Son at the Front
By Edith Wharton
"Extraordinary power and beauty."—Wm. Lyon Phelps. $2.00

Captures
By John Galsworthy
Stories by a master of the short-story form. $2.00

Tut, Tut! Mr. Tutt
By Arthur Train
Ephraim Tutt as the hero of eight new episodes.
$2.00

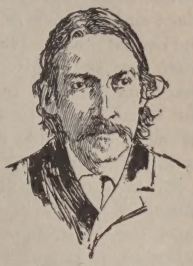
The Hope of Happiness
By Meredith Nicholson
A fine and engrossing modern novel. $2.00

Lazy Laughter
By Woodward Boyd
A new novel by the author of "The Love Legend."
$2.00

Holland Under Queen Wilhelmina
By Prof. A. J. Barnouw
A concise and interesting history. Illustrated. $3.00

The Children's Bible
By H. A. Sherman and C. F. Kent
Now in its fifth large printing. $3.50

By Robert Louis Stevenson



The Short Stories of Robert Louis Stevenson

The first complete one-volume collection. $2.50

The Complete Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson

Containing, with others, more than 200 poems never before published except in a limited edition. $4.00

By Wm. Lyon Phelps

As I Like It

Brilliant and witty discussions of the books, plays, and timely questions of the day by a foremost critic. $2.00

By Royal Cortissoz

American Artists

Papers on many of the most significant figures in American painting. A valuable contribution to the history of our art.
$3.00

By Brander Matthews

Playwrights on Playmaking

A collection of closely related essays. $2.00

By Harriet Hammond McCormick

Landscape Art: Past and Present

A beautiful limited edition of 1,200 copies, printed from type now distributed. *With 56 full-page illustrations.* $20.00

New Books for Boys and Girls

Sir Walter Scott's Quentin Durward

celebrates its hundredth anniversary this year by appearing in a new edition with beautiful full-color illustrations by C. Bosseron Chambers. $3.50

By Kenneth Grahame

The Wind in the Willows

A new edition, with delightful illustrations in color and line by Nancy Barnhart. $3.00

Though the reader necessarily acquires a knowledge of the history of the court, of its changing membership during its one hundred and thirty years of existence, of the personality and character of its chief and many of its associate justices, all this is subordinate and incidental to the author's purpose to set forth the place and influence of the court in the history of the United States. This purpose has been effected with rare skill. Mr. Warren's literary style is free from technical or professional quality, and the story is told in a manner so delightful to follow as to provide it with much of the fascination of a novel.

At each of the many important points in American history in which the activity of the court has been engaged, Mr. Warren not only describes, in language intelligible to the general reader, the case or cases which the court judicially decided, but gives a word picture of the argument, of the participants in the argument, even of the scene and persons in the courtroom. He illustrates, partly in the text and still more fully in the notes, the main narrative with a wealth of quotations from contemporary letters and records of every kind, which enable the reader almost to breathe the atmosphere and to visualize the people of the periods he is describing. All this bears eloquent testimony to the author's great industry and wide reading.

His treatment of the conflict between greater or less centralization of power in the national government is of special significance at this moment. His narrative shows that the issue, looked at broadly, has been continuous. It seems, however, to indicate to a student of the form in which the question presents itself in more recent years that in all the earlier period of the country's history the expansion of national power and the corresponding curtailment of State jurisdiction related to matters either of foreign or of interstate commerce, both of which were matters with which the Federal Government was expressly authorized to deal.

The far-reaching effect of the decisions of the court was in general to ensure the most complete freedom of trade among the States and a necessary uniformity in the conduct of foreign commerce.

Mr. Warren naturally and properly treats with much greater brevity the relation of the court during the period of chief justiceships of Fuller and White as 'too recent and too clearly within the view of living man to warrant detailed description.' When such an account can be written — let us hope by Mr. Warren — it will be interesting to see whether this controversy between centralized and distributed jurisdiction will not relate rather to matters affecting individual rights and liberty than to questions of a commercial nature.

It may not be amiss to add that, in spite of the identity of surnames, the present reviewer of this book is not a kinsman of its author.

BENTLEY W. WARREN.

The Able McLaughlins, by Margaret Wilson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1923. 12mo. vi + 263 pp. $2.00.

THERE is a quality in the art of novel and drama not often exhibited by writers of a sophisticated age. When we see it on the stage, we call it 'illusion.' A brilliant example of it is the work of the Russian Players. Even a hardened critic forgets the theatre, its lights, its chairs, its dull neighbors, and lives for three memorable hours in a Russian palace or a Russian slum. The spectator is *transported*. The charm is more difficult to work upon the printed page than in the theatre. Yet the practised reader recalls certain hours when he was 'transported' — to the pavilion of Saladin, or the streets of distracted Paris with Sidney Carton, or to the cave where Gerard discovered the babe of his own flesh and blood. The power to work this wonder is not yet withdrawn from the earth. By a fortunate chance the three men set to award the Harper Prize for the best competing novel had a specimen of the exercise of that power hidden in their pile of seven hundred manuscripts. The readers of *The Able McLaughlins* will agree that the assigning of the prize must have been an easy matter.

Miss Margaret Wilson transports her readers to her scene on the prairies of the Mississippi Valley. Her characters are a group of Scotch Covenanters who settled there in the early fifties — eleven families of them, all connected by blood or by marriage. The local color of the first pages is delightful. The wild strawberries, the fleeing rattlesnakes, the tangle of grapevines, the prairie chickens scratching in the short grass, and the children lost to sight in the taller growth, all go to make a vivid picture. In an instant we are plunged into the heart of the Civil War by the arrival of the oldest son with a wounded foot, and we see the mother's patriotism glowing against the passion of her love for her first-born. The part that religion plays in the daily life of these folk is thrillingly depicted. We eat and drink with them, and we pray and sing psalms with them. All this, however, is but the setting for the real tale — the piteous story of how the lovely Chirstie, a maiden all grace and gentleness and honor, had been wickedly outraged by the village scoundrel, and how the splendid hero had hidden her shame and sheltered her and her baby with his name and his loyal love. The plot is an old one, but it is fresh-minted by Miss Wilson's skill. Every character is clear-cut. Every situation serves to show forth the conflict between hate and love. How to tolerate the presence of the loathsome criminal in the same world with his victim; how to punish him; how to banish hate — righteous hate — from the heart of man and wife happy but for that ugly shadow — these are the spiritual problems to be worked out in the prairie village. The final solution comes with a poignancy to pierce the hardest heart. Pity conquers hate, and the word which

ALFRED A. KNOPF
PUBLISHER

220 WEST 42d ST.
NEW YORK

STEPHEN CRANE

A Study in American Letters

by Thomas Beer

With an introduction by Joseph Conrad

The first accurate and detailed biography of a masterly writer whose early death was so great a loss to American literature. Joseph Conrad, a personal friend, has paid tribute to his memory in a lengthy and hitherto unpublished prefatory essay. $2.50 net

There is also a large paper edition, limited to 100 copies, printed on deckle edged paper and specially bound. $10.00 net.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHILD *by*

Joseph Hergesheimer

A vivid and charming account of Mr. Hergesheimer's childhood. The book has been designed in its entirety by Bruce Rogers, and the edition is limited to 950 copies, each copy numbered and signed by the author. $10.00 net

FAIRFAX

by

Carl Sternheim

This volume, designed by Frederick W. Goudy and printed at the Marchbanks Press under his supervision, will appeal to collectors and lovers of fine printing. 8vo, genuine parchment back, hand-colored board sides, stamped in gold, Borzoi water-marked paper, the type and decorations by Frederick W. Goudy. Limited to 950 copies for the United States. $7.50 net

COME HITHER!

An Anthology

Edited by Walter de la Mare

With wood-cuts by Alec Buckels

In this brilliant anthology there is an exhilarating introduction, 500 pages of English and American verse ranging from Chaucer to Robert Frost, voluminous notes drawn from the editor's own rich fund of information and written in his most engaging manner, and finally the lovely wood cuts of Alec Buckels which are really worthy of the fine contents of this unusual book. $6.00

THE ART OF THE CHINESE POTTER

by R. L. Hobson and A. L. Hetherington

53 color plates and 100 half-tones reproducing perfectly the finest examples of pre-Ming and Ming pottery and porcelain to be found in English collections. Every plate is accompanied by a page of detailed description, and there is an illuminating introduction. 4to, half parchment, Borzoi Batik sides, limited to 500 copies for the United States. $50.00 net

CROSSINGS:

A FAIRY PLAY

by Walter de la Mare

The magic of one of the greatest living poets has never been more convincing than in this fantastic holiday play. *With illustrations in color and black and white by Dorothy P. Lathrop and music by C. Armstrong Gibbs.* $3.50 net

In CANADA from the Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

works the transformation is the first spoken sentence of the baby boy, as the whole current of the world's love for its new-come children sweeps over this brave man and sweet woman, and bears out of sight and memory all that has been bitter and cruel in their trial.

The Able McLaughlins is a book to make a true American praise the Lord for the Scots that have found their home in our land, and pray that there may be more of them — 'able' for to-morrow as for yesterday.

HELOISE E. HERSEY.

The Dove's Nest and Other Stories, by Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1923. 12mo. 242 pp. $2.50.

A SHARP stab of regret cuts into our sense of artistic satisfaction in this latest volume of Katherine Mansfield's stories, as we realize that we are reading the last words that will ever be penned by a most promising young writer. Fragments many of the tales frankly are, suggestions, hints, bits of brilliantly colored mosaics collected by an artist's eagerly searching hand to be pieced together later into one of her truthful and illuminating pictures of life. Yet even these broken bits seem not so much unfinished as incomplete — like fragments of a cunningly wrought vase, shattered by some evil chance, yet still revealing the color and design of the artist who conceived the whole.

Katherine Mansfield's own unfinished life seems a symbol of her work — so full of promise, so controlled by what one of her characters terms a 'psychological awareness,' that her life, like her work, seems complete in its very incompleteness.

Even in the most finished of her pictures of life there is never the conventional structure of the usual short story. Realizing that no experience ever really begins or ends at any definite moment, she gives us a section of existence at whatever point her truth-seeking blade chooses to cut out a segment. She not only enables us to visualize a scene, as almost no other modern writer of short stories does, but she makes us feel, smell, taste, and hear through our spiritual senses, with the same poignancy which she herself experiences in every impression she invites us to share. One feels that this ardent spirit created always under a feverish impulsion, conscious of its own doom, and a softly penetrating sadness, like a haunting perfume, pervades all her work. This is accounted for in large measure — as we read in her journals — by the devastating pain she never ceased to feel at the loss of her young brother killed in the war.

If it is necessary to mark with special commendation the sketches that most stand out in this last volume, one perhaps remembers with peculiar satisfaction 'The Doll's House,' 'A Married Man's Story,' and 'The Dove's Nest.' The 'Introductory Note' throws light on the artistic truthfulness of this talented young writer, so critical of her own work, so despairingly eager to attain the heights of absolute integrity on which even her dying eyes were fixed.

'I look at the mountains,' she writes, 'I try to pray — and I think of something *clever*. Anything that I write in this mood will be no good, it will be full of sediment.'

But sediment is precisely what most of us find lacking in the clear sparkling draught that Katherine Mansfield holds out to us. The cup that holds it is deep, and lends its own sombre reflections to the shimmering surface, but the water itself is unmuddied by morbidity and unpolluted by false sentiment.

A. L. GRANT.

Midwest Portraits: A Book of Memories and Friendships, by Harry Hansen. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1923. 8vo. vi+ 357 pp. $2.50.

THE portraits, which are, with one exception, of writers, are really Chicago portraits, drawn against a background of Chicago. In drawing them, Mr. Hansen has essayed that most difficult of undertakings, the appraisal of living men and women whom he knows intimately in the flesh. He is careful to explain that 'a book built primarily upon friendships and memories can afford to leave to the more scholarly inquirer problems of technical skill, the more subtle balancing of literary values and the relation of these men to the literature of all time.' And yet this disclaimer does not deter him from implying that 'these men,' whether singly or as a group, *have* an important relation to the literature of all time. It is this faith or loyalty that gives us the most likable portrait in the book, that of the author himself; and that is sketched unconsciously. His conscious portraits give the impression of having been painted in poses of self-consciousness.

The portrait of the author is an interesting study, for it is of a man for whom the past seems hardly to exist, a man in love with a world as new as department-store varnish, for whom anyone in revolt against the past is by that fact alone an apostle of the future, and for whom the future apparently dawned in Chicago the day before yesterday. Even little details, which one would ignore as slips, contribute to the general impression of ingenuousness; as when he spells *Lavengro* as *L'Avengro*, and ascribes to Dickens a hackneyed saying of Bacon's. And yet his faith in the new is so honest and his admiration of his literary friends so real that one ends by liking him better than one can like them. For there seems to be something wrong with the portraits, and some thought suggests that his sitters have sat so close to him that they have suffered the distortion due to lack of perspective which one observes in a moving-picture 'close-up.' The most beautiful can hardly endure such magnification of feature.

The men and women most fully presented are Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Floyd Dell,

Christmas Suggestions

Each book described here was selected with Christmas giving specially in mind. Your bookseller has each or can get it for you. Write us, however, for a free, postpaid, 40-page pamphlet (cover in full colors) describing all our new and recent publications.

MY LONG LIFE IN MUSIC

By LEOPOLD AUER

"It is unique, royal with its air of Old World courts, revolutionary with its flight from Russia's last convulsion, always and everywhere wisely reserved. For here is a vital, venerable man, who, when he turns his strong, trained bow-arm to human marksmanship, hits the mark squarely, and when he turns to penmanship, writes with ripe sympathy, sagacity and humor." — *W. B. Chase, N. Y. Times. 47 notable portraits. $5.00.*

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

By ROSALINE MASSON

A comprehensive life of R. L. S. which brings to light much new material uncovered since the Sir Graham Balfour work published more than twenty years ago. Miss Masson has had unusual opportunity for getting at this interesting new material and presents it vividly. *Illustrated. $2.50.*

LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE

By ALEXANDER CARLYLE

To John Stuart Mill, John Sterling and Robert Browning

A valuable contribution to Carlyle's published correspondence. Eighty of the letters are to Mill, thirty-three to Sterling and the rest to Browning — all of them are fresh and interesting and give new light on their author. *With portraits. $6.00.*

BEAUTIFUL AMERICA

By VERNON QUINN

America's mountains, lakes, seashore, springs, great canyons, natural bridges and deserts described with the accuracy of a guidebook and the charm of a delightful travel book. *39 notable illustrations. $4.00.*

THE EXILE OF THE LARIAT

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

The author of "Still Jim" and "The Enchanted Canyon" writes a novel which the *San Francisco Bulletin* calls "grippingly interesting. . . . Entirely out of the ordinary and well worth reading." *$2.00.*

EMILY OF NEW MOON

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

"Not less an ideal story for girls than it is a story for those who look back on happy girlhood," says the *Boston Herald* of this new book by the author of "Anne of Green Gables." *$2.00.*

FENCELESS MEADOWS

By BILL ADAMS

"The stuff out of which these stories are made is undeniably that which constitutes the sailorman's experience afloat and ashore. . . . One of the most delightful and colorful sea books in many a year." — *Boston Herald. $2.00.*

COME HOME

By STELLA G. S. PERRY

A romance of the Louisiana ricelands which the *Boston Herald* calls "a present-day love story that has much spirited action and no small degree of dramatic interest." *$2.00.*

The Book of the Year for Young People:

DR. DOLITTLE'S POST OFFICE

By HUGH LOFTING

A new story of the famous little Doctor whose earlier adventures ("The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle") won for Hugh Lofting the Newbery Medal for the "most distinguished contribution to American literature for children in 1922." *Fully illustrated by Mr. Lofting. $2.50.*

THE STORY OF MRS. TUBBS

By HUGH LOFTING

Mr. Lofting originates a delightful new character in this little story which fits perfectly into the gap in children's literature just beyond "Little Black Sambo" and the Beatrix Potter books. *Many illustrations by Mr. Lofting. $1.25.*

DAYS OF THE COMMANDERS

By L. LAMPREY

History as it was lived in the thrilling days from the Boston Tea Party, through the Revolutionary War, the growth of the New Nation, and the War of 1812. *Illustrated. $2.50.*

THE BOY'S BOOK OF VERSE

Compiled by HELEN DEAN FISH

An anthology of the best poems, old and new, that have a direct appeal to boys from 12 to 18. *$2.00.*

FUN IN THE RADIO WORLD

By E. BOYD SMITH

In this book the radio has just penetrated to the barnyard, the boys at the swimming hole, the Camp Fire girls, etc. The many pictures adequately explain the text. *$2.50.*

JIMMY, THE NEW BOY

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

The well-known novelist writes a schoolboy story sure to appeal strongly to American young people. *$1.75.*

443 Fourth Ave. FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY New York

Robert Herrick, Edgar Lee Masters, Harriet Monroe, Lew Sarett, Wallace Smith, and Ben Hecht, but the pages are dotted with references to other Chicago writers and artists, and the main chapters are linked by general essays on Chicago publishers, literary clubs, bookstores, and magazines. The less personal chapters are very pleasantly written and are full of facts for which anyone who is interested in the city and in the literary history of America must be grateful. As for the portraits, as Mr. Sandburg is quoted as saying, 'Elephants mean different things to different people': so undoubtedly do literary celebrities.

R. M. Gay.

The New Testament, an American Translation, by Edgar J. Goodspeed. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1923. 12mo. x+481 pp. $3.00.

The Riverside New Testament, Translated by William G. Ballantine. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1923. 12mo. x+499 pp. $3.00.

'The Bible — a book much read by our forefathers,' says a recent essayist. The occasion for these latest translations of the New Testament is 'the general neglect of the world's greatest book displayed by the present generation.' The justification for continuing the making of more books of this sort is to be sought and found in recent and extensive discoveries of Greek papyri of the first and second centuries, which have proved beyond doubt that the Greek of the New Testament was not that of the classics but that of homely everyday usage. Hence a fresh skepticism as to the appropriateness of the 'Grand Style' of the King James Version and the inevitableness of these scrupulously faithful efforts to mediate more accurately the mood, manner, and content of the original.

Echoes of the Authorized Version are more frequent and audible in Dr. Ballantine's work than in that of Professor Goodspeed. The latter has had the full courage of his unconventional convictions, and of the two volumes his is by far the more contemporary in its format and vocabulary. For this reason, if for no other, it is the more arresting.

The appropriateness of the informal vernacular style is felt vividly in the rendering of such an intimate original as the Epistle to Philemon, or in the salutations which conclude a Pauline Epistle. 'Remember me to that veteran Christian, Apelles. . . . Erastus, the city treasurer, and our brother Quartus wish to be remembered to you.' But this same style seems less appropriate when the thought has in the original, or has assumed in the minds of Christians, a certain elevation of mood. So Peter says to Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, 'Sir, it is fine for us to be here.'

There are certain problems inherent in every attempt to translate the New Testament with a view to bringing the minds that made the original into closer contact with the mind of a later time, which cannot be escaped by any translation, however accurate. These problems are the ultimate problems, so far as Christianity is concerned, and mark the limits of the usefulness of any and all translations, however accurate and suggestive.

The Greek New Testament, in its most significant content, the teaching of Jesus, is itself a translation. Jesus presumably spoke Aramaic, not Greek. When we have recovered, in so far as is humanly possible, the mood of the Greek of the Gospels we are still once removed from the words and intonations of their central figure.

So far as the other writings are concerned, much of the difficulty is created not by the stately Jacobean English of the King James Version but by the remote ideas and the devious logic of the argument. So, for example, the gnarled thought of the third chapter of Galatians defies any direct translation into the terms of modern thought and speech, and is not appreciably helped in any new version. Nor does the wild imagery of the Apocalypse fare much better. The King James translators are not alone to blame for the obscurity of statements as to such matters. The difficulty antedates 1611, and no accurate translation can render such logic and such imagery intelligible or congenial to the modern, lay mind.

Hence, these translations will probably be read with far more interest by those who already know their New Testament well in previous translations or in the original than by those who have no interest whatsoever in the New Testament. The Kingdom of Heaven still remains the Kingdom of Heaven. The Son of Man is still the Son of Man. The 'Logos,' *faute de mieux*, is still the 'Word.' And even the best translation bequeathes and must bequeathe these terms as untranslated mysteries to the reader. It is not to be hoped that Professor Goodspeed and Dr. Ballantine can catch and hold permanently the interest of careless Gallios who are lost to the Authorized Version. The ultimate problem is one of the interpretation of these major ideas of the New Testament to the mind of to-day, and that is not the office of the translator of a text.

These scholarly and significant works, therefore, are commended unreservedly to all constant readers of the New Testament and will be welcomed with gratitude. For the rest, Papini and his kind, perhaps, must do what no translator can do or professes to do — catch the attention and fire the imagination of those who have forgotten to 'remember Jesus Christ.'

Willard L. Sperry.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston. For ten or more copies there is a charge of one cent per copy.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1923

LABOR UNIONS AT THE DANGER LINE

A CONSIDERATION OF THE PUBLIC'S SAFETY

BY F. LAURISTON BULLARD

I

THE President of the American Federation of Labor some time ago declared, in the official publication of the powerful organization which he has led for forty years, that 'certain employers' had undertaken a movement 'for the reëstablishment of industrial dictatorship' and for 'the destruction of the labor unions.' After several months Mr. Gompers, in an article printed under his own name, reiterated and expanded his charges, alleging the existence of 'a conspiracy to destroy the trades-union movement,' naming in his long roster of 'conspirators' such bodies of business men as the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers, and the leaders of such vast industrial enterprises as steel, coal, and the railroads, all claimed to be enmeshed within the cunningly woven fabric of the interlocking directorates of our most important banking institutions. To this theme the veteran labor-leader returns again and again. It is his defense to the public when Labor is assailed. It is his challenge to Labor when his followers waver in the ranks.

As a remarkable personality Mr. Gompers compels attention. He is well beyond three score and ten and forty-one times he has been chosen President of the Federation. He has moulded that body upon his own idea of craft unionism. He has prevented the organization of the unions as a political party movement. He wrought manfully for the cause of democracy in the World War. He has opposed the recognition by the Federation of Sovietism in Russia and he has prevented the American 'Reds' from any measure of success in the sovietizing of Labor in this country. In the annual conventions of the Federation he has stood resolutely for the utmost freedom of radical expression and with equal tenacity he has fought the official endorsement of revolutionary programmes. In the opinion of Mr. William Z. Foster, President Gompers is excessively conservative, and the labor movement is in the control of a 'reactionary oligarchy.' There is much to admire in the career of Samuel Gompers. There is thrill in the words he often has spoken, 'I want the stars in the heavens for my fellow men.'

The more the pity, therefore, that Mr. Gompers is blind, perhaps willfully blind, to the signs of the times. What he describes as a plot to destroy unionism is chiefly the natural reaction of society against the outrageous tyrannies of an intolerant labor-dictatorship. There is no 'conspiracy.' The worm is turning, that is all. Once Labor could count confidently upon public support in its clashes with Capital. Labor was the 'under dog.' That time is far past. Labor now can count upon public support only when it demonstrates the justice of its case. The economic situation to-day is largely, but not altogether, a war inheritance. Our part in the struggle was a splendid adventure; it also was a demoralizing economic debauch. All the ordinary balances of values were overturned. The United States Government for the first time came into direct bargaining relations with the labor unions. Federal boards negotiated wage scales and standards of working-conditions. A government that needed the coöperation of Labor for the production of military supplies gave Labor a place on government commissions. The country will always be grateful for the patriotic devotion of the war workers. But for their patriotism it is simple truth to say that they deserve no more credit than any other class in the mobilization and unification of all the resources of the nation. The essentials in war time are countless. Labor therefore could get anything it asked. The Government paid a very high price for labor peace.

The war over, Samuel Gompers immediately announced the determination of Labor to keep permanently all it had won. An outstanding fact in the story of the last five years is the resolute stand of Labor against any deflation of wages. The President of the New York Building Trades Council writes the President of Columbia University: 'You cannot bluff the building-trades workers to-day into accepting a wage reduction.' The sudden decrease in immigration yielded an economic advantage to Labor. Revelations of indefensible wastefulness tended first to disturb and then to incense the public. But the war did not produce the tendency to slackness which to-day is one of the most damaging charges against the unions. They had the disease before. Authorized practices that destroy efficiency, limit output, increase costs enormously, produce a labor monopoly, have united to cause that rising tide of resentment which Mr. Gompers calls a 'conspiracy.'

II

That building labor deserves the reprobation to which now it is exposed no one who knows the record can doubt. The bill of particulars would fill many volumes. No applicant can become a member of the plumbers' union [1] unless he is the father, the brother, or the son of an existing member. To cut a small door through a hollow-tile partition in an office building requires twelve classes of labor, three weeks of time, and $250 in money. Any person of ordinary intelligence can operate an electric converter, merely throwing a switch, 'turning on the juice,' and lubricating the apparatus with a little oil; running such a machine night and day nets two men $280 a week and they average about two hours of toil to twenty-two of smoking and gossip. No nonunion X-ray expert may work on the same job with union electricians, but after they have wasted a full fortnight of time — at regular union rates! — the expert, by some special dispensation, is permitted to return, and in eight hours he completes the transfer

[1] This is true of the plumbers' unions in at least two of our greatest cities.

of the X-ray outfit from one hospital unit to another. For one- and two-family houses the union fiat requires three coats of plaster, although the law contemplates but two, and the difference in cost is oppressive to tenants.

Hoisting engineers close their books against new members, but allow excluded craftsmen who obviously are eligible to membership to work week by week on the warrant of a 'permit' card for which a sizable fee is assessed. One Inside Electrical Workers' Union thus collected $250,000 in one year. St. Patrick's Day is not a national holiday, but a union including men of all nationalities and creeds fined the members who worked on that day. All who were Irish took the day off; all who were not paid the fine. Union painters must use brushes of prescribed dimensions, and on a union job no time-saving paint-sprayer is permissible. Pulsometers pump water from excavations; when a pump is relocated two steamfitters, two plumbers, three ironworkers, and one engineer are required to do what two men could do as well and more rapidly.

Many of the building trades do work somewhat similar in character. The organization intends to delimit rigidly the boundaries of each union, but the frontiers overlap and jurisdictional conflicts result. The classic instance of such altercations emerged at the hearings of the Lockwood Committee. A power house under construction involved a total expenditure of $30,000,000. The laying of certain pipes and connections amounted to $165,000, or one two-hundredth of the whole cost. Both the steamfitters and the plumbers claimed that detail. There was a strike, then an arbitration fiasco, finally a defiance by a local union of the authority of its superior officials. Not a stroke of work could be done on the whole plant until that dispute was adjusted. On the witness stand the plumbing contractor testified that all his life he had been a union man, that his sons were union men, that he cared not which of the two unions might win in the present controversy, that he had begged repeatedly for a decision, and that now, having lost $25,000 on this contract, he was marked for life as a man who had had 'trouble' with Labor, and could look forward only to ruin. On the stand also Mr. Gompers, under the keen and relentless examination of Mr. Samuel Untermyer, conceded the facts of this case, confessed its iniquity, admitted his inability to rectify such indefensible practices — and refused absolutely to agree to the desirability or the necessity of rectification by any outside agency. The unions themselves must correct these wrongs, if ever they shall be corrected. 'God save Labor from the courts,' he said.

Easily these illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. They lead into the midst of an astounding maze of arbitrary rules, penalties, and indefensible exactions. The construction industry is now generally accepted as second only in size to agriculture in this country. Its 2,000,000 workers are mobilized in some thirty unions, and one person in ten of the entire population is dependent upon their labor. The Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Construction Council holds building to be the barometer of our industrial life. Its total of annual operations in great cities and small towns, in homes, business blocks, factory plants, bridges, warehouses, wharves, and manifold other varieties of construction, never has been accurately computed; the mean of the available estimates stands at $2,000,000,000. We buy goods that are sold in buildings, stored in buildings, and manufactured in buildings, and all the costs of all these buildings are paid ultimately by the final consumers of

these commodities. And this vast industry in most of our large cities has been so cunningly manipulated as to assess upon the citizens a system of graft that out-Tweeds Tweed.

For recruiting this industry the country needs many thousands of skilled workers and plain laborers every year. We are not getting them. In the last census-decade, while the male population was increasing 14 per cent, the number of construction craftsmen gained but 10 per cent. In the decade the brick- and stone-masons lost 43 per cent in their total of apprentices, the plasterers 39 per cent, the roofers and slaters 17 per cent, the painters, the glaziers, and the varnishers 39 per cent, and the paperhangers 62 per cent. The craftsmen themselves are dwindling in number, the apprentices far more rapidly. In 1910 we had 669 plasterers' apprentices; in 1920 there were less than 400 in the entire United States! The one trade which has gained in apprentices is the electrical. That craft lures the young men. Labor alone is not to be charged with this alarming dearth of prospective craftsmen. Public indifference must bear some of the blame. The shortsightedness of building employers is partly accountable. The liking of young men for white-collar jobs has much to do with it. But in the final analysis Labor is chiefly responsible. By deliberate manipulation for the purpose of reducing the supply, the unions seek to increase the demand for skill. More work for fewer men must yield higher wages, they reason. They play for an artificial prosperity to-day and let to-morrow take care of itself.

The unions reason also that it is to their advantage to fix by arbitrary decree the amount of work that shall be done by a single craftsman and to prevent any ambitious workman from exceeding the limit either by speed or skill. All the men in the same classification shall conform to the same dead level. Any man who doubles his product leaves the man next with nothing to do. Even a score of years ago the United States Commissioner of Labor reported himself to have found in the building trades 'a very general feeling that by working slower the job will be made to last longer.' Various unions under heavy penalties forbid 'rushing.' Others prohibit 'an unreasonable amount of work by any member.' The Employers' Association of Indiana computes that in 1921 it cost more than three times as much to lay a thousand bricks as five years before.

In the cities the consequences of these oppressive restrictions come to their fullest development. The story of San Francisco's fight for freedom is almost an epic. No city in the United States ever has been more completely under the control of labor unions than for twenty-five years was San Francisco. The unions dictated every detail in industrial conditions, twice captured the city government, always had representatives in many city departments, ejected from political life any public man who offended them, and often compelled the governor of the state to sit in council with them. Year by year their rules became more exacting. Industries that naturally would go to the Bay District went elsewhere. Some big concerns dismantled existing plants and announced that labor tyranny was driving them out of town. In strike-time pickets actually organized a union and struck for more pay. When the port was completely tied up, and merchants were begging for permits to remove perishable goods from ships, no one could penetrate the lines without an order signed by the union leader. The Government of the United States had to obtain a 'passage through all picket lines' in order to go aboard a

vessel and unload and haul specie to the subtreasury. At last the president of the Building Trades Council, long accustomed to act as sole arbitrator in all times of 'trouble,' calmly repudiated an award of a board of arbitrators and dismissed them — a Catholic archbishop, a Supreme Court judge, and an industrial expert. Then the business men rebelled; after an all-day and all-night session they announced their purpose to have no more dealings with the labor czar and began a campaign for liberty.

Better known is the story of Chicago. At the end of a prolonged struggle the building unions accepted Judge Landis as an arbitrator and agreed to abide by his award. He did no perfunctory job. He scrapped all the 'make work' rules. He denied the unions the right to 'own' both the foreman and the job steward, a system which left the owner with no representative on the building he was paying for. Nonunion men might work on union jobs when union men were scarce. The award was like a declaration of independence. And the unions flinched, hesitated, evaded, and nine flatly refused to abide by their pledge; only four stood loyally by their word. Now for many months the Citizens' Committee to Enforce the Landis Award, backed by a large measure of public opinion, has been striving mightily to make good the liberty of which the award was a stirring manifesto.

The revelations of the Lockwood Committee have scandalized the nation. The closed-shop system in New York City afforded the opportunity for such a combination with certain contracting groups for purposes of profiteering as have hardly been equaled in this country. One man, the 'absolute despot' of the building unions, operated the system of extortion known as 'Brindellism,' a system both inimical to the public welfare and grossly unjust to the rank and file of labor unionists. One union was found to be 'a unique combination of employee and employer' in the same organization, creating a deplorable condition of confusion and extravagance. Where two unions existed in the same craft, one was disclosed to be merely a dummy, a tool of the contractors, maintained to foment strikes. More than a year ago the nineteen definite demands of the Lockwood Committee — presented in a document which reads like a philippic, not because it is rhetorical in style but because its masses of facts march upon the conscience like an army upon the field of battle — won the unanimous support of the public. The unions capitulated. Rather than defy the threat to compel them to incorporate, they agreed to inaugurate the proposed reforms. Yet in its final report the Committee had to announce that, while some unions had complied in large measure with the requirements, the more important unions had refused to conform, and the abominations, publicly pilloried and exposed to the execration of all decent citizens, still continue.

Mr. Gompers endured a prolonged inquisition about these practices. The protagonist of the unions never appeared to such poor advantage. He fenced, parried, sidestepped. He had no constructive policies to advocate. Of but one thing was he positive. If Labor needs reforming, the reforms must come from the inside. No external compulsion could be tolerated. 'There is no patent road to the elimination of all the mistakes of people. . . . We must be patient. . . . I think the legislature should not interfere with the matter at all, bad as the conditions may be.'

The lamentable fact is that reform in New York City seems nowhere in sight. The unions manifest no disposition to clean house. As to the relations between the council of the craftsmen and

the association of the employing contractors, even Mr. Untermyer said: 'I believe that there is evidence of criminal conspiracy there, but it would be a herculean task to conduct that prosecution, and by the time it was over the present contract would be ended and the law of supply and demand in the labor market would have solved the problem.' The monopoly continues.

And what is more significant, no relief came from the legislature. In the opinion of Mr. Untermyer many of the abuses exposed by the Committee can be corrected only by regulatory laws. He advocates the regulation of trades-unions by law. But not a member of his committee would sign the recommendation, although he had gone forward with his probings on the assumption that they would do so, and he had to put in his bill on his own responsibility. Is this a token of the political power of unions? Moreover the Committee's final report was submitted to the legislature on its opening day; this bill came up for passage sixty days later, but no way could be found to secure the printing of the report in time for the legislators to read it and arrive at some notion of why the legislation was sought. And in spite of a wide and insistent demand for copies of this report it has been possible to obtain the printing of but a very small number.[2]

III

Now this enormous industry is in an exceptional way related to the consuming public. The builder produces goods to order; the owner bears the risk and collects his investment in many installments as rent, or in a single sale price. The manufacturer produces goods for a competitive market; he faces the risk of being undersold or surpassed in quality of product; his orders are contingent and variable. The shoes produced in Brockton compete with the shoes made in St. Louis. Not so as to construction work done in Boston and Chicago. The building contractor estimates on the basis of conditions at a definite time and place, and passes on the bill to the owner. The manufacturer cannot pass on the bill to any employing owner; he owns the plant and the product and he must produce goods in Massachusetts that can compete with similar goods produced in North Carolina under very different conditions. The 'pull' of self-interest causes the manufacturer to keep a wary eye on his cost sheets. The builder pays the bills for labor and materials and collects from the man who commissions him to execute the job. Building practices may be wantonly wasteful, but they have no immediate relevancy to the contractor's welfare. He tends therefore to compromise. A cost-plus contract is eminently desirable; it leaves him little to worry about. If he reaches an 'understanding' with Labor for mutual advantage, he only succumbs to a very human temptation. Vast as is the building industry it is decentralized, each job a unit by itself. The workmen are not brought into the intimate and sustained contacts of the factory. Each set of craftsmen is split up into a hundred gangs scattered about the city. Their uniting link is the business agent, the walking delegate. Once in office he is comparatively secure in the possession of unusual power. Brindell could procure the ejection from the union of a member who had merely criticized his expense account. In this industry the opportunities for a man of sinister aims are endless. Nowhere else in the whole industrial field is the need for simple honesty so great — and I am tempted to complete the

[2] For the purposes of this article Mr. Untermyer loaned me his personal copy. — THE AUTHOR.

obvious contrast and affirm it to be nowhere else so rare.

The President of the Building Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor understands these facts. Not only does he confess them but he hammers them home at the annual conventions of the Federation. 'Our movement has lost the confidence and respect of the public,' he says. 'It must pledge a greater service. . . . We have for years allowed the conscienceless and hired disturber to lead us into preventable and unjustifiable strikes.' He proposes a 'small central agency' in which alone shall be vested the power to call strikes, a localization of authority. Comes then to view the fact that Mr. Donlin himself does not possess the authority of a real executive. He is powerless to initiate the reforms the necessity of which he concedes. He exposes and excoriates but achieves nothing tangible. For the great Federation is merely a loose aggregation of separate unities. It is a rope of sand. Actual power in all vital matters is lodged in and jealously guarded by the local organizations. In a careless moment Mr. Hugh Frayne confessed that the Federation itself has no effective authority, for 'each union is guaranteed its local autonomy.'

The country the last few years has had a rather liberal education in the coal industry. As the commerce of the United States is now conducted coal is a basic industry. The machinery for the production of anthracite consists of an operators' monopoly always at war and often in deadlock with a labor monopoly within the boundaries of one state and beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. The bituminous supply is distributed over many states, financed in hit-or-miss, free-for-all fashion, and incompletely unionized. Competition is intense, violence frequent, walkouts and lockouts are common, as might be expected in so overdeveloped an industry. The United Mine Workers, affiliated with the Federation, have sought for years to complete the unionization of the bituminous fields. Open warfare several times has ensued. Shootings and dynamiting, the destruction of much property, armed marches, ambuscades, the loss of many lives, belong in the record. The dearest wish of the United Mine Workers is to achieve somehow the control of the important nonunion fields in West Virginia and Kentucky.

It is difficult to avoid the conviction that John W. Lewis and his backers intend to establish a monopoly of all coal-mining labor. Anthracite exists only in Pennsylvania. Mining anthracite is skilled toil. A hard-coal mining force cannot be extemporized. The Pennsylvania certification laws make it practically impossible for any man not in the union to dig hard coal. Brawls and armed clashes between scabs and unionists do not occur in the anthracite region in strike-time, for the kind of labor necessary to mine anthracite cannot be imported. In the soft-coal fields the unions have the check-off — a device, galling to any business man no matter how friendly he may be to unionism, which compels him to collect at his own expense the dues, assessments, and fines imposed by the union upon its members, and to pay these sums over to the union treasury. Thus the union makes its financial position secure. The employer serves as the collection agency. The miners have no choice but to pay. If the check-off could be submitted to the union members themselves it is an open question if the majority would approve it — on a secret ballot.

Nobody knows what amounts thus are realized. It is known that the union paid $400,000 for the destruction of the Willis Branch mine in West

Virginia and that in Illinois alone it raised $875,000 as a Herrin 'defense fund.' Let us note in passing that the Coal Commission, having rendered the fairest and most dispassionate statement of the tragedy at Herrin that I have seen, goes on to add: 'All these charitable excuses furnish no justification for the brazen audacity with which subordinate officials and members of the United Mine Workers defended the crime and the criminals. That they were espousing the cause and defending the lawbreakers is further shown by the fact that they have since bought the mine where the tragedy occurred, and have paid therefor $729,000.' The Fact Finding Commission also includes this most significant item in its analysis of the present situation: 'We believe that the Union is facing a critical transition period. It has gone through and won the struggle to become powerful. The challenge confronting it now is whether it can use great power in a responsible way to serve social ends.'

A striking example of conflict between union advantage and public interest appears in that extraordinary demonstration of the influence of railway labor which the country witnessed in war time when the leaders of the Brotherhoods held a stop watch over Congress and obtained the Adamson Law. These five unions, not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, are considered the best organized, ablest managed, and most abundantly financed labor bodies in the world. In March 1916 they made their formal demands. The order of succeeding events was: negotiations, deadlock, strike vote under the referendum rule of these unions, further negotiations, another deadlock, intervention by the President, conferences at the White House, sending out a secret strike-order effective Labor Day, denial of the President's appeal for its withdrawal, notice that the law must be passed by midnight of September 2 or the strike would start, and, at the President's behest, the hasty enactment of the required law barely in time to avert a national calamity of the first magnitude. I do not know whether the charge is true that the strike ballots read in such a way as to prevent the men from expressing their sentiments on the arbitration alternative. But I am sure that when the usually astute leaders of these five unions made the enormous blunder of ordering again a strike vote in September 1921 the president of one of the Brotherhoods left a sick-bed to tell the others that 'they were trying to kid the men into thinking they were voting on time-and-a-half by putting out a lot of camouflage,' and that he was prepared to send out 'a separate ballot that would tell the truth.'

The shop crafts and other unions affiliated with the Federation have persisted in opposing the reforms in the interest of economy and efficiency which were costing many millions a year. The National Agreements authorized by the Railroad Administration simply capitalized waste. All the tales of the ridiculous and extravagant practices prevalent in the building trades can be duplicated in the railway shops. Two years ago these agreements were abolished. The Labor Board directed the crafts and the roads to make individual agreements, the national rules to remain in force meantime. I am informed by railway presidents that the men obstructed the needed reforms in every possible way, a suggestive illustration of the difficulty of procuring labor reforms from inside the unions. What negotiation could not do the shop-crafts' strike of last year in some measure accomplished. The roads which substituted new men made new rules; one New England line now

has seven shop rules instead of one hundred eighty-one. But many of the roads that compromised with their striking employees find themselves almost as inextricably entangled as four years ago and have had to give additional increases in wages.

IV

Further to illustrate the tendency of unionism to defend limitation of production, I may cite the strike of two years ago in the ladies' cloak and suit trade of New York City. The issue was befogged at the time. The truculence of the spokesmen of the union was rather more than matched by the surprising ineptitude of the employers, who allowed a cause fundamentally just to go before the public so vaguely stated that the actual issue was generally misunderstood. The manufacturers were widely charged with violation of their agreement with the union; and they virtually sacrificed an unimpeachable cause by making the technical blunder which gave the unions their eagerly awaited excuse for declaring a general strike, and furnished the ground on which they went to court and enjoined their employers by that injunction process which always has been assumed to work both ways, although Capital often, and Labor rarely, has employed it. Thorough search by competent investigators brought to light no documentary evidence to substantiate various charges made by the unions, nor has it ever been shown that the employers intended to bring back the sweatshop. 'Autocratic fixing of prices by the employer' had disappeared from New York and for a long time a committee, chosen by his workers, had bargained with each employer in fixing rates for piecework. The real question in this intricate case was whether the industry must continue to pay the boom wages of the 1920 'peak' for a notoriously inefficient production. The union objected both to decrease of wages and to increase of output. At the time of the strike a joint committee of employees and employers was seeking a way out of the seeming impasse.

That was a local clash, but the conflict involved a vital issue in all industry, that of adequate production for an accepted wage. Whether upon weekwork or piecework, the prosperity of a business is bound up with commensurate output. A union that tolerates underproduction works to the detriment of its own members, for their welfare is interwoven with the prosperity of the industry. Competition is so keen in the manufacture of cloaks and suits that seemingly trivial money differences in labor costs decide whether Baltimore, Rochester, or New York shall make the goods and get the business.

The most recent and one of the most flagrant examples of labor-union indifference to the orderly processes which enable business, industry, and society in general to function is the strike of the newspaper pressmen of Manhattan and Brooklyn. Mr. Gompers himself declares that strike an 'awful blunder.' From Portland, Oregon, where the annual convention of the Federation was about to assemble, he telegraphed a long message which distinctly does him credit, asking: 'If plighted faith of organized Labor is given to an agreement with employers, or if, while negotiations to reach an agreement are pending, the members enter upon a strike, how can we expect any agreements to be reached between organized Labor and employers?'

It is an instructive tale, and a disquieting one. A new contract was in process of peaceful negotiation between the President and Directors of the International Printing Pressmen's and

Assistants' Union and the Publishers' Association. One vexed difference had just been amicably adjusted. A committee of Web Pressmen's Union No. 25 of New York City arranged to present this proposition to the union at a meeting called for Monday evening, September 17. The committee failed to keep the appointment, whereupon less than 300 pressmen of a union of 2000 members voted to strike, and at five minutes after midnight, an hour when the press-room of a metropolitan newspaper is a place of intense activity, all the pressmen, except some foremen and assistant foremen, quit work on practically every newspaper in Greater New York. Obviously an outlaw strike. A strike without notice and without presentation of any demands whatever. A strike in definite disloyalty to local and international union compacts. A strike illegal under the rules of the union itself. And a strike precipitated by the action of a hot-headed minority who seized upon a favorable opportunity at a routine meeting to 'put over' a treacherous action which may or may not have been plotted in advance. And for a week all the New York dailies carried the head 'The Combined New York Morning' — or 'Evening' — 'Newspapers,' with the name plates of all the papers affected in orderly array under these streamers, and each plant following its usual rules as to typography and make-up in other particulars.

Rarely has the country witnessed such an illustration of the reckless use of arbitrary power by a labor organization, for the assumed advantage of a few and to the enormous loss of millions of innocent men and women. Nobody ever will be able to compute the direct and indirect money loss of that strike, including wages of workmen, advertising revenues of employers, and portions of the trade of almost all the business houses of the city, from the little shops to the theatres, the banks with bonds to sell, and the great department stores. Home-seekers went without apartments, job-seekers had no 'want ads' to scan. From one point of view the most serious damage to the public interest was caused by the lack of news. The highest function of a newspaper in a democracy is to supply the raw material for public opinion. The greatest city in the world for several days was comparatively destitute of that budget of world information which the public accepts quite as a matter of course. One sorry comfort the strike yielded — it was futile. The local lost its charter. Workmen were summoned from many outside cities, and forged telegrams sent out by the strikers failed to stop their coming. Reasonable methods did prevail — in the end. But the episode will long be remembered as an unprovoked interruption of the normal operation of a complicated mechanism under conditions that must prejudice the cause of collective bargaining in the estimation even of the most ardent advocates of trades-unionism.

The unions, true, number but a third of the wage workers of America. But they are a disciplined force, compactly organized, readily mobilized, functioning effectively. They occupy strategic positions through control of key industries, the Gibraltars and Singapores of the industrial world. And how indifferent to public sentiment Labor often seems! No average American can read the pages in the final report of the Lockwood Committee upon conditions in the Jewish Bakers' Union in New York City without hot indignation. The chief official in a plumbers' union serves a term in the penitentiary, resumes his former office in defiance of public sentiment, and is named an arbitrator in jurisdictional disputes. The

Bridge and Structural Iron Workers relied upon violence to gain their demands, and of the thirty-seven men found guilty by the courts of dynamiting the plant of the *Los Angeles Times* eleven are 'now out of prison and back in the American Federation of Labor holding official positions with pay.' The pickets employed by a branch of the Federation in a New York theatre strike have Rogues' Gallery records. A member of the carpenters' union in an official report describes the new technique of strike violence—how professional thugs terrorize the scabs while the strikers look on from the side lines.

V

My object is not to marshal against Labor the charges that focus into a formidable indictment of unionism. I cite these facts to verify my opinion that the unions must be reformed. The ideal would be for Labor itself to perform this duty. The record, alas! justifies no hope that Labor will do so. The Federation had its golden opportunity when America emerged from the war. But the unions had no constructive programme to offer. They tolerate no interference by well-meaning outsiders; they have no use for trained and sympathetic intelligence not stamped with the union label. Their official periodical flatly says: 'Organized Labor does not want, does not need, and will not accept the kind of coöperation that these persons have offered. . . . It will not be guided or interpreted except by itself.' The American Federation of Labor manifests no faintest glimpse of the splendid service it might render society as a whole and industry in particular. It is a fighting organization, devoted by its constitution to combat.

Final and just solutions of the problems of Labor and industry will not be won by industrial warfare. When the strike was the one recourse of the oppressed, and when society readily recognized the oppression from which Labor sought deliverance, the method of force was more amiably endured. Society tends to-day, and rightly, to hold that method archaic and intolerable, and perceives, moreover, that strikes are won only occasionally by the more needy groups of workers, while the powerful organizations plan their campaigns and deliver their blows with the skillful strategy of army commanders in war time. Moreover, if the strike be accepted as an established industrial weapon, additional groups will undertake to organize, until in the end we shall have such a struggle for existence and survival of the fittest as will imperil the finest institutions of American democracy. The responsibility for the discovery and the enforcement of methods of industrial adjustment that shall displace and replace the old ways of force rests alike upon Labor, Capital, and the public, but most heavily upon Labor. Some phases of that problem I hope to discuss in an early number of the *Atlantic*.

THE GREATEST LITTLE BOOK IN THE WORLD

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

FOUR ardent Dickensians were seated about a long table; all were talking at once; there were no listeners. Listeners are not important — it is the talkers who make themselves heard. All four were collectors. Why should I not name them? To do so will 'give artistic verisimilitude' to an (otherwise) 'bald and unconvincing narrative.'

There was the host, Mr. William M. Elkins of Philadelphia, the owner of the most interesting 'Pickwick' in the world, the immortal book 'in parts as issued, with all the points,' as the old-book catalogues have it, given — part by part, as they appeared, with sundry inscriptions — to Mary Hogarth, Dickens's sister-in-law, until her untimely death caused the suspension of its publication, while its author recovered from the effects of the shock, and — but it would be fatiguing to refer to the items in Mr. Elkins's collection: let me say, in a word, that he has what is generally regarded as the finest Dickens collection in the world. There was, too, Judge John M. Patterson, President of the Dickens Fellowship, whose knowledge of first editions is exceeded only by that of another of the group, Mr. John C. Eckel, the author of a *Bibliography of Dickens*, as readable as it is accurate. There was also the writer of this paper, resembling in appearance, it is said, Mr. Pickwick himself, badly distanced in the race as a collector by these other men either longer of purse or fleeter of foot than he.

The large room in which we were sitting served as a living-room and library. Pause for a moment and think! What is living without a library? What is a library unless one lives in it? The walls were lined with open cases filled with rare books, and it needed only a glance to show that they had been assembled with great discrimination. Easy-chairs, placed with due regard to tables, with carefully screened lamps, seemed to invite one to read and rest; but, instead, a violent discussion was going on. It was on that old, old subject — Which is the best of Dickens's novels? 'Pickwick,' someone urged; then it was admitted that 'Pickwick' is not a novel. What is it? Certainly it is n't romance, or 'travels'! Finally it was agreed that it is in a class by itself, that there never has been a book like it; and just as it seemed as if all four were agreed that *David Copperfield* was Dickens's best novel, someone mentioned *A Tale of Two Cities*, which met with the objection that that was n't in Dickens's manner at all.

Then, above a voice urging *Bleak House*, someone was heard to say that *A Christmas Carol* was the greatest little book in the world. 'And if you think,' said the speaker, 'that is a "rather large order," name a greater!'

There was silence for a moment, and then a chorus of praise. It was the writer of this paper who made the all-embracing statement. He has the advantage of knowing only one — his mother — tongue; he was talking of books of to-day, not of great little

books of ages past; and he was talking with companions who were much too great Dickensians to challenge any statement in praise of the master.

Let there be no misunderstanding. I know all that can be said in dispraise of Dickens: that his characters are not real people, but personifications of virtue and vice and the whole range in between; that he wallows in sentimentality; that all is exaggeration; that eccentric characters pepper his pages; that his women are 'impossible,' and that his heroes wear side whiskers; that he himself had long, curly hair, perfumed, and greasy with macassar oil. I admit all this, and yet I am disposed to say that in the resplendent firmament of English literature there is only one name I would rank above his for sheer genius: Shakespeare. And I make this statement with the less hesitation for the reason that it passed unchallenged — was applauded almost — when I made it first several years ago, in London. But that story must begin a new paragraph.

That learned and kindly 'Wanderer in London,' E. V. Lucas, to avenge a fancied obligation, was giving me a dinner, and I was asked to say not only 'when,' but where — and who. I chose the Garrick Club and the guests, and on the appointed evening I found myself next to an old gentleman, one of the handsomest men in London, — he himself admits it, — Sir Squire Bancroft.

Well, after the cloth was removed and the nuts and wine appeared (how much more friendly than our custom of putting another lump of ice in the tumbler), we fell into our anecdotage, as men will, and Sir Squire challenged attention by saying, 'It was at a little dinner in this very room, more years ago than I like to remember, that I first met Charles Dickens.' To be sitting next to a man who had known Charles Dickens, to hear anecdotes of him at first hand, was, for me, an unusual experience. Several other men then spoke of the great man, and when it came my turn to say something, or when I thought I could make myself heard, I boldly spoke of him as, next to Shakespeare, the greatest light in our literary heaven, expecting to precipitate a violent argument or at least a discussion. But nothing of the sort followed; on the contrary Augustine Birrell, that wise old bookman, seemed to acquiesce — and he is not always acquiescent; and the late Sir Walter Raleigh, the Oxford scholar, looked at me across the table as if the idea was not new to him.

But it is not my wish to start anything now. I just want to say a few seasonable words about *A Christmas Carol.*

Dickens had made his first trip to America and was engaged upon that study of selfishness, *Martin Chuzzlewit,* when it occurred to him to write a short story which was to make the world better and happier at Christmas time. The result was the 'little Carol,' as he affectionately called it. Its composition affected him in a most extraordinary manner: he roamed about London, as was his habit, thinking and talking to himself about it — and no one knew and loved London better than he; and none could describe it better, especially the streets on a winter's day, when the poor suffer; for while Dickens was a boisterous person, overflowing with animal spirits, the poor were always in his mind.

Bear with me while I sing the London streets in winter. Is there, can there be anything colder? The thermometer is not to be depended upon: with true British pluck the mercury keeps up appearances and declines to record the all-pervading dampness which freezes one to the marrowbones.

I know; for I have played at hide-and-seek in the fog with well-known landmarks for my playmates, — to keep myself from freezing, — and I am not especially fitted for the game; solitaire I could play better but for the exertion it entails.

But no one has written of a winter's day as has Dickens: listen a moment.

It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal. . . . The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already: it had not been light all day; and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. . . . It was piercing, searching, biting cold.

Such was the weather in London on that day before Christmas many years ago when Dickens elected to sing a carol which all the world has heard and which all English-speaking people join in singing. Dickens was a man of simple emotions: what did not move him to laughter moved him to tears; some things moved him to both at once. Of nature, in the ordinary acceptance of that word, he knew nothing, cared nothing. London was to him a vast field in which wild flowers grew, the children of the poor, and he gathered them by armfuls. He was a man without what we call taste and, like Shakespeare, he took little interest in either religion or politics, but he had an intense love for humanity. He did not write for the stage, but he wrote dramatically: in tragedy he was apt to be maudlin; in humor he was with the gods. The 'Carol' is Dickens in essence, for in it his love of humanity and his love of fun are all-embracing.

May I hum the first stanza of the 'Carol'?

Marley was dead: to begin with . . . as dead as a door-nail. Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

But I take it for granted that you can sing the 'Carol' as well as I can, and go on with my story.

It was published a few days before Christmas 1843; six thousand copies were sold the first day, and fifteen thousand more before there was the least sign of the demand slackening. Dickens was in high spirits and wrote to a friend, 'The "Carol" is the greatest success, I am told, that this ruffian and rascal has ever achieved.' But a minor note was struck when the financial reckoning came in. Its author had been led to expect a clear thousand pounds, whereas considerably less resulted. No care seems to have been taken to ascertain the cost of the publication, when the selling-price was fixed. It is Dickens's prettiest book, tastefully printed and well bound in cloth and gilt; but the illustrations were the chief cause of the trouble. In addition to four woodcut vignettes, engraved by the master hand of W. J. Linton, there were four full-page etchings from drawings by Leech, colored by hand. Such a book costs money to produce, and the retail price was fixed at only five shillings. Dickens was disgusted: it was his first and last experience with 'colored plates.'

It is permissible to refer to the original manuscript of the 'Carol.' Dickens gave most of the manuscripts of his novels to his friend and biographer,

John Forster, at whose death they passed to the British nation, and can be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum; the manuscript of the 'Carol,' however, he kept himself, endorsing it, 'My own and only MS. of the Book,' followed by his well-known signature.

But a more impulsive, generous man than Dickens never lived: it was not long before the precious copy was bound and given to an old friend, Thomas Mitton, who, not fully appreciating his possession, sold it for fifty pounds! Subsequently it passed into the hands of a Mr. Churchill, who had every one of its sixty-six quarto pages photographed and reproduced in facsimile. Then, in the hands of a bookseller, it went to Birmingham; but it soon returned to London, and the price by now having advanced to three hundred pounds, it passed into the collection of Sir Stuart Samuel, who ultimately disposed of it to Pierpont Morgan, and it now rests in the shrine, frequently called a library, erected by that great man a few years before his death.

What is more fascinating than the manuscript of a book? In looking at a picture, we see a work of art, finished and complete, as its creator intended us to see it, but in looking at the holograph of a book, we see the mind of the master at work. We see how he obtained the effects which so thrill us, and can study the lights and shades as he applied them. Dickens was a rapid and clear penman, but in the excitement of composition he made so many corrections that most of his manuscripts are almost illegible except to one expert in reading his writing. The 'Carol' is far from being the chief literary treasure of Mr. Morgan's library, but it is an ornament to any collection, and when I held it in my hands, not long ago, I was told it was one of the items that all visitors wish to see.

I have referred to the four full-page etchings from John Leech. I have the original drawing of one of these, and a fine one, the Last of the Spirits; but where are the remaining three? Who is the happy possessor of the best of them all, Mr. Fezziwig's Ball? the gayest little picture in all the world: it fairly exudes Christmas cheer. Who would not love to dance a Sir Roger de Coverley with Mrs. Fezziwig, 'one vast substantial smile'? I defy anyone to read the description of that Christmas party and not be a better man for the experience. It is a ripping piece of prose, seemingly written in jig time to the music of fiddles. It should be read — all of the 'Carol' should be read — aloud every year before Christmas, when it is cold without and warm within; and there should be children about, girls and boys, especially boys, wide-eyed boys like Pip in *Great Expectations*. The boy who is permitted to grow up without being 'read Dickens to' should bring a suit in equity against his parents, preferably before Lord Jeffrey, who has given it as his opinion that *A Christmas Carol* has done more good than all the pulpits in Christendom; and this judgment has been confirmed by the high court of public opinion. I like to think that Lord Jeffrey had in mind the best part of the 'Carol,' — if one part can be better than another, — the description of the Christmas dinner at Bob Cratchit's; throw aside this magazine and read it. Read it now. Was there ever such a goose or such a plum pudding? 'Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.'

It is just eighty years since the 'Carol' was given to the world, and it still remains a 'best seller.' It has

been translated into almost every language under heaven, though I am at a loss to understand its popularity in Chinese. In London, when it first appeared, people stopped one another in the street with the question, 'Have you read it?' and the answer was, 'Yes, God bless him, I have.' No one spoke more highly of it than Thackeray, except Tom Hood, who maintained that Dickens was inspired when he wrote it. Not long ago, at a sale of autographs, a letter of Stevenson turned up which read something like this: 'I don't know that I would recommend you to read the "Carol," because it is too much, perhaps. But oh, dear God, it is good — and I feel so good after it, and would do anything, yes, and shall do everything to make the world a little better. . . . I shall never listen to the nonsense people tell me about not giving money — I *shall* give money: not that I have n't done so always, but I shall give now with a high hand.'

That is the greatness of the 'Carol': it makes everyone want 'to make the world a little better' — that's the idea; and when everyone wants to do a thing, they usually do it.

Dickens gave Christmas a new meaning: from being merely a festival of the Church, kept to some extent by Church people, he made it a universal holiday, and he did this without in any way derogating from its sacred character. What an achievement!

We hear rather too much to-day that art has nothing to do with morals, and it is admitted that an obvious moral may spoil an artistic effect — but not in the 'Carol.' We, who know it by heart, hurry to get to the moral we know so well. When the Phantom shrinks, collapses, and dwindles into a bedpost, and Scrooge awakes and 'laughs a splendid laugh,' we laugh with him. He rushes to a window, throws it open and calls to a boy outside: —

> 'What's to-day, my fine fellow?'
> 'To-day!' replied the boy. 'Why, Christmas Day.'
> 'It's Christmas Day!' said Scrooge to himself. 'I have n't missed it.'

How happy he is! How happy we are, too! It is not too late to make amends!

Dickens puts the moral plainly when he makes the ghost of Marley say in reply to Scrooge's 'You were always a good man of business, Jacob': —

> 'Business! — Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!'

It is such passages — and they abound in this, the loveliest of fairy tales — which justify the judgment which the world has passed upon this great little book.

The greatness of Dickens is only now beginning to be properly understood. Thousands of books have been written about him, most of them bad, very bad. Indeed, in the 'comprehensive ocean' of Dickensiana I know only two books which are thoroughly admirable. I refer to Chesterton's *Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens* and Gissing's *Charles Dickens, A Critical Study*. These men are, it seems to me, the forerunners of a new school of Dickens-appreciators.

The bibliography of the 'Carol,' John C. Eckel says, has just enough twists about it to make it interesting; but just as we collectors get one twist straightened out, somebody introduces a new one. We are agreed, I take it, that a few, a very few copies were issued with the title page printed in red and

green, with the date 1844, with yellow end-papers. These copies all have the chapter heading 'Stave I,' the numeral 'I' not spelled out, 'one,' as in the second issue. Such copies now fetch from four to five hundred dollars; but speaking by and large a man may be said to have a first edition of the 'Carol' if the title page is printed in red and blue, if, in addition to the numeral 'I,' his copy has the date 1843, with *green*, not *yellow*, end-papers — at an investment of, say, a hundred dollars.

But tell me, ye bibliographers, how it is that all the copies which Dickens himself gave away that Christmas have *yellow* end-papers? I have one, and I have examined a large number, and I have searched in vain for a presentation copy with green end-papers. Dickens presumably gave the books away on the day of publication; many of them are dated 'Nineteenth December, 1843.' It is admitted that 'Carols' with green end-papers are rarer than those with yellow end-papers, but I cannot see that that makes them earlier. Maybe we collectors have been fooling ourselves; but after all, what difference does it make? The important thing is that the book was written, and we have it.

It is said that twenty-four editions were published in its original form. Now, the copyright having long since expired, scarcely a year goes by without a new edition being announced. There are superbly illustrated, printed, and bound books made for the rich, and cheap editions made to sell for a penny to the poor, and both classes buy: its sale has run into the millions. But I have my own idea of the form in which the book should be read. It is admitted that a first edition, be the end-papers of what color they may, is too rare and costly to be read with comfort by the fireside, especially if, when one lays it down for a moment, it may be picked up and carried off by some member of the family, unaware of its value. And equally I do not wish a sumptuous reprint. I have always resented the book being got up in modern fashion, however beautiful; nor should it be read in a large volume out of a 'set,' or expensively bound in leather. The first issues were all bound in red-brown cloth, with a gold stamp on the side, with gilt edges; and subsequent issues were bound in red, as more in the spirit of the season. So I should want my 'Carol' bound either in red-brown or holly-red cloth with gilt edges, and I would ask that it be in format as like as possible the little masterpiece which woke the world to its music just eighty years ago. Fortunately they are not difficult to find; several years ago the Atlantic Monthly Press made just such a book as I have in mind. It was an exact facsimile of the first edition; I was honored by being asked to write a brief introduction to it, and gladly did so. And last year, in England, another facsimile was made, the profits arising from the sale of which went to some benevolent book-trade society.

Such editions are and should forever be in demand, for the more *A Christmas Carol* is read, the more it becomes soiled and torn and dog-eared from reading, the better will be the world.

'Are you running a corner in "Christmas Carols"?' a friend once asked me, as he stood in my library facing a little cluster of books in red and red-brown cloth. 'No, not exactly,' I replied, 'but that is the greatest little book in the world. As a Dickens-collector, I am obliged to have all the early issues, and I always keep a few "spares" on hand for emergencies.' 'What would you call an emergency?' he inquired. 'Well,'

I answered, 'if I were to meet a man at Christmas time who had not read the book, I should consider that an emergency requiring immediate action.'

'Would you go so far as to give him a copy?'

'No; but I'd lend him one and not expect to get it back; it comes to the same thing.'

Of the reprint of the first edition I usually buy two copies at one time: one to read, the other to lend, when the time comes to read it — and it comes once a year.

I frequently find I have lent both copies, and I have to go out and buy another pair.

The 'Carol' is a tribute to the race and a glory to the man who wrote it. Its author turned more or less empty phrases into realities. 'Good will toward men,' for example, he took out of the clouds, brought it down to earth, and set it to work. What an achievement! When we say, 'Merry Christmas,' we are unconsciously quoting Charles Dickens, who attached to Christmas its modern habit of giving and forgiving. Had he written only the 'Carol,' on the basis of good accomplished he would have deserved his place in the Abbey Church of Westminster, where England lays her immortal sons.

ON THE MANLY VIRTUES[1]

BY GRIFFIS MARSDEN

THERE is no weight of name behind these opinions, to give them momentum. If they go at all, it must be by their own impetus, for I am a person of no importance whatever.

Two things will be suspected before I am through, which might just as well be admitted and confirmed at once. I am not a man, and it is quite true that I have been by turns amused and irritated by man's insistent efforts to compare the two sexes as supporters of civilization and, more especially, as artists; amused because he has been so nagging and uneasy about the whole subject; irritated because even when, like Mr. Traquair, he has told the truth, he has told such an extremely small part of it.

[1] 'Women and Civilization,' by Ramsay Traquair, the *Atlantic*, September 1923.

It is impossible not to wonder at times what can be the source of this constant attempt on man's part to classify and discuss us. Even Mr. Traquair has not denied that women are analytical, yet they have allowed men to retain a decent privacy as to their spiritual and emotional processes. There is no great flood of female writing on the subject of masculine psychology; and the march of English authoresses coming over to write and to lecture upon American manhood has not yet started. It seems unlikely that it will start; the mere idea is too ridiculous. We have borne it very patiently, in silence for the most part, save for an occasional feeble protest, like this one of mine. We have smiled, we have read, we have listened; we have gone without our lunch, if necessary, to buy the

magazines exploiting our more or less negative charms and our very positive failings. Are men so bitterly dissatisfied with us that they must dwell upon our weaknesses in the hope of effecting a reform? Or dare I suggest that they are merely worried?

Now comes a Canadian to tell us that we are not great artists, that we are not philosophers, or scientists, or religious leaders, or builders of big business. He tells us that we are more practical than men, that we are more material, that we are less mystical, that above and beyond all we are infinitely inferior as artists. All of this is perfectly true. A few gallant men will perhaps withhold their affirmation, but only a very foolish woman would attempt to deny the statement. It is quite true, and Mr. Traquair has been both clever and courageous in the saying of it. It is only with his failure to tell all that I quarrel. In all probability he told all he knew. But there is a great deal more.

As he has obviously written from the academic point of view, I shall attempt to use the academic manner, though in doing so I shall probably fail, as it is a manner repugnant to me.

Mr. Traquair has been misled by a syllogism. Shall we repeat it for him? He says: —

(1) The fine arts are the product of imagination, intuition, and the abstract qualities.

(2) Women are markedly inferior to men in the production of great works of art.

(3) Women are therefore inferior to men in imagination, intuition, and the abstract qualities.

If Mr. Traquair cannot see the hole in this argument, surely any of his colleagues in the department of English can point it out to him. If, in the effort to make his syllogism watertight, he should recast it, —

(1) The production of works of art is the sole and the inevitable outlet for the attributes of imagination, intuition, and the abstract qualities.

(2) Women have been almost negative in the field of art, whereas men have produced all the masterpieces.

(3) Women are therefore inferior to men in imagination, intuition, and the abstract qualities, —

if he should rewrite it so, I think that almost anyone with eyes not yet enfeebled by the dimness of university lighting could point out to him the fallacy in his major premise.

Great statues, great symphonies, great paintings, and great poems are not the only channels for the outlet of imagination and intuition, and if women have not made signal achievements in these fields, it is not because they have lacked these virtues. It is rather because, quite unabashedly, they are vastly more interested in the art of living than in the art of expression.

And, in saying that, I have said all. But in case some violently sex-conscious man should be unable to see the point, I shall explain it ahead of time.

A man's loyalty, if he is an artist, is to his muse; a woman's is first of all to the human beings whom she loves. She merits neither praise nor blame for this. It is simply her nature, and only at great risk to herself can she attempt to change it. The woman is rare indeed who will not harness Pegasus if there be need of going to market to bring home the family bread. The necessity may sicken her, but it will not break her heart. She is quite aware that she has made a free choice, and that in securing comfort for those dear to her she has merely been gaining happiness for herself. So clear is the issue in her own mind that generations of ridicule and censure have been unable to shake her position.

And let it be admitted at once that

at this business of harnessing Pegasus she is infinitely more skillful than her brother. When you read a man's books, or see his pictures, or listen to his music, whether the product is good or bad, you may usually be certain that it is his best. But with a woman you are never sure. She may, with a twinkle in her eye, be quite brazenly writing or painting down to you, with a definite motive in the back of her head — a college education, perhaps, for little son, or music lessons for daughter.

All this will seem to prove Mr. Traquair's contention that women are more material than men, and it probably does. Certainly they are, if materialism is the antithesis of mysticism. Women are by no means mystical. If, however, it is to be compared with idealism, the issue is not so clear; there is a nice little question of idealism here, and the conflicting opinions of, say, a Tolstoy and a Jane Addams might be illuminating.

There is another point, obvious enough but apparently unrecognized, which has been mentioned before by two or three women; but so mild has been their protest, that men have either forgotten it or felt safe in ignoring it. A woman positively has not the power of taking for herself, ruthlessly, the time, the quiet, and the leisure necessary for the creation of a masterpiece. If the living creatures for whom she feels responsible, — and her sense of responsibility goes far, — are ill, or unhappy, or overworked, or in trouble, she cannot shut herself up and turn all her energies to the production of a work of art. It is simply impossible. There may be times when she would do it if she could, but she cannot — not unless she is a monster, and of course a monster is never an artist. Should she attempt it, should she lock her door and close her ears, her imagination — what vestige of it Mr. Traquair has left to her — would immediately be busy with the human problems she had tried to leave behind her. She would have none left to give to art. Her mind would work in circles, until she had first gone out and settled the affairs of her household. By that time would she have much creative freshness left? Would any man?

But here exactly is the difference. A man may turn his back upon the creatures dearest to him; he may leave them in pain, in despair, in misery, in dirt; he may shut his door and give his attention to his chosen work without being a monster. He may do it and still remain the tenderest, the kindest of sons, or husbands, or fathers. Normal human beings have a habit of living up to what is expected of them, and it is expected of a man that he do his work and provide for his family. Consequently, in most cases, he does it. If the channel of his provision is business, he will work early and late at the office if need be; if it is art, then his first energy goes to art, and who would dream of blaming him? To be sure, there are cases where men have both forgotten and forsaken their families to follow their muse. They — and I will call them exceptions — have carried my initial argument much further than I myself would dream of pushing it.

A woman, too, in the daily choice that she is forced to make, is simply fulfilling what is expected of her. She shall make her husband comfortable; she shall care for her children; she shall, if it is humanly possible, achieve happiness for any or all of the living creatures of whom she is fond or for whom she feels responsible. Well and good; she proceeds to do it. If there is any energy left at the end of the day, then it is permitted her to paint a picture or to write a novel. It is to her everlasting credit, I should say, that

under these circumstances the quality of her work has been as high as it is. Is it likely that men, under the same restrictions, would have done better?

At this point it is impossible not to remember the thousands of women who are engaged in work other than domestic, and to wonder why their success has been greater in executive than in artistic fields. But the reason, after all, is simple. It is somewhat difficult to be, at the same time, creatively intuitive in more than one direction. A worried or a heartsick woman may more easily run a typewriter for someone else than write a poem for herself. An overzealous club-woman is much more likely to neglect her children for civic welfare work than for sculpture. Seeing a vast amount of work to be done in the world, she tries to do some of it, even if her private affairs are pressing. But art, in her estimation, would be a personal luxury for herself which she would have no right to unless her personal duties were first performed. A woman can be executive even though her mind and heart are very busy in another place. No one can be creative unless his imagination and intuition are strongly centred on the thing created.

Mr. Traquair has noted the fact that in literature women have achieved more creditably than in the other arts. Surely he must know the reason. It is because writing may more readily be sandwiched in between domestic duties; because it may more easily be tucked into spare moments; because it is more possible to make of it a 'part-time job.' It is also true that literature is somehow closer to the human living that is a woman's chief concern; nevertheless, her comparative success in it is due first of all to the fact that it does not so ruthlessly demand of her an irrevocable choice. With literature she compromises a little, always taking care, of course, that it never comes first. In the really great feminine careers of history there has been no compromise. Be sure that Joan of Arc did not leave little children behind her when she went from her fields to lead the armies of France; and Queen Elizabeth had no family to interfere with her achievements.

Our Canadian friend may argue that, if genius did indeed burn very brightly, women would not be content with a compromise. They would give everything to art (and if I constantly speak of art it is only because that has been the point of the sharpest attacks; the same considerations would apply to women's share in science, business, or religion); they would grasp art firmly; and, fundamentally unable to place humanity second, they would simply strike humanity out of their scheme altogether. But we do not expect this drastic measure from a man. He is allowed the compensation of domesticity for his lighter moments; or, if he does not care for domesticity, he is at least allowed a compensation. He is not expected to devitalize himself in order to become an artist. Those of us with any insight, or foresight, or even ordinary sight, realize perfectly that, if he devitalizes himself, he cannot be an artist.

Do not regard this picture as too pitiful. Women are not patiently sacrificing themselves for the preservation of the race. They are doing the thing that they prefer to do, and they deserve no compassion for their choice. They are infinitely more interested in the art of living than in the art of expression. But let it not be forgotten that both living and expression are arts, and that the one calls for as large an amount of intuition, imagination, idealism, and finesse as the other. If, having achieved a reasonable success in one, a woman turns the remainder of her

attention to the other, she should not, I think, be too sharply criticized if in the more spectacular profession her achievement is less glittering than her brother's.

This was not meant to be a debate. I have no wish to be cheaply controversial. But there are two minor points which, with that traditionally feminine concern for small matters, I cannot pass.

First, Mr. Traquair says: —

> The scientist is concerned with pure knowledge only. He neither knows nor cares what use man may make of his researches. They may end in supplying bandits with bombs and motor-cars, or in supplying armies with poison gas; his business is simply to investigate nature, so far as he can, and to tell the truth, as it appears to him. He is not aware of consequences, or of utility, in so far as he is a scientist.
>
> The philosopher similarly is concerned with pure thought. His thought, when published, may result in a revolution, but he is not concerned with this. The scientist and the philosopher have no concern with the application of their knowledge; the one investigates matter, the other thought, in the search for pure knowledge.

In the light of his own paragraphs, can Mr. Traquair still claim that imagination and intuition are exclusively manly virtues? Perhaps they are; it is not for me to say. But I can assure you that no woman could prepare a bomb, mental or chemical, without being keenly aware of its ultimate use. Her imagination and her intuition would be extremely busy around that phase of it from the first.

And, lastly, is it not permissible to ask Mr. Traquair where, in the immaculate Asiatic civilization that has been preserved intact from woman's materializing influence, are the masterpieces of art, music, and science which, in the light of his thesis, we have a right to expect in their highest perfection? Mysticism there is, admittedly, and abstraction; but would he go so far as to advocate abstraction for abstraction's sake?

This is not a debate. I am not disputing any facts, however much I may be inclined to quarrel with their alleged causes. I am merely trying to complete Mr. Traquair's argument because he gave only half of it, and because I think he is not quite at home in the field of a posteriori reasoning.

And I should like to ask, out of a real respect for pure thought and pure knowledge, that there be less careless thinking on the subject of feminine psychology and achievement, and still more urgently that there be vastly less talk. If men will not help us, if they will not voluntarily make things easier for us, as for centuries we have made things easier for them; if they will not give us the sympathy, or comprehension, or encouragement that would speed our progress along the shining way, can they not at least remove the searchlight for a little time, and let us, gropingly if need be, find our own road to grace? They will never give us leisure, I suppose; won't they please allow us a little privacy — privacy to work out our own artistic processes in our own way? A watched pot, you know, never boils.

We may be flattered by the position thrust upon us in the centre of the stage; we are interested, sometimes complacent, and always secretly amused. But we are intensely curious. We cannot understand why men should be so much more concerned with us than we *seem* to be with them. Perhaps some man will give an answer similar to that of the gallant sea-captain when asked why men, unlike women, never kissed each other. 'It is,' he said, 'because men have something better to kiss.'

OUR CHANGING JOURNALISM

BY BRUCE BLIVEN

I

In so far as the public takes any interest at all in the welfare of the press, it is usually concerned only about newspaper morals. A journalist who goes abroad among people of other occupations is subjected to an almost continuous barrage of inquiries as to the ethical state of his profession:—

Do you suppress news at the command of the big advertisers?

Is it true that editorial writers are usually Socialists, who give expression to conservative ideas under pain of dismissal?

How much of the foreign news is just made up out of whole cloth in the newspaper office?

The morals of journalism are certainly interesting and important; but to centre attention on them, regarding them as something fixed and static, the result of willful wickedness on the part of capitalist owner and subservient editor, is to miss the most important part of the picture. For journalism, like so many other things, is in a state of flux. It is changing; and these changes are producing a situation of far more vital concern to the people than the one matter of 'morality,' important though that is.

I hardly need point out that the most extensive alterations in civilization — and certainly the most rapid — are those which result from mechanical invention. It is at least open to question whether the world-shattering Darwinian theory, in the sixty-odd years since it was announced, has wrought as important changes as have been produced in two decades by the automobile. I suppose no one will deny that the invention of the steam engine was, in the long run, the largest single factor in producing the Great War. The men who have had the greatest actual influence on their fellows have always been the inventors, from Gutenberg, through Watt, to Edison and Henry Ford.

Journalism is to-day a particularly good example of an institution which is altering in all its characteristics because of mechanical progress. In order to see these changes in their proper perspective, it is necessary to go back for a moment to the conditions which existed half a century earlier.

Fifty years ago it was the general rule, even in the large cities, that the editor was owner as well, or at least possessed of a substantial part-interest. He wrote many of the editorials, inspired the rest, and showed his dominating personality in every part of the paper, including the news columns. Advertising was so small in volume that it was of minor importance in shaping editorial policy. Though the Civil War had brought the telegraph into widespread use for transmitting news, papers were still produced slowly and carefully. Reporters took as much time as was necessary to gather their facts, and then wrote their copy in longhand.

There was plenty of vulgar journalism even then: it is a delusion of newspapermen born since 1885 that vulgarity was invented by Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst. But, in the main, papers were a laborious and fairly leisurely product. The reporter had been an eyewitness of what he described; and he was encouraged — as is very rarely the case to-day — to use the best English he could produce, to create a genuine 'literary' effect if he were capable of it.

The writing was, on the average, not only good, but honest. The editor-owner wrote what he believed and printed what he chose. Syndication of material of any sort lay in the future; the whole paper, except a small volume of telegraphic news and the 'lifted' matter (reprinted from other journals), was produced in one office. The editor might, as did Colonel Nelson, the famous editor of the Kansas City *Star*, express his personality even in the selections he made from the exchanges. In short, the newspaper of those days was essentially a personal, human, and local product.

II

This in 1870. What of 1923?

I have no wish to utter a jeremiad; but it would also be foolish to palliate a condition as familiar to my readers as to myself. To-day the character of journalism has been altered by a series of mechanical inventions: the telephone, high-speed rotary presses, stereotyping, typesetting machines, color presses, rotogravure, the electric-telegraphic typewriter. Allied to these is a series of institutional developments: an enormous increase in the bulk of advertising, greatly enlarged circulations, universal use of syndicated material, 'chain' newspapers in various cities under common ownership. These several factors work together to produce a number of important results, which I will catalogue briefly.

First, the ascendancy of the afternoon over the morning paper (because papers live on advertising, advertising is directed at women, and women have more leisure in the evening than earlier).

Second, a consequent premium put on haste, which means that the news is more and more presented in fragmentary, 'skeletonized,' and often garbled form.

Third, an increasing use of pictures, which have been found to appeal to large numbers of people who are almost illiterate, but possess the buying power which the advertiser seeks.

Fourth, with a few conspicuous exceptions, a continuing degeneration and flabbiness of journalistic English. This is primarily due to haste, facilitated by the use of the typewriter, and secondarily to the use of the telephone, because of which the man who writes is less and less often the man who has personally seen.

Fifth, a steady tendency to condense news articles into mere tabloid summaries. This is due to the great increase in the physical volume of advertising, and the desire nevertheless to hold down the bulk of the paper.

Sixth, a wider and wider use of syndicated material, so that newspapers all over the country are partly identical from day to day in their contents. This is true not only of telegraphic news, obtained from one of the three great news-gathering associations, but of 'feature' articles, drawings, even editorials. To-day this process is being extended to the local news, through the development of coöperative systems of gathering and distributing at least the routine items in each municipality.

Seventh, the great invested capital

and earning power of a successful paper to-day. Because of this fact — the result of the increase in advertising — ownership has slipped out of the hands of the editor, whose type of mind is rarely compatible with large business dealings, and has passed to that of wealthy individuals or corporations. This means that, in the overwhelming majority of cases, the editorial attitude of the paper reflects the natural conservatism of these 'capitalistic' owners, or is of a wishy-washy type which takes no vigorous stand on any subject.

Eighth, the passing of rivalry from the editorial to the business office. Since the textual contents of newspapers are so largely identical, there is no longer the fierce editorial rivalry which formerly inspired the journalist to seek constant improvement in his paper. Instead, rivalry has been transferred to the business and circulation departments. The chief journals of each city struggle hard for the coveted post of leader in volume of advertising. Circulation men fight to the death for every last hundred subscribers. Unfortunately, their race for added sales is reflected editorially in the production of journals which more and more represent, not an editor's notion of a good paper, but a circulation manager's notion of a good seller.

These developments need only to be mentioned for their importance to be realized. There are others, however, which lie somewhat deeper beneath the surface and are still equally vital.

III

Since so much of the editorial matter is nowadays produced at secondhand, either written from telephoned description, rewritten from telegraphed matter, or prepared in other cities for syndicate distribution, it is increasingly hard for even an honest and conscientious editor to keep his columns free from the taint of propaganda. This problem is augmented by the increasing use of press agents by persons or institutions wishing to get into — or keep out of — print. Formerly it was possible for reporters to come into direct contact with the executive heads of the great industrial corporations which are such an important source of news. To-day they interview the 'counselor on public relations,' who hands out a mimeographed statement, or answers queries with monosyllables which reveal a pretended or genuine ignorance. These same corporations are also increasingly heavy buyers of display advertising space. This is sometimes due to a legitimate desire to increase the amount of business done; but it is also to some extent an attempt to bulldoze or cajole the paper into a 'friendly' editorial attitude — an attempt which is in too many cases successful.

Even the small-town press is not immune from these dangerous efforts to poison the stream of public opinion at its source. Mechanical invention has reached down to the smallest country weekly, with devices which result in lessened control by the editor of his own columns. Of these there are two of first importance — 'patent insides,' and 'boiler plate.'

'Patent insides' — called by their manufacturers 'ready-print' — are paper sheets which come to the country publisher with one side vacant and the other already covered with editorial matter and advertising. The local editor supplies his own material for the vacant space, and delivers to his subscribers what appears to be an eight-page paper, though it has in reality only four pages of local matter. He receives no payment for the advertising in the 'patent inside,' and has no control over its editorial matter. If the

proprietor of the service should choose to accept material from propagandists for use in the guise of legitimate editorial matter, there is no way to prevent it.

'Boiler plate,' a not dissimilar device, is syndicated editorial matter, which is furnished to the country papers already cast into plates, usually one column wide and twenty inches deep. These are cut up into any desired length and used in the local pages of small weeklies and dailies, either as 'filler' or as legitimate news. It is, of course, more difficult to secure the publication of propaganda as 'boiler plate' than as 'patent insides,' since the country editor may read over the former in advance and reject whatever he pleases. To overcome this, people with an axe to grind are in the habit of sending out their 'boiler plate' free of charge, in the hope that motives of economy will induce the editor to print it.

The propagandist has been aided by other developments of the past few years. The general use of the linotype and monotype, even in small country offices, has made typesetting so rapid and easy that it has facilitated the movement toward papers of larger bulk than before, even though, as I have said, the average length of the individual item is decreasing. Newspaper offices are therefore flooded with an enormous mass of publicity matter. It comes from uplift, reform, and welfare organizations, from banks, theatrical managers, and politicians, from farmers' organizations, labor unions, book and magazine publishers, railroads, steamship companies, high-tariff enthusiasts, low-tariff advocates, schools and colleges, from monetary reformers, religious organizations, and a host of others. Some of this comes in mimeographed or printed form, some as boiler plate, and much in the form of matrices (a matrix being a mould of a substance like papier-mâché, into which molten metal is poured to produce a casting for the press). This last form is particularly desirable to the propagandist, for two reasons: because the editor cannot change the material by a syllable, except by sawing off the end, and because it is possible to include pictures, which are reproduced as readily and perfectly as type.

Indeed, the clever press-agent long ago took note of the rapidly increasing popularity of illustrations, and exploits it to the top of his bent. The theatrical publicity man, or the 'personal representative' of a near-statesman who is toiling painfully up the ladder of fame, is just as well pleased to secure publication of a picture without an article as vice versa — though of course his preference is for both at once.

IV

The development of syndication has coincided with, and in part caused, another tendency in present-day journalism, which seems to me the most important of all: the common ownership by one man or corporation of a number of papers in various cities.

In the old days an editor, no matter how able, produced his influence for good or evil chiefly within the geographical limits of a certain city (though there were, of course, exceptions like Horace Greeley, whose political views were followed throughout the nation). To-day, one man may own an unlimited number of papers scattered from coast to coast, identical as to their telegraphic news, their 'features,' many of their important editorials; and identical in policy even in their handling of local news. A newspaper proprietor may thus influence the nation profoundly, not merely by his views on questions of general concern, but by his

personal standards of taste. It is true that in the long run the public is itself responsible for the sort of journalism it gets, since every paper exists by its favor and no publisher dares permit himself the luxury of producing a journal better than the people care to buy. But it is also true that, once the ear of the public has been obtained, there is a wide range of option available to the editor as to what he shall say into it. There are honest and dishonest papers which have equally wide circulation.

William Randolph Hearst is of course the outstanding example of the 'chain' newspaper proprietor. His papers in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Detroit, and other cities, are replicas of one another. Every important editorial appears in all of them simultaneously, and, theoretically at least, reaches within twenty-four or thirty-six hours fully one fourth of all the homes in the United States. Not only is this true, but Mr. Hearst sells his various features to independent newspapers in cities where he is not yet represented. Arthur Brisbane's daily column, for instance, appears in more than sixty papers. The Hearst telegraphic news services are sold to hundreds of journals, as are his syndicated cartoon strips, the work of his large corps of professional humorists, his daily advice to the lovelorn, his serials for women.

This syndication makes it possible for Mr. Hearst to pay salaries which are far beyond the means of the single newspaper. Among not only his employees but those of competing syndicates, salaries of $50,000 or $60,000 for authors and cartoonists are not uncommon, while a few go well beyond the $100,000 mark. This results in semimonopolistic control, if not of the best journalistic brains, at least of the most popular; and increases the difficulty faced by the isolated newspaper seeking to survive in competition with the member of a chain.

The power of the syndicate also makes it possible to start a new paper at minimum expense, and with a virtual guaranty of success. Mr. Hearst, for instance, has recently followed the plan of entering a community with a Sunday paper only. It consists of the magazine features of the Sunday New York *American*, a paper the popularity of which is attested by the fact that it has attained a circulation of 1,100,000, the largest in America, at ten cents a copy, in the face of keen competition from papers all of which sell for less. To these features from New York is added a small section of local news, prepared by a handful of inexpensive reporters; and the result is a paper which is virtually certain to reach a large circulation in a short time. Local advertising, naturally, follows the circulation; and in a few months a daily edition may be added.

The potential dangers of this development seem to the writer so serious that it is almost impossible to state them without appearing to take an absurdly alarmist view. This is not merely because of Mr. Hearst's personality; the Scripps-Howard chain of workingmen's evening papers is growing as fast as is his, and despite its publishing a great mass of trivial, sensational matter, has an excellent liberal editorial policy. Regardless of editorial attitude, to have so large a proportion of the country's press in the hands of two or three men or corporations seems to me a menace in itself. It is more serious than the hold of the Northcliffe papers on Great Britain ever was, even during the life of their founder; for the Northcliffe journals, after all, were virtually a London product, limited in revenue by the volume

of business to be secured in that city, while syndicate journalism in America can draw huge profits from each of a score — or a hundred — cities, using them to buy up or destroy competition, and growing ever stronger in the process.

The specific danger, of course, is the lowering of our national intellectual standards. Journalism under the conditions outlined becomes ever more a quantitative, less a qualitative product. Newspaper profits are all derived from advertising; a publisher thinks himself fortunate if the reader's pennies meet the cost of the white paper. He pays all other expenses, and derives all profits, from advertising-revenue. But advertising is increasingly dependent upon bulk circulation. There are still papers which talk about 'quality' and the high buying power of the individual subscriber, but they are in a dwindling minority. So far as daily newspapers are concerned, purchasing power and discriminating intelligence by no means necessarily go hand in hand in this republic. There are classes in the community, especially in the cities, which are barely literate, and yet provide an excellent market for phonographs, automobiles, radio sets, and fur coats. Competition among newspapers therefore becomes, as I have observed, more and more a race for the largest possible circulation, secured by fair means or foul. Mostly, from the viewpoint of this discussion, they are foul.

Illustrations bring more readers than text; and therefore we have 'picture papers,' such as the New York *Daily News*, which has grown more rapidly than any paper in the United States. Sensation is more popular than sobriety. The mass public prefers scandalous gossip to intelligent discussion of economic and social problems. It wants chitchat about the personal habits of a President, but refuses to read his state papers. And more than anything else, it wants endless square yards of comic strips, of Neolithic execution, Cro-Magnon morality.

V

While mechanical progress is thus strengthening the arm of inferior journalism, it is also developing, in at least two fields, products which many persons believe will seriously cripple, if they do not supplant, the daily press. These are the motion picture and radio.

Among motion-picture men a belief is common that the news reels which are now a standard feature in every cinema theatre will some day take the place of the daily paper. They point out that editorials may be thrown on the screen in the form of captions, that animated drawings are an obviously superior form of cartoon strips, that advertisers can exhibit their wares far more appealingly on celluloid than on paper. They expect that electric transmission of pictures by wire or wireless, already experimentally accomplished, will soon be a practical reality, so that Yokohama burning this morning may be seen on the New York screens to-night. It will not be necessary, they think, to go to a theatre for this cinematographic journalism. Already, home projection-machines may be purchased at the price of a good phonograph, and paper 'film' has recently been perfected, which costs only a fraction of the price of other forms, and is literally and completely noninflammable.

The grounds for expecting radio to supplant the newspaper are better. Radio transmission is really instantaneous, while the motion picture is still at least twelve hours slower than the printed page. From its beginning, radio has gone directly into the home;

and almost from the beginning, it has transmitted a respectable budget of news — crop and weather reports, price quotations, baseball scores and the like. Speeches by the President and other important persons are now broadcast as a matter of course; and such happenings as World's Series baseball games and prizefights are the subject of a running account from the press-box which is heard, supposedly, by radio listeners in numbers mounting to millions.

Two obstacles exist, however, which seem to me to bar both radio and film as a substitute for the newspaper — at least until they have been radically altered by supplementary inventions which seem, to the finite mind, almost impossible.

The first of these, which applies less to the radio than to the motion picture, is portability. A large majority of all urban workers (who constitute in general the newspaper-reading class) are carried to and from their place of employment on street-cars or trains, and read as they ride. It is hardly likely that a carload of people would consent to a common budget of news from a single loud-speaking radio receiver or projection machine; and individual devices present grave difficulties, especially under the conditions of congestion which usually prevail in such conveyances.

The second obstacle, still more serious, is that of selection. No one wants to read every word of his newspaper; and few have the leisure, even if they have the inclination. The New York *Times* could not be absorbed in less than four or five hours. The present writer, who for professional reasons needs to make sure that he has noted every important fact in that paper, reads with average rapidity and yet takes an hour and a half a day for the process. With either radio or motion picture, it is almost impossible to 'skip.' The broadcasting station might offer various classes of news at various wave-lengths; but only a few of these are available, and it would still be impracticable to select among items of the same sort. It is also, of course, impossible to preserve for reference news items of particular importance.

In so far as either of these media supplements the newspaper, however, it does not retard, but encourages the development toward slipshod thinking, sensationalism, and vulgarity. The motion picture has the vices of the illustrated daily: it presents only those elementary ideas which can be translated into pictorial terms. Also, it does the work of thinking for the spectator, who has only to submit himself to a sort of mental massage, which is highly enervating when used in excess. It is peculiarly susceptible to use by propagandists, and, even in its present development, has been subjected to their influence.

As for the radio, its tendency is to abolish good writing altogether. Its news reports are mere hastily dictated eyewitness accounts, without any attempt at careful composition, or any opportunity for second thought. An overwhelming majority of its educational and 'inspirational' addresses at present are inconsequential stuff, not worth an intelligent man's time. The protesting letters which the editor will receive when this statement appears in print will of course cite a long list of distinguished speakers; but I think those who have listened will agree that in general my statement is true.

It seems to me useless, therefore, to hope for any improvement in the status of journalism from these substitutes for the printed page. The battle must be fought on existing ground, good papers winning in competition with bad ones.

Unfortunately, the recent history of the press seems to prove conclusively that there is a Gresham's Law in this field: the debased coinage drives the true metal out of circulation. To be sure, there are facts to be cited in opposition. Honorable and intelligent journalism of the type represented by the New York *Times* and *World*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and a few other papers, not only still exists but does well. Never were greater pains taken than by these journals to lay before their readers (usually thankless and indifferent) an accurate and complete picture of the world they live in. But these are isolated cases, usually the result of an outstanding personality, a man determined to produce a good paper whether it pays or not. The tendency is the other way. Not only do the papers owned by Mr. Hearst and his spiritual kinsmen flourish and increase, but they are imitated far and wide — and generally the copyist, lacking Mr. Hearst's real genius, succeeds only in catching the vulgarity, and redoubles it.

What is 'to be done' about it? It is, of course, idle to suppose that the wheels of progress can be halted merely because part of the people feel that they ought to be; or that, by taking thought, we can secure a return to the higher standards of leisure, accuracy, and intelligence which marked the newspaper of a generation ago. Syndication, standardization, and speed are here to stay. Vulgarity may or may not be a permanent characteristic.

It is possible, of course, that the reading public may in time become satiated with its 'highly perfumed garbage.' There are newspapermen who believe that the vulgar press creates readers for papers of a better class, just as the possessor of a phonograph is sometimes led on from jazz to grand opera.

It is possible also that improving general education may increase the circle of discriminating readers to an extent larger than can now be foreseen. Certainly much could be accomplished if the leaders of thought in every community would abandon their present laissez-faire attitude toward journalism, would demand higher standards, and practice sabotage upon the inferior papers by refusing to read them. In general, however, there is no present evidence that optimism is justified. The utmost we have the right to expect, is that the country may be brought to realize in what direction its press is moving, and with what speed.

THE DONKEYMAN'S CHRISTMAS

BY ARTHUR MASON

I

THE crew on the windlass labored with panting breath.

'Fifteen fathoms in the hawsepipe; heave, men, heave!' encouraged the mate.

Aft, and towering over the captain, stood the red-headed donkeyman, new aboard the four-masted schooner Mary Kent.

'It's me repitation ye'd roon,' he shouted; 'yez towld me what a foine donkey yez had; wit the shteam spluttering through her auld sieve of a boiler! Shure'n the eccenthric head's cracked, the friction gear's gone, the injector's corroded. It's a danger she is to the ship and the min!'

The captain stood nervously smoking the butt end of a cigar. He held it impaled on a toothpick, so short it was.

'You're a mechanic,' he said sarcastically.

'I am that,' retorted the donkeyman; 'me father before me was as foine a wan as iver lipped a rivet. Me name is Dinnis Fay, I'd have ye undershtand — Dinnis Fay.'

'You're a beach-comber,' shouted the captain. 'I'm paying you five dollars more than the crew, for what? You don't seem to know enough about the donkey to heave up the anchor.'

'You're a liar,' yelled Fay; 'annything that'll hiss or whistle I can run; you're —'

'The anchor is up and down, sir,' called the mate from the forecastle head.

'Get sail on her,' answered the captain. 'You go ahead and repair the donkey,' he said, turning to the donkeyman.

'I will not, surr, and that's flat. You're paying me to dhrive her, not to make a new wan out of her. Put me ashore or I'll have the law on yez.'

The captain's bony body seemed to contract in meditation. Donkeymen would not stay on the Mary Kent. Being master and owner, the thought of paying for repairs on the donkey engine gave him all the pains of greed and stinginess.

'Fay,' said he, finally, 'fix her up, and if she runs to my satisfaction by the first time we need to use her, I'll give you twenty dollars bonus. There now,' he concluded grandly, 'where's the master who would do that for you? Think of it! Twenty dollars over your wages.'

The donkeyman went forward, muttering, but purposeful.

A man was sent aft to the wheel, the foresail and mainsail were set, and a dark-skinned pilot was aboard. The Mary Kent was under way through the narrow channel that leads from Suva Harbor to the open sea.

'Good-bye,' said the pilot, as he climbed over the side. 'Pleasant voyage and a Merry Christmas!'

'What?' said the captain.

'Merry Christmas, captain.'

'Hum,' grunted the captain, 'Christmas is fifteen days away.'

The last thing he wanted was to be reminded of that day. It costs money to feed sailors; ship dividends were not earned to spend on suet and raisins, plum duff and canned turkey.

'Give her the topsails, Mr. Blossom,' he said irritably.

The wind being fresh and the sea smooth, the schooner raced away to the north'ard and west'ard of the Fiji group.

'Put the log over, Mr. Blossom, put the log over; we must see what she is doing.'

As he watched the miles register, a miserly twitch came into his eyes.

'I ought to do well by her this voyage, eh, Mr. Blossom?'

'You ought to,' answered the mate dryly.

The crew were busy on deck, sweeping and coiling down ropes. They shot baleful glances at the donkey-room, where now it sounded as if Fay were breaking the donkey engine to pieces.

Eight bells rang. The cook's head, with a feathery fringe of hair around it, shot out of the galley door to the limit of his short neck.

'Come and get it!' he shouted.

Two of the crew were late of the Nellie Swan. No longer slick and fat as when they sailed on that liberal craft, they now lazed along with the rest of the crew to the forecastle.

Gus brought the dinner, unappetizing enough with its pickled meat, and its coffee made from wheat burned black in the galley stove. Good enough, the captain thought, for inferior intellects.

Pete looked at it. 'Salt horse leaving port,' he groaned; 'I'd like to roast his hidebound soul! We may save money on her all right, but give me the ship where a man can get his grub and his game. Damn the money, I say.'

In the cabin, eating dinner with the mate, the captain voiced his opinion otherwise.

'Give me the ship,' he said, 'where a man can save a little money as he goes along. Look at the crew now, eating me out of my profits, and getting thirty dollars a month for abusing me into the bargain. Keep your eye on the donkeyman, Mr. Blossom; I want a good job done. I'm paying well for it.'

'He has her all in pieces,' answered the mate regretfully.

The captain rubbed his thin hands. 'Of course, if she 'll run, even if it is n't a first-class job, I'll be in pocket, eh?'

II

Fourteen days out from Suva the Mary Kent was six degrees north of the Equator. It was Christmas Eve, and all sorts of Christmas activities were going on in the forecastle. One man was shaving, another mending a white shirt. The rattle of clamshells betrayed the fact that Pete and Gus were celebrating with a little game, using empty clamshells for antes.

'The Old Man has us dig 'em at the Puget Sound,' said Gus.

'Gawd, how I wish there was clams in 'em!'

'Don't you though, Pete. Show down. Aces up.'

'Take the pot, Gus.' Then, amid the clamshell transfer, 'What do you think there 'll be for dinner, to-morrow, Gus?'

'Plum duff for sure, matie. I saw the cook getting ready to get her together. Turkey too, maybe. The Old Man 'll not deny us one good feed.' And the clamshells rattled merrily on.

Christmas spirit was pervading even the donkey-room, and Dennis Fay's lips were pursed in a holiday whistle as he put the finishing touches to the donkey. The packing and daviting were done, the cylinder-head had a strap bolted around it. As he wrenched

the nuts tight, he stopped whistling to have a word with the donkey.

'Ye'll run now, me lady. It's bonus bucks ye'll be fetching me, twinty av thim. A purty Christmas, and me the only wan to share it wit. Ah, now, a coat av black paint on your blisters would desave the eye of anny man. I'll just be goin' aft, now, to tell the Auld Man that I'm goin' to put shteam in your boiler. It's the poor Christmas he'll be havin' wit his twinty gone, the auld shkinflint!'

But when the donkeyman reached the deck, the sniff of sullen elements met him, and he saw that long swells from the northeast were rolling.

'I'll wait awhile,' he said, 'and see what happens.'

The captain and the mate were nervously pacing the poop, keeping their eye on a falling barometer, and a sun setting in a smoked-glass sky. The second mate was battening down the hatches. The cook pulled storm shutters over the galley windows, and the watch below laid aside their Christmas cheerfulness and came on deck to pad around barefoot with the others, shortening sail. Haloed stars shone here and there through scuddy sky-shadows.

'Strip her down to the poles,' shouted the captain; and his voice seemed to fill the deck. The crew worked for dear life. Two bells rang out — nine o'clock.

Out of the east came a sound like roaring river waters. The sailors, with frightened looks, braced themselves to stem the storm; the shriveled captain had barely time to clutch the rail, when the hurricane swept in on them. The rigging howled with squeezing rage, seas came with centripetal swiftness, sending water over the decks in muslin-like sheets, and the Mary Kent, skeleton-helpless before it all, spun around and buried her head into the bight of the gale.

One by one the sailors secured themselves in the lee of the weather-bulwarks. Word sounds were out of the question now. They made signs and shook their heads sorrowfully. The captain on the poop took a turn of the spanker sheet around him, fastening it to the rail. His storm cap had blown away, his hair tugged at the scalp, his clothes ballooned and made him look twice his size. If his thoughts had found echo they would have come back slavering of money.

'God, if only I had more insurance on her! Give me the chance again and I'll make it as heavy as the wind that blows to-night.'

There were no bells struck on the schooner, and it was long after twelve that night when he crawled on his hands and knees to the cabin, followed by the mate. A sea with a rock-surf roar tumbled over the decks, flooding the Mary Kent fore and aft. Water, with the lapping jaws of a monster, gushed down the companionway into the cabin. The two men clung to the table, their legs floating helplessly, while the poor struggling schooner dove down, down. Was she never coming back? The salt sea in the cabin, like a wild, sucking thing, pitched its force against a bulkhead, bursting open the main-deck door, and releasing its captive viciousness after jamming all things movable in the door.

Up, up, came the Mary Kent, to make another fight for her life.

'Damn you!' shouted the captain, 'don't stand there thinking of yourself. My ship is foundering — she's all I have!'

The mate's eyes glistened with a something that brave men show in the face of danger.

'Captain,' he said, calmly, 'to-day is Christmas Day. I am praying that we shall all live to see it through.'

Almost screaming with rage and

fright, the captain ordered him out, bidding him reef the main jib, put a tarpaulin in the main rigging, anything, to keep her steady.

Out on the deck the crew, like drenched hens, lay cooped in shelter. The mate stirred them with wild gestures, and their cackling oaths were lost in wind and wave. Sail would not stay on the Mary Kent, and daylight found her still under bare poles. The galley was awash, and the crew made their Christmas breakfast on hard-tack flavored with brine, and found the heart, in their rugged simplicity, to mourn for what they might have had.

So the day passed, cheerless, dangerous, without even so much as a cup of black coffee to put heart into a man. Cross-seas washed the life boats away, and the flying jib boom went in one plunge that swallowed the Mary Kent to the breast of her. And yet she came back, always back. In those moments of calm when she rested in the hollows of the Pacific, sheltered by moving, massive walls of green water, the hearts of the men would choose to call it all a dream; and when she would rise to flutter on the crests, like a winged creature helpless to soar, their courage would sink into the lonely wastes of a mad ocean.

III

The morning of the twenty-sixth brought the sun again. The wind had withered away to gentleness, and the toothless waves rolled in sluggish, harmless heaps. The crew stretched themselves and yawned loudly. Smoke came from the galley stove. The captain walked around the decks with no regard for the sailors or the God who had saved him. He was figuring his losses angrily. As he passed the galley-door the cook spoke: —

'Captain, shall we have Christmas to-day? The men are badly done up.'

The captain turned on him savagely.

'Christmas,' he snapped, 'was yesterday. It's gone, and there 'll be none this year aboard the Mary Kent. Do you hear that?'

The galley and the donkey-room were housed together, separated by a thin wooden partition. The donkeyman heard the captain, and promptly stuck his head out of his door to answer him.

'Ha,' said he, 'so it's the Holy Day ye would be taking away from us, like the hurricane washed your boats away. Ye auld widow-robber! Nor is it anny wonder the luck ye be havin'.'

'What's Christmas,' retorted the captain, 'to a barefooted beach-comber like you? If I had n't shipped you, you would be starving now.'

He turned and hurried aft.

Fay's bare toenails scraped on the deck. He rolled up his sleeves.

'Let me get one shwipe at ye,' he shouted, 'and your bonus and wages can go to hell!'

The master mounted the poop and hog-grunted to the binnacle. Fay, with leashed emotion, backed into the donkey-room.

The crew, tired and sore, were summoned to the work of turning a spare spar into a new jib boom, that the owner of the Mary Kent might not lose more money through delay in making sail. They groaned a good deal; but the most abused of sailors is interested in his work, and it was with some satisfaction that, as noon approached, they saw the new boom whittled and ready to fit. The task lay in getting it out where it belonged, — a dangerous and heavy job on an unsteady ship, — and they had a great deal of advice to give as to how it should be done.

'Put plenty of guy-ropes on it,' said Pete; 'if ever it gets away from us, it will be worse than the storm.'

'What's the donkey for, anyway?' said Gus. 'Let her do the work. Let donkeyman show us what's the good of all the noise he 's been making. That 's all.'

While they argued, the mate and the captain stood on the poop shooting the sun. The captain looked at the mate suspiciously. He had never seen him so careful — he seemed completely absorbed in the figures he was transferring from the arc of the sextant to a little dirty piece of paper. He noted that his gait was springy as he dove below to juggle with the numbers.

Then the cook brought dinner into the cabin, and they faced each other across the table.

'Well,' said the mate, showing humorous wrinkles around his eyes; 'it is n't as bad as I thought it would be. We are only twenty miles east of the hundred and eightieth meridian.'

'That 's a long way without sail,' munched the captain.

'It is,' answered the mate, with spirit, 'she 'll never drift across it in time. The whole thing is a question of getting sail on her in a hurry, after the boom goes out. It's a good thing that the donkey's in order.'

At any other time the mate's enthusiasm would have found answer in the captain's miser-leather heart. Now it struck him chill. He knew what the mate was referring to. If the Mary Kent crossed 180 degrees before twelve that night, she would lose a day, and that day would be December twenty-sixth, and they would once more have Christmas Day.

'Nothing tastes good to me,' he said; and he went up on deck, leaving the mate happily interested in his dinner. The crew were eating in the forecastle, exchanging pleasantries with the cook. No one noticed that the captain stole forward to the donkey-room. No one saw him pause and regard the donkey malevolently, his eye passing over the davitings, neatly cut and scraped, the sandpapered bearings, and the fine coat of black paint. No one heard him mutter to himself: —

'Five hundred dollars for repairs. Loss of time. Water in the hold. Then twenty dollars, to pay a man to be insulted on his own ship, and high-priced food and an idle day for a worthless crew. It's more than flesh and blood can stand.'

Whining and sweating as he worked, crawly as is the thief who robs himself, he seized a wrench, and, unscrewing the blow-off valve, put it into his pocket and left the donkey-room unseen. His courage returned as he neared the poop, and it was with a smile that he greeted the mate, emerging from the cabin picking his teeth.

'How soon will you have the jib boom ready to heave out?' he inquired.

'As soon as we can get steam up in the donkey,' replied the mate.

The captain went down to the cabin patting his pocket. The sea had a more normal heave to it now, and a little breeze was coming from the westward.

'A waste of time,' he said, 'but it can't be helped. Let them fuss it out. I may as well have a sleep.'

He threw himself down on his bunk, and drifted off into pleasant dreams.

The mate went forward to the forecastle. He shouted down to the men: —

'Turn to, men, I've a piece of good news for you.'

The crew crowded around him.

'If we sail the schooner across a hundred and eighty before twelve o'clock to-night, we'll all have Christmas to-morrow.'

While he was explaining this great good news, a volley of oaths sizzled from the donkey-room, followed by the owner of the voice that uttered them, and the donkeyman came on deck with a hammer in his hand.

'I 'll brain the savage that shtole me valve. Shtand where yez are!' he roared. 'Me hammer hangs over yez until yez are inshpected!'

Worn with fatigue and disappointment, there was something so tragic at that moment about Dennis Fay that it appealed even to those much-abused men. Silent and submissive they stood, while, with hammer suspended, he asked them one by one, 'Did ye shteal me valve?' and each one answered convincingly, 'No.'

'Begorra thin, ye'd have me belave it walked off. Where is it thin? Ah! and it 's the bad day I iver —' His words trailed off formlessly, except for occasional illumination of oaths like smelted slag. He stood there before them, a very picture of misery, his lower lip twitching, one wandering hand aimlessly clawing long strands of hair that hung down like greasy rope-ends. The more he thought of it the angrier he got; and the crew stood as he had lined them up, watching him.

At last the mate approached him gently, and whispered in his ear. He nodded, and the two went into the donkey-room. The crew were left speechless in the face of the fresh disaster that had crushed their new hope. Pete was the first to speak, and his voice had a sad ring to it.

'That 's the way with a sailor. He 's either ahead or behind, never there when there 's anything good for him.'

'I'm so sleepy,' yawned Gus, 'I don't c. re what becomes of us.'

They started to move off, but were held again by the sound of the donkeyman's voice.

'Damn him, and it 's me Christmas and me bonus he 'd be afther bating me out av. Ha, ha, me bucko, it 's the Blue Funnel Liners I have n't been sailing on for nothing! And he calls me a beach-comber. Ah, wait till I lay me hands on him!'

'Can you do it?' they heard the mate ask.

'I can, me bye, tin thousand toimes, if I have to burn the heart out av her!'

The mate came out on deck. 'Now,' said he to the crew, 'work, and work with a will. Not a growl out of one of you. We 'll slip a day and catch our Christmas. Are you willing, men?'

'We are,' they shouted, and limbered up accordingly, and started a race against time, in order to lose time.

On deck halyards were bent on to the boom. Guys to steady it were tied. In the donkey-room Fay worked like one possessed, and chips flew, as he made a hardwood plug to substitute for the stolen valve, and a wild whistle of triumph pierced the walls, as he drove it in and lashed it with seizing wire.

Water was poured into the boiler and the fire lighted. The crew were tense with excitement, fearing that the plug would not hold till the boom was out, and morally certain that, if it did n't, there would be more than one man burned, and possibly a donkey engine broken past the power of man to repair.

The halyards were taken to the gypsy. The smell of hot grease came from the donkey. Twenty pounds of steam showed in the gauge. The donkeyman was silent now as any sphinx, but his eyes were everywhere; not a nut escaped him, not a rivet. He shoveled more coal into the fire. The crew stood at their posts, waiting for him to give the word to heave away.

Forty pounds showed on the gauge; steam was spluttering and hissing in the cylinder-head. The donkeyman stuck his head out of his room and called, 'Shtand away from the blow-off valve!'

As the pressure crept up in the old donkey boiler, the wooden plug commenced to bobble. The mate came running in. 'It 's no use,' he said; 'draw the fire; the seizings won't hold.'

'Shure it 's not me ye know at all, at all,' answered the donkeyman, 'for it 's not me fire I'd dhraw. If the seizin's don't hold, I 'll blow her up before I 'll give her up! That's Dinnis Fay fer ye, and his father before him!'

Steam started to whistle out of the blow-off valve. The donkey-room was moist with it. Something had to be done and done quickly. The beach-combing engineer seemed as live as the forces he was trying to control. With one wild motion to the mate to get to his post, he jumped up on the engine in front of the donkey, seizing as he did so a short length of three-inch plank which he had torn from the floor when he repaired the engine, and had not yet replaced. He stood the three-inch plank on end in place against the wooden plug to hold it in, and brought all his strength to bear on it in a death grip, with his left hand. With his right he could just reach the steam valve that fed the cylinders. Standing there spread as he was in the white mist, he looked like the skin of some bear pinned up for curing.

'Are yez ready?' he shouted; and without waiting for an answer he started up the Mary Kent's donkey.

There was no need to tell the crew what to do. They bounced about like rubber balls. Up came the spar. The ship vibrated from the whistlings of the donkey; steam seemed to be coming from everywhere. The cook ran out of the galley and took to the rigging; the mate stood on the forecastle head giving anxious orders. Outhauls and downhauls, halyards and guy-ropes were straining with the weight of the new jib boom.

The donkeyman was growing weaker from his stretched strain, and the heat and steam were suffocating. He shouted for someone to throw water over him. His voice sounded muffled as by many folds of mist. In that convulsion of steam he stood there like a toy that was made to wiggle.

'Avast heaving!' shouted the mate from the forecastle head; 'the boom is in place. Stop the donkey. Bela-ay!'

Not one but all of them ran for the donkey-room. Through the fog of steam they saw the donkeyman, still spread out, his teeth stripped, his eyes bulging, every muscle in his body locked. They wrenched his hand from the steam valve and shut it off. As he fell back into their arms, the plank fell from his other hand, and the wooden plug blew out with a noise louder than any hurricane.

The captain jumped out of his bunk and ran to the deck, scared out of his wits. Coming forward, he saw the donkeyman lying on the fore-hatch. While some of the crew threw salt water over him, others were making sail. No one paid any attention to the master, nor answered his questions.

Fay opened his eyes. 'Did we get her out?' he asked.

'Yes,' answered the mate, and his voice was ragged with emotion; 'the jib boom is in place, Fay; look how the sail is going on her now. You 've saved our Christmas.'

The donkeyman sat up and rubbed his burned places. His eyes met those of the captain, churning a glowering challenge. It was too much for the master and owner of the Mary Kent. He turned and walked away, replacing the new cigar he had been about to light, and taking instead, from its cache in his vest pocket, an old and battered stub. His walk, as he sought the poop, was bent and weatherbeaten.

A flicker of a smile that showed pain came into Dennis Fay's face. 'The beach-comber's bonus will be a taste of rum for all of yez,' he said, addressing the crew.

'Cheers for the donkeyman!' echoed round the ship.

YEARS AGO

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

Why should I think of spring in France
When each new April's new mischance
Of gypsy magic and green change
Leaves earth familiarly strange?
Were there not springs before that spring?
Was there not whist and whispering
Of wind in willow until then?
And shall there not be springs again?
I can remember times more near
And longer past than that strange year;
Hip-booted springs, half faun, half boy,
Over the lakes in Illinois,
Following the swollen runnels down
To beaches where the waves broke brown,
Shaking the air, and the landward breeze
Smelled of fresh water and far pine trees,
And overnight in the steep ravine
The first hepatica grew green;
And brief, too brief, New Haven Junes,
Green mornings, harbor-smelling noons,
And twilights flat on the shadowy turf
Washed with the footfalls' shallow surf,
With a drifting voice far off and sweet,
And the rumble of wheels on the Chapel Street,
Drowsing and talking whimsily
Of Noah's ark and a life at sea.
I can remember springs more near,

Yet never when the winter's clear
And there's an earthy smoke about
And sluggard black flies blunder out,
Never do I remember these,
But seeing tint the apple trees
I see the orchards north from Meaux
Haggard with dust where the wagons go,
And smelling plough lands under rain
I smell the soft French earth again
Cut deep beneath the clumsy guns,
And hearing how some whistler runs
His broken scale, hear then the song
That sunny days and all day long
A dead boy used to sing and sing.

But there were songs before that spring.

THE CURBING OF PERSONALITY

BY NEIL FORBES GRANT

I

In June of this year, Paderewski paid his much-advertised and eagerly awaited return visit to London. Such is the power of the Press to-day that if it is sufficiently clamorous it can secure for almost anybody a rousing reception. As it sounded its trumpets and beat its drums enthusiastically for Paderewski, the master had no reason to complain of the popular homage paid to him. But amid the din of the tinkling and brazen instruments, the still small voice of criticism could be distinctly heard. In the modern temple of popular idolatry, one dissident worshiper robs the shrine of its mystery and the incense of its power. And Paderewski had his critics. Thus the musical critic of the *Morning Post* said: —

> With Poland's first musician interpreted by Poland's second, it was time to expect great things. What we received was great piano-playing in moments or periods, and the influence of a great personality from beginning to end. M. Paderewski's playing dates from a time when the artist could say,

and was expected to say: 'La musique, c'est moi'; and it is a wonder that so little of this feeling survives in his playing of to-day. It shows how far he rose above the contemporaries of his youth. Yet what little does survive of the autocratic pianist is noticeable to-day when we consider, say, a Chopin player the greater the more he gives us Chopin from the inside. M. Paderewski's willfulness could be disturbing at times. Did he see a languorous vision where Chopin wrote a romantic tale? Yes; so he spelled out the A-flat Ballade in backboneless recitative. But he spelled it out finely. M. Paderewski can make the wrong right in his own case; and he does so much that is right to the core, that we forgive him a number of things — his toneless fortissimos, his strange tendency to fidget with a rhythm, and his way of turning sweetness into insipidity by letting his left hand speak before the right.

Other critics were much more outspoken, and the ultimate impression left on London, and perhaps on Paderewski himself, was that the master was not a god but a man.

A greater than the Polish pianist followed him shortly afterward to hospitable London. Eleonora Duse is one of the world's greatest artists and her art is enduring because it is intelligent. The years have whitened her hair and made her body as fragile as a flower, but they have not dimmed her alert and bright intelligence. The crowds that flocked to see her were less demonstrative than those which applauded Paderewski (the homage paid to pianists and politicians is more vociferous than that given to any other mortals), but their appreciation was none the less impressive and sincere. But there again the still small voice would make itself heard. Thus the critic of the *Daily News* said: —

According to Eleonora Duse the mother of Ibsen's *Ghosts* was a lady of great sorrows. From the very first, in her long conversation with Pastor Manders (who is even more tiresome in Italian than in English) she is a living epitome of all sorrows.

The deep strange eyes, the mobile mouth, and the strained and sensitive forehead — all were eloquent of sorrow. This Mrs. Alving had not lived down her tragedy; its emotions were still smouldering, and they had seared her nature beyond all recovery.

A less great actress, playing the part in that way, would not have been able to rise to the climax of the first act, when her son's philandering with Regina makes the ghosts of the past walk once again.

Duse had the tragedy, as she had conceived it, clearly in her mind. She rose easily from climax to climax, and nothing could have been more heart-rending than her agony when her son had shrunk into a helpless imbecile.

You must make allowances, of course, for the Latin expression of emotion.

Both Duse and Memo Benassi (who gave a fine performance of Oswald) indulged in tears. I am not sure that their frenetic emotion helped Ibsen's play, for the strength of that last act lies in its suggestion rather than in its realization of terrible emotion.

And this to some extent may be urged in criticism of Duse's Mrs. Alving. As a whole, in the first act, before the ghosts walk, she has always seemed to me a woman who has lived down her tragedy by having courageously faced it.

So far from suggesting present sorrow, Mrs. Alving really imagines she is about to begin a new life with her boy at home, and with her mind more or less at peace.

Dramatically, too, Mrs. Alving should be a more cheerful person than Duse makes her, so that the sudden opening of the old wounds should be too painful to bear.

It is the reaction from this and from Manders's narrow views of life and morality that makes the mother ready to do anything to give her son some of the joy of life for which he craves.

As I have said, Duse managed to achieve the climax of the first act, but it did not come with quite the force of contrast Ibsen intended.

Duse played the part as if Mrs. Alving knew the end of her drama. But, apart from that slight misconception (possibly I had too rigid a preconception of what

Mrs. Alving should be), Duse gave a wonderful performance.

And the other critics took much the same line. Duse, in her royal way, of course could do no wrong; but at the same time, so it was murmured, she took liberties with the character she represented. She turned her back (but oh, so gracefully!) on the accepted traditional renderings and carried the audience away to those realms of aristocratic sufferings which only Duse knows. The audience went gladly enough, but the still small voice protested. The voice had its own opinion about the play, about its general environment, about the rights and responsibilities of the other players, and also about the obvious intentions of the dramatist. Duse was of course magnificent, but she was not omnipotent. Ibsen had to be considered. So had the other characters. And, despite the blinding flashes of superb genius, criticism would persist in delving into what Ibsen really meant by the message of *Ghosts*, and, despite the overwhelming force of this strange exotic Mrs. Alving, criticism also would worry about Parson Manders and the diseased son and the other members of that melancholy household. In a word, even with a Duse on the boards, the play was the thing.

Now it seems to me that this attitude of critical London to two such established celebrities as Paderewski and Duse is symptomatic of our age. Edith Cavell said, 'Patriotism is not enough,' and we say, 'Personality is not enough.' We are neither afraid of nor blinded by personality, even should it take that form where its expression is most appealing, most temperamental, most dramatic, most direct, namely that of a piano *virtuoso*. That is where we differ so fundamentally both from the Elizabethans and from the Victorians. Shakespeare was passionately interested in great men. He flattered them as he flattered women, and in his attitude to both there was much idolatry. The Victorians were hero-worshipers unashamed. They took their hats off in the presence of human greatness, and talked even about their offspring and their domestic habits in solemn whispers. Thirty years ago, there was scarcely a single cottage in Scotland which had not on its walls a portrait of Mr. Gladstone; and when he died, Conservatives and Liberals united in wondering whether the world would survive his decease. Sir Henry Irving was an actor greater than any play in which he acted. Indeed, he was no more criticized than a bishop in the pulpit is interrupted. He was a god deigning to appear before men, and even to-day men talk of him as the last of the Romans.

Around the skirts of all those men and women — Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Arnold, Gordon, Newman, Manning, and Florence Nightingale — hang to this day the incense and reverence of the temple. They were not enjoyed, they were worshiped; and even detraction was a form of praise. Religious minds saw in them manifestations of the mercy and good-will of Providence, and skeptics found in their greatness and fame an adequate compensation for the lack of a comprehensible Deity.

How different we are to-day! Early this year, *Charles I*, a play of Wills, in which Irving added to his reputation, was revived in London. It was laughed off the boards in about a week. Critics simply could not understand how such rubbish could ever have been produced. Even if Irving himself had returned to the boards, it is doubtful if the public would have tolerated such poor stuff, and most certainly the critics would have rebelled. The actor of the type of Irving is dead — not only the man him-

self but the type. On the London stage of to-day, a gentleman coming more and more into prominence, and known as the producer, has with his emphatic wand destroyed that thrilling world where great personalities ruled. A producer to-day thinks of *ensemble*, of measure, of restraint. He is the drill-sergeant of the footlights; he interprets for the dramatist and often improves on him. He is the conductor with the baton, and all the orchestra, even the first violin, has to obey.

And wayward, irresistible, tyrannical genius cannot live in such an atmosphere. There is no room in a modern London play for actors of the type of Irving. They would wreck the elaborate structure and scatter to the winds that modern conception of artistic unity so carefully sought by the dramatist and so eagerly demanded by the critics. For this unity is found, not in the concentration of all attention on the absorbing genius of one man, but on the interplay of character, on the fitting of many parts into one perfect whole — in a word, on design rather than on personality. And because the setting for the great personality is absent, the great personality is absent, too. Our best-known actors and actresses, like Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gladys Cooper, are described as 'favorites,' and that word admirably defines their power and their position. These players do not reign, and the allegiance accorded to them is limited. Sir Gerald is, in the main, a woman's actor, and Miss Cooper, despite her industry and ability, has yet to show that she can hold an audience by herself alone, that is to say, without the help of some actor of recognized standing. Certainly her greatest successes have been won in association with actors of the type of Mr. Dennis Eadie, the late Sir Charles Hawtrey, and Mr. Franklin Dyall.

It is interesting to note, too, that many of our most popular actors are also able producers; to mention, for instance, Hawtrey and Mr. Matheson Lang. Now the whole art of the production of a play lies in the subordination of the part to the whole, and the strict disciplining of all members of the caste, including the stars, to a pattern, a fixed scheme, an *ensemble*. Actors of the reputation of Mr. Lang, who often produce for other companies than their own, are thereby inclined to think much about teamwork. They subordinate themselves to others; and they thereby recognize that personality has its restraints.

The same tendency is apparent in Grand Opera. The best musical thought in England to-day frankly deplores the star system. At the 'Old Vic,' the home of popular opera in London, there are no stars. At this year's season of the British National Opera Company at Covent Garden likewise there were no stars; and in that connection musical critics were inclined to compare its performances favorably with those at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where at enormous expense stars are drawn together and made, so they say, the principal source of attraction. I have had no opportunity of testing this verdict personally, but most certainly at Covent Garden this year the absence of 'magnetic personality' on the part of the singers, and the small encouragement given by either management, critics, or public to any 'display' by any individual member of the company, was most noticeable. A 'Melba night,' interpolated once or twice during the season, came as a strange reminder of olden days: of royal and other boxes filled by celebrities to welcome one singer; of criticisms which spoke of Melba and Melba only; of a studied indifference to the opera and its com-

poser; and of the gesticulating, eager crowd, intent on the worship of one single compelling golden voice. To-day we call ourselves critics first and worshipers second; we cheer Melba, but we reflect as well as cheer.

The music-hall is an even better illustration of the argument I have been putting forward. The very soul of the old British music-hall was the personality of one or two great stars. Artists like Vesta Tilley, Marie Lloyd, George Robey, Sir Harry Lauder, depended entirely on their own selves for their effects. They were giants who despised the assistance of pigmies, and like proud and jealous gods they presided over their Olympus alone. Their achievements were terrific. They would enter a music-hall stage and in an instant capture the imagination of an audience. The response was not only whole-hearted, but instant. In a brief second playgoers and players were one. Those superb creatures seemed to say: 'Here I am with no assistants, no scenery, my only help some willing slaves below there, called an orchestra. But my authority, my fascination are such that I subdue your wills to mine and compel you to hang on every word I utter and every bar I sing. And at the end your obedience will be paid in rounds of cheers and in Homeric laughter.'

But that old music-hall is going, if it has not already gone. When Marie Lloyd died, nearly all the critics recognized that with her died an epoch. Nobody could quite take the place of Marie. The swagger, the gusto, the superb self-confidence, the bigness about her, the easy, almost contemptuous sense of mastery, the disdain for coöperation of any kind, the suggestion in every movement of the limbs, in every gesture of the beautiful commanding hands, in the wink of that luscious and authoritative eye, that *l'état c'est moi*, have gone. The spell has been broken, and in the congregation to-day there are more critics than worshipers.

Indeed, where is the congregation? Marie is in her grave, and her audiences are at the cinema, where personality is watered and amputated, and where between us and the god intervenes the photographer. And even in those music-halls which still hold out, like the London Coliseum, for example, the personality of one great figure is rarely exercised, and in its place have come troupes of dancers, excerpts from operas, and Scottish players, and Irish players, and French players, where the effect produced is that of *ensemble*. The music-hall of our fathers has fallen on evil days. At this moment, the owners of music-halls who were foolish enough to make long contracts with stars during the boom years that followed the war do not know what to do with them. For they fail to draw. And in the provinces of England, music-halls are invariably handed over to some revue company, not because English audiences are particularly fond of revues, but because revue managers are prepared to share so much of the profit and so much of the loss with music-hall owners, at a time when 'business, old chap, is bad.' Thus has passed something very characteristic of English life. The star of yesterday seems to be failing because no eyes are turned toward his firmament. Something has gone. The old intimacy between the priest and his worshipers has snapped, and instead of the obedience and spontaneity of the child, there has come into these entertainments the skepticism and boredom of the man.

II

It must not be inferred, of course, that human personality is declining.

But the relations between personality and the multitude are changing. The element of idolatry, so marked in the mind of thinkers and in the psychology of the crowd of the last century, has given place to curiosity. In the presence of those who have raised themselves above the herd, we do not so much worship as gape; and, whereas our fathers were abashed, we, their children, are merely inquisitive. The dominating trait in English social life at the moment is an intense prying curiosity which takes extraordinary forms at times. The popularity of the Royal Family to-day is beyond any doubt, but it is a very different manifestation on the part of the people from the reverence and awe with which Queen Victoria and, in his later days, King Edward were regarded. The attitude of the average citizen toward the King and other members of the Royal Family is not that of the led toward its leaders, but that of men who know that those who represent the State and all that is magnificent and dazzling in public life also share the domestic joys and sorrows of the humblest of their subjects. Certain barriers have gone, and in our loyalty there is a feeling almost of equality and of a sense of comradeship evoked by men and women and boys and girls who, despite their high position and titles, have gone through much that we have gone through.

The feeling of loyalty differentiates the Royal Family from other celebrities; but in regard to all the others this feeling of curiosity dominates everything else. That explains the comparative ease with which pushing men and women can creep into public notice to-day. It also explains how brief is their sojourn there. For when idolatry goes out by the door, caprice creeps in by the window.

We are all eager to see the latest lion, and when we have examined him and his mate and his cage, we turn away, half-amused, half-bored, and look out for another. To my mind, there is nothing more symptomatic of the attitude of the English people of to-day toward distinction of any kind than the great international lawn-tennis matches at Wimbledon. McLoughlin comes along and is replaced by Tilden, and Tilden in his turn is replaced by Johnston. Next year, America may send somebody to replace Johnston. Nobody cares. The crowd will pay its homage, so long as the idol fulfills the clearly defined requirements of the crowd and maintains that efficiency which can be as easily measured as a suit of clothes. Mlle. Lenglen holds her own, because her efficiency has stood the tests of several annual contests. There is something symptomatic of all modern life in the precise tests, the utilitarian standards, and the rapid and brutal forgetfulness of the Wimbledon lawn-tennis courts. McLoughlin was a mere name when Tilden appeared and the sun of Johnston made a shadow of Tilden. All those people, we say, are our servants. We applaud them, but we also judge them; and when they fail to reach to our rigid standards, we throw them aside. We treat our great men and women almost as if they were lawn-tennis players. We subject them to certain rules and requirements, and tell them in so many words precisely what we expect from them and what penalty will await them if they fail to meet our wishes. In all this there is something essentially modern; and whatever else it may be, it is fundamentally different from the hero-worship of our immediate forefathers.

III

I have dealt at some length with the problem of personality on the modern

stage, because there is no better instrument than the stage for recording those subtle changes which pass across society. And what is true in this respect of one side of the footlights is also true of the other. In modern politics, for instance, personality counts for much less than it used to do even fifteen years ago. There was nothing more insistent and more pathetic in the earlier stages of the war than the cry for a man. 'Give us a leader,' said anxious England, 'and we shall follow him gladly to the grave.' The sincerity of that cry was primarily responsible for the fall of Mr. Asquith. Mr. Lloyd George, it was said, had personality; and so he had, and moreover he made the most of it. Indeed, he was generally accepted as the man who won the war, though, on the other hand, some of those who were instrumental in bringing him into power are now of opinion that, far from winning it, the impatient Welshman nearly lost it. Compare, for example, the unquestioned supremacy of Chatham or Bismarck as war leaders with the precarious hold which Mr. Lloyd George obtained over public opinion in England. No man knew better than the ex-Prime Minister how feeble in reality was his grip on the British people, and how transitory was the homage paid to him. That was why he insisted on having his general election before the Peace Conference, at a time when men's minds were warm and generously inclined. That was why he tried to have another general election before, and not after, the conference at Genoa, and why he knew that, when Sir George Younger (now Viscount Younger), the chief of the Conservative machine, opposed that plan, his doom was sealed. At this moment, the political stock of Mr. Lloyd George is almost as low as the German mark. He has done his work, says the crowd, and there is no further need for him.

The dramatic eclipse of Dr. Wilson is a much more striking example of the brief and feeble hold which personality has on modern democracies. There may have been some hesitation concerning the man who won the war, but at one moment the peoples of Europe undoubtedly believed that Dr. Wilson was the man who would win the peace. The receptions accorded to the former President of the United States in London, Paris, and Rome were something new and startling in the history of modern Europe, and one must go back to the triumphs of the most victorious soldiers of ancient Rome to find anything comparable to the wild hopes and boundless gratitude and admiration heaped by a weary Europe on the man who spoke with authority. But transient indeed was that authority. Dr. Wilson was the lonely man of the Peace Conference of Paris. There he sat in that gilded and mirrored council chamber of the Quai d'Orsay, a solitary, impressive, Miltonic figure, a Samson meditating among chattering Philistines, a determined prophet with a beneficent purpose, formulating his policies in the watch-tower of his mind, while the fates were preparing to hurl him into the abyss. His only confidant in that Paris, humming with all the appetites and all the intrigues, was his typewriter. In his public appearances, he seemed lonely; and Mr. Lansing has revealed to us in two volumes how solitary his chief also was when the curtain of privacy was rung down. Dr. Wilson, in Bolingbroke's phrase, thought himself to be the savior of society, but modern society does not require saviors. Mankind nowadays gives certain leaders certain tasks to do, and when those tasks are done, they are thrown out as mercilessly and unceremoniously as the bees throw out the drones.

Thus M. Clemenceau met with the same fate as Dr. Wilson. In the opinion of many shrewd observers, if there was one man entitled to say that he won the war, it was M. Clemenceau. The British people made up their minds to beat Germany as soon as the first British soldier was killed, and they never wavered in that determination. In my personal judgment, it was not Mr. Lloyd George who inspired the British people: it was the British people who inspired Mr. Lloyd George. But owing to the severity of the continuous onslaught on the French people, there was a time when France wavered. It was M. Clemenceau who rallied a nation in the throes of despair and infused into it a fresh determination to hold out to the end. The phrase 'Le père la Victoire' symbolized the feeling of France for M. Clemenceau. Moreover, when the war was over, M. Clemenceau succeeded in giving France a French peace — a peace which appealed to average Frenchmen: the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, the Sarre coal, the French watch on the Rhine, the creation of another bulwark against Germany in the resurrection of Poland, infinite reparations, and the promise of further amputations of Germany in Upper Silesia and Schleswig. But the French people threw M. Clemenceau aside as swiftly as the American people threw Dr. Wilson aside. M. Clemenceau had done his work and there was no further need for him. Moreover, it was whispered that the French statesman, in his candidature for the Presidency, hoped to give to that office, with its strict limitations, some of the authority and executive powers which reside in the White House. And so the 'Tiger' lost the Élysée.

Hard, too, was the fate of that other great figure of the Peace Conference, M. Venizelos. Across the conference table at San Remo he tossed an empire to his country, and Greece expressed her gratitude by throwing him out of office at a time, be it remembered, when there was not the slightest suspicion in Athens that that empire could not be held. 'Put not thy faith in princes,' groaned Strafford. 'Put not thy faith in peoples,' might well reply the fallen angels of the Paris Peace Paradise.

Nor do the examples of Russia with its Lenin, or of Italy with its Signor Mussolini, affect this argument; for Russia is a land of sick men lacking vitality and decision; and the greater the powers given to Signor Mussolini, the more jealously watched will he be by a country which, like all new states, is exceedingly jealous of its liberties. In his foreign policy, Signor Mussolini has signally failed to increase, as he promised, the prestige of his country and already within his own party can be heard the murmurs of a coming storm.

All around us in this modern world we see a curbing, a diminution, of personality and of that royal sway associated with it in the past. The modern mind is skeptical, suspicious, reserved, and ruthless; the herd does not follow its leaders as it used to do. There is neither an Irving on the stage, nor a Gladstone in the council chamber. We seek from our leaders, not leading, but coöperation. Dr. Wilson, in English opinion at any rate, fell because he refused to coöperate with other Americans, because he ignored the Republicans and even turned aside from his own peace delegation in Paris. The same charge, it is interesting to note, has been brought against Lord Kitchener. Both in his life and in his death there was something legendary in this proud, silent soldier; and if there was ever a man destined for hero-worship it was 'K.' But, as a plain matter of

fact, there is no hero-worship, and in an admirable appreciation of Lord Kitchener, written shortly after his death by one of his friends at the War Office, the lack of this coöperative spirit, and his tendency to act and think alone, were noted and condemned.

We fear, we distrust personality beyond a certain limit. Why should this be so? An answer has been suggested in the machine-made character of our civilization. We are Robots, suggests M. Capek, the Czech dramatist, creatures who in our passion for efficiency have killed love and the soul. But is not the tyranny of the machine somewhat exaggerated? Do we really feel ourselves to be the slaves of the machine we employ? Is the motorist conscious that he is at the mercy of his car? Does even the factory-hand feel that, apart from his clamorous and monotonous machine, he is nothing? Have we not all the feeling that we have control over all mechanical inventions, and that the more powerful they are, the greater thereby is the tribute to the mind that conceived and the hand that directs their 'fearful symmetry'? On the whole, is not the average man, on watching a modern leviathan take to the deep, going through a large factory, or reading of the wonders of Pittsburg and Manchester, conscious of a sense, not of impotence but of power?

A truer explanation, I venture to think, is to be found in the war. For the war found us out. When we throw our minds back on those mournful campaigns and, above all, when we read the justifications, apologies, and attacks made in print by the men who conducted them or by their friends, — French *versus* Kitchener, Gallieni *versus* Joffre, the Jellicoe school *versus* the Beatty school, Von Kluck against Von Moltke, Falkenhayn against Ludendorff, — we are inclined to accept the gibe of Bernard Shaw, that the successful general is the one who makes the fewest mistakes. The people we honor and remember to-day are not the generals, but the soldiers. This is the age of 'the Unknown Warrior.' Thackeray in *Vanity Fair* complained how great was the notice of the generals, how complete was the indifference toward the humble soldiers who fought at Waterloo. If Thackeray were to return to England to-day, he would find in every town and village memorials raised to all the humble, obscure men who fought in the war, their names and rank inscribed in enduring stone.

Moreover, the blunders of the war have been more than equaled by the blunders of the peace. Where is that victory which the joy-bells so gleefully proclaimed? Where are its fruits? Is the world only a desert, and is there no hope beneath the ashes? The generals stumbled and, lo and behold, so have the statesmen. Man after all is limited alike in his intelligence and in his capacity. Amid the forces let loose by the war and the evidences of the havoc they caused, man has to a great extent lost faith in himself. He is somehow or other conscious of failure, and the sad truth has penetrated even the defenses of his vanity. We feel like children who have broken a toy and cannot put it to rights again. The reaction against the high-blown hopes of the nineteenth century in man is in full blast. All around us is wreckage, and men who have lived in the East, where they reckon time not in minutes but in centuries, are already telling us that civilization itself is crumbling, and that what we are now witnessing are the first stages in the decline and fall of the political structures built up by Western thought.

And the consciousness of semi-

helplessness on the part of the herd naturally affects its leaders. An extraordinarily interesting debate on the possibilities of Socialism was held a short time ago in the House of Commons, and the most crushing answer given to Mr. Snowden, its chief protagonist, came from that leader of industry, Sir Alfred Mond, who pointed out that the capacity of man to run a huge business was strictly limited. 'I have come deliberately to the conclusion,' he said, 'that it is quite impossible for human beings to control any industry beyond a certain magnitude; and I say that after very careful study. The very curious fact was told me by an American friend that when, under Mr. Roosevelt's administration, one of the American trusts dissolved, the component parts of that trust made more money in competition with each other than when united, simply because it had outgrown proper economic management, and got so large that the company had got like a Government Department, so complicated and so full of red tape that paralysis set in.' The sense of limitation, the boundaries placed against the full exercise of man's will, crop up everywhere. Not being very sure of ourselves, we cannot be sure of others. We can destroy, but oh, it is so hard to rebuild.

A second reason, I think, is to be found in the virtual collapse of that theological creed which centred round the Fall of Man. There is something extraordinarily uplifting in the thought that man, once the equal of the angels, had the courage and the will to fall down to his present level. People who boast a noble ancestry are always proud, and the thought of his past glories and the implicit promise and hope that he might once again reënter the promised land lifted up the hopes of man and filled them with buoyant expectations of a great heritage restored.

How comforting and exalting is such a belief, despite its regrets and its remorse, compared with the idea gradually soaking into the popular mind, that man, far from being once the equal of the angels, has developed painfully and slowly from the sea worm which one fine day was daring enough to leave the ocean for the land; that we are linked by endless chains to the animal world around us; and that, if there is such a thing as progress, it is a process so slow that mortal man is incapable of measuring its evolution. How can we be hero-worshipers when we think of the sea worm? How can we surround our great personalities with the incense of our idolatry when we know that they are made of such unsatisfactory stuff as we ourselves? How can we worship a god with feet of clay?

A London reviewer the other day described Carlyle and his hero-worship as 'silly' and 'underbred.' Carlyle with his superlatives has gone, and in his place has come Mr. Lytton Strachey who, with subtle under-statement, with delicate irony, with the pretense of good-nature, is laying bare, to our intense amusement and delight, the idols of yesterday. In those haunting pages where a scholar's care mingles with a satirist's fancy, we see Queen Victoria and General Gordon and Florence Nightingale and Cardinal Manning and Dr. Arnold in a light which never penetrated the secure and tender darkness that protected our fathers.

THE STORY OF THE SHIP GLOBE OF NANTUCKET

BY CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

I

In the original papers of the Nantucket whaler Globe, Captain Thomas Worth, which sailed from Edgartown, Massachusetts, in December, 1822 (her registry and crew list are in the Boston Customs House), you can see for yourself, if you wish, the starkly simple outline of such a story as few responsible imaginative writers would dare set down in black and white. On those authoritative, matter-of-fact pages are scrawled, in faded ink, the name of each man in the crew, a brief description of his person, an abstract of his life, and, after certain names, the significant comment, 'Dead, killed Jany. 26, 1824.'

But the story of the Globe is more than a mere thrilling tale of the mutinous exploit of a band of boys and young men, which has stood for a hundred years as one of the grimmest in our history: in the old narrative, written by Hussey and Lay, the two survivors of all that happened at sea and ashore, — and between its lines, — there is a concrete and extreme example of such sanguinary madness as sometimes occurred on board the old whaling vessels, during their long voyages in distant seas.

In many of their logbooks, cases of melancholia appear, unnamed but unmistakable; and now and then one can find in the stained pages strangely detailed accounts of suicides at sea. There was scarcely a voyage that had not its mutinies; there were floggings and desertions galore; and once in a long while, as on board the Globe, the monotony and loneliness and hard-handed discipline during years at sea resulted in downright mania.

A hundred years ago, when thousands of square-riggers were laying their courses to every point of the compass, and our whalers had already rounded the Horn and thrust their bows into unfamiliar seas, the sailing of any one whaling vessel was an affair of little moment; the Globe weighed anchor on December 15, with probably no more ceremony than attended the farewell of any other whaler. An accident to her crossjack-yard, while she was working out of port, forced her to return; but, having fitted and sent aloft another yard, Captain Worth sailed again, four days later. It appears that, in spite of the strong influence of superstition on seafaring men, no one regarded the accident as ominous — for, of all the men on the crew list, only one failed to sail in the Globe, and he was 'taken out of the within-named ship by order of law previous to his leaving this port.' He was luckier than he knew.

Nineteen men, nearly all of them natives of New England and bearing good old Yankee names, sailed in the Globe. Besides the captain, whose age is not given in the crew list, the oldest of them, Chief Mate William Beetle, was twenty-six, and of the rest, who ranged down to fourteen, eight were seventeen or younger.

The brutality of life in a whaler has been, for more than a hundred years, a commonplace; and the author of that quaint old book, *Evils and Abuses in the Naval and Merchant Service Exposed*, and other writers of an early time, exaggerate little, if at all, when they say that it was a common practice in whaling vessels so to abuse the men that they would run away, or make a show of insubordination, whereby they would forfeit their lays and help a thrifty captain to save money for himself and the owners. It was entirely typical of the times and the trade that, while the Globe lay at Oahu in the Sandwich Islands, after an uneventful voyage, six men deserted and one was discharged.

To fill their places, the captain shipped four Americans, — Anthony Henson, Thomas Lilliston, Silas Payne, and a negro steward named William Humphries, — an Englishman named John Oliver, and a native of Oahu, who went by the name of Joseph Brown; and the recruits were as vicious an aggregation as the average sea captain could wish to be delivered from. The friction between officers and men, which had found expression hitherto in grumbling about the food, a universal prerogative of sailormen, now sprang up anew in various hot-headed outbursts, and a new party of malcontents formed a plan to desert at Fanning's Island, whither the ship had laid her course.

Consider, then, the nineteen souls, officers and crew, who sailed in the Globe from the Sandwich Islands. Most of them were striplings at best, and some of them were young boys, who might far better have been in school. They were never to reach Fanning's Island.

The number of those who left the ship at Oahu exceeded by one the number of those who joined her, for a certain Joseph Thomas, who shares his name with a distinguished earlier citizen of New England, had entered the crew at some time during the voyage. He is not on the original crew list, and nowhere is he represented as one of the new men who were shipped at Oahu. As we see him dimly through a hundred intervening years, he appears to have been a peculiarly negative person; yet, in odd paradox, he was destined to play a part as decisive as it was passive in the fate of the Globe and her men; and of all those who were criminally concerned in her remarkable story only he was ever brought to trial.

On the morning of Sunday, January 26, 1824, approximately two years and a month from the day the Globe had sailed, the ill-temper of all hands culminated in general disorder, and that mysterious wretch, Joseph Thomas, insulted Captain Worth, who thereupon flogged him with the end of the main buntline, while those of the crew who were not stationed stood in the hatchway.

All that day, the spark kindled by the flogging smouldered, but with no sign at the time to warn the officers and honest men. We know only that a great deal, all knowledge of which went to the grave with Joseph Thomas, was going on under the surface of the ordinary routine of life in a ship.

But concerning the events that occurred that night there is no slightest doubt. The grim history of the Globe has come down to us in the terse narrative of Hussey and Lay, in the depositions of other members of the crew, and in the newspapers of 1824 and 1825. The returned crew list bears it out; and the court records, so far as they go, confirm it.

It was the custom of the Globe that the captain and chief and second mates should not stand watch at night, unless

the crew was boiling blubber. The third mate and the two boat-steerers had charge, respectively, of the three watches; and during the first watch that night, from seven until ten o'clock, Gilbert Smith, a boat-steerer, had kept the deck.

Captain Joy, of the ship Lyra of New Bedford, had spent most of the day on board the Globe, and had agreed with Captain Worth that, during the night, one or the other would show a lantern as a signal for tacking, so that the two whalers could come about together and bear each other company for at least another day. When Captain Joy had returned to the Lyra, Captain Worth had gone down into the cabin; but at eight o'clock he had come up for an hour, had had two reefs taken in the topsails, and had given orders to continue by the wind until two; then, setting the light as a signal for the Lyra to keep company, to tack.

Gilbert Smith, the boat-steerer in charge of the first watch, had gone below with his men at ten o'clock, leaving on deck Samuel B. Comstock, the other boat-steerer, and the crew of the waist boat, with George Comstock, the younger brother of Samuel, taking the first trick at the helm.

Assume for a moment young Comstock's point of view, since he represents the majority of those on board the Globe, and since he, by reason of his station, saw certain things that no one else saw. Two hours later, when the time for his relief had come, the boy — he was only sixteen years old — sounded the sailor's rattle that was used for such signals on board the old whalers. For two hours no living thing had stirred on deck. For two hours he had steered the ship, without hearing so much as a human whisper. Then, in the darkness by the helm, which was broken only by the light of the binnacle lantern, when he swung the rattle, his brother appeared beside him and whispered, 'If you make the least damn bit of noise, I'll send you to hell.'

The boy had had no intimation of trouble. His trick at the wheel was an old story. The very familiarity of his surroundings made the apparition the more startling.

Much alarmed, he waited until Samuel had lighted a lamp and had gone into the steerage; then, a second time, he sounded the rattle.

His brother returned instantly, in a murderous rage, and no one else responded to the signal. In fear of death, young George gave up the rattle.

He then saw four men — Payne, Oliver, Humphries, and Lilliston — come aft and join his brother, who started down into the cabin. Samuel was armed with an axe, and Payne with a boarding-knife — a keen two-edged blade about four feet long and two or three inches wide, used for cutting the blubber as it was hoisted into the ship. Lilliston, who afterward declared that he had not believed they would actually carry out their plans, started with them, — out of mere bravado, by his own account, — but went only as far as the cabin gangway. When the four actually entered the cabin, he faced about, and ran past young George and forward to the forecastle, where he climbed into his bunk.

As the four went below with their lanterns, George was again left alone at the wheel. He saw them for a moment, black against the lantern light; saw Lilliston burst out in a panic and rush forward, with only the pounding of his feet to break the stillness; saw the light play back and forth in the companionway; then heard terrible sounds.

The captain had slung a hammock in the cabin, and was sleeping there because his own stateroom was uncomfortably warm. Samuel Comstock, having stationed Payne to watch the

mate, stepped up to the hammock and deliberately split the head of the sleeping captain with one blow of his axe.

At the sound of the blow, Payne, with his boarding-knife, blindly attacked William Beetle, the mate, who woke from a sound sleep and cried wildly, 'What — what — what — is this — O Payne! O Comstock! — Don't kill me! Don't! Have I not always — ?'

'Yes, you have always been a damned rascal,' Comstock returned coolly. 'You'd tell lies of me out of the ship, would you? It's a damned good time to beg now, but you're too late.'

Before Comstock stopped speaking, the mate leaped out of his bunk and, getting Comstock by the throat, for a moment almost turned the tables. Comstock, taken by surprise, dropped the lantern and the axe, but managed, although half throttled, to call to Payne for help, while in darkness the struggling men fought back and forth across the cabin. It appears that Payne had lost his boarding-knife, too, and without disabling the mate; for he fumbled about underfoot till he found the axe and succeeded in getting it into Comstock's hand, being himself, of course, liable to kill his own leader if he were to strike at the mate in the dark.

Comstock, all this time unable to break Mr. Beetle's hold on his throat, then swung the axe on him, fracturing his skull, and knocked him groaning into the pantry, where he killed him, while Humphries held another light, and Oliver put in a blow whenever opportunity offered.

The uproar, which by then was terrific, had of course waked Mr. Lumbert and Mr. Fisher, the second and third mates, who could not help knowing what was going on, but who had no way of knowing that the active mutineers were so few. Unarmed, and terrified by the ghastly sounds on the other side of the bulkhead, they waited in complete silence for whatever should happen next.

Here, by allusion, is a very strange comment on the complete absence of *esprit de corps* — to use no stronger expression — among the officers of the Globe. Each mate seems to have fought for himself alone, and thereby to have contributed much to the success of the mutiny.

Stationing his men at the door of the stateroom, when he had finished with the mate, Comstock went on deck to relight his lamp at the binnacle, and found his brother, alone at the helm, in tears and almost overcome with fear. Comstock asked what had become of Smith, the second boat-steerer, threatened the boy, and returned below with the lighted lamp.

When Lumbert, hearing his steps, called from behind the closed door of the stateroom, 'Are you going to kill me?' Comstock carelessly replied, 'Oh, no, I guess not.'

But, loading two muskets, he fired a chance shot through the door and wounded Fisher.

As the two burst open the door, Comstock made a thrust at Mr. Lumbert, but, missing him, tripped and pitched into the stateroom. Before he could turn, Mr. Lumbert seized his collar. Comstock twisted away, and found himself face to face with Mr. Fisher, who had got possession of the musket, and held it with the bayonet at Comstock's heart.

Deliberately weighing the situation, and realizing that the two mates still did not know just how matters stood, Comstock held his ground without changing expression, and offered to spare Mr. Fisher's life if he would return the musket. He was very cool, this murderous young madman.

At that moment the fate of the Globe and of most of those who were left

alive on board her depended on Mr. Fisher's decision. He must have known intimately Comstock's character, and his folly seems incredible. He weakly took Comstock's promise at its face-value and gave up the musket, whereupon Comstock whirled about and several times bayoneted Mr. Lumbert; then turned once more on Mr. Fisher.

The folly of the third mate was even more remarkable, for there was a quarrel of long standing between the two; in a wrestling match, when the Globe was gamming with the Enterprise, another Nantucket vessel, Mr. Fisher had easily thrown Comstock, who had promptly lost his temper and started a rough-and-tumble fight, in which he got much the worst of it.

The odds, by Mr. Fisher's own act, were now reversed with a vengeance. The hapless third mate, who, a moment since, had had Comstock at a tremendous disadvantage, found himself face to face with a young maniac armed with a loaded musket. Pleas and imprecations availed him nothing.

'If there is no hope,' he cried at last, 'I will at least die like a man. I am ready.'

Comstock fired, killing him instantly; then turned on Mr. Lumbert, who was begging for life, though desperately wounded, and twice more stabbed him with the bayonet, roaring like the very caricature of a villain, 'I am a bloody man! I have a bloody hand and will be avenged.'

'Thus it appears,' runs the old narrative, 'that this more than demon murdered, with his own hand, the whole! Gladly would we wash from "memory's waste" all remembrance of that bloody night. The compassionate reader, however, whose heart sickens within him, at the perusal, as does ours at the recital, of this tale of woe, will not, we hope, disapprove our publishing these melancholy facts to the world. As, through the boundless mercy of Providence, we have been restored to the bosom of our families and homes, we deemed it a duty we owe to the world, to record our "unvarnished tale."'

Meanwhile, Smith, the other boatsteerer, had started aft when he first heard the sounds of disorder; but learning what was on foot, he had immediately gone forward again. Realizing at last that there was no hiding-place on board, he turned to face Comstock, having made up his mind that, if worst came to worst, he would die fighting. But Comstock, emerging from the cabin, met him with every appearance of good-will and with a cordial invitation to join hands with the mutineers, which Smith promptly accepted as representing his only chance for life.

Having assumed command of the ship, Comstock called up all hands to make sail and shake out the reefs she was carrying, and, setting the lantern as a signal for the Lyra to tack, held the Globe to her course, thus making sure that the two would part company. He then had the bodies of the four officers thrown overboard under circumstances of unspeakable brutality, — and laid the course of the Globe for the Mulgrave Islands.

II

The monotony of those long voyages, when a man was forced in upon himself, with only the same few faces about him, day after day, month after month, and year after year, was worse than deadly. Is it surprising that, once in a while, a man like Comstock fell a victim to mania, and, having once 'tasted blood,' ran amuck?

Unquestionably Joseph Thomas, whose flogging had been the immediate occasion of the mutiny, had known Comstock's murderous plans; and

Thomas Lilliston, who had gone with axe and boat-knife to the very door of the cabin, had obviously been concerned in the plot, although he did not go below at the time. But the pledged mutineers were now only half a dozen men of a crew of seventeen; they had no assurance of the support of the other eleven, and much reason to doubt it.

When the new leaders of the ship's company appointed young George Comstock as steward, in place of the negro, William Humphries, he accepted the post without demur, as was natural enough under the circumstances; and for a day and a night he performed its duties without incident. But on the evening of January 28, having occasion to enter the cabin, he surprised Humphries in the act of loading a pistol.

'What are you doing that for?' he demanded.

'I have heard something very strange, and I'm going to be ready for it,' Humphries replied.

George thereupon faced about and hurried with the news to his brother, who went straight to the cabin with Payne, whom he had made his mate.

Humphries, pistol in hand, was by no means willing to talk freely, and tried to evade Comstock's questions. But Comstock finally extracted from him the story of a plot between Gilbert Smith and Peter Kidder to retake the ship, which Smith and Kidder promptly and flatly contradicted.

So the next morning Comstock ordered a trial. He appointed two men to serve as a jury, and put Smith and Kidder, and Humphries, guarded by six men with muskets, through the pretense of an examination.

Comstock, according to the narrative of Hussey and Lay, then spoke as follows: —

'It appears that William Humphries has been accused guilty of a treacherous and base act, in loading a pistol for the purpose of shooting Mr. Payne and myself. He having been tried, the jury will now give in their verdict, guilty or not guilty. If guilty he shall be hanged to a studding-sail boom rigged out eight feet upon the foreyard; but if he is found not guilty, Smith and Kidder shall be hanged upon the aforementioned gallows.'

It sounded well to those who were not in the secret, but it marked the end of Humphries. Comstock and Payne had decided on his fate the night before, and had secretly instructed the jury to return a verdict of guilty.

They took the luckless negro's watch from him, seated him on the rail forward, covered his face with a cap, put the rope round his neck, and ordered all hands to tally on. Then they told him that, if he had anything to say, he had fourteen seconds in which to say it.

'Little did I think,' he began, 'I was born to come to this —'

Comstock struck the ship's bell, and they ran him up to the studding-sail boom.

After cutting him down and sinking his body with a blubber hook, they searched his chest and found in it sixteen dollars, which he himself had hopefully stolen from the captain's trunk less than three days before.

Having thus concluded Humphries's earthly affairs with neat celerity, Comstock read the laws that he had formulated to govern the survivors of the mutiny, and ordered every man to sign them. Here an odd distinction was made; the mutineers set black seals by their names; the others, blue and white seals. This precious document, conceived with a devilish ingenuity that challenges those who write the most sanguinary fiction, provided that any man who saw a sail and neglected to report it immediately, or any man who

refused to fight a ship, should be tied hand and foot, and boiled to death in the try-pots of boiling oil. It represented the high-water mark of Comstock's imagination and statesmanship.

Thus, cheered by the thought of all that had happened on board the Globe, and of the penalty to which they had subscribed themselves as liable in case they broke Comstock's laws, that shipload of boys and young men sailed merrily off in search of some blissful island on which to spend their remaining days. Stopping by the way at one group and another, to trade for food and take pot-shots at the natives, they at last reached the Mulgraves, where, after cruising about, they found a relatively suitable place to establish themselves in accordance with their original plans.

They built a raft to serve as a landing-stage. They carried on shore a number of sails, many casks of bread and molasses and rum and vinegar, and barrels of beef and pork and sugar, and dried apples and coffee and pickles and cranberries, and considerable stores of chocolate, ropes, and cordage, clothing, and tools. It was their intention, when they had installed themselves in comfort and safe obscurity, to haul the ship up and burn her.

Payne, who had seconded the older Comstock in every detail of the mutiny and was now next in command, had charge of the ship, while Comstock superintended the landing of the various goods that were sent on shore; but becoming impatient of Comstock's generosity in giving away plunder, especially to the natives, whose good-will Comstock was secretly trying to secure for himself alone, Payne threatened to leave the ship, and eventually came ashore, where a lively quarrel followed.

When the quarrel was at its height, Comstock went on board again, leaving Payne on shore, and challenged various members of the crew to fight. But no one accepted his invitation; so the insane youth equipped himself with some hooks and lines, and a knife and a cutlass, and returned to the island, calling as he went over the side, 'I am going to leave you; look out for yourselves.' Evading Payne and the others at the landing, and hurrying inland, he joined a band of natives, whom, it was reported, he tried to persuade to butcher the rest of the white men, but with no success.

Payne, now left in command, and fearing that Comstock, who had gone with half a hundred natives in the direction of a village, would eventually succeed in his scheme, posted heavy guards that night; and the next morning, seeing Comstock approaching, he and Oliver, with others of the crew, concealed themselves behind some bushes, and with loaded muskets waited for their recent leader.

Comstock did not discover them until he was almost upon them. Then he cried, 'Don't shoot me! Don't shoot me! I will not hurt you!'

They fired, and he fell. One ball had pierced his right breast, the other his head; but Payne, not certain that he was really killed, ran out and cut his head nearly off with an axe, to make sure of him.

Wrapping the body of this lad of twenty-one in an old sail, they read over it, with unconscious irony, a chapter from the Bible, fired a musket by way of requiem, and buried it five feet deep in sand. All this, two-and-twenty days after he had led the mutiny and struck down four men with his own hands.

Had the survivors been of one mind, they could have put their theories of Utopia to a practical test; but, unhappily for our knowledge of social science, there were certain ones whose conception of an earthly paradise did

not conform to the ideas held by Comstock and Payne.

In the course of the day, Payne ordered Smith, the surviving boat-steerer, who, it will be remembered, had declared his sympathy with the mutiny only after it was successfully carried out, and who had had no active part in it, to fetch the binnacle compasses on shore. Payne himself chose six men to take charge of the ship, placed Smith in command of them, and sent them on board. Then, setting a watch on shore to guard against the natives, he and his party turned in for the night.

At about ten o'clock an outcry woke them: 'The ship has gone! The ship has gone!'

They found, to their alarm, that the ship had, indeed, disappeared. The strong breeze that was blowing made plausible the theory that she had dragged her anchor, and that she would work back in the morning; but morning revealed no sign of her. Without question, she had got safely away.

Smith, unknown to the party on shore, had quietly formed a counter-plot, and had enlisted in his project those of his six men in whose loyalty he trusted. The only man on board who was in sympathy with the mutiny was Joseph Thomas, whose flogging had brought it to pass.

III

On the island, Payne was in a quandary. Enraged by Smith's success in running away with the ship, he stormed and cursed, and threatened those on board her with instant death, if ever he should lay hands on them. Also he was in mortal fear of the consequences of her escape; but the arrival of throngs of natives soon forced him to dissemble both fear and anger. The inconsiderate Smith had left a cloud in the sky of Utopia.

For a few days the little group of maroons, as now they virtually were, lived peacefully enough. They traded for food with the natives, worked on their boat, and roamed about the island, visiting villages and exploring. But they were living in a fools' haven.

Of those who were left, Payne and Oliver had had an active part in the mutiny, and at least one other was known to have been in the councils of the mutineers. So those who were entirely innocent, being each uncertain of the attitude of the rest, could only hold their peace and await whatever events the future should bring — except, that is, William Lay and Cyrus M. Hussey, lads of eighteen or nineteen years, who were intimate friends of long standing and mutual confidence. Not only were these two secretly at odds with the whole escapade, of which they were innocent victims: they were kinder of heart than the others. Courageously, and with a humaneness that at the time and under the circumstances was distinctly creditable, they interfered with their fellows, to protect some of the old men and women of the natives from abuse.

Thus matters went forward, until a day when Payne and Oliver returned from an exploring expedition after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin, with two young women whom they intended to keep as wives, thus to lend their marooned state as many attributes as possible of the ideal existence.

The young women appeared to be well pleased with their new estate; but it would seem that, during the night, one of them thought better of her hasty and informal venture into matrimony, for in the morning she had disappeared.

Now Payne and Oliver were enraged and chagrined at this defection, and, promptly joined by Lilliston, they armed themselves in haste and, setting out in fury to recover her, attacked a

village. With magnificent courage — and blank cartridges — the three howling white men put the villagers to flight, chased and caught the fugitive bride, and, fetching her back to the camp, clapped her into irons, and soundly flogged her.

The natives, who had until then been as friendly as could be desired, turned against the white men. Their ill-will first manifested itself in petty thefts and annoyances; and when Payne sent four men, armed with muskets loaded with fine shot, to recover stolen goods, the islanders turned, tooth and nail, upon the little band.

Up over the sand they swarmed, with sticks and stones and spears. Hurling missiles before them as they ran, they struck down and killed one man, Rowland Jones; and gathering in large numbers, they held a council and proceeded to destroy one of the boats, which sorely disturbed Payne, since the boats represented his only chance of escape from the island where, if at all, the authorities would seek to apprehend him.

Regarding his predicament as utterly desperate, he took his life in his hands and went himself to the natives, to see if he could not find some escape from the net that was so swiftly closing; but, according to the best bargain that he could drive, the white men got peace only by giving up everything they had and by submitting to the government of the natives, whose manner of living they promised to adopt.

To this both sides agreed. But as the natives began to seize upon their plunder, an old woman whom William Lay had befriended came up to him with her husband, and led him away from the others. Sitting down, the old pair held him by the hands. When, in alarm, he began to struggle, they held him the faster.

Suddenly an uproar burst out. The astonished boy saw his shipmates fleeing in every direction. At some distance he saw a woman thrust a spear through Columbus Worth, and beat him to death with a stone. He saw the natives overtake Lilliston and Joe Brown within six feet of him, and kill them in the same way.

The old woman and her husband now set Lay's mind at rest as far as their own immediate intentions with regard to himself were concerned; for they lay down on him to hide him from their fellows, and turned aside the weapon of one who had seen him. But, although they soon got up and led him away, helter-skelter, over the sharp coral, which cruelly cut his bare feet, he still feared that at any moment they might kill him; nor was he completely reassured until he discovered that Cyrus Hussey also had been saved, and in much the same way.

IV

For nearly two years those boys, guiltless victims of the mutiny, lived as prisoners in the hands of the natives. Time and again whalers stopped at the Mulgraves; but always the islanders rushed the boys inland, and kept them hidden until the strangers sailed away. During most of their captivity, indeed, the two were kept on different islands and had no communication with each other.

The story of their experiences is a strange one. They learned to fish by the methods of the natives, and to dry breadfruit. Once, during an epidemic of a strange disease, for which the natives superstitiously held them responsible, their captors were about to kill them, when happily one of the leading men declared that the plague, instead of being caused by the presence of the white boys, was a punishment inflicted by their god because the natives

had murdered the rest of the crew; and he argued the matter with such fervor that he convinced the others.

Famine came hard on the heels of pestilence, and the weeks of their captivity grew into months. They learned enough of the language of the islands to converse freely in it. They saw each other at rare intervals, and always under close watch. Thus they managed, after a fashion, to exist, until, on December 23, 1825, a schooner anchored off the island and sent a boat ashore. In Lay's story of his experience he tells in detail what happened.

The natives were much alarmed when the schooner first appeared; but presently they naïvely formed a plan to swim out to her, a few at a time, until perhaps two hundred had got on board, who at a given signal should throw all the white men into the water. Lay, realizing that for the first time he had a fair chance to escape, was bitterly disappointed when the natives refused to take him with them.

Only when he asserted that a vessel having but two masts could not hail from his country, and that consequently he could not speak the language of the strangers, did they let him set out with them; and even then, when they came within striking distance of the schooner, which Lay saw was armed, they fell victims to the complaint sometimes called 'cold feet,' which appears to prevail in the Tropics as well as in the Arctic: they paddled back to shore and hid him in a hut with some forty women, and ordered them to guard him closely.

'My fears and apprehensions,' poor Lay writes, 'were now excited to a degree beyond human expression, and the kind reader will pardon all attempts to express them.'

When the schooner, instead of showing signs of fear, boldly sailed along the coast and sent out a boat, the natives themselves lost courage, and taking Lay along, fled at midnight, in their canoes, to a remote part of the island many miles away. But their flight was futile: on the morning of December 29, they discovered a sailboat standing in for the very place where they were hidden.

By this time Lay was nearly wild with fear lest once more, and forever, he be snatched away from under the very hands of the white men. But, simulating quite other sentiments, he assured the alarmed natives that he would fight on their side against the strangers, and suggested — both he and they, it would seem, now forgot that two-masted vessels came from a strange country whose language he could not speak — that he himself go down to the shore and persuade the sailors to leave their boat, so that the natives could seize their arms and kill them as soon as they should be taken off their guard. The lively debate that followed was decided by an appeal to the god of the island, and the auguries favored Lay's scheme.

They greased him from head to foot with coconut oil, and gave him strict orders concerning his behavior. Then, followed by a hundred islanders, the boy went out on the beach, face to face, for the first time in two years, with a number of men of his own blood.

Hailing the boat in English, which, of course, the natives could not understand, he warned her men of the plot, and made sure that they were well armed; then, as they landed, he ran up to the officer in command, who grasped his hand and asked if he had been in the crew of the Globe.

With the white men he retreated into the boat, while all the natives remained seated in accordance with his plan, except Lay's master, an old fellow whom he had called father, who rushed after him and tried to drag him back,

until the boat's crew threatened the old man with a pistol.

The vessel, Lay now learned, was the U.S. schooner Dolphin, which had sailed from Chorillos, near Lima, on August 17, 1825, by order of Commodore Isaac Hull, to find and bring back the survivors of the Globe. With Lay as guide and interpreter, her officers and men in short order forced the natives to give up Hussey, whom they had concealed. After exploring the Mulgrave Islands, where they rewarded the natives for their care of the two boys and reprimanded them for massacring the others, all hands set sail for the Sandwich Islands, and thence for Valparaiso and Callao. There the crew and passengers of the Dolphin transferred to the man-of-war United States, in which they returned to New York and, on April 28, 1827, anchored opposite the West Battery.

The Globe, after a rough and tedious passage, had arrived safely at Valparaiso, where the men on board her were arrested, pending an examination, after which they refitted the ship and returned to Nantucket, under command of one Captain King. They reached their home port on November 21, 1824, and were again examined, before Judge Hussey, and were all acquitted except Joseph Thomas, and released under bonds of $300 each as witnesses. Thomas, whose guilt was clearly indicated, was sent to Boston, to be given another hearing.

As Thomas entered the story, so he goes out of it, an unreal, inscrutable figure. He moves through the old narratives without passion and, for the most part, without speech. When and where he joined the crew, I do not know. His name does not appear on the crew list, nor is he mentioned as one of those who were shipped at the Sandwich Islands to replace the deserters. He was insolent and he was flogged — seized up to the rigging, with the crew standing by, and lashed with a rope's end till his back dripped blood. But even then, when he was the immediate occasion of mutiny and murder, he remained negative and impersonal. Still silent, — still insolent, it is implied, — he was carried back to Boston. Never, so far as report shows, did he manifest concern about his fate. 'Joseph Thomas,' say the Boston newspapers of December 8 and December 9, 1824, 'one of the crew of the ship Globe, was examined on Tuesday before Judge Davis, and on the evidence offered was fully committed to take his trial at the May term of the Circuit Court, on charge of mutiny and murder on board said vessel.'

There all traces of him end. Could he have died in jail before the day of his trial? His flogging introduced a remarkable chapter in the history of whaling; but the man himself is as impersonal and mysterious as Bede's sparrow.

Thus is concluded the story of the Globe. For a while, it was one of the famous stories of New England; now, at the end of a hundred years, it appears to be nearly forgotten. Yet I venture to prophesy that never, so long as people read our old stories of the sea, will it be completely lost.

SNOW

AN ADVENTURE OF THE WOMAN HOMESTEADER

My dear Friend, —

When Mr. Stewart asked me to behave myself while he was gone, I promised. I really thought I should. He cautioned me over and over not to go on any wild-goose chase and get lost or frozen, and I had no desire to do so.

But no objections have ever been made to my helping out when a neighbor is in need; so when young Melroy Luke came for me very early one bitter morning I felt no guilt in going. It was not until we were well on the way that he told me he had moved and now lived ten miles farther on. 'I thought maybe you would not want to go so far to help and we need you so!' he pleaded. Any twinge of anger that might have stirred me left when I saw the concern and anxiety on his boyish face. We made our way with what grace we could; but grace is a scarce quality on such a ride. I had a very likely tale outlined to tell Dad to account for the toes I felt sure would be missing when all that seemed frozen were off.

At last the frozen miles were over, and we took our cold stiffened bodies into a cabin in a remote cañon that I had never seen before. Another neighbor was with young Mrs. Luke, and later the baby came. The neighbor had already been gone from her home longer than she should have stayed; so next morning she left, saying she would send someone to stay on. So I stayed that day and the next. I knew that at my home bread would be out, and the boys would be with the men who were feeding for us, so I felt that I must go.

Luke could not leave his wife, but he said the way was perfectly plain. 'Just you follow the telephone poles after you get over the first hogback. They are right along the mail road to Linwood, and you have only to go west along the road to Burntfork. You can't possibly miss the road, and if you did get off there are plenty of houses along to set you right.'

We had taken a short cut in going, and I had not noticed the way at all; it was so cold that I had kept my face as much covered as possible. I set out with all confidence. I should not have minded at all if the weather had been pleasant, but it was still very cold, with a veil of frost hanging over the mountain. A sudden gust of wind swept over the bare mountain, carrying with it a sheet of snow. My horse and I were enveloped in a whirling, driving mist of snow. It was strangling, smothering. It penetrated my clothing; it drove down my back, I gasped for breath. It struck us from all points at once. In a flash it was gone. I turned to look as the flying mist of snow swept on down the valley. 'If it were not broad daylight, the sun shining brightly, I should think that a snow-wraith, a ghost of a storm long dead. But no respectable ghost would be so unconventional as to stir out in the day!' Almost before I had so assured myself, another ghost of a storm assailed me. I was not alarmed, I had been to Linwood, to Manilla; I knew the road once I reached it. The sun shone with a gleaming lustre owing

to the flying snow. I don't know how I could have been so careless, but I rode along enjoying the scene, the snow-wraiths traveling down the valley.

I had been conscious of a muffled roar for some time — wind in the mountains; but the full meaning did not strike me until suddenly the sun went out; I was caught in a whirling, blinding gust that did not pass on down the valley. I could not force my horse against the storm; he turned tail to whatever direction the capricious wind came from, and in so doing must have turned round many times.

I saw to my dismay that the snow now flying was not old snow. A storm was now on that might last for hours, days even. To remain there meant to freeze, so I urged my horse down the hill, intending to go back to Luke's. When we reached the bottom, I could see in patches where the snow had blown off what seemed to be an old road; better yet, in a lull I saw a telephone pole. I started to follow that, but the storm increased and I could not see a yard ahead of me and it was growing darker every minute. I believe that I am as courageous as most women, but at last I almost gave up. Wherever my clothes touched me I was wet with snow. All outside clothes were frozen stiff. I had n't an idea where I was and I could not force my horse to move when the wind bore down upon us. I was so tired and sleepy that I began to wonder dully what would happen if I never came home. I felt a decided relief that Jerrine was safe in Boulder, but, foolish as it sounds, my chief worry was that the children might not let Whiskers, my cat, sleep in the house.

I don't know how long it was, but it seemed ages that we plodded on. I must have been half asleep when something brushed my head and at the same time scratched my leg. I was stiff with the cold and my frozen garments, so I tumbled off. For a moment I lay in delicious drowsiness, and then I remembered that freezing people always go to sleep. I bestirred myself with whatever energy is possible in a half-frozen state. To my surprise I saw the roof of a shed. We had come back to Luke's, I supposed, so I called and called for help, but only the roar of the storm replied.

My horse went to the shed, and I tried to follow, but I was a long time getting there. However, I made it; but my gloves were so frozen that I could n't unsaddle, could n't even take the bridle off. I went to the door and called, but no answer. I saw a cabin only a few feet away and, filled with anger, I staggered out to it. The storm hurled me down, but I crawled to the door and pounded. I could n't lift the latch, but I kicked and pounded till the door opened and I fell into the room. A rat scampered across the floor but there was no one else there.

I closed the door and leaned against the wall, panting and sobbing, with a sharp pain in my throat and in my chest. A trickle of water crept down my face. The snow in my hair had begun to melt. I walked over to a stove in the corner. It was rusted with disuse. I began a search for matches, but there were none to be found. All this was my salvation, had I but known it. If I had been able to get a fire at once, I might have lost some portion of my hands, face, or feet.

Failing to find matches, I decided to go to bed. I could n't get in with my frozen clothes and I could n't get the clothes off. I began another search for matches, and after I had looked the cabin over again I remembered that I wore Clyde's macakanaw. (That is wrong I know; but you will understand.) Clyde never is without matches; so, after getting my now

sodden gloves off, I began to search the inside pockets of the coat. I was rewarded with two matches and a piece. I had little use of my hands, so I wasted the two matches, and was about to weep when I remembered a piece of candle that the rats had partly eaten. I waited as long as I dared, slapping and rubbing my numb hands trying to get them so they would be a little more steady.

At last I succeeded in getting the candle lighted. In a few minutes I had a roaring fire, and was foolish enough to get as close to it as I could. As my fingers limbered, I removed my frozen skirts and hung them to thaw and dry. When I began to thaw, I was in agony. Of all the itching, burning, and stinging! I suffered terribly every time I went near the fire. Some snow had blown in through the ill-fitted window-frame, and by accident I touched it. At once a soothing relief came over that part of my arm. I had begun to think a little more rationally now, so I took great handfuls of the snow and rubbed myself over and over. At last, after what seemed hours of work, I was able to move about in moderate comfort as long as I stayed away from the fire. I did n't dare let the fire go out; there were no more matches. It was long since dark, so I filled the stove with the largest pieces of wood, closed all the drafts, and made the bed so as to be sure that not a rat shared it, then crept into bed, thanking God and my unknown benefactor for plenty of dry wood.

My bed was dusty and smelled of rats, but was not otherwise uncomfortable. I had not expected to go to sleep; I thought I should get up at times and replenish my fire; but when I awoke it was morning, and the sullen, gray light told that the storm was still on. I was tender and sore, but not so badly off as I had expected to be. Enough of my fire remained for me to kindle. I soon had a roaring fire; then I thought I had better see how my horse had fared.

The snow was waist-deep and still falling steadily. I made my way to the shed, but was unable to get in, the snow had drifted around it so; but I peeped in through a crack, and saw that Brownie was very comfortable indeed. He had rubbed the bridle off and helped himself to someone's oats which were stacked in one end of the shed. I knew that if he were very thirsty he would lick the snow that had drifted in, so I went to the house with a clear conscience.

It is strange that when we are under great stress we are mindful of small comforts, but when we are not under stress we are more mindful of small discomforts. When I was really in danger of death, I was thankful even to fall from the horse; but now I began to fret because I could see no place to get water. When I was safe in the cabin once more, I remembered that I had had nothing to eat since breakfast the morning before; and as I have never cared for much breakfast the memory was not very filling. I was hungry. A ransacking of the shelves revealed no food, and the cupboard might have been Old Mother Hubbard's.

But I found plenty to divert me. By the fuller light of day I saw a card tacked over a shelf. 'Welcome, friend. You are at home. Help yourself. All I have to eat is in the cellar. I may never need it. I am off to war. EMIL GENSALEN.' But where was the cellar? The drifting snow covered the ground so that none could be seen out of doors, even if by any chance any of the mentioned refreshments remained. I knew that I could never find the cellar, so I sat down to read a battered magazine that the rats had spared. I guess they were not literary, or else they pre-

ferred the *Atlantic Monthly*. Certainly almost all of an old copy of *Everybody's* was there to help.

I read, I viewed the storm, I wondered what it was all for. I explored the cabin and wondered about the friendly Emil. I had not known any Emil. But I reflected that it was not necessary for me to know him for him to exist. After a while I noticed a ring in the floor. A ring meant a trapdoor. Of course! The cellar. How bright I felt! Ring in the floor. Cellar. Food. Who says a woman is not logical? Who says we cannot make deductions!

The door yielded unwillingly and I was half afraid to descend the mouldy steps; but I did and saw a neat set of shelves almost empty, but with enough cans to awaken hope in my stomach. The labels had long ago given up the fight with rust and mould. I selected two cans and sought the upper world. I have known for a long time that breakfast need not begin with an iced melon or a grapefruit. I have even suspected that oatmeal and toast might be omitted, but I should hardly have supposed that coffee was superfluous. I found no coffee, but I found a hatchet with which I opened my cans, one of corn and one of Vienna sausage. The frying pan was ratty; I had to take time to scrub it out with snow, but I did not dally at my work, I can tell you.

I expect that you have had better breakfasts, but I never did. Even the thought of ptomaine did not scare me. But, true to my former assertion, no sooner was I comfortable than I thought of four more discomforts. How long would I have to stay? What if the wood gave out? Maybe I was snowed in. Would anyone ever think to look for me? Would they be in time? I knew perfectly well that the children would be cared for. The two men would be there and both men could cook. I was restless as a mule colt being weaned. I tried to see out of the window, to see if the snow was too deep for me to try. As I leaned against the rough casing, I saw some written words.

'When you make any charge against Providence, consider, and you will learn that the thing has happened according to reason.'

'Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist. "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the universe, God is there." '

'Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear.'

Every bit of available surface was covered with such writings, English on one facing and some other language on the other. The door the same way. I hunted for a pencil, a piece of paper, to copy it down, but none could be found. The three I send you seemed to fit my case so exactly that I memorized them. All that day I tried to picture to myself what Emil would be like. Not old, else he could not go to war. Not young, for no young man is wise. Kind and learned. That of course. An ideal host, for he attended to his guest's needs even when he was no one knew where. I was astonished to see dusk gathering. I knew that I should lack courage to go into the cellar after dark, so I brought up another can. I tried again to get to Brownie, but could not get in.

As night settled, the wind rose, and such a tumult as was outside! I ate a can of tomatoes and banked my fire and went to bed. Except for being dreadfully sore, I seemed to be none the worse for wear. I lay in the dark listening to the unearthly noises and thinking of the absent philosopher whose guest I was.

Some way, my troubles did not seem nearly so unbearable as I had thought. Perhaps Providence had sent me there to learn those very truths. I needed just such reflections every day of my life.

When I awoke next morning, all Nature was smiling. Deceitful jade, after all the turmoil, to flirt with her outraged victims! Just like young Mrs. Luke — raise all kinds of hurricanes until the baby came and then settle down to quiet. I kind of wondered what Dame Nature had given birth to. After a breakfast of apricots and Somebody's pork and beans I hunted for a shovel. None to be found. Not even a board that I could use for a shovel. I took the hearth off the stove and scooped the snow away from the shed door till I could get Brownie out. I removed the saddle and curried Brownie with some straw; then I resaddled and tied my horse outside the door. I carefully made the bed, put out the fire, and closed the cabin door securely.

I dared not ride until I reached the hilltop; the snow was too deep anyway; so I drove Brownie ahead and followed in his tracks. The going had nothing to recommend it. Certainly it was disagreeable in the extreme. The horse lunged his way, often falling, but as we neared the top the snow became less deep. It was nowhere so deep as at the cabin; it had blown off the hill and drifted around the pines that were about the cabin.

On the hill I took a survey and tried to locate myself. I was so completely turned round that the sun seemed to be in the north. I knew that the mountains lay east and west and so, keeping that in mind, I set my face northwest and mounted.

We plodded on down the hill and over another bare hill — that is, bare of trees. Slipping and sliding, panting and falling, we made our slow way. I stumbled on after Brownie most of the way. It was unsafe to ride. When we reached the top of the second hill I could see a mile away to the north the telephone line. Brownie too found himself and took courage. We made what haste we could, and soon found ourselves on the mail road. Snow had so drifted that even the road was all but impassable, but we knew where we were.

We reached home in the purple dusk. Not a thing was wrong, supper was on the table, and the men had a guest. After he had talked of everything on earth it seemed to me, I asked him if he had ever known anyone named Emil.

'Why, yes. Emil Gensalen. He was a queer duck. He came from Switzerland. I guess that is where the Swiss come from. He had a claim down the country a ways. He had a notion that goats were the thing to raise. Said he was going to try grapes too. He was a dandy good fellow, but queer. He went to war and has never come back. I never heard that he was mentioned in the casualty list, but no one has ever heard a word from him. I guess he went West.'

I asked what became of his things.

'Oh, he just left everything. He was a little foolish about his cabin. At the dance that we gave for the boys who were leaving for war, he said publicly that he wanted everyone to feel welcome in his cabin, but that if anyone misused the privilege, some great misfortune would overtake them. Belham went over there to make some moonshine, and you know how quick the prohibition officers got him. Hanson went over after a load of logs that Emil had cut and piled up there, expecting to build a stable. He did n't get home with the logs before he broke his leg. That is where the sheriff got Dave Peters. He had made that his headquarters while he was in the rustlin' game. Did n't last long, though.'

The men had so many other things to talk of that no one wanted to discuss Emil. I had much to think of, and Emil had a place in my thoughts. I am not superstitious but I could n't help wondering.

All those misfortunes were merely coincidences. What misfortune will overtake me? None has, and I feel just as if I had had an adventure that is deeper in significance than appears on the surface.

But I have no feeling of fear. Can two paths of life cross each other invisibly? Why?

I must stop this long jumble. You won't love me pretty soon. Perhaps I shall never get to mail this to you. The postmaster has had no envelopes for a month or more. That happens often. With much love to you and tenderest remembrance of the day,

Your friend,

ELINORE P. STEWART.

TAPESTRY

BY WILLIAM DOUGLAS

I SAW the brown deer feeding,
Dappled like adder's-tongue,
And quietly were they leading
Their nimble-footed young;

By some enchantment herded
Among the bamboo trees,
Whose stems with light were girded
In flickering fantasies.

And as I stood there gazing,
In sunlight and in shade,
They raised small heads from grazing,
With soft eyes unafraid.

I could not pull my golden dart
Out of its broidered case.
It seemed as if my very heart
Were silent in its place.

A LESSON IN MODERN MAGIC

BY M. D. PENROSE

THE confusion of ringing bells, tramping feet, and roll-taking was over. I rose to face my new class in Contemporary Poetry.

As my tongue began the lecture, my mind wandered off on a surreptitious tour of investigation. Who were these people before me? Could I possibly interest them in poetry? Could I weld their different personalities into an enthusiastic whole which would gladly follow me in the pursuit of beauty? Or should I have to drive them before me, with always the strain of feeling certain wandering, reluctant sheep lagging behind?

There in the back row was Arthur Wells. He would do steady, faithful work, I knew, and occasionally might have an idea of his own. I noted other former students of mine, some colorless, one or two unusually bright, several of average ability.

Then my eye fell on the occupant of the first seat on the end of the first row: Mynerd Peterhof! his square Dutch face gazing at mine with determined intensity, his pen and notebook ready to catch each word of wisdom that fell from my lips, the perspiration of despair on his brow as the words 'Free Verse' and 'Polyphonic Prose' smote his ears.

Inspiration seemed to leave me as I looked at him. Visions of prosy, badly written, albeit most logically developed themes in Freshman English stood before me in his place. Long hours spent in conference over the dangling participle and the comma splice came to mind to dim the sunshine of the spring day. The spectre of his personal essay, which just would n't be light or amusing or personal no matter how long we struggled over it together, came back to haunt me. Mynerd Peterhof, whose tongue still stumbled over English words, whose broad back and big hands stood him in good stead every summer in the harvest field! Why, oh, why had he chosen to take Contemporary Poetry instead of Physics, and how could I ever plant the germ of poetry in his all-too-solid breast?

I soon learned why he was taking poetry. His major professor had told him that he needed to develop the literary side of his nature; he was too scientific. So he was going to get this thing called poetry if it killed him. The zeal of the biologist following the contortions of a beetle under a microscope was in his eye as he told me about it.

The course began with that apostle of the New Movement, Amy Lowell. My misgivings at the thought of trying to teach poetry to Mynerd Peterhof gave place to curiosity as to how this conscientious son of Holland from Idaho would take to the unconventional daughter of the Puritans from Massachusetts. In the parlance of the day, he gave the lady the careful 'once over.' Every afternoon I would find him in the library doggedly tracking Miss Lowell through *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, trying to understand these lines in 'A Lady': —

You are beautiful and faded,
Like an old opera tune
Played upon a harpsichord;
Or like the sun-flooded silks
Of an eighteenth-century boudoir.

Or wondering why these lines from 'Red Slippers' got into a book of poetry:—

The row of white, sparkling shopfronts is gashed and bleeding, it bleeds red slippers. They spout under the electric light, fluid and fluctuating, a hot rain — and freeze again to red slippers, myriadly multiplied in the mirror side of the window.

He said very little in class. It was not until he handed in a paper on free verse that I read his verdict. He thus disposed of Miss Lowell: 'Amy Lowell would be a better poet if she knew life better. She needs to mix with a little dirt and hard work. She ought to go through Hell. It would do her good to work in a harvest field. Her best poem is "Patterns," written after her lover was killed in the war. She needs more hard knocks like that to give her poems sincerity.'

I could not repress a smile at the picture of Miss Lowell, in coveralls, mourning for a dead lover, and I began to look forward to other literary criticisms from Mynerd Peterhof.

But nothing relieved the gloom of Alfred Kreymborg and Ezra Pound. He could n't rise to the heights of Kreymborg's 'Parasite':—

Good woman.
Don't love the man.
Love yourself,
As you have done so exquisitely before.
Like that tortoise-shell cat of yours
Washing away the flies; or are they fleas?
You 've hurt him again?
Good!

Of Ezra Pound, a compatriot of his from Idaho who wants to conceal the fact, he only said that he agreed heartily with his line from 'Further Instructions':—

And I? I have gone half cracked.

The next assignment was Vachel Lindsay. The class were discussing 'General William Booth Enters into Heaven.' We first read the poem in unison, out loud. I had given careful instructions just how each stanza was to be rendered, emphasizing particularly that I would read the last one alone. Lindsay's directions are: 'Reverently sung — no instruments.' I began that pathetic last verse:—

'And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer
He saw his Master through the flag-filled air.
Christ came gently with a robe and crown
For Booth the soldier while the throng knelt down.
He saw King Jesus — they were face to face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? '

But instead of the silence that I wanted, several voices carelessly broke in, then stopped, and giggled. The reverence was sadly marred by snickers. I looked up from the book in disgust — to meet the serious face of Mynerd Peterhof, his eyes shining with tears. A small girl with protruding eyes and thick ear-bobs piped up that she did n't like Vachel Lindsay because he wrote about such ugly, disgusting things. 'I don't think a poem ought to describe' — and she quoted:—

'Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug-fiends pale —
Minds still passion-ridden, soul powers frail!
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of death —'

I tried to explain that this poem represented the point of view and the triumphant spirit of the Salvation Army. It was Mynerd Peterhof who came to my rescue. With eyes in which anger had dried the tears, he turned upon the offended maiden with vehement finality in his voice. 'This

poem is worth a dozen of the other kind. A real poem does n't have to stick to just *pretty* things,' — with immense disgust in his emphasis of pretty.

Again the picture of Mynerd struggling over themes came to my mind. But this time the sun kept on shining. As I wondered at the change in him, I remembered Lindsay's lovely poem, 'The Chinese Nightingale.' Mynerd Peterhof was like the Chinaman in that poem, ironing away all night in his hot little laundry, but with the magic nightingale singing songs to him that no one else could hear.

I will tell you a secret, Chang replied;
My breast with vision is satisfied,
And I see green trees and fluttering wings,
And my deathless bird from Shanghai sings.

Mynerd, and with him the class, — for I now began mentally to centre the class around him, — liked Robert Frost, as I knew he would. 'That fellow knows what he 's talking about,' he said, as we were laughing over the discomfited farmer in 'The Code — Heroics.' To my surprise it was he who first caught the subtle magic hidden in the first lines of 'Mending Wall,' that touch of eeriness in nature of which Frost, the poet-farmer, is always aware.

Something there is that does n't love a wall,
That sends the frozen ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.

To a farmer boy it was unnecessary to point out the simple, gripping realism, in 'After Apple-Picking,' of lines like

My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
And I keep hearing from the cellar-bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.

But it was John Masefield who won his allegiance, complete and absolute. In class we shivered and sweated through 'Dauber,' and shuddered at his ghastly death on the deck.

'Is it a tragedy?' I asked the class.

'No, it 's a triumph!' shouted Peterhof. 'Dauber failed as a painter but he got there as a man.'

Again there was that gleam in his eye, unknown in the days of Freshman themes, when I read from Masefield's 'A Consecration': —

'Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth; —
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!
Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold —
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.'

We swung through the *Salt-Water Ballads* and listened to the touching music of the *Sonnets*, and felt the solemn thrill of war in 'August 1914.' Then I assigned 'The Everlasting Mercy,' and a paper commenting upon it. Here is the criticism that came from Mynerd Peterhof, who a year before, to save his life, could not be interesting or personal.

'The gripping realism of the "Everlasting Mercy" is what impressed me most with the poem. There is none of the doctrine of a poet of a former age who tried to avoid the low, the ugly, and the degrading in life and in life's sufferings. John Masefield actually saw what he describes in this poem, is the conviction left in the mind of the reader. Perhaps he did not see these particular incidents, but he had lived the life of the sailor; he knew about the alehouses; he knew about the drunken crowd of "sops" which usually frequent these places; he knew the deg-

radation of the women at these places; he knew about the prize-ring and its participants; and above all he had the desire to picture these things as they actually were. He had undergone many sufferings, and also knew of the battle against religious doubt and of the final victory that he makes his theme in "The Everlasting Mercy."

'Masefield paints many beautiful pictures in the plainest of language. He seems to have a fine psychological understanding of people and their actions. His swinging cadence also perhaps aids in picturing the beautiful out of the ordinary. To me the picture of the continual knocking of Christ at the heart of Saul Kane who is the most degenerate among degenerates is beautifully done. At the end the picture of the ploughman, to represent the peace of perfect faith, is the height of simplicity but still exceedingly beautiful.'

I was not surprised to read on his examination paper that John Masefield was his favorite poet of the year.

The class in Contemporary Poetry had assembled for the last day of the term. How different I felt from that first day! How pleasantly tried and familiar those faces in front of me looked.

> . . . . . My mariners,
> Souls that have toiled, and wrought and thought with me —

I quoted to myself. I felt a similar pang to that of Ulysses in saying farewell to them.

Mynerd Peterhof stopped for a moment at the desk after class. 'I 've decided to go out for that English Essay Contest you told us about,' he said. 'I want to write on the New Poetry. Will you help me? And say,' he went on in an unusual burst of confidence about his personal affairs, 'I was washing dishes last night down at the boarding-house. A Russian kid who 's been working there in the kitchen for a few weeks asked me if I had anything good to read. I told him I 'd just gotten a book of poems from the library that I had n't read yet, *One Hundred Lyrics*, edited by Sara Teasdale. I wanted the book to help me on my essay. So we read the book together. That Russian kid liked this poem the best. He said it had a big kick in it, and I agreed. Want to hear it? '

With his Dutch tongue still hesitating over some of the syllables, he read this poem, 'Gifts': —

> 'You ask me what — since we must part —
> You shall bring back to me.
> Bring back a pure and faithful heart
> As true as mine to thee.
>
> 'You talk of gems from foreign lands,
> Of treasure, spoil, and prize.
> Ah, love! I shall not search your hands
> But look into your eyes.'

This time the shine was in *my* eyes, and the Chinese Nightingale singing in my heart. The walls of the classroom faded away, and Mynerd Peterhof, the Russian kid, and I were standing in the Elysian fields where poetry is truly loved because it is shared.

LION'S COURAGE

BY G. B. MACKENZIE

I

FRESH from the nearest approach to a bath that he ever allowed himself, Monsieur Eugène Danou pulled his woolen undervest, still warm from a recent night's use, again over his head, stretched toward the foot of the bed where hung his trousers, and so progressed from stage to stage, until his mirror and an habitual feeling of correctness indicated the practical completion of a careful and unhurried toilet.

He then shook a little brilliantine into his hand, rubbed the palms together, and devoted two minutes to the violent friction of his rather scanty, graying hair. This done, he plied comb and brush with care, flicked a suspicion of dandruff from the shoulders of his shiny black coat, and, striding across the small bedroom, flung open the casement window.

The freshness of a bright May morning in this pleasant suburb of Paris had its effect on the impressionable little commercial traveler, and his rising spirits found outlet in a gay snatch of tune. He accepted his unaccustomed cheerfulness as a favorable omen, and stood for a little, breathing the fine air and watching the approaching paper-boy follow a leisurely and erratic course along the street.

For the first time in his twenty years' experience of the Road, M. Danou was without a situation. Nor was he suffering for any fault of his own. When it came to selling gentlemen's hats, it was admitted that, despite a vague timidity of manner (the peeping skeleton in an otherwise perfect cupboard), the quiet little hard-working traveler was without a rival. His employers, expert character-readers, had hesitated before promoting him to the position of head salesman; but a fuller sense of his own importance seemed to fill M. Danou from that moment, and they never had reason to regret their decision. In his selling, indeed, appeared occasional flashes of brilliance. He took daring chances for his firm, and was consistently successful; more than once he displayed a boldness that astonished his rivals.

'Success has been the making of our little Danou,' his fellow travelers would whisper behind their hands of an evening in the small-town commercial hotels; 'since he has become chief *représentant* for Monod Frères he is bold as a lion.'

And Danou, whose hearing was good, caught the sense of these remarks in his corner before the fire, and swelled inwardly with gratification.

'The lion's boldness is bluff; he is a coward at heart,' muttered an old man once on the opposite side of the chimney. His words were, however, lost in the general noise of the talk, and M. Danou retired early, the compliment still ringing in his ears. During the night suggestion did its work, and when he awoke, the lion was bolder than before.

One day a friend sat in a railway carriage listening to M. Danou's tale of a recent daring coup. 'And what would have happened had you been unsuccessful?' queried the friend.

'My firm would have lost some fifty thousand francs,' replied their représentant, not without pride.

'And you — would you have lost your situation?'

M. Danou thought for a moment; then he gave a little shrug. 'It is a thing I have not considered,' he replied briefly, and changed the subject.

A chance question in a railway carriage —

Maria, his wife, noticed the change within five minutes of his home-coming the following Friday. She was almost the only person who realized his weakness, and it had been her especial care for years to watch over him, lending him her strength when he required it. From this day forward she redoubled her efforts.

Learning by a few keen questions the reason of his sudden *malaise*, she at once set about her task of reassuring him. She dwelt upon his great experience, his wonderful successes. She argued with the skill of a lawyer, the conviction of a fanatic, the intensity of her love. She named him half a dozen firms who would jump at the chance of his services should the occasion arise, and eventually she succeeded — succeeded, that is, in restoring his self-confidence as a salesman. What might lie beyond, it was fortunately unnecessary for her to consider.

When M. Danou returned home one gray evening in March, he brought the news that MM. Lefèvre et Cie., of Nancy, one of the most important hat-making establishments in France, had closed its doors. Maria watched him carefully as he sat after supper smoking before the fire. The serving-girl had washed up the dishes and gone home. It was an hour when they generally talked together of the day's happenings, or, if M. Danou had been away, gave one another a survey of their week's events.

This evening he was unusually silent, and when it came to nine o'clock, rose and fetched his boots. 'I think I'll go along as far as the station,' he remarked; 'the late paper ought to be in by now.'

There was only a short paragraph about the failure. As they already knew, it was due to the slump following the war boom, coupled with reviving competition from abroad. M. Danou took a serious view of the situation. 'There will be more to follow,' he prophesied, shaking his head; and for once all Maria's efforts to reassure him were unsuccessful. That night they both went to bed depressed: a fortnight later the old-established firm of Monod Frères discharged its three hundred employees, and followed its rival into liquidation.

In face of this unparalleled situation, M. Danou almost went to pieces. The nightmare of his life had become a reality; for with every firm in France cutting down staffs and reducing expenditure, the chance of finding employment for months, and possibly years, to come, appeared hopeless.

'How,' he kept asking, 'can a man, already past middle age and with his knowledge and experience so specialized, adopt any other line of business than his own?'

As for traveling salesmen — they were clamoring for work by the hundred in the columns of every newspaper he took up; and as day followed unsuccessful day, and he trailed home in the evening, weary and hopeless from his fruitless seeking, even Maria at last began to look grave.

During the first week it had been bearable. When she met him at the

station, as she made a point of doing when she knew the hour of his train, he would smile and joke, and ask her how she liked being among the unemployed. The knowledge that they would not immediately starve was a comfort for which he learned to thank Our Lady with greater fervency every day; and the few hundred francs a month which the revenue of his wife's untouched *dot* assured them certainly kept him from a premature despair. But there was hardly more than would keep body and soul together, and the need for finding a situation grew daily more pressing.

During the second week of unemployment, he ceased to joke; at the end of the second month, he was wallowing in gloom. 'Je ne suis bon à rien,' he would mutter over and over to himself while she was washing up the supper things; 'I am good for nothing, nobody wants me; it is finished.'

When the dishes were dry and piled in place in the old-fashioned buffet, she would draw her chair close to his and take his hand; and while she stroked it like a child's, little by little her influence would gain upon him. Generally she let him do the talking first; then, when he was wearied, she had her turn, sympathizing, reassuring, comforting. They spoke of old times, of his long and successful career, and a hundred little triumphs.

Then, with a bravery he never imagined, she turned to the future; and as she talked, he caught the spirit of her optimism. And there was a future for them yet — she knew it, if only her work of years would bear the test. She strove as never before to save what still remained as the fruit of her labors; and each night, when bedtime came, she found her Eugène again grown almost cheerful. But her triumphs were, as a rule, pitifully short-lived. His self-confidence had a habit of draining away in the night, and he would awake each morning, despite her, to the hopeless darkness of the day before.

II

This morning was a notable exception. Could it be the swallows, swaying and chirruping on the telephone wires, or that cheery rascal of a paper-boy whistling his careless way out of sight? M. Danou's own little song changed to a whistle as he turned to wish his wife good-morning: such sleepy interchange of words as might take place on their awakening was never considered in the nature of a formal greeting.

His beloved Maria, short and well-covered, entered smiling from the kitchen. She seemed indifferent to the dirtiness of her yellow dressing-gown, and the numerous strands of chestnut hair that straggled untidily over her ample forehead. She would have cared as little had she realized the greasy smudge disfiguring an otherwise rosy cheek; for, although Parisian-born, — or perhaps because of it, — she considered that nothing should be allowed to interfere with the work to be done. Later, she would dress and powder with the best; but that would be in the afternoon, when the house was dusted and the remains of her midday meal had disappeared. In the morning she had more important things in hand.

'The newspaper, Eugène! Say now, there will perhaps be something to-day. But you must read it while you are drinking your chocolate: if we do not take our breakfast at once, I shall never have the time to go along to the market.'

M. Danou, his favorite *Petit Parisien* in his hand, followed his wife into the small kitchen, where two cups of chocolate were already cooling, set out on a piece of oilcloth at one end of the table. Maria produced the long loaf of

crusty bread left by the baker's boy an hour before, and with neither butter nor jam to color the meal, they began to eat.

Disregarding the news, the little man munched and drank in silence, while his eyes were running with the speed of custom from one likely advertisement to another. The 'Situations Vacant' column was not a long one that morning in the *Petit Parisien*, and he was nearing the bottom of a seemingly hopeless list, when —

Suddenly the honest little man's heart missed a beat. *Enfin!* There it was at last! But was it? He must make certain — Yes, indeed —

M. Danou forgot his very first rule of good society: 'Maiah! Maiah, — oo!' he exploded in the middle of an enormous mouthful of crusty bread. A gulp of chocolate helped to render him coherent: then in an excited voice, a trembling finger to guide him, he read off his find.

'*Voilà*, Maria! There is my affair! Who would have thought to discover it to-day? and in the *journal?* Ah, and we have searched so long! I know the Maison Barthélmy in the Boulevard de Nîmes: they are a serious firm, who pay well their employees. M. Barthélmy, the principal, is a shrewd man, but bears a good reputation. If only I can manage to arrive before it is too late —'

'But it is perfect!' His wife had risen, and now leaned over the table by his side, her arm through his, to read the magic words.

'"Head traveler . . . push the sale of gentlemen's hats." It's exactly what you're waiting for, dearest, is n't it? But, Eugène — why do they put "only those with absolute confidence in themselves need apply"? I don't think I quite like that: it sounds so — so funny.'

'Not at all, darling — quite essential.' His words came hastily in jerks, between mouthfuls. 'Confidence? We travelers have to have confidence of course — never get on without — Absolute self-confidence — that's the secret — Often have to take important decisions — might be question of a hundred thousand francs one day. Thank God at least I've never suffered from nerves.

And a moment after, 'For goodness' sake, hurry up with these boots, Maria; I know you're going to make me miss my train.'

An hour later a little man, neatly but quietly dressed, entered M. Barthélmy's private office on the Boulevard de Nîmes. Behind the counter a girl sat, typing. She glanced at his card. 'If you've come about the advertisement,' she said, 'M. Barthélmy can't see you till four o'clock.'

'My business is with your employer, mademoiselle, and not with you. Will you kindly tell him I am here?'

'Is it about the advertisement?'

M. Danou interested himself in a calendar on the wall, and made no reply.

With an angry glance that was entirely wasted upon him, the girl rose from her chair and pushed open a heavy door in the rear of the office. Hardly had she disappeared, before M. Danou had taken four swift strides round the counter. The inner-office door was not yet closed when it was opening again before him.

'Did n't he tell you his business?' The short wiry man with the pointed gray beard and searching eyes was tapping his desk irritably with the corner of M. Danou's card. He swung round sharply at the interruption.

'And what do you mean, monsieur, by coming in here without my permission?'

Briefly M. Danou explained his

visit. 'My twenty years' experience on the road,' he added, 'has taught me to walk straight in when occasion demands. It has also taught me to arrive before the crowd. If I have annoyed you, I demand your pardon; but you see my business methods in operation — and at least you will hardly deny that I am here.'

He took out a colored handkerchief and mopped his brow. The first round was his; had M. Barthélmy decided to turn him into the street without consideration, he would not continue to sit and study him as he was doing. This little success gave him just the fillip he required. The whole world seemed now at his feet if only he conducted himself carefully, and he found himself thinking back with amazement upon his recent long periods of depression.

'Will you give yourself the trouble of sitting down?'

In the outer office began the tap-tap-tap of the young girl's typewriter; here, the atmosphere was different, and very peaceful. Double windows, tightly closed, cut off the noises of the busy boulevard; heavy curtains and other wall hangings seemed to deaden even the ticking of the large ormolu clock, set over the fireplace, below which a mass of glowing *boulets* sufficiently explained the oppressiveness of the atmosphere.

Although the furniture was a mixture of antique and modern, there was no suspicion of out-of-date-ness in the general effect; and if the principal of the firm himself appeared to belong to the preceding generation, it was only as long as he remained silent and absorbed. The penetration of his eyes and voice amazed M. Danou: they were almost sinister.

'Yes,' resumed M. Barthélmy slowly after a few moments' scrutiny of the intruder, 'yes, you are here. Do you smoke, monsieur? Accept a cigarette. And your credentials?'

Cursorily he glanced through the papers produced. He appeared more interested in observing the subject of them sitting before him, and while M. Danou chose a cigarette and proceeded to light it, followed attentively his every gesture. He noted the careless flick of match on box, the moment's guarding of the flame, the sudden glow of the closely-packed tobacco. M. Danou smoked rapidly, inhaling sharply and blowing out the pale blue clouds one upon another in quick succession.

M. Barthélmy handed back the reference. 'It is easy to light a cigarette when one uses the Swedish matches, monsieur,' he observed.

The other took a couple of quick puffs. 'My faith, yes; I have never known them to fail. A pipe is sometimes difficult in the wind, but a cigarette' — he waved his hand, 'so simple!'

'Yes — It is largely a matter of confidence, is it not? You know how we all of us feel when we have but one match that remains. Remember the care with which we rub the tip — how easily the stem may break — how small a breath extinguishes the flame.'

M. Danou glanced quickly at the speaker. 'A salesman has little time for nerves, monsieur,' he replied shortly.

'And you?'

'I flatter myself —' He jerked off the first long ash into the waste-paper basket, and sat back in his chair puzzled. He seemed to have lost, all of a sudden, the helm of this interview. Where, exactly, were they drifting?

M. Barthélmy remained silent.

'You have seen from my papers, monsieur, that as a salesman I have given satisfaction. Do I gather that the qualities you most demand are confidence and experience? And if that is so, is there any way in which I may satisfy you?'

He took three more quick pulls at his cigarette, but this time failed to displace the still-glowing ash.

M. Barthélmy cleared his throat. 'As to your experience, I am satisfied. That you can fulfill my requirements, provided you have the necessary self-confidence, I have little doubt; but in this, my demands are above the average — and precise. I propose, with your agreement, to try a little experiment that has just occurred to me. It deals with just this point, and the result should be interesting. You permit?'

He placed his elbows on the desk, and allowed the tips of his thin, white fingers to rest lightly together.

M. Danou bowed.

'You will not, then, consider it an impertinence if I put to you rather a personal question.' He paused. 'You have, possibly, — er, — certain private moneys, monsieur? Savings, perhaps, on which you are living at present — a legacy from some dead relative?'

'There is my wife's *dot*,' said M. Danou.

'Exactly! The only barrier between yourself and starvation — am I not right? the thing above all others that you fear to lose?'

The other nodded.

'You smoke quickly, monsieur.' M. Danou's cigarette was more than half consumed. 'Is it because they are such simple things to light, that you smoke your cigarettes so quickly?'

M. Danou, utterly befogged, laughed nervously.

'This is my proposition.' A harder note crept into M. Barthélmy's voice. He continued: 'When you have finished this cigarette — no, no! smoke it to the end, I beg of you! — you will choose another, from my case or from your own, as you prefer. From your box you will select one match. If you succeed, monsieur, in lighting your cigarette with the single match, you will have this situation; and my terms, you will find, are generous.'

He stopped. M. Danou waited a moment for him to continue; then, with a quick motion, threw his glowing stump into the fire, where it caught and burned up in a flash of yellow.

'Is that your only condition?' He had seized the first cigarette his fingers touched in the other man's case, and was already selecting a match.

'Not quite! You will remark that, if it were, you would have everything to gain by success, while in failing you would be losing nothing — nothing, that is, that belongs to you already. I can gauge a man's self-confidence by what he will stake on his success. By the way, I assume that you control this money of your wife's? Good! I make, then, this condition: you will give me your word of honor, in the presence of my typist, that, if you attempt my little experiment and fail, you will pay over to myself the full amount of your wife's *dot*, whatever that may be. That is my only condition. Have I made myself plain?'

He sat back, a little smile of irony twisting the pale lips, half-hidden by his moustache.

M. Danou deliberately laid down match and cigarette upon the desk. 'If I fail — ' he began slowly.

'And I happen to know that you will fail.'

From outside, the muffled sounds of thronging traffic scarcely reached them. One huge vehicle, lumbering on its way, shook the glass in the windows and passed into the distance. Even from the chimneypiece the faint ticking of the clock was hardly audible while the two men eyed one another across the broad desk.

'You happen to know — '

'That you will fail.'

A full minute passed while neither

moved. Suddenly from within the clock came a sharp rattle. M. Danou jumped: 'Fetch her in!' he snapped. He reached forward for the cigarette again, and as he examined it, his fingers were trembling.

The girl, summoned from her typing by the pressure of a button, quietly entered and stood by the door.

'Are you ready?'

The matches from the box were now scattered over the desk, and he was nervously examining each in turn.

'A moment, while I explain!'

In a few words M. Barthélmy had put the situation before his secretary. Wide-eyed, she nodded her understanding.

'And now,' he continued turning to M. Danou, 'you will give the required assurance to this lady and myself. Repeat these words: "I promise —"'

M. Danou was choosing and rejecting match after match. His hands were shaking now so that he could scarcely pick them up. When he tried to speak, he made a husky sound in his throat, and had to swallow twice before he succeeded. 'I promise —' he repeated, word after word to the end.

Another pause: the atmosphere itself seemed strung to breaking-point.

'All ready,' said M. Barthélmy, leaning forward. Selecting one of the cigarettes himself, he picked up the match nearest to him — ignited it with a careless sweep on the side of the box. The next moment he was inhaling deeply.

For the space of several seconds M. Danou gazed at him, fascinated; then with a decisive movement forced his own cigarette between dry lips, grasped the box in his left hand, and snatched up a match. The safety-head was quivering on the striking surface: all he wanted was just to flick it along — only — to — flick — it — along — 'But you will fail —'

It was like Maria's sob as the girl caught her breath.

With a sudden cry the little man was on his feet. Behind him, his chair crashed to the floor: match and box flew wildly toward the fire.

'*Mon dieu! mon dieu!* What am I doing? Maria! Maria!'

Next morning a charwoman, sweeping out an office in the Boulevard de Nîmes, discovered an unsmoked cigarette beneath the broad desk, where it must have rolled unnoticed. 'It is well,' she said, 'my husband will be glad of this'; and she slipped it among the contents of her capacious pocket.

NOT EIGHTEEN

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

TRUSTEE WILLIAMSON had come down to Trustee Maguire's house, to look me over. 'Pretty thin — most all eyes,' I caught after his first look; and after the second, a terrifying, 'Not eighteen!'

I shivered. I felt myself dwindling and shrinking under the hard blue eyes of the huge, hairy trustee, who recognized a letter as his only when he saw that the name on it spanned the width of the envelope — his was the longest name among those of the dozen pioneers in this remote California corner of tumbled hills, of stony, stubborn hills, for all their soft and gentle look. 'Not eighteen.' This rough, illiterate giant had some discernment, after all.

I had just been elected to Stony Hollow School. With what consternation the kindly board chairman, who came in person after a late session to bring the good news, had watched me burst into tears on receiving it! How could he hear the little gate of my girlhood closing behind me? How could he know how desperately distant Stony Hollow sounded in my untraveled ears? Or guess my tumultuous questioning of what awaited me at the journey's end? A week later I had climbed into a cart, and with the reins grasped tightly in one hand had waved the other in gay good-bye to mother. And after two days — days so gloriously gold and blue, despite the thick dust of the rough wagon-roads; days stretching so deliciously from ridge to ridge and valley to valley that I wanted only to go on — I reached the Hollow.

I had been warned as I set off that more important than any mere teaching of spelling and arithmetic to children was the job of converting Trustee Williamson to education. For he sardonically refused to send any of his six boys and girls to the struggling school, which seemed doomed to lapse without them. School? Not for his offspring! That old Southern mammy knew what she was talking about when she said, 'Lor, chile, when yuh aint got an eddication, yuse jes' *got* to use yo brains.'

And now of me, his 'Not eighteen'! The sharp appraisal was no auspicious beginning. And what of mother, depending on me, if he should press for proof of my age qualification? My grammar-school principal, fatherly friend, had been certain that I would succeed. Our town board had been glad to ignore the lacking year, as they assured me I would succeed. I myself believed I could succeed if left alone with the children. But this first Saturday morning I was shaken with fears.

'You 'll be coming right over to spend the night. You can see the chickens.' He turned to me with a gruff word of welcome.

This I took more as a command than an invitation, for I knew that inter-trustee jealousies would brook no delay in my visiting round.

It had been conceded that Trustee Maguire's house would be my boarding-place, partly because of its central position, but chiefly because this trustee, with his shock of white hair and stubby white moustache, sent occasional news-items to the *Silverado Enterprise*. His title of correspondent made the Maguires social dictators of the barren hill-country.

Mrs. Maguire's hair was as slick and black as her husband's was white and wiry, and wound in a tight knot at the back of her head; her longish narrow face was as sallow as his round one was ruddy; and her small near-set black eyes were as sharp as his blue ones were twinkling and kindly. But I learned to know that she was, after all, better than her disposition.

'Begosh, and I hope ye'll make out,' she had said, as, arms akimbo, she watched me on my arrival trying to settle myself in my tiny lean-to room. 'It's, begosh, a long ways you've come.'

There was no unpacking to be done, for the obvious reason that there was no place to put anything I might unpack; but Mamie and Malvina and Dannie, my pupils, and all three within as many years of my own age, were as eager as their mother to see what my mysterious little wooden trunk held. So, before pushing it under the bed, I spread the contents upon it: the three crisp white blouses, and the bright plaited gingham dress (how mother had worked over folding them), and then — and that was what they were breathlessly waiting for — the party dress. Malvina and Mamie smoothed and shook the full white China silk, my grammar-school graduation dress, with delighted hands. They ran their fingers fondly over the broad shirring around the waist and throat, and I promised to teach them how to shirr. But we were not allowed to linger over the white silk, for Mr. Maguire was calling me, impatiently, from the field. We refolded the treasure, pushed the diminutive trunk under the cot bed, and I hastened outside.

'You see that hill, yonder,' — the correspondent pointed across the black adobe flat on which the rough pine house stood, — 'you go over there and stand at the bottom of it, and I'll go over to this one' — waving toward the opposite slope. 'All you've got to do when you get there's listen!'

I struggled wonderingly across the sticky field, shooing off turkeys and patting a horse on my way, and took up my position. From across the flat he motioned me still farther along the hill base; then, satisfied, he stopped, and, after waiting a moment till convinced that I was all attention, lifted his hands to his lips, and I caught faintly, incredulously, from across the clearing, 'Ship ahoy!' And then, louder and unmistakably, 'Ship ahoy!'

I was dazed, but there was no doubting that call. So I cupped my hands and returned with all my might, —

'Ship ahoy!'

He waved his arms ecstatically. I had heard. And I felt that, in some amazing way, I had made good. We met in the middle of the field, and there I knew his secret. Exiled old mariner that he was, fast anchored here among stony hills, he was consumed night and day with longing for the sea. He did not dare try the neighbors, and family sympathy and interest had long since gone dry. I was the one hope of some easing of his pain. And I had proved to him that a passing ship could still catch his 'Ship ahoy!' I would help him to evoke the great spirit of his past.

'You can teach that school, eighteen or not,' he finished delightedly. 'You can teach the school.'

And from then on, day after day, when my work was finished, we took our positions on the opposite hill bases

and called back and forth across the adobe sea, in the still twilight — 'Ship ahoy!'

I had never seen the sea. This was my first intimate touch with its mastery over men who give themselves to it. During all my girlhood I had dreamed of it, thinking that I realized its immensity when we sang in Sunday school,—

> 'There 's a wideness in God's mercy
> Like the wideness of the sea';

thrilling to its adventure and dangers through Drake and Nelson of the school reader, then breathlessly following Ulysses, and finally losing myself in its mystery and enchantment when Keats made of my own rude window-sill a magic casement. And here, among the silent hills, was proof of all I had believed of the sea. More and more I fell under the spell of our game, transported to the dazzling ocean world with its endless processions of passing ships, and, each time as we called, seeing fresh peril averted. 'Ship ahoy!' and I could teach the school!

There was another game that we played, and in which, on peaceful evenings, the family joined — the game of unwinding the ball. This was an imaginary ball of yarn held in the correspondent's hand, the tightly wound chronicle of the day's events; and, as he told them off one by one, a diminishing ball. Our part in the game consisted in prompting — 'But don't you remember, Mag broke her tie-rope'; or, 'No, it was *six* o'clock when Ed Jones galloped up with the weekly mail'; until the ball was quite unwound and ready to begin rewinding itself with the morrow's dawn.

II

Yes, I might teach, so far as this ruddy sailor was concerned. But he was only one of three, and day and night I was tormented with the thought of the impending visit to big Bill Williamson's house. Several times I planned to hitch up the rickety old cart at night, and flee over the hills and safely back to Silverado. But mother!

It was only when shut safely inside the flimsy wooden box set up on pegs, my schoolhouse, with my twelve children, that I forgot all else. I arrived as early as I could, pulse high after my rapid walk through the radiant morning, hurried eagerly up the five steep steps, — carefully skipping the most worn one, through whose wide crack a rattlesnake one day thrust its head, — and stayed as late as I dared. After the last papers and copy books were blue- and red-penciled, I stood, until I could no longer see, before the old blackboard, lost in the joy of grappling with a trigonometry problem. I had left home hugging an elementary 'Trig' and a first Greek grammar; and when shut in alone, in the gathering dusk, with these two precious red volumes, I was rich and happy beyond compare. Beyond the blackboard I saw college doors swinging to let me in! The fact that there was no high school in the town where I grew up, and that I could hope for no more than my grammar-school course, did not dim that vision. All through those grammar-school years I had said my morning prayers kneeling before a green-shuttered window, looking up through the shutters, as I prayed, at the resplendent cross on top of the high steeple of a Catholic church near by. For me, then, it was quite detached from any religion; it was simply the golden promise of the realization of my university dream.

As often as they could, Dora Nash and Dan Maguire, my two brightest pupils, — and, incidentally, both older than I, — stayed on with me for an

hour or more after the four-o'clock dismissal. Poor Dan! overgrown, undernourished, yet with fine blue eyes and high forehead; sensitive, silent Dan — how I longed, as I helped him with some simple problems in physics, to be able to lift him out of this stony trap, where no farm had yet paid, and set him down where he might have half a chance.

With Dora, to whom I was glad to teach extra algebra and what little botany I knew, it was different; she would always have a chance. She was strong, breezy, and, despite her thin, straw-colored hair and freckles, good-looking. Her father had not been caught in this implacable corner, but had luckily settled on friendlier ground some distance away. Her mother had died when she was a little girl, so Dora kept the house. After supper, when there was nothing more to be done for the fruit trees, the tall, straight-backed old man, with his gentle blue eyes and long white beard, used to sit looking out across the spicy garden at his beehives, while Dora played for him, on the melodeon, hymns he used to sing with her mother. The bees were his delight. He swarmed them without mask or gloves, working among them as successfully as he did fearlessly. 'They never sting a Christian,' he asserted with smiling faith.

Because of the melodeon, Dora was my music-master in school, where we gathered about her each morning for our nine-o'clock singing. She was also my mainstay in Sunday school. The Maguires objected to this service; but knowing what it meant to the other isolated families I insisted on keeping the schoolhouse open on Sunday. With Dora to lead the singing and to help teach her week-day classmates, I had all the assistance I needed. Indeed, holding Sunday service was easier for me than the more unfamiliar schoolday task, for the parsonage had been a kind of second home to me. When fifteen, as president of the Junior League, I had been sent out in its interest to cover the district circuit, much as the itinerant preacher did, and speak from successive pulpits during part of the church hour.

Yes, all Sunday mornings were happy ones, and all school mornings and afternoons. And the noontimes! At noon, partly because I could not eat my lunch and the children must not know that I could n't, and partly for more important reasons, I made a practice of slipping away as soon as they were comfortably settled out of doors, and busy over their lard-can-lunch-pails. I hurried along the curving hill-slope at the left of the rough clearing, watching for rattlesnakes as I went, and when just out of sight of the ugly wooden box turned and climbed straight up the hillside, until I reached a narrow plateau, a field of shimmering white, where myraids of exquisite fragrant little mountain pinks spread their silken corollas in the sun. With a shout I opened my pail, and extracting the daily, thick, underdone, saffron-colored biscuits, with their slice of bacon, flung them as far as I could to the squirrels. Then I sank down deliciously upon this fairy-like, silken bed. Its sheer beauty was rest and refreshment. And, as I lay, it became suddenly the shining magic carpet that lifted up and up through the luminous noontide reaches, high above the rounded hills; and then off we were, and over the blue horizon, just far enough for me to glimpse the grand buildings, — my old Scotch friend had thus described the university, — the grand buildings, with their great doors that opened on the world. Incredible, glistening bower, hung there aloft so lavishly by the same Nature that so grimly denied the stony slope below it!

All would have gone well: I could have stood the frequently stormy nights at the Maguires' — I still see sensitive Dan's flushed face as words grew louder and angrier. I could have stood even that dreadful night when coffeepot and rolling-pin went whizzing toward opposite heads. And the rattlesnakes; though when I opened my eyes one dawn upon a particularly long and thick one gliding in over my low window-sill and ran calling for help to Mrs. Maguire, I felt that the snakes would win the victory. Mrs. Maguire flew to the rescue with a kettle of boiling water, and thus another bridge was crossed.

III

Yes, the days were bright enough, except for the shadow that fell so persistently across their sunny spaces — the unreasoned dread of the visit to the big trustee's. Finally, it could not be postponed another day. And as I started for school on a Wednesday morning, I carried a little paper parcel, my visiting-outfit. Mrs. Maguire was almost as unhappy as I over this approaching ordeal, and made no attempt to conceal her anxiety. In her eyes big Bill W. was a heathen monster. 'Begosh, and I hope ye'll come back all right,' she said, apprehensively wiping a corner of her eye. As I went through the door, I thought for one incredulous moment that she was going to gather me in her arms. If she had, I probably should n't have started.

Her sailor husband laughed at us both, and, walking with me a few steps, 'Now don't you let that bushy giant see you 're afraid of him, for one minute,' he said. 'He's never eaten anybody yet. You *argue* him; if you can make him send those poor lost children of his to school that'll be the biggest feather you ever stuck in your cap.' And then, as I rounded the hill, I heard, 'Ship ahoy!' and turned to see him waving cheerily.

Fortunately that school day was an especially full one — no time for foolish forebodings. It was past five o'clock when I smoothed down my gingham plaits, tucked my parcel under my arm and started slowly along the Williamson trail. I had not yet seen Mrs. Williamson (Jasmine), or one of the six children; and I hoped, as I followed the winding stony way between hills, that the trustee might be off somewhere, and that I could begin my visit with the others. But no, as I sighted the sagging gate, there he was mightily digging beside it. Mustering courage, I called cheerfully as I approached, —

'Good-evening, Mr. Williamson!'

'Well,' he said, 'you come at last; thought the chickens would all be to roost 'fore you got here.'

And without delay he started off with me for the coops and sheds. After I had listened to the ejaculatory story of the perils of chicken-raising in this wild country, which back in Kentucky they had told him was all tamed and soft, he made me count out loud, as he listened delightedly, every hen and chick. These were his fortune. I was, in a way, making a twilight appraisal of it for him. From the chickens themselves we turned to the nests and the eggs, and I do not know how far into the dusk he would have kept me there adding, had not little Minnie come to tell us that supper had been waiting already a long time.

Outside, with the chickens, I could largely forget my terrors; but inside the narrow, high-peaked kitchen, despite the timid greetings of Jasmine and her six children, all pathetically glad to see me, they came flooding back. For all through our supper at the long board table, I felt the family fear of the master: no word from any of the

children, except the eldest, twenty-two-year-old Lem, almost as big as his father, and simple-minded. He prattled on like a good-natured baby. Jasmine had done her best with the supper, and she knew how to cook: fried chicken and fluffy biscuits and quince jelly. She was delighted with my compliments; and by fixing our attention entirely on our food, we managed to get through the meal with what must have been distinct success. If only I could have escaped directly afterward!

But when the dishes were washed, we filed into a small splintery-floored room off the kitchen, where there was a primitive stove and some odds and ends of chairs. Jasmine stirred the fire, and then we settled down in a circle to our 'evening.'

But we were no sooner down than up we got; for big Bill loudly proposed, 'Hide-and-seek.' I wondered for a moment if he had divined Jim Maguire's parting, 'You argue him,' and was bent cleverly on checkmating us. But as we dashed from door to door, under beds and behind boxes, I was convinced that he was but following his own bent: he adored 'Hide-and-seek' and gave it up only after even the three youngest had sunk back panting within the circle.

'Spin the plate,' he quickly proposed.

Lem ran for a pie tin, and we crouched and tumbled and spun, the huge trustee always the most boisterous in the tumbling and the spinning, until he again changed the bill. We ran down his list of romping and guessing games. No arguing; no feather; I saw that quickly. I tried then to do what I could with the children and their mother. When finally both list and players were exhausted, and big Bill announced that he was going to 'turn in,' that meant that the rest of us must.

I found to my intense relief that I was to have a tiny room alone. It was almost filled by a wide, ugly walnut bedstead, carried along with greatest difficulty in the prairie schooner, more than halfway across the continent — the family altar. Jasmine shyly pressed my hand in good-night, and I heard the children scattering to their cots as I partly undressed. The spectacle of the gamboling giant had not been a calming one, and I found it impossible to commit myself to any unguarded sleep beneath this uncanny roof. I slipped under the quilts, but remained sitting straight up against the walnut headboard.

However, despite my resolve to keep awake, I did fall into sleep, — for how long I do not know, — but only to be violently shaken out of it as I felt the bed rocking, the house lurching. My heart pounded; I clutched the sheet and held my breath in the utter blackness, making a superhuman effort not to scream; for I was sure that this was some diabolical prank of the huge trustee, or worse. Then, amid a loud confusion outside, I heard him shouting, 'Earthquake!' and I sank tremblingly, thankfully back, and breathed once again. I had felt only tremors before, never one like this, but earthquakes might come by the dozen; let them come! The shed-house stood the shock, and gradually settled with creakings and cracklings back to quiet. When I crawled out from under the quilts at dawn, big Bill was already with his chickens, and I could quietly and humanely help his wife with the breakfast. Part of her scant stock of dishes, alas, had been smashed in the night.

During breakfast big Bill was taciturn, entirely occupied with the worries of patching up after this shaking. And I did not dare even mention the school of which he was a trustee.

Utterly discouraged, and yet thankful just to be still alive, I started off,

promising poor Jasmine that I would come again, while I urged her to try to get to the schoolhouse Sunday morning. As I started, overgrown, feeble-minded Lem stepped up beside me and took my lunch-pail. He had made up what mind he had; he was going to school! It needed no family council for that; nobody objected; learning could not hurt Lem! And from that day on, Lem was completely dedicated to education and to me. He took his place obediently on the bench with the four little tots in first-reader class, struggled valiantly with 'The cat ate the rat'; carried water from the well; brought me a rare rose or a wild flower; drove rattlesnakes from under the schoolhouse, hunted them indefatigably all about it; he even once managed to get to the far-distant post-office and surprise me with a letter.

One alarming day, when, raising his hand, he called me by my first name, the whole class was galvanized into fascinated expectation of what teacher would do. But since teacher evidently considered this the most natural occurrence in the world, tension slackened and heads went back to their books. When, after school, I tried to explain to him how he could make my work easier by sticking to the forms, he smiled happily and said he understood. And he partly did, and tried, poor Lem; but with only intermittent success.

I did not win the other children, though they were allowed to attend Sunday School. However, nothing more was said about the age qualification, and the big trustee came with his entire family to the school dance.

'Don't be downcast,' kindly Jim Maguire had said; 'you 've done more than anyone before you. It's a job for the police.'

But I could not be cheered into forgetting how I had failed those sad children and sadder Jasmine.

IV

To direct the Sunday School was simple; to engineer the schoolhouse dance was formidable. All the guns of the church in which I had been brought up were focused on the evils of dancing. I had never danced; how was I to preside as floor-manager at the most important of the whole term's events? Perhaps my chief chance of success lay in making this particular party the prettiest picture the Hollow had yet seen. I unfolded my white China silk — yes, it would do. Then began plans with the children. There must be a swift scrubbing of the splintery floor. My platform would be pushed back against the rear wall and embowered in oak boughs, to serve as dais for the three fiddlers. The school benches would follow the walls, which must quite disappear behind latticed greenery (the little children would sleep on these benches); the ceiling became easily a leafy bower; bunches of wild flowers would give brightness to dark corners. But the stove — hideous object — thrusting like a dangerous rock from the middle of the floor: we were in despair over the stove. And yet, when hillsides had been scoured and the few nearby coverts made to contribute their ferns and blossoms, even the stove, transformed into a mossy mound, seemed a part of the general loveliness. The children could scarcely wait until mothers should see and exclaim.

While we were busy in the schoolhouse, they were bustling about the ovens. Each vied with her neighbor in the bread-making and cake-making, and in the boiling of the hams and chickens. For neighbors from the hills beyond the hills, whom they rarely saw except at this one social function of the year, would be there. Mrs. McLaughlin, of course, was making a whole row of her sour-milk pies.

Dusk had already fallen when Annie and Katie and I, tired but excited, ran across the adobe flat, and I began helping them to arrange their hair, which had been carefully wound in rags the night before, and to slip into their pink and blue lawns. Mrs. Maguire already had on her black silk, with its full gathered skirt and passementerie trimming, and was packing the ham and chickens in the wash-boiler, and piling up the tin milk-pans in which the sandwiches were to be passed. The cart was out, and Trustee Jim was buckling the last strap of shaggy Maggie's harness.

There was no time for any special twisting of my own hair, for I must be the first to return to the schoolhouse. I hooked my white silk down the front, and calling good-bye as I threw a little shawl over my shoulders, hurried on ahead through the star-filled evening. And I had no more than reached the school door before my faithful Dora ran panting up the steps.

Very soon, others began to arrive — Bob Brown and his crowd from very far away, of whom I had been warned as the 'rough ones.' I watched them tie their horses under a clump of trees and deposit mysterious packages in the undergrowth. With each family group came the clothes-boiler and milk-pans; these were gathered near the sandwich table we had set in the corner beside the platform, where the fiddlers, with their long gray beards and long hair, were already tuning up. Through the open door we could see the fathers building the campfire for the coffeepot.

Every woman had on her black dress, silk or poplin as might be, and her embroidered apron to protect it as she cut sandwiches and cakes; and there were a few coral and garnet necklaces and some pretty old jet and gold earrings — treasures antedating these bitter pioneering days. I had all but forgotten the dancing in my pleasure in their proud happiness over the table they were piling high. And I had not noticed that the young girls had retreated, as one, to a corner, and that all the young men had disappeared. They were outdoors fortifying themselves from the mysterious packages.

Then the first fiddler began beating time with his foot; and as the three bows scraped the catgut, he called the opening quadrille. There was a bold rush up the steps, and a good-natured assault on the solid corner. One by one the girls were pulled out, either by an arm or the waist, and with much stamping of feet and laughter the figures were made and the bowing and crossing and turning begun. Fathers and mothers joined in with great zest. I sank back against the pine boughs — and then turned to arrange sandwiches. From quadrille, to galloping polka and schottische, on and on through the breathless hours we went, with, for midnight climax, a romping Virginia reel.

And now came the event toward which the whole evening had progressed. We had long been catching tantalizing whiffs from the huge coffeepot boiling over the campfire. Lem slipped a stout stick through its handle and brought it steaming to the sandwich table, while we lined up to hold tin cups under it. Mothers called as they passed the heavy milk-pans, 'That's Sallie's chicken sandwich,' or, 'Try this ham one, it's Annie's.' Innumerable sandwiches were followed by innumerable thick slices of layer cake and wide cuts of pie. Such feasting! And for the fiddlers on their dais, too, of course. By this time all my anxieties had taken wing, for I had supposed all along that the supper ended the party. But now, wide-eyed, I found that we had only begun! One o'clock, two o'clock, three

o'clock; if the first half had been a jolly success, the second half was a riotous one. Reel after reel, till the first silver of dawn flooded the clearing. That was the signal.

The faithful fiddlers sheathed their bows and, with breakfast sandwiches in their hands, led off on the trail. The little children were shaken from their sleep on the benches, boilers and milk-pans and coffeepot were loaded into uncertain carts and wagons. I had expected to walk home, but 'rough' Bob Brown, whose way lay in quite a different direction, gallantly insisted that I ride his white horse, while he walked beside it as far as the Maguire flat. As he helped me seat myself side-wise on the cross-saddle, I saw that all the others who had horses were falling in behind me. Tired as I was, this friendliness almost brought tears. I remember, too, my delight in riding thus in white silk on a white horse at dawn. I had seen copies of Italian frescoes, and I wondered if, from some far height, Gozzoli or Ghirlandajo might be looking down upon our own rude little cavalcade winding in and out among the young hills.

The Rumbles had come to the dance, despite the fact that I had not yet spent the night with them — Mr. Rumble was the third trustee. Until then I had not seen him. I might be seventeen or nineteen, both were one to him. Between the Maguires and the Rumbles was bitter feud over an ancient fence, and if the Maguires could have prevented it, I should never have visited the Rumbles, school or no school. Their two little freckled, red-haired girls, in my fourth and sixth grades, were encouragingly quiet and obedient, but they had a stepbrother, almost thirty, and the hills echoed with tales of his mad ways. He had finally, some four years before I came, been committed to an asylum, from which he had just been released as cured. But according to the Maguires there existed no cure for such an evil one; and, though I tried in every way to forget him, terror of the 'released' shackled my steps as I started on the Monday evening after the dance for the Rumbles. I knew their house was no more than a barn-like, single room. How could I hope to escape him?

And yet they seemed, as they welcomed me, the most crushed and colorless family in the whole district. All through the evening meal, at the plank table near the stove, we chatted easily enough about the dance, the little girls' lessons, the fruitless struggle to wring anything from this corner of the California whose every acre they had pictured running with milk and honey. And in their talk I heard again the answer to the question I had at first asked myself almost hourly. Economically their struggle was hopeless. For though, as part of a vast Spanish grant, this land had once yielded to the great herds turned loose upon its slopes and fed them well, all later attempts like these to call paying green farms from its hard surfaces it resisted pitilessly. Why was this handful of men and women fighting on? Why was there any school at all; or one trustee, even such a one as Bill Williamson? Part of the answer I now knew. The glamour of the golden hills was upon them. Barren they might be, yet they were flowing with the milk and honey of poetry, and to these enduring pioneers this was compensation.

Always as we talked I kept close watch of the strangely silent 'released,' with his carrot-colored hair and trailing moustaches. I noticed with relief that there was a loft built out over a third of the kitchen, with a ladder running up to it; perhaps I was to sleep there. Luckily I was; and soon after supper I climbed the ladder with the two little

girls. Yet after we had crawled into our cots and the lamp was out below, it seemed so easy to roll off the unbalustraded platform and down to where lay the 'mad one,' that I gripped the cot bars, determined not to loosen my hold. But again I fell asleep, and awakened only when I heard the three grown-ups stirring about the stove. The pump and the tin wash-basin were outside, not far from the door, and after I had let the little girls climb down to get an early turn at the washing, I dressed and followed.

In the doorway I stopped transfixed. The grindstone stood close to the well, and beside it, with a long, sickle-like knife in his hand, which he alternately brandished and pressed against the glittering wheel, stood the 'released.' What an ugly knife, and what desperate flourishing of it! Not a word to me, only an intent look — no halt in the knife-waving! How I forced myself forward I do not know, but somehow I reached the pump, and then, trembling from head to foot, got back to the kitchen and the breakfast-making.

It was after that desperate morning picture that I sent word to mother, begging that my brother (he was nine!) be allowed to come to visit me. And as soon as she could despatch him, the blessed child arrived, laden with Sunday-School papers. From that day I experienced a wonderful sense of protection.

Saturday afternoons I helped Mamie herd the turkeys. She was chiefly responsible for a roving flock of forty. This was genuine sport, for, except where we ran upon certain old Indian paths, the hillsides were trailless and covered with a thick undergrowth of chemisal and manzanita; and the half-wild birds scattered far. No matter how often repeated, I always started on a hunt with zest. For it we had two mongrel horses, but no saddles; and to stick on, bareback, as we dashed through and over and under the dense brushwood required vigilant balancing. The search greatly excited the horses, and with every gobble I had to take an extra grip with my knees. It was astonishing that anything short of a big-game hunt could hold so many thrills and suspenses. Once I was thrown backward, but, fortunately, early in the ride, while my thick braids were still bound across the back of my head and acted as a shock-absorber. Mamie was badly frightened; for some minutes she thought me dead; but I was soon astride again and we were off, shoulder-deep in brush.

One by one we frightened the big birds out from under cover and pursued their flapping wings down the slope, until they seemed safely on their way to the roost — a clump of straggling trees on the outskirts of the black clearing. Of course, some of them always turned back and the scurrying and shooing had to be repeated. It was often deep dusk before, red-cheeked and with hair streaming, — no pins were proof against this riding, — we reined our sweating horses on the flat. As we leaped to the ground and began twisting our hair, Mrs. Maguire would appear in the doorway, thrusting back her own black wisps and shaking a fist at the turkey trees.

'Begosh, and I'd like to see ivery evil neck of thim wrung; next time may the coyotes get thim!' Then, peering, as Mamie and I started for the roost, she called sharply, 'Sure you got all, Mamie? Count right!'

If luck were good and the count tallied, we quickly rubbed down our horses, and then began a meticulous search for woodticks — it was just as well to forestall their unpleasant practice of burrowing with their heads into soft flesh. That over, unless it was

quite dark, I hurried for a dip in a stream a half-hour away; then supper, which we ate with gusto, no matter how under-baked or over-fried.

After the first hunt Mamie and I were pals. In the house and at school she had seemed just palely fat and silent, but out scurrying over the hillsides she wakened into life. We talked of other adventuring, of the world beyond the myriad hills. Mamie was twenty, and had never seen a railway train. When, one day, I said that somehow I was going to manage to borrow the cart and take her the two days' journey (forty miles) to the nearest track and show her a train, her eyes, usually so expressionless, shone with excitement. Could I? Would I? We kept our prodigious plan a secret until the hour was ripe. Then, one bright holiday morning, I boldly announced it; and before the family could catch its breath, we were off, behind shaggy old Maggie, in a cloud of dust.

It was pleasant to see Mamie's face as we caught our first glimpse of the golden wheat-fields of San Jacinto Valley; and again, the second day, as we rounded the shoulder of Mt. May, and the lovelier expanse of Silverado Valley lay spread out below us. And then, as we dropped down, and I saw the first railway tracks not far ahead, I pulled Maggie to a stop, praying for a train. Mamie stood up in the cart in her excitement, straining her eyes. And lo, my prayer was answered! I sighted a line of faded-red freight-cars slowly approaching; crawling, they seemed to me to be, but not to Mamie. She sank down close beside me. 'Let's back up,' she begged, as she took my hand. I pulled farther away. And then to her gasping terror and delight the terrific monster, with its amazing retinue, rolled by. It was about the slowest freight I had ever seen. Watching Mamie, I wondered what would have happened to her had her first experience been an express.

She continued to hold my hand tightly, silently, as our eyes followed along the shining rails until the mighty live thing had shrunk to only the thinnest line, and then was blotted out against the blue. In Mamie's soul something stirred. All the long way home she plied me with questions. How far was it going? To what kind of country? What was this freight that it carried? For Mamie market sources and outlets were the adobe flat on which she had grown up. Was the whole round earth striped with these marvelous silver bands? And the flying passenger train — was it like a shooting star? Would she ever have a chance to get on one? Would she dare? And above all (as old Mag's own particular snorting told us we were nearing the barn) would I take her again, to see just one more train go by?

Poor Mamie, how I longed to; but there was no further opportunity that term. And then I was moved far across the hills to a larger district. And finally, on a great day, I climbed to the platform of a train bearing southward, toward the grand buildings with the doors that opened on the world. And I thought of Mamie.

CHANGING THOUGHTS OF DEATH

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THREE times before I was ten years old, death came into our house.

Grandmother, who lived with us, and who had taught Fanny and me to read, died when I was six. Fanny and I talked about her death. Fanny was eight. When Christmas came again, Fanny astonished me by asserting that Grandmother had been alive at the previous Christmas. This I could not believe, truthful as I knew Fanny to be. Death had instantaneously removed Grandmother far in time, as she was far in space; far from associating with such things as Christmases; they were incongruous even to speak of in connection with her. I could have summed up my whole conception of death then in the word 'gulf.' So engulfing a thing it was to die, that Grandmother seemed thenceforth never to have lived. She had only moved mysteriously and touchingly among those of us who were really alive, as one who was set apart to die.

When I was eight years old, Fanny herself died; bright-haired Fanny, the fast runner. I never asked father or mother where she had gone. I felt that a sort of dark disgrace had crept over her, and drawn her away; and again, as with Grandmother, the shadow reached backward and darkened all her previous life. She too had been set apart to die. It seemed as if we must have known it always, and as if she must have known it, too, and felt the black magic, like a witch, whispering doom at her elbow. Strange, gruesome, and unfathomable death! turning grandmothers and sisters into ghostly strangers!

Our mother, and the two aunts who came out West to spend the winter with us, all three dressed in black. They wore crape veils. When people asked about Fanny, what had been the matter with her, they talked with loving yearning about her illness; how unexpected, how baffling it had been.

My little brother and I were rosy and fat, we romped and played, we went to bed early and slept well, we had good appetites, our nerves were tranquil, our lives were regular and pleasant. We seemed to have nothing morbid in our minds; and yet I believe that from my own mind, at least, the shadow of death was never wholly absent. If I 'caught cold,' I thought that I was an acolyte of death, and that fatal 'complications' would 'develop'; an hour of hearty indigestion would make me feel the sides of my coffin rising round me.

At Easter of that year our mother died, and Carl and I slipped naturally into the already homelike care of those two loving and familiar aunts. They brought us up in the New England village of our ancestors, a village thenceforth deeply beloved by us. It is in a valley renowned for its beauty. The beauty of this valley, without any reason that I know of, did away with some of my superstitious fear of death. How do bliss and beauty do away with fear? Perhaps they only fill the heart and crowd fear out. They flood the

darkness with light (a thing to remember in bringing up children).

When I was older, I sometimes went to funerals. They overshadowed me a little, perhaps. But it was only Cousin Ellen's funeral that ever gave me a wakeful night. Cousin Ellen had been moderately old, not very old. She had been a dearly prized friend and crony of mine. Her bound *St. Nicholas* was one of my delights; and she respected the secrets I told her. She was buried on a bleak, raw, dark, windy, snowy December afternoon. Carl and I went to her funeral. We went coasting afterward. But in the night I woke up, scourged with the sense of the desolation of death. It had less witchcraft now, but more of utter loss, and infinite removal.

I was then about fourteen. As I grew older, I had some nocturnal miseries of remorse for cross or flouting conduct toward my aunts, and in those bad quarters of hours I was helpless before the insupportable thought of their deaths. Their deaths I simply could not bear. I could not live through losing them. I felt prophetically then the simple grievousness of death. Most of its horror had fallen away from it, even that secondary horror of mere grimness, which the weather of Cousin Ellen's funeral had dramatized. The false face was now pretty well worn through, and one could see the natural countenance of Death, as the supreme author of loneliness, of anguish, the irrevocable Parter.

All these years the scenery of the traditional Heaven had been familiar to me, as to everyone; but along with it, I had been aware, as we all are, of the pious hush in our voices when we spoke of it, the unnatural passive smoothness of our assent to it, the absence of any matter-of-fact assumptions about it, any homely, whimsical detail. And when there was any casual talk of death among the grown-up members of our family and their friends, if I was listening, as I often listened, the impression that I gathered was of a frank ignorance, on their part, of everything to do with 'the next world.' They would speculate a little, and repeat the hypothesis of some author they had been reading, but would close their conversation by saying, 'Well! Nobody knows.' Especially was this so when I heard my father talking about death — my father, whom we always regarded without awe, as one who, on his visits to Vermont, did nothing else of his own free will but play with us.

Yet in the worn prayer-books of our elders, when we were dusting their bureaus, we used to find old clippings sticking out of the pages, containing poetry about the meeting again in Heaven of those who have been long parted by death. In my father's prayer-book were always five or six such clippings, describing the meeting, beyond the grave, of parents with lost children.

What little was left of my childhood sense of black magic and foreordination in death was finally cleared away by my brother's desperate illness when I was seventeen. He seemed at one time to be almost visibly sinking into the grave. When he recovered, a crowd of attenuated old superstitions blew away from me forever. Death remained, though unmasked of all his shadowy trimmings, the stark creator of loneliness, the Parter, the black threat over life. The symbolic skeleton exactly expressed death to me in these years.

And yet there was already sprouting in my mind the sense of death's possible fascination and magnificence. The courage of those who risk death, the dazzling courage of the martyr, took hold of my imagination as of a musical instrument, and began to trail sounds

and echoes round the thought of voluntary death. I shuddered away from it, yet thrilled toward it, and faintly understood the jubilation Latimer is said to have felt before his burning, when he shouted to Master Ridley that they two would light a candle that day in England that would never be put out.

In a period of some youthful sadness of his own, which coincided with a period of sadness in my life also, my brother once inquired,

'Did you ever think of the possibility of successive lives on earth?'

An instantaneous assent to this theory leaped up in my mind. It seemed to me most comfortingly homelike and natural, and pleasant, too, above all other possibilities. I greatly wished it to be true. I suppose it fulfilled a lifelong need which I had felt, which probably we all feel, for bringing death within range, for domesticating death. Though I was obliged in honesty to admit to myself that there were puzzling difficulties involved in this hypothesis, I rested in it throughout my twenties, as the most congenial notion about death that I had ever had.

People to whom I spoke of it, however, seldom liked the idea. They regarded it as a vast risk, if not an actual punishment, to return to earth again. But would you not like, I asked in wonder, to live your life over again — you, a member of the owning class, whose life, I should think, has surely been very pleasant? Not for worlds! they said. I could not find, among all the people I asked, more than two or three who tolerated the idea.

When death took away, first, the elder of our mothering aunts, and a few years later, our father, I experienced exactly what older friends had long told me I should experience — a feeling of intimacy, a solid sense of acquaintance with death. We who remained had seemed almost to go through the gate, almost for a moment had seemed to shut it behind us, to shut ourselves into the hereafter with the tranquilly, dreamily dying ones whose hands we clasped. For a few weeks we almost seemed to have the key of the gate, almost felt that we had visited them actually in dreams, which utterly laid the ghosts of all imaginable misunderstandings. These intenser dreams often leave a lasting impression. In my own experience the effect of one such dream has remained conclusive for twenty-two years.

Somewhere in his writings, William James speculates whether personal immortality may be achievable rather than inevitable. This notion impressed me very much. I remember several times thinking, 'Well, perhaps we can have immortality if we want it enough to create it.' In a book by Henry Holt I was struck by the notion that we perhaps are dipped up from the stream of cosmic being like a dipperful of water, are kept separate for a time, then poured back again. Both these notions, however, I failed to realize emotionally, or otherwise to incorporate them into my life; and in the same way I failed to make any use of Spinoza's noble conception that we are immortal while we are occupied with immortal values, and only then.

But during my thirties I began to think of death as a pleasurable adventure. This view I think resulted partly from the fact that my life had been a sort of crescendo, each decade turning out to be happier than the one before it, though all were happy. Then, too, I became a Socialist during this time, and felt to the full the adventurous happiness that such a step involved, when taken by a woman born a Victorian in some of the worst senses of that word. It was natural, accordingly, to think of death as a still more abounding experience; and the

mood of two old persons whom I knew endorsed this feeling. Each of them was in the nineties. The granddaughter of one of them said to me afterward, —

'You know, my grandmother was a woman of a very pleasant disposition; but when she became very old, and all her old friends died, she was positively disappointed at being left alive. She was actually a little cross about it, like a schoolgirl left out of a picnic.'

The other old Vermonter, when he was eighty-nine, said to me, —

'I am sometimes extremely impatient to see what is on the other side of the door.'

And going myself to tea one evening with three other women, one of whom was greatly the senior of the rest of us, I remember feeling a momentary faint envy of her, as probably destined to enjoy before the rest of us the prime adventure of dying.

I remained for about eight or ten years under this conception of death. It was possibly colored a little by a winter which we spent in Italy during this time, where I, who had never before cared to travel, was especially enthralled by the dark glimmering beauty of the Italian gardens. In a poem which I wrote that year called 'Death the Adventure,' it was natural to use the expression: —

Courage! Home is not all; there are houses and gardens elsewhere
Elsewhere gardens, perhaps, more lovely than are the Italian.

In these years I began to practice self-suggestion, at first for an expensive sinus ailment, and then to release my social passions into my verses. Self-suggestion finally brought me into the habit of daily realizing by contemplation such hopes and aspirations as the hope of immortality, and that of social sharing. For a year or two I used to look out the window every night on going to bed, and to conceive of the spirit as going out of the small room of mortal life into the invigorating fresh air of the everlasting life. A cousin of ours died, during the early years of the World War, from a distressing malady; and this use of self-suggestion enabled me to bear the fruitless recollection of her sufferings by dwelling on her approach to immortal health and freedom. Unspeakable refreshment of spirit always resulted from these contemplations; and the sleep which followed them was a revelation of what sleep might be.

My forties have been extraordinarily lucky. They begin to cast forward toward death a shaft of beaming brightness. So full now is my sense of life, that the best of earlier expectations seem pale to me now, as not good enough to be true. Is it because of this satisfaction with earthly life at its pleasantest, that concern for our personal immortality has been fast drifting away? Though I am sure experience has always been the motive of the changes in my thoughts of death, reading too, of course, has influenced them. Masefield's series of great sonnets on beauty, love, and death has had, for instance, a large, though vague, power over my imagination. Much more clearly I am aware of the effect on me of reading the popular new histories of the world. In these rapid sketches of the whole of terrestrial time, the earth appears (to me for the first time) as a live creature, with strong bents, motives, and creative powers of its own. To read so swiftly the tale of evolution gives me a vivid, confident, warm feeling toward the earth. In its age of reptiles — in its ages, before that, of sterile rock — in its ages, before that, of steaming flame, the earth was conceiving me — conceiving Buddha, and Jesus! In such an earth shall we not confide? And if, at death, our elements scatter

again into loam, dew, and rocky salts, how can we, even so, lose a jot or tittle of what we are? How can we lose one fleeting trace of lovability that our friends prize in us?

No energy can ever be lost; then, not our fiery predilections! Electron with loved electron will meet again, for none are lost, and all are evermore moving. Where they meet, there bliss will be; and whether in life of man, or beast, or tree, in ocean or volcano, what matter? In those moods when we long for a shared, a communal life, a life without exclusions, the thought of deeply mingling at death with the life of others presents a lovely face. It seems only an enlargement of the process that all loving sets up, the process of escaping from self into absorption in another's life. Lovers, parents, saints, all who practise the self-escaping life, who plunge into the vicissitudes of others, forgetting their own, are perpetually bewildered by finding themselves freer, happier, more fully themselves, more blithely alive, than ever. Why may not death, developing this experience, enable us to give and take a warmer than mortal embrace, and prove the moment of keenest pleasure that we have ever known?

ADVENTURES IN CHRISTIANITY

BY PHILIP CABOT

I

I AM here trying to set down the conclusions of fifty years of what might be called experimental living and about five years of sorting out and arranging the results, and although these conclusions are none of them new I am now clear that they are essential to my life. But I had to discover them for myself through years of the most painful search, which very nearly killed me. They were not taught me, nor even hinted at by others, and I have now written them down without shame (commonplace though they are) because I hope that they may be suggestive to others.

We have passed through, I think, a period of great change, which has rendered the visibility of our world so low that each of us has been like a ship captain navigating in a fog where his compass was useless and he could get no observation of the sun. Now it is clearing, and like the lookout in the crosstrees I report what I see.

If anybody who happens to read this should observe that it is all to be found in the works of abstract thinkers, some of which were written centuries ago, I shall not be surprised. In fact, I should be both surprised and shocked if it were otherwise; for if the experience of my own life is not borne out by the experience of the race from the dawn of history I am either a lunatic or have failed to understand my own life.

I have not read the books and probably should have learned nothing from them if I had, for I do not learn much

from books, nor do most other men. The books of great abstract thinkers are truly closed to most of us. I landed high and dry in the first chapters of Saint Augustine, Kant, and Swedenborg, and there stuck fast for thirty years, and I am not ashamed of it. It is exactly what one must expect, for no man can think abstractly to any purpose until he has lived concretely, and no other man can understand my words unless he has had my experience. The only book which is open to all is the Book of Life — a man's own personal experience. I therefore make no apology for interpreting what I see in terms of my own experience. I can do nothing else, and I am not without hope that a glimpse of how I have reduced my religious conceptions from chaos to disorder may be suggestive to other men.

In the *Atlantic* for August 1923 I attempted to record the process by which I arrived at the conclusion that without faith in God a man may be hard put to it to prove that he can accurately be called alive; and I shall now try to outline a method by which such a faith may be revived and maintained.

But some man may have the curiosity to inquire what I mean by faith in God; or, in other words, what is the nature of the relation of man to his God which I desire to maintain. It is a fair question. If I cannot give him an answer it is useless to expect him to go farther.

I *can* give him an answer which meets my own need in regard to those aspects of man's relation to God with which I have here to deal. As Christians, we believe that God is the source of life and power; but so do men of all religions. One of the most essential teachings of Christ, however, — a thread which runs through the whole fabric of it, — seems to me to be not only that God is the *source* of all power, but that all power *remains* in God. Power is not given to man to act as and of himself. In an age when we are surrounded with the appearance of material power, such a belief is particularly difficult for a business man to grasp. His daily life seems to be passed in exercising the powers which modern science has bestowed upon him, and it is hard for him to imagine that he has no power in himself.

This, I suppose, is what we mean when we say we live in a material or scientific age.

The great pioneers of science are often accused of undermining our religious faith; but I do not find it so, for the industries in which I have worked and which have deeply affected my character furnish me with the most vivid symbols of my faith. I worked for years with electrical engineers, and I take an example from that field of industry.

Using the language of the trade, if we call God the Power House, or Generating Station, and man the transmitting wire to the factory or to the job, we get what is to me an illuminating analogy. In that case, there is no power in the *wire:* the wire simply passes the power on. It is true that appearances are otherwise, for if you carelessly take hold of a live wire it may kill you. Many of us have seen a broken trolley-wire squirming and blazing in the street. Some of us have been in the high-tension room of a power house during a thunder storm, when the lightning broke across the horn-gaps of the transformers with the sound of machine-gun fire, or at the main switchboard when the sudden dead grounding of the transmission line blew out a main breaker with a roar like a riven oak. Such scenes make fine images of a type of Hell which is now out of fashion, but which may return.

It is hard to imagine that there is

no power in the wire, but it is true all the same. Disconnect it for a second from the power house and it is dead. The wire has no power. It merely passes it on.

And so it is, I think, with God and man. We may pray for power to do something for ourselves, but we shall not get it. If we ask for power to do the will of God, He will pass the power through us and His purpose will be carried out.

And the simile goes still farther. Many men have observed that when they pray fiercely, demanding help from God, they do not get it. Only when they surrender themselves to God's will and ask Him to work through them, is their prayer answered. It is just so with the transmission wire. The current will follow the path of least resistance. If there is resistance in one wire the current will take another path; there are plenty more. And thus God has many servants who can execute His will, and He chooses those who do not resist but who surrender themselves to Him.

Sometimes the prayer for personal power appears to be answered; but it is the prayer of the worshipers of Mammon. The Devil does give personal power, but he sells it at a price. You may make a compact with the Devil for worldly power and he will give it; but you must serve him and you must live in Hell. As he said to Jesus, after showing him all the kingdoms of the world: 'All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' He got his answer. Most men, if they see clearly, will give the same one.

II

It has taken me more than thirty years to grasp this relationship of man to God, and it is not surprising, therefore, that I am keenly interested to discover how such a faith can be found and laid hold upon before it is too late. Obviously, we should be taught it at a very early age. But why was it not taught to me? Mainly, I think, because I was too dull to learn, but there were other contributing causes.

To our fathers the faith in God by which they lived and which radiated through their lives was taught in their homes and in their schools. For they were born at a time when the school-teachers were mostly ministers, and when even in the colleges the Christian religion was still taught. But in our day Democracy has banished religious teaching from the schools and we know full well that it is not taught in our homes, for men cannot teach what they do not know.

Just what has been *the cause* of the decay of religious faith it would be folly to try to state. No man knows *the cause*, but we can see some of the causes. During the last hundred years science has torn aside the veil of mystery in so many places and exposed such marvels to our view that our attention has become concentrated on the material world, on the laws of evolution and change, and on what we call 'progress.' With minds fixed upon the ideas of time and change the conception of a God of Infinite Power, to Whom there is no such thing as change — to Whom Past, Present, and Future are the Everlasting Now — is almost impossible. We can hardly be so engrossed in the visible world and give much thought to the Unseen.

And then too, the Protestant churches, at least, must deal with a class of men in whom the poetic imagination and the stirrings of emotion have been stifled by the intellect. With such men the religious poetry of the ancient faith gets a scant hearing. The modern system of pseudo-scientific education has so loaded our

minds with undigested (perhaps indigestible) facts that the imaginative faculty, which is essential to religion, has been smothered.

But, I repeat, religious faith must be taught, and if it cannot be done in the ways of our fathers we must find another. 'Where hope and faith have vanished and even love grows dim,' the old avenues of approach are blocked and the motives which set our fathers going will not move us. One great motive force, however, remains to us — the power of Fear.

In all the ages of the past fear has been one of the most powerful motives of the race. The most ancient teachers of religion were forever preaching the terrors of Hell, a practice which has been followed by most preachers of the Gospel, down to this generation. In the present day the practice has fallen into disrepute because it seems to have the effect of driving worshipers out of the church instead of into it. In an ordered world where every effect has a cause there must, I think, be a reason for this, and if you will be patient with me, perhaps I can throw some light upon this point.

But in the meantime, I repeat, if our faith is to be revived we must fall back upon the power of fear. In doing this we shall have one great advantage, namely, that we are not attempting to introduce a new motive; quite the opposite, in fact, for our lives are now dominated mainly by fear or by fears. It is our heritage from the brutes. All animals live in habitual fear of their enemies; our great-grandfathers ten thousand times removed lived in terror of dynosaurs and demons; the Psalmists lived in terror of their enemies, and we also live among fears. The workman fears unemployment, and the shop girl fears old-maidhood; the business man fears hard times, his wife fears to be out of fashion. I am afraid of a draught, Jones is afraid of his wife, who browbeats him, and she lives in terror of her cook. We all unite in the fear of death.

And, moreover, we know very well that anger and hatred are the children of Fear. Fear was what finally drove us to war with Germany, and the present condition of Europe is due to fear.

That most of our fears are groundless (what the medico-psychologists call 'phobias') increases rather than weakens their power over us. No man can look his world squarely in the face and deny that we are the servants, or the slaves of, fear, so that when I suggest the power of fear as a working motive, I am not advocating the introduction of fear into a world ruled by love, but the substitution of one Holy Fear — the Fear of the Lord — for the multitude of fears and phobias which now control it.

To make the suggestion practical, I propose that we follow the example of the business world. We live in an era of combination rather than competition in industry. We combine factories into trusts for the sake of efficiency and economy in operation. If carried too far this process collides with the Sherman Anti-Trust Act; but suppose we were to combine all our fears in one huge combination or trust — the Trust in God. The result would be to abolish all independent fears and free us from the slavery of fear under which we groan. Just fancy the increase of efficiency and the economy of such a Trust; all our fears, the fear of the poorhouse, the fear of accident and disease, the fear of our neighbors and a bleak old age, even the fear of death, wiped out by consolidation into the Trust of God. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' indeed — I think almost the whole of it; and it is also the beginning and the whole of liberty.

For the benefit of the lawyers who are expert in dealing with fear, I pause to remark that such a Trust not being 'in restraint of trade' may be made a complete monopoly without violating the Sherman Act and that the Mosaic Law does not appear to contain any statute against monopolies.

III

The fear of God I take to be the reverence and awe with which men regard His Goodness and Wisdom, and the terror and misery in which men live when they have disobeyed and broken His law. No man may see the face of God, and we must learn to fear Him by personal experience of the consequences of sin so biting as to make this truth eat into our very souls. We can, however, be taught much in regard to it, and we ought to be. I lived in Hell for years without knowing how to get out of it, and it was what seemed like accident and the fear of death which finally brought me the knowledge.

The first point to make clear to ourselves is, of course, what we mean by Hell. The early Christian conception and one which is still held by a large porportion of Christian worshipers, was of a place in which the souls of men *after death* suffered eternal torment on account of the sins committed during their lives. Some of the greatest works of art produced by the race have pictured this place with the minutest detail. But these descriptions are at best the efforts of the finite mind to measure the Infinite. To grasp and to hold them as part of his faith a man's centre of gravity must be in the heart and not in the head, and for many Protestant Christians such a poetic conception is quite impossible. Its place is occupied by a very nebulous or unreal substitute. This will not do. Hell is a reality, vital to our lives. When Hell has faded away, Faith fades too, and spiritual death is the result. Imaginative torpor has doubtless served to dim the vision of Hell, but there is, I think, another cause.

The Hell of the early Christian was a main pillar of the ecclesiastical structure of the Roman Catholic Church, which taught its members that someone in Heaven (usually symbolized as Saint Peter) kept a ledger account with every human soul in which every act of his life was appraised with divine precision and duly set down upon the books. The complications of such a system to the mind of the modern expert accountant are staggering, for besides the billions of accounts which were always open, the normal birth and death rate of mankind required the opening and closing of several hundred thousand accounts each day. And worse than that it did not conform to the standards of sound bookkeeping. Price, Waterhouse & Co. would utterly condemn it, for the accounts were never balanced until the debtor died. At all other times it was impossible for a man to learn how his account stood and whether he was headed for Heaven or Hell. This left him in a state of intolerable suspense from which he absolutely must escape, and if his Church did not provide him with a method he must leave it and go to another. This, I think, is the reason why Protestant preachers in this generation are so shy of taking the terrors of Hell for a text. It results, they find, in emptying their churches.

But the Roman Church did provide a method of escape. It faced and conquered this dilemma with the skillful ecclesiastical strategy which has ever characterized it. The Pope, being the direct successor of Saint Peter, had a perfect understanding with him, and while he could not furnish a man with an accurate statement of his account in

Heaven, because it was not made up, he could guarantee that the credits would exceed the debits and that the true believer would not go to Hell. For the Pope, as Christ's deputy, and his priests, as deputies from him, had the power to forgive a man his sins after confession and penance.

But the Protestant, who denied the power of any man, even the Pope, to forgive the sins of another, had lost this refuge from the storm, and if he continued to believe in Heaven and Hell his position was one of unbearable anxiety. With Hell burning, so to speak, before his eyes, he did not know and no man could tell him up to the day of his death, whether he was bound there or not.

The leaders of the Reformation, when they cut adrift from the Church of Rome, and denied some (but not all) of its dogmas, do not appear to have grasped the fact that this structure is a connected whole and that you cannot destroy a part of it and keep the rest. Augustine and Aquinas were not feeble-minded persons. The structure which they built was a masterpiece of art, and the reformers who tore away the doctrine of forgiveness of sin simply brought it down about their ears. Their efforts to shore it up have been lamentable failures. The high priests have continued to live among the ruins but the congregations have fled.

This is, I think, one of the main causes of the vanishing of Hell from the thought of our daily lives. Men were forced to it, for the agony of believing vividly in Hell and of never knowing how you could escape it would drive men mad. But 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' and the individual (though not his church) has found a way out, which is ingenious and complete. The Protestant who could never be sure that the debits in his account would not exceed the credits solved the equation by boldly wiping out *all the debits*. This he accomplished by reasoning himself clean out of his belief in Hell, and some of us, I fear, are more ingenious than honest, for we have wiped out the debits and let the credits stand. Hell has disappeared but Heaven remains — a little misty perhaps, but there nevertheless.

This is no jest, for it is what I did, and it can fairly be called the business man's solution of the problem. We have been subconsciously ashamed of it, and it would have been impossible but for the feebleness of our faith.

I lived in that belief for many years, but now I think I have learned a better one. The fear of death drove me in upon myself and taught me another conception of Hell. It is one which I believe I share with many of my contemporaries, and while it is far less poetic than that of the early Christians, it is perhaps better adapted to my type of mind. Some of my contemporaries seem to feel that they have made an advance and have arrived at a higher point of religious development; but while I share their view of Hell, I do not look upon it as an advance, for we are here struggling with an impossible task, the effort to grasp and describe the Infinite. The finite mind cannot do it. We can only fall back upon poetry and music to give us some image or symbol of the thing for which we seek; and it seems to me that the Hell of Dante, for example, is in a way finer and more poetic than the intellectual Protestant conception which I shall try to sketch.

IV

Following the example of science, I match the theory of the conservation of energy which assumes that energy is immortal and every blow is conserved, with the theory of the immortality of the soul and every act irrev-

ocable. I believe, in short, that every act and every thought is etched indelibly upon the soul and will remain there for all eternity. For the accounting system of Saint Peter I substitute an automatic system kept for itself by each individual soul, the balance of which is struck every instant; and the spiritual habitation of each soul is known to itself. Instead of waiting until we die to go to Heaven or to Hell, we live in Heaven or in Hell here and now, and thereafter forevermore, according to the import of our daily lives.

Do not imagine that such a Hell is inferior in its terrors to the Hell of Dante. No man, who has so mismanaged his life as to experience it will complain that it lacks anything in variety or fierceness of tortures. To be suddenly confronted in the watches of the night with your irrevocable act in all its naked ugliness will whiten the face of the boldest. These tortures commonly take the form of fears (real or imaginary) whose number is legion, which drive a man through a welter of needless hurry to the injury of his work and the ruin of his nerves and which destroy the joy of life. They are, in fact, those very fears to which I have previously referred.

Of the Heaven which stands against it, I cannot speak. I have never been there, but such glimpses of it as I have obtained are deeply cheering. It will never be described in words for it is a harmony beyond their reach, like music; as well try to set down in plain English a great Beethoven symphony.

Such a Heaven and Hell are perhaps better suited to the scientific temper of our day than the dramatic terror of the fires of Dante's Hell and the ineffable bliss of a Heaven up in the clouds. Our anxious wives have trained us to beware of damp cellars, and for a man who wears Jaeger underclothing, the garments of the angels look suspiciously like cotton. That I am unable to grasp the Hell of Dante may well be a serious spiritual color-blindness (I rather think it is) but being color-blind is my misfortune and not my fault. It is no use to make believe that I can see when I cannot. I must make the best of such powers as I have.

And if some of the faithful seek to entice me into argument by charging that I have dragged down Hell to the level of my own degraded soul, I must reply that the point is not debatable. The most masterly descriptions of Hell are at best working hypotheses, the purpose of which is to help men to understand the Universe in which they live and to tune themselves in harmony with it. You may call my Hell, if you choose, the Hell of the stockbroker, but stockbrokers as well as saints have souls to be saved and they are more in need of saving. If this conception of Hell catches my mind and lights up my imagination, it has served its purpose: namely, as a starting-point or a jumping-off place for a faith in God by which I can steer my course through life. In such a Hell I can and do believe.

But mark this well. Your stockbroker, with his conception of Hell organized on strictly business principles, may have achieved a measure of certainty which he craves; he can find out, if he wants to, whether he is headed for Heaven or Hell by consulting his own soul. But he has not escaped from the penalties of sin. If confession, penance, and absolution are beyond his reach, where shall he look for help to save him from the penalty of his sins? The question cuts deep, and he who shall seek to arouse another to such a belief in Hell must beware lest he succeed and drive his poor brother to the madhouse, fleeing in panic terror from the Hell to which his sins, by the evidence of his own soul, condemn him, from which he is

powerless to save himself, and from which no man can save him. But to this there is an answer. It is true that he is *powerless to save himself*, but his God can save him. Let him conceive of himself as the transmission wire to which I have referred and pray his God to use him.

'Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.' No, by no means if you will help to get it out.

V

For those who are unable to believe that any man, however saintly, can grant absolution for the sin of another, and who at the same time hold the doctrine of the irrevocable nature of every act, repentance and the confessional may seem to have lost their value. But it is not so; for them these are even more vital than for others. The feeling of repentance and the desire to be forgiven are not enough while they remain in the sphere of emotion and sentiment. Complete repentance demands that the sin be dragged out into the daylight of the mind, be stripped naked and fully exposed to view. To accomplish this the spoken word is for most of us essential, for we think best when we think aloud, that is — when we talk. It is not for nothing that the confessional has survived all these centuries despite its frequent abuse.

In strict theory a man can and perhaps should confess directly to God, but it is a hard thing to do. Most men need a father confessor to help them explore their souls, root out the sins from their hiding-places, and to define and sort them out. Few of us can do this unaided. The confessor need not necessarily be a priest. A man may confess to his wife or to his friend, but most of us will find help in confession to someone.

He who cannot confess his sin to man must confess it to God. His prayers of confession must cover every feature of his sin and expose every part of it to view. Only so can it be made utterly vivid to the man himself.

He must exhaust his imagination and his will-power to develop the technique of his praying to the highest possible pitch. Then he can ask forgiveness of his God and he will experience an incredible sense of relief. But to what is this sense of relief due? We can hardly suppose that an all-wise God would violate His own law on our behalf. If the act is irrevocable the stain cannot be wiped away. Whence, then, this wave of calmness? What has taken place? For me, the answer is this. The prayers and longings of true repentance have converted the sin into an experience and stamped it so indelibly upon the soul that real growth has taken place. I can never sin in quite that fashion again. Achievements such as this are the stones out of which our character is built. We may well believe that such a process of building is the purpose of our lives in this world, and this may perhaps explain the common experience of men that they often gain more from sin and failure than from what look like virtue and success. Beware the man who never sinned. Like the bond salesman 'in business for forty years, sir, and never lost a dollar for a customer'; he is either a liar or a lunatic.

This view of the effect of repentance is, I think, quite in harmony with the teachings of Christ. 'Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.' It could not well be otherwise if God is all-wise. But if this be true it must also be true that God knows our sins before we confess them or even before we commit them. We cannot give any information to our God, and therefore the purpose of confession

must be mainly for its effect upon the character of the man himself. I confess and examine my sin, in order that I may not commit another by seeking to hide it from my God. I cannot hide it and I must not try.

My picture of the stockbroker fleeing in terror from the judgment of his own soul is, however, fanciful, not to say fantastic. He often lives in Hell but his descent has been gradual; he has become habituated to it and many of his friends are there too. He recognizes where he is well enough but he will make no effort to escape. Of course, it is the office of the Church to teach him the folly of this course, but it is no easy task. His soul is asleep. Call him never so loudly you shall not wake him. But there comes a time in middle life when most of us awake to see the road stretch straight and dusty to the grave, and then is the opportunity of the priest. If he seize it with vigor he may succeed.

But how shall he do it? Let us not deceive ourselves. No conception of Hell and no theory of atonement and salvation by the prayer of confession will achieve any important results so long as they remain theories. Such intellectual conceptions are in the brain, an organ easily accessible but powerless to produce action. Countless works of religion and philosophy have dealt with the nature of God, His relation to man, the nature of Hell, and the problems of prayer, confession and forgiveness of sin. Every type of heart and mind can find a statement suited to its need, but they are of no use as long as they remain in the mind. Not until they get into the great region of the emotions, which is the seat of action, can they become the working motives that control men's lives.

The Christian religion, as I see it in the Protestant churches, might be compared to a great Rolls-Royce car, perfect in most particulars but with a burnt-out ignition system; a cunningly devised machine of great power, but one which in this condition is useless. The problem of these churches is to get their ignition systems running. If they fail they will remain as empty as they now are. Their records appear to show that their membership is rapidly increasing, but my own observation leads me to suspect that if the congregations were counted instead of the membership the figures would not agree, for the fact is most of them are nearly empty and in summer many are closed.

When Jesus found the Temple at Jerusalem full of traders he exclaimed, 'My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.' But are our churches in better case? The ancient Hebrews, I fancy, were in the same dilemma as ourselves. In the periods between festivals there was not enough business to occupy the Temple as 'a house of prayer,' and so, being a commercial people, they used it for a stock exchange. But at least they *used* it while our closed or empty churches have been turned not 'into dens of thieves' but into dens of spiders.

It is a tragic situation and one which must be remedied or we shall perish. But how can it be done? How can the practice of worship be revived? What type of ignition system can we devise which will restart this great engine?

VI

Be of good cheer. The task is not hopeless, for the dilemma is no new one. Men in the past have grappled with this demon and defeated him. It can be done again. The method most often tried is exhortation by the ministers, but it is commonly ineffective. The congregations sleep on. As one minister

said when I advised him to preach more often about Hell, 'I have been preaching Hell for twenty years without the slightest effect.'

The revivalists were somewhat more effective. Men like Moody converted thousands, and on the whole they left their world better than they found it. They were preachers of extraordinary power, and they were shrewd enough to have a partner with them. Moody would have been powerless without Sankey and Billy Sunday without Rodeheaver. They began by stirring the emotions by the power of music, and when the audience was thoroughly afire the appeal of the preacher found its mark.

Many were converted, but the method had serious defects, for it is notorious that most of the conversions were only temporary and evil passions as well as good ones were aroused, so that the practice has fallen into disrepute as it ought to have. The remedy was incomplete. Those men brought an ignition system with them and started many a man's engine for him, but when the revival was over they packed their trunks, put the starting mechanism in their pockets, and went away.

When a man's engine ran down he had no way to start it again. It is no use to take your motor-car to a repair shop, repair the ignition and set it going if you leave without the starting-crank. A man must have a self-starter, which the method of the great revivalists does not provide. Their system of ignition was more like a bonfire. It went off with an explosion that often did more harm than good and then it went out.

The fact appears to be that permanent awakening of a man's soul does not result from the action of *another man*. Some way must be found to enable a man to tap some source of power which will do for him what the revivalist sought to do. When awakened and set in motion by the act of another his soul may run for a time, but for a time only. Then it will run down and it must be wound up again.

Unfortunately, there is no key with which the soul can be wound up like a watch. From the earliest times ingenious minds have been at work upon the problem. Many devices have been invented and patents duly applied for. Under favorable conditions and in special cases many of them work well, but as a class they impressed me very much like patent medicines. They work temporarily but the effect wears off and you have to go and buy another one.

There used to be, however, what the engineers call 'a standard practice,' used throughout the world for thousands of years with success but of late generally abandoned. It is high time it was revived. I refer to fasting as a preparation for prayer. In ancient, and in fact, down to quite modern times, fasting and prayer were so closely connected that it was almost like the marriage tie, but nowadays fasting is regarded as unhygienic and a little disreputable.

During the last season of Lent, our daily papers reported a sermon by a well-known minister preached to a fashionable congregation on the injunction to fast as it should now be interpreted. It was a good sermon by a truly spiritual man, and, considering the prejudices of his audience and their habits of eating, what he said was doubtless wise, for he pointed out that perhaps it was not intended that we should take this particular teaching in a too literal sense; that spiritual, rather than bodily, fasting was meant and the public, as represented in the press, appeared to regard this as good common sense.

Nor was the preacher alone. I have myself heard fasting referred to very often as if it were disreputable, and I have never heard anyone remark upon the possible unwisdom of feeding a body already overfed and starving a soul nearly reduced to coma. Perhaps this is an application of the teaching that, 'For he that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath.' But to me this is dangerous literalism.

My criticism of this preacher was that (as is all too often the case with men of his cloth) he had no personal knowledge of that whereof he spoke, while the ancient prophet who gave the law undeniably had. For to men of all races in their primitive state famine was a common occurrence and all men were familiar with the sensations of starvation even to the point of death. In which fact lies the explanation of the knowledge which came to the acuter minds of every race whose history we know that a certain degree of starvation would produce a state of mind highly favorable to religious worship and to the purging of the soul by confession of sin.

Only men of very recent times indeed have been deprived of this essential experience by being practically guaranteed three square meals a day for life. It is an achievement of doubtful value.

The priests or 'medicine men' of every race knew this fact by experience and were deeply skilled in the use of it to control the minds and souls of their worshipers or patients, and it is, I think, something more than a coincidence that the northern and Asiatic races which, on account of climatic conditions, have had more experience of fasting than the people of the tropics, have originated and developed all of the great religions of the world.

VII

It is important to make clear the distinction between fasting as a religious exercise and starvation, for the effects are quite opposite. Starvation when forced upon a man will bring out all that is worst in him, and the reason is not far to seek. A starving man will labor terribly to provide himself with food, thus drawing down an already reduced vitality and flooding his mind with a feeling of anger and of fear. His whole attitude is one of fighting an enemy, while that of the worshiper who fasts as an aid to prayer is exactly the reverse. With him it is an act which he does of his own will, entered upon and carried out with calmness and purpose. Instead of fighting madly to escape, he rests with a clear and quiet mind, conserving his bodily strength so that his vitality is not impaired. As compared with a man at work, one third of the supply of food will maintain a man at rest, especially if his mind as well as his body is at ease and he has no cause for anxiety. This distinction between fasting and starving is vital.

The practice of fasting is, I believe, the way in which a man may reach the spring of action in his own soul. If he will put his finger on it periodically there is more than a chance that his conversion will be permanent.

This is not a mere notion of mine, for it has been my fortune to have been forced by disease into a course of regulated fasting extending over about ten years, and as a result I can testify of my own knowledge to the effects of it. My fasting has covered the whole range from complete starvation for short periods up to about one third of the diet of a normal working man. For many years it has never exceeded that, and I know that in my own case mental

and spiritual conditions which very closely resemble those described by the Holy Men of the East and by the Saints of Europe can thus be produced.

Everyone is familiar with the feeling which follows a heavy meal, in which vapors ascending from the stomach seem to cloud the brain with the grosser and more sensual conceptions. With me fasting has just the opposite effect. The mind becomes clear and calm, the imagination is more active, music and poetry stimulate more, and the whole region of emotional and spiritual consciousness is brought into the foreground. After the first discomfort has passed away complete starvation will produce a feeling of exhilarating lightness and great mental activity, in which the prayer of confession, involving the keenest self-analysis, is most effective.

After such a period a small amount of food will go to your head like wine and produce sensations of religious emotion and mystic joy which are not accessible to me by any other road. It is, perhaps, only honest to say that I have known one man in whom alcohol would produce just such an effect, and Mr. L. P. Jacks describes such a man in Snarley Bob, in his *Mad Shepherds.* But such cases are extremely rare and are, I believe, quite irrelevant, for the emotional reactions produced by alcohol are *usually* like the dream states of chloroform and ether which Professor James investigated. These anæsthetics do actually bring into the sphere of consciousness imaginative conceptions indistinguishable from the revelations of the mystic, except in one essential particular — they vanish and leave no trace.

But there is no question that for me fasting, regulated with skill, will accomplish two results. It will subordinate and bring under control the lusts of the flesh which poison the religious emotion, and it will make audible the 'still small voice,' or, as I prefer to call it, the harmonic or overtone, which is the Voice of God, and which is inaudible to most men in the normal clatter of their lives. The Communion of Silence, which is the time when God speaks to us, is to me another version of the same fact.

And as to the lusts of the flesh, which shut us off from such communion, I have this suggestion. It is a well-known fact that true and lasting conversion most commonly takes place after a man is forty, and I think it is more than a coincidence that this is the period in men's lives when nervous breakdown is most common in Americans. Many a doctor has told such a patient in effect that what he needed was not a tonic but a faith.

The sudden awakening to which I referred before comes at this period, which seems to resemble the climacteric in women, and I have come to believe that if at a very much earlier age the lusts of the flesh were brought under control by systematic periods of fasting, permanent conversion could be produced earlier and many a shattering collapse of middle life averted.

But fasting is too dangerous a thing to be practised by an amateur without direction. There is nothing new about that. The old books are full of instructions as to how, and how far, to proceed, but the amazing progress of medical science in our time has put them out of date. The doctors can and will instruct a man better how to proceed and what he may safely do. Their patients consult them freely when the insurance agent tells them that they are dangerously overweight, and any man will fast quick enough when he has a belly ache. But an ache of the soul gets far less attention, although it is far more dangerous. Few men die of a stomach ache, but a diseased soul is

the cause of half the deaths of the body — and yet we commonly disregard it. Far be it from me to say that we are worshipers of a belly god, but I am bold enough to suggest that the god of our bellies seems to be more real to most of us than the God of our souls. Many a man has said to me when I urged upon him the importance of worship, 'Oh, I get along very well without that sort of thing!' — and the worst of it is that he honestly thinks so.

I am firmly convinced, however, that he is wrong, and that the best thing that most men could do to improve their health and their whole operating efficiency would be to lay down all their private and business affairs for at least a week several times a year, and retire to some quiet place where, with the aid of their doctor and their priest, they could orient and reanimate their souls.

My own experiences of the last ten years, coupled with much random thinking, have led me to the conclusion that the ignition system and self-starter which we Protestant Christians are searching for is to be found in systematic fasting and prayer, and by 'systematic,' I mean a system of places of retreat where we can go periodically to fast and pray, and to obtain such medical and spiritual advice and aid as we require. But do not imagine that I am considering for myself or recommending to others a life of monastic retirement. On the contrary, I am searching for a way by which we can do our work in the world better. There are, it is true, a few men in each generation of such spiritual power that the greatest service they can do for the world is to retire from the welter of it which hides their illumination, to some quiet hill top from which it can be seen afar. Most of us, however, are fit only to do the chores of life. It is our duty to do them well.

No one can be more conscious than I am of the feebleness of the tallow dip with which I have attempted to light up this subject, but I have some hope that a stronger soul will light his torch at my candle and carry it to some worthy destination. There is, I believe, great power in the conceptions after which I have been groping, and I venture without fear the prediction that the preacher who, during the coming year, shall handle them with insight and with power will have to put up in his Church a sign, 'Standing Room Only,' and will have to call loudly for more room to house the applicants for his Bible Classes.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL IN THE SADDLE

THE STORY OF MARK O. PRENTISS IN A NEW ILIAD OF GREEK HISTORY

RECORDED BY JOHN BAKELESS

I

All night long, while Smyrna burned, and thousands of helpless men and women crouched by the edge of the quay, weak from fear, wounds, hunger, and exposure, our little group of American naval officers and relief workers sat on the deck of the United States Destroyer Litchfield, with cinders raining all around us, and watched it burn. It was like having an orchestra seat at a tragedy that one would almost rather not have seen, yet from whose dreadful fascination the eye refused to turn aside, even for a moment. All that human strength could do to help the suffering people, we had done. The little vessel was loaded until it could hold no more. We could stand by, helplessly waiting for morning and whatever it might bring — that was all.

As I sat with my glasses fixed upon the dancing reflections of fire and smoke in the harbor, I saw, suddenly, a head that bobbed unsteadily up and down in the waves — for the harbor at this hour was always rough — while it splashed its way questioningly toward the Litchfield. I could make out obscure figures on one of the vessels lying near us, which pointed toward the destroyer, and could hear them crying to the moving head, 'American, American!'

The head came on toward the Litchfield until it was just opposite the place where I was sitting, amidships, and some thirty yards away. It turned, and moved slowly through the water toward the bow and parallel to the ship, with the fiery ribbons dancing in the waves all around it; turned again, and so made a complete circle, still fairly close to the vessel.

A sailor in the bow yelled in amazement, 'Good God, it's a girl!' and made a clean dive from the side.

The girl, exhausted and almost ready to sink, was slowly guided around to the ladder and carried up — sheer disobedience of orders, for the Litchfield was loaded to capacity; but nobody worried over that. She had only a single garment, which she had knotted up over her back in order to be able to swim. We carried her below, unconscious; and presently, reviving a little, she began to murmur faintly in unintelligible Greek. We called an interpreter, who listened attentively, smiled a little, and then turned to us.

'She thinks she's dead. She thinks this ship is Heaven.'

And indeed it was heaven enough, — though I am not sure whether naval uniforms and grimy civilian clothes are much affected in the mansions of the blest, — when we looked back across

that fiery sea to the inferno of rocketing fire, with the pitiful hordes of black shapes crouching on the water-front.

She was a very pretty middle-class Greek girl, whose father, mother, brothers, and sisters, still somewhere among the flames and falling buildings on shore, had allowed her to leave their refuge when the fire made it of no more avail, in order to save her if possible from the soldiers. Her name was Maria Jordanoglou. I did not learn all about her until months later, when Maria was safely in Brussels and wrote me her own story. Because it is typical of thousands, I am going to quote it here.

'Now I will tell you how I happened to be in the water. When Smyrna was occupied by the Turks, I was frightened and could neither eat nor sleep. Therefore, on the second day, my parents, to quiet me, wanted to take me to a store on the quay of Smyrna, because the ships were near by and I would have been better protected there, as the Turks opened houses and looted property, dishonored, killed, and ran away.

'On Monday my elder brother took me and my younger sister to the store to protect us. We were there without any bed and rest, and we had only a blanket and our bed was the floor. At night the Turks on the parallel streets were gathering women and children and driving them with their spears [Maria apparently means bayonets] toward the Government House. At night my father came, so that we might not be left alone. When I heard the noise I fainted, and my little sister was very much frightened and said, "Maria, I prefer to stay with our mother." She ran away but I had no strength to walk and stayed with my father, who was trying to revive me. The fire began on Wednesday. When I saw it coming I asked my father to open the door and let me run away; but he understood I had bad intentions and kept me. When night came and the fire advanced toward our store and the fire and the flames reached us, we opened the door to run away.

'We saw the Turks to our right, who prevented us. It was then midnight. On the left hand we saw the Turks were driving the people toward the Government House. Then I said to my father that it would be better if he left me to get drowned; but he held me with all his strength, so that I might not run away. . . . When he saw how the Turks near us took hold of the people and did evil things, he preferred that I get drowned rather than fall into the hands of the Turks, so he decided to let me go. Then I embraced my father and kissed him for the last time.

'When I reached the shore I saw that the ships did not take anybody in. I saw many people falling into the sea. . . . I thought then that there was no better way than death, so I fell into the sea in order to swim deep and far, because I had to get tired in order to go far and get drowned. When I was passing by an English ship I heard people shouting that I should go near the American ship, and that they would save me there. I approached your ship but the waves pushed me away. Then I saw a man swimming to me who pushed me to the ship. When I came there, as good Americans they took me in immediately to the ship.'

At six o'clock next morning the destroyer Edsall appeared. She ran in and lay gunwale to gunwale with our ship, the two were lashed together, and our whole 670, plus Maria, were passed over into the Edsall, which was the speedier of the two destroyers. And then the senior officer said something that gave me a thrill:

'I've been thinking this over,' he remarked, slowly, 'and I've decided that the Navy can't mix up in this. The United States is neutral. We've

never been at war with Turkey. We have n't any authority for taking these people off and we have n't any authority for landing them. We can't involve the Government, whatever happens. Now, you're a civilian and unofficial. With the exception of navigation, I'll turn this job over to you. You've got to land these refugees. Where can we take 'em?'

It was a perplexing situation. Would the Greeks allow us to land them, and if so, where? We decided on Saloniki as the most promising port, and were off at thirty knots an hour.

It was a trying trip. The destroyer's stores, ample for her own little crew, were nothing for 670, and there was a more serious complication. A fair proportion of our passengers were babies, who had suffered a good deal already, and there was no milk. A small supply of condensed milk belonged to the officers' mess, the babies' only hope. We watered these few cans until we had milk enough to go around — a very thin and doubtful-looking fluid, but the only milk to be had in the middle of the Ægean Sea in time of war. That was for the babies. For the others there was only stew. All day long Lieutenant-Commander Morris went about, carrying a big kettle, and ladling out their rations to one wretched little group after another.

The most unpleasant event of the voyage was the discovery that an Armenian boy, who had come on board with pockets bulging with milk chocolate, was retailing it at fabulous prices to the starving people, who were ready to barter almost anything for food of any kind. The boy was in a fair way to become wealthy when he was discovered, but thereafter he had to be protected from the infuriated sailors, who vowed he deserved to be thrown overboard. He was not thrown overboard, but his chocolate was taken in lieu of passage-money, and went to swell the common stock of provisions.

In war or peace the officers' mess of a naval vessel dines formally each evening, and halfway to Saloniki we invited little Maria Jordanoglou to dinner. She came in what clothes she had, and a sorry state they were in after a half-mile swim in salt water and an impromptu drying in the boiler-room. Her stockings were the most difficult portion of her wardrobe. Her garters lay somewhere at the bottom of Smyrna harbor, and as she came into the ward-room, the stockings began to slip down. Eight officers of the United States Navy, who had risen with formal courtesy to receive their guest, stood at an impeccable attention. There was a pause that lasted a fraction of a second. Lieutenant-Commander Morris's eyes mutely sought mine.

Then he slipped into his office, and emerged triumphantly bearing two immense and official-looking rubber bands, which he passed to me. I handed them to Maria, indicating, by gestures as decorous as possible, their use. The Greek girl took them, smiled, blushed, turned aside, and lifted her foot to put one on. Sixteen heels clicked. Eight officers executed about-face as provided in the drill regulations, and then we all found ourselves with our backs to Maria, looking at one another, a little amused, a little pleased at the automatic unanimity of that about-face. Then we sat down to dinner. We spoke no Greek, Maria no English, but I don't think she found it dull. It was probably the only dinner she had eaten in two weeks.

We made Saloniki at midnight, and the Greek military, naval, civil, and police authorities met us in a body, warned of our coming by the local manager of the Standard Oil Company and the American consul, to whom we had wirelessed, asking them to prepare

the way for our cargo of refugees.

Captain Hepburn had told me to get permission first of all to land the refugees we had on board, — otherwise we should have been left floating about the Ægean with them; for we certainly could not take them back to Smyrna, — and then to induce the Greeks, if I could, to send ships enough to take off the thousands who remained. The Greek officials crowded into the destroyer's little wardroom — all inclined to be rather formal. Three or four who could speak English served as interpreters.

It was no time for the forms and ceremonies of diplomacy. There was one definite thing to do; to secure their consent; and that could be done only by a dramatic appeal that would touch their hearts — the simple story of what we had seen in Smyrna, without any discussion of where the guilt lay. I told the circle of silent Greeks that hundreds of thousands of their kin were suffering agony, with no prospect but starvation and death. I told what we had all seen. Our 670, who had had a day's rest and at least a little food, were hardly fair specimens of the misery we had left behind. Then I asked for ships.

The Greek officials were tremendously affected. One went out and, climbing up on a ladder, welcomed the fugitives to their Fatherland. They gave immediate permission to land our passengers, and though they had no authority to promise ships, they urged the authorities at Athens to send them — urged to such good effect that a small fleet was speedily on its way to Smyrna.

Under the searchlights of the Edsall and of two Greek ships that lay near by, we checked the refugees as they filed down the gangplank. We had not lost one, and of the 671, who had had no chance to wash — even if they had wanted to — since the Greek retreat, 670, I am sure, kissed me enthusiastically as they passed. Gratitude, no doubt, is chief of the virtues, but somehow I should have preferred to dispense with it, just then. Little Maria, I am sorry to say, was the sole exception.

Maria was too helpless, too forlorn, and far too pretty, to be left adrift in Saloniki. The American consul made room for her in his car, and I placed her in his special care. It was time to be starting back, and I was halfway up the gangplank when there was a cry from Maria. In an instant she had sprung from her seat and was running to the radiator of the consul's motor, where a tiny American flag was fluttering in a brisk sea breeze. She snapped the slender staff short off, and leaped back into the car, waving the little flag. The effect was electric. As the young Greek girl raised her tiny banner, forty or fifty sailors and a half dozen of the destroyer's officers, who were standing near, stiffened crisply to salute. The Greek officers saluted. The refugees burst out cheering there in the night, while the city slept behind us. It was a climax.

Maria turned and held out her arms as if I were deserting her. That was too much. I turned back, and as I did so, the girl, overwrought with all she had been through, crumpled up in the tonneau. It was dramatic — too dramatic to seem theatrical, so dramatic that it could be nothing but real life.

The Edsall turned back toward the ruined city. Behind us the Greeks were combing their harbors for ships and sending them over one after another. At Athens they must have nearly emptied the Piræus. In all, twenty-seven Greek merchantmen came ploughing across the Ægean to our aid. There was still hope for the suffering in Smyrna.

II

Within a day or two of our return to Smyrna, I went with a few officials, under Turkish escort, into the country behind the city. If anything could be worse than what we had been seeing, it was the devastation of the countryside. Whole villages were in ruins, isolated houses here and there were heaps of ashes, and everywhere, on a trip that took us more than two hundred miles back from the coast, we saw bodies of all ages and both sexes. Not even the children had escaped.

Most of the bodies were mutilated. I am not going to describe those mutilations — they could not be described outside a surgical textbook. Many of the Turkish civilians were still alive but horribly maltreated — cripples for life. After the Turkish army had advanced victorious, to find its own soil and its own people left like that by the defeated enemy, I wondered that a single Greek had escaped their vengeance in Smyrna.

Mustapha Kemal himself described to me the terror of General Tricoupis, the Greek commander-in-chief, who was captured early in the offensive and brought before his conqueror. The Greek general was trembling violently. He could scarcely stand and had to be supported by his guards.

'I had seen the devastation of our country,' said Kemal, 'the work of the retreating Greeks, and it broke my heart. I was beside myself with anger.'

'"Why did you do it?" I asked the Greek commander.

'"It was not I, Pasha," he said. "I did not do it. It was my soldiers, and you see that God has punished them."

'"Get out of my sight!" I yelled at him; and the guards led him away, still whining that he was not responsible for the killing of Turkish women and children by the soldiers he commanded.'

I left with a distinct impression that Kemal intended to execute his late opponent.

At Magnissa, sixty-six kilometres from Smyrna, less than 1000 out of 16,000 houses were still standing, and these were located in suburbs of the city far up in the hills. The normal population was 50,000, of whom only 8000 were Greeks. No question, then, which side was responsible for the destruction. Cassaba, ninety-three kilometres inland, was a total waste. There were several concentration camps crowded with Turkish refugees, who took the wiping-out of all they owned or loved with true Oriental fatalism. There was no weeping, no appearance of distress, though they were suffering and hungry. I found a number of extremely old people who had been shot, hacked with hatchets, or stabbed with bayonets by Greek soldiers.

Two thirds of Salihli, with a population of 10,000, only a tenth of whom were Greeks, had been burned over, seventy-six people were known to have burned to death, and a hundred young girls were said to have been taken away by Greek soldiers. I talked with many victims of Greek atrocities. Let me quote some of my notes: —

Very old man stabbed and had one ear hacked off.

Boy of eight years shot by soldiers.

Girl of eight years reported being robbed, and later soldiers chopped off her father's head.

Boy of seven said he saw his brother beheaded.

Boy of eight with severe scalp wound said Greek soldiers killed his father and mother before they struck him.

Old woman shot through hand.

Sixty wounded children were being cared for at Salihli and forty others had been sent to the hospital in Smyrna.

Three miles from Menemen there

was a well into which it was said the Greeks had thrown the bodies of eighteen peasants who had been murdered by their soldiers. The odor from this well was almost intolerable; and a Turkish soldier who dredged in its muddy depths with a long pole gave me only too convincing ocular evidence of the reason. At another place, one fresh grave after another was opened to convince me of the atrocities committed by the Greeks.

Most heart-rending of all, however, was the stoicism of the little ones. A child should cry when it is sick and hungry, but these Turkish children endured in silence. I commented on this to a Turk, who replied briefly: 'We shed our tears three years ago' — that is, in 1919, when the Greeks first came in. The Turks were entirely stolid, utterly impassive. I told the people of one starving village that I would do my best to get them food — which, one would have thought, was about the best news they could hear; but I might have been discussing the weather for all the interest or enthusiasm that they showed. After the victory at Smyrna one could hear exultant voices, sometimes, in the night, or soldiers singing; but I never heard anybody cheer. I never saw anybody throw a fez in the air. At a great demonstration in Constantinople I saw flags waved, but as for cheering, the Turks just don't do it.

I had had my first meeting with Mustapha Kemal in Smyrna, a few days after the Turks came in. I was on the quay when I saw him coming toward me, surrounded by staff officers, some of whom I knew. The *Ghazi* was in high spirits, laughing and talking with his aides, and gazing round at the buildings of the city he had captured, with an interest so naïve that he might almost have been mistaken for a countryman on his first visit to a city — though Kemal has, of course, been well-educated, and has traveled much.

Being acquainted with some of the officers, I joined the group and was presented to their commander-in-chief. I apologized for taking up his time, but he replied jovially: 'Plenty of time. Come with us'; and I fell into step with the rest and went with them to headquarters. Kemal does not speak English very well, and consequently preferred to converse through an interpreter. I commented on the magnificent condition of his troops, in spite of their arduous campaign, but he waved all compliment aside. His men were always like that, and 'You know,' — in a burst of confidence, — 'they really fought for only five days. After that they could n't catch up to the Greeks to fight with them.'

Kemal's headquarters were in a private house which once must have been richly furnished; but everything had been cleared away and a severe, soldierly simplicity reigned. There were tables, desks, chairs. That was all. On Kemal's desk were two field-telephones, whose wires stretched along the wall. Into these telephones, or directly to the subordinates who approached him with marks of respect that seemed exaggerated even in an army, he snapped sharp, quick commands with the rapidity of a machine gun. He did not seem like a professional soldier, even as he sat there in the midst of his staff in the city he had conquered. It would have been easier to think of him as the superintendent of a big railway. Not the president, not the titular head, but the manager with his hands on the wires, the man who every minute of the day is getting things done — though a railroad manager, to be sure, does not play ceaselessly with a tasseled, silken string of prayer beads, while he talks.

He kept reminding me, incongruously

enough, of Colonel Roosevelt — the same way of biting off his words, the same vigor, the same zest in the game he played. The word 'bully' is not in the Turkish vocabulary, but the attitude toward life that it suggests is Kemal's.

While we were returning to Smyrna from the interior, the train on which our party was traveling met the Pasha's on its way back to Angora; and as they stopped on adjacent tracks, I talked with him a second time. Kemal's special train was unpretentious enough — a few flat-cars for automobiles and a passenger coach or two for himself and his staff. There, standing along the track with Kemal and his officers, I heard the men who executed it describe the defeat of the Greek army. With supreme contempt for the art of war that prescribes for the commander-in-chief a post far to the rear of his troops, Kemal placed his headquarters on a hilltop, within two miles of the Greek lines, and there for six months he stayed, ceaselessly studying them, so close that with his glasses he could discern the figures of individual soldiers. Meantime, at Angora, his army was drilling, drilling, drilling, for the day when it would be launched against the enemy.

The Turks' bold announcement of their contemplated offensive, weeks in advance, was never taken seriously. When all was ready, Kemal struck first with his right, then with his left; again with the right and again with the left; and then sent his cavalry pouring in behind the defeated Greeks.

Except for a few thousand taken during the first day of the advance, the Turks did not trouble about prisoners. That is Kemal's own statement. He remarked to me that the Greeks fought well enough for the first two days, but after that the battle became a mere pursuit. The surprise was so complete that, when a Turkish captain kicked in the door of the room where the chief of the Greek Intelligence Service lay asleep, the Greek officer — mistaking the intruder for a servant — turned over in bed and called out that it was not time to get up yet.

'Oh, yes it is,' replied his captor grimly; and the surprised officer climbed sheepishly out of bed and began to dress. The Greeks felt so secure that many of the officers had their wives with them, only a little way behind the front line.

All the papers of the Greek intelligence staff were captured, and Kemal's chief intelligence officer took huge delight in assuring me that every bit of Greek information regarding the Turkish strength and positions was erroneous. Six days after the offensive began, when the fighting was all but finished, a full Greek division, marching down from the north, unaware of what was happening, fell into the hands of the Turks.

'You made them all prisoners?' I asked. But the Turkish officers only shrugged their shoulders. It was not until long after General Tricoupis was a prisoner and his army shattered that his commission as commander-in-chief arrived from Athens, together with a message of congratulation — both destined to fall into Turkish hands. Kemal and his staff were quite willing to talk freely about their army, its equipment, and its training. I asked repeatedly about their numbers and always got the same answer, 'Under 200,000'; although Kemal added that when he marched to Constantinople he would have 250,000 troops at his back. At several places in the interior I saw large bodies of young men who, I was told, were still being called to the colors.

They were quite frank about Turkish Nationalist relations with Soviet

Russia, though for some reason they were unwilling to describe their agreement as a formal treaty. Their understanding provided simply that the Bolsheviki should supply them with money and munitions and should refrain from propaganda in Turkish territory. In return, the Turks agreed to make no peace treaty not approved by Russia.

I heard the essential points of the Lausanne Treaty, as it was finally signed, outlined by Turkish officers there in the theatre of war, months before the Conference met. The Turks were perfectly aware of what they wanted and intended to fight until they got it. Kemal felt himself almost the father of the new Turkey. When I told him he reminded me of Roosevelt, he took it very seriously, — far more seriously than I ever intended, — pondered a while, and finally replied that if he were to be compared to any American, he preferred George Washington! He felt that he was fighting for the freedom of the new Turkey as Washington had fought for American independence.

The development of their country lay very close to the hearts of these Turkish leaders. When I first met Noureddin Pasha in Smyrna, immediately after the victory which he had planned, I asked him what the next step would be. I expected the conventional talk about conquest and glory; but Noureddin quietly began to discuss the economic future of Anatolia, the need for getting rid of the Capitulations, which hampered Turkey's development, and his desire for American participation in the work of reconstruction. It was the biggest surprise I had in the Near East.

Kemal and his staff officers told me that the cloth for their uniforms was brought from Russia, but that the uniforms themselves were made in Turkey. Most of their arms, they said, also came from Russia. Many of the rifles were plainly of German and French manufacture, — I could see that for myself, — but even these may very well have come by the Bolshevist route.

I asked everyone I could get to talk with me, whether there were any foreigners in their army in any capacity whatever, and they all said, 'No.' The Turks boasted of the popularity of their cause and of the voluntary taxes that were levied in Constantinople for their benefit, while the Allies held the city, and were sent on to Angora by secret couriers. Contributions to their Nationalist treasury had poured in from all over the Moslem world.

(*The story of the experiences of* MARK O. PRENTISS *will be concluded in the January* Atlantic.)

THE PRISONS OF DESPAIR

AN EXPERIENCE IN THE RUSSIAN CHEKA

BY ELGIN E. GROSECLOSE

[The narrator of this experience was on his way home to America from Tabriz, Persia, where for a year previous he had been working in connection with the Near East Relief. It was necessary for him to pass through the Caucasus, and because of the absence of banking facilities, it seemed important that he provide himself with foreign specie. Somewhat recklessly he procured American gold to the extent of about one hundred dollars. Gold is contraband, and Mr. Groseclose was promptly arrested. The difficulty might have been arranged, but the Cheka found on his person, also, an American Legion card, and a tiny slip of paper carrying a memorandum of his life-insurance policy. This they had translated 'New York Life Police,' and judging it in connection with his Legion card, the Russian authorities connected him in some way with the government Secret Service. Instantly the suspicion arose that Mr. Groseclose was a spy, and the dreadful dilemma in which he found himself was an immediate consequence.]

I

EVEN during the noisy harangue in Russian, of which I could catch only the raspingly repeated word *contraband* which the greasy official boomed at me, I was not alarmed. But when he ceased what seemed to me his gleeful pouring of the tiny handful of gold from one palm to the other, to step to the wall telephone and shout 'Cheka' into the mouthpiece, I knew I had something to think about. Cheka — the Commission Extraordinary, the secret police of the Communists, which holds every activity in Russia under its scrutiny and its unnumbered victims in its mysterious prisons, with its power to arrest even high commissars and condemn them without trial, its clandestine executions — it is the element in Bolshevism of which even its masters are afraid. I remember how Dodge, the broad-shouldered young Englishman had laughingly referred to his two days in the prison of the Cheka, and how, later, after he had been ordered out of the country, it was whispered that the Cheka had executed his Georgian interpreter for the sole reason that he had been connected with the Englishman.

I had time for only a word with Martin, as I was hurried out of the door into a Ford truck which the soldiers had peremptorily requisitioned from him. I was put in the back, with a sullen-looking soldier carrying a fixed bayonet, and off we bumped down the cobbled street of the water-front. The car soon turned off into the boulevard that borders the upper beach. At the upper end of this boulevard stood the American personnel house, and an American flag flew from the roof. We were getting near enough for me to distinguish the colors and the stars, when the car stopped and I was ordered out. I withstood the insistence of the soldier long enough to fill my mind with the picture of that waving flag before I entered the building. How little I realized that even a prison wall could not separate me from that bit of

color, that even then a corner of it, as it were, was to flutter through the bars and cover me with its protecting fold!

I was left alone in a small outer room, where I sat for an interminable time, it seemed. My mind became the background for a moving shadow-show of shapes and fancies, plans, doubts, fears. I heard faintly the rolling whistle of a ship, and the ghost of a vessel seemed to pass across the screen, bearing with it my companions. The afternoon sun crept in, giving a Midas touch to a heap of débris in a far corner of the room. Outside I could see it glinting against the towering crosses of the cathedral. That was before that fatal Christmas Day when the Communists burned Christ and all the prophets in effigy, and tore down those resplendent crosses, to replace them with a red flag. Soon the great bells sounded their deep-toned music for the evening Mass, Russian church bells, — so few of which are now permitted to ring, — which I shall never forget. Their song, too, was to flutter through the bars, until it seemed as if the Orthodox Church had stretched out some mysterious wing to hover over me with its protection and comfort.

II

My thoughts were interrupted by a guard, who silently appeared and with a grunt motioned me to follow him. I was led down a corridor to a small room, in which sat a man wearing a green cap. In two short words he asked my name, which he wrote down, and then began to examine my luggage. It consisted merely of a bed-roll and a handbag containing toilet articles and extra linen. After fingering disdainfully every article it contained, with much turning of the pockets and examining of the seams, he turned his attention to the bag itself. This he thumped carefully all round, to see if it contained a secret pocket, felt along the edges, and would have ripped open a partially torn seam had not the fabric been too tough, so that he dubiously desisted. Finally he extracted all the straps, the cords from the bed-roll, my collars and belt and every other article of which I might make use in strangling myself, laboriously wrote out a receipt for them and gave it to me, and then motioned for me to go.

The guard obligingly took my handbag, while with one hand I grasped the bed-roll and with the other supported my sagging trousers, and then off, through a long barracks-room filled with lounging Red soldiers of a very filthy sort, into a large court at the back. Here the prisoners had just finished their afternoon promenade and were filing back into the cell, when I was thrust into their midst. A voice with a shipyard accent called out in English, —

'Come right in, stranger, and make yourself to home.'

This voice belonged to Louis, a man I was to learn to love. Louis was a young Russian-American, who claimed parentage on both sides of the Atlantic and whose life had been spent between, and who was to assume the task of sponsor, interpreter, and good friend.

The prison cell was a long room, with a double row of shelves along either side, six feet deep, and serving for bunks. If one were lucky, as I, to have a bed-roll at the time of arrest, he could sleep comfortably; if not, he lay on the rough boards with nothing to cover him but his coat. In the centre of the room were a long table and a long bench. At the end was a tiny fireplace, where a tinier fire valiantly endeavored to ward off the chill. On the fire a pot of tea was brewing. When the strength of the tea had been thoroughly extracted by

vigorous boiling, the pot was set on the table.

'Come on, stranger,' invited Louis; 'dinner is served in courses, and we 'll now have the first. Here is a cup.'

The cup was a condensed-milk can, with the edges carefully bent down so that one might not cut one's lips. We sweetened our tea with tiny tablets of saccharine, and with it ate black bread. When Louis saw that I was not relishing the bread, he advised me to toast it, and showed me how, by running a big lump of it on a splinter of wood and holding it over the fire. The taste was slightly improved.

'If ye don't like it, don't eat it. We serve plenty in this tavern. The next course will soon follow.'

In a few minutes a dishpan full of thin soup was drawn from the fire and put on the table. The prisoners gathered around it and began to ladle with big wooden spoons.

'Here,' said Louis, 'ye're a gentleman from America, and ye're not used to Russian customs. Eat yours here.'

He started to fill my empty cup with the soup, so that I might eat apart. I assured him, however, that I preferred to eat with the others, stating that they might get more than I did; and he roared his approval.

I forgot, in the general air of *camaraderie*, the seriousness of our situation, and soon was on terms of intimate acquaintance with the others. The fact that I was an American put me in a superior position in their eyes, and my action toward the soup had only increased the favor, I found. When the meal was over, I started to assist in clearing the table, but I was stopped. The prisoners had established themselves in a most military-like fashion. A chief ruled over the room like a petty tsar, and two persons were delegated each day to the necessary tasks of policing the room. The chief was a young and very energetic Russian, who had formerly held a position of responsibility in the Communist government, in charge of food-distribution. He had cleverly forged seals and signatures, and had organized a complete system of goods-distribution on his own account, selling and transporting government wares throughout Russia by means of a whole corps of clandestine agents. He had been discovered, and was saved from summary execution only by his passionate enthusiasm for the Communistic system. The ardor of the officials soon cooled, his case was forgotten, and not long after, he was released. Meanwhile his energy had found an outlet in organizing and directing this band of prisoners, over which he had despotically appointed himself master.

'In this tavern,' Louis began in explanation, 'the management provides only quarters and black bread. This organization is our own idea, or rather his. Now and then our friends on the outside are allowed to send in food, that is, if they happen to have it to send and if they happen to know we are here and not elsewhere. My wife sent me some last time, and,' clenching a brawny fist, 'there's skimping to pay. But with what we get we make this soup, because it goes further that way. Eat hearty, for ye may not have it every day. We can also have a broom, water, and wood. We can chop our own wood, so that some of us get out in the open now and then. The broom came from the barracks, but those soldiers never used it, so they gave it to us. They are from north Russia, and are dirty, not clean like us. But what's the matter with yer clothes, stranger?'

Louis had observed how, in the absence of a belt, my loose trousers were hard put to maintain themselves, and in a moment he had produced a string and was fastening it around the

loops in such a way that a belt was not necessary. Meanwhile the dishpan had been washed, the spoons put away, and the table well scrubbed. From some hidden corner sets of chess and checkers were produced. Such things were forbidden, and these had been made by wetting the black bread into a dough, moulding it in the desired shapes, and then letting it dry. They had been discovered once or twice by the guards, until it was threatened to cut down the bread ration; and now, when they were not in use, they were hidden in adroitly concealed places.

During this time I had been carrying on a conversation through the medium of Louis; but he had been interpreting all my remarks in a way that set the whole company into laughter. I suspected that he was robbing me of my robe of honor, when a quiet Russian in the corner of the room addressed me in French to advise me of this very thing. This man was a former Russian noble, named Nicholas. He had campaigned in Mongolia, had hunted with the Tsar, and during the war had served as a high emissary. He had been in this prison now six months, and no charge had ever been laid against him except that he was a former noble. He took his fate with that calm stoicism and childlike simplicity so peculiar to the Russians, regarding it as only another of those adventures which Providence had for him, and full of the powerful faith bred by the Orthodox Church that this same Providence which had so often cared for him still guarded him. When I expressed sympathy for him, he turned it aside and began to question me.

'You will not be here long,' he said. 'They want only your money, because they need it badly; and when you have been here long enough to give it up and be glad, they will turn you loose. But if they thought you a spy, you could expect nothing — neither trial, nor sight of your friends, nor priest. But you will be free soon, for the Americans will learn of this, and they will use their influence.'

Had I known that 'the Americans' were to come every day for weeks, vainly trying to secure my release, or to get to speak to me, or to learn what my condition was, and that they were always to be politely refused by the officials of the Cheka, I should not have been so reassured. But Louis, who, I learned later, was the moving spirit of the affair, was suggesting games and asking me to join in, which I did. The most popular game it seemed, for newcomers at least, was one played with a spoon and blanket. Two people were placed on a bench and covered with a blanket, while the others marched round and thumped one or the other lightly on the head, with the idea that the person should guess who had touched him. I shortly found myself on the bench, with Louis opposite me. I had seen this game played before, and I had quietly provided myself with a spoon from the rack and had hidden it under my arm. The group circled around, and I saw Louis's arm slip out from under the blanket and rise in the air. But before it could descend, I had given him a resounding whack on the head with the spoon I carried. He bellowed something in Russian, and then tore off the blanket and looked at me, grinning.

'Ah, Amerikanski, I thought ye had told us ye had never been in jail before. Ye must have been, or where did ye learn that trick?' he roared; and from that time Louis was my staunchest friend.

I fell asleep that night in better spirits than I had imagined possible. Morning found me again somewhat disconsolate. I had distributed my blankets to those who had no covering,

and the one I had retained had not warded off the chill and had but little assuaged the hardness of the planking. My head was light from the vileness of the air, for, Russian fashion, all had insisted that the window be kept tightly closed during the night. Outside there was a murky drizzle which only increased the general spirit of despondency. The others had already made tea, and Louis came up to me with a cupful and a piece of bread. I thanked him, but found little comfort in it. After a little, the rain cleared somewhat and Louis asked me if I would like to cut some wood.

'I'll get the guard to put yer name down and mine, because he likes me, and we'll spend the morning that way.'

The woodpile was outside in the court, and about it were scattered two or three dull axes and a saw. Under a balcony sat the guard who was over us, idly pivoting his rifle on the pavement, while lounging around in groups were other soldiers, talking and joking. Every now and then Louis interposed a sally of his own, which set them all in laughter. To this our guard was indifferent. I wondered at Louis's familiarity with them.

'Oh, they are good enough,' he said, 'if ye just treat them right. They're no more Communist than I am, but they are hungry, and in the army they get fed. The only trouble with them is that they are dirty, not clean like we are. They're from north Russia. They send the soldiers from here up there, and bring those fellows down here, where they don't have any friends, and so don't mind doing the dirty work their officers make them do. They don't have any more liberty than we, and sometimes not as much to eat.'

A little later I lighted a cigarette. One of the soldiers saw me and came up and asked for one. I gave him the rest of my package, which he took and distributed among his fellows.

We worked slowly, according to Louis's suggestion, in order that the work might hold out longer, and so managed to stay in the open air all morning. But the afternoon, save for the fifteen minutes' promenade, was spent back in the evil-smelling cell, to which even our constant scrubbing could not give a pleasing odor. Nicholas gave me a greasy and well-thumbed copy of a novel of Dumas, in French, which he had in some manner secured; but under the circumstances the scintillating adventures of its heroes only seemed tawdry and unreal. The afternoon finally closed and the light that seeped in turned into a muddy haze. Outside, the cathedral bells began to ring, first the smaller and softer chimes in a thin thread of music, and then a deep-toned anthem as the larger bells joined. Inside, the pale faces of the prisoners raised in prayer glowed through the dusk like wisps of cloud, while the sound filled every crevice of the cell with the brooding spirit of the Church. Comforted, I drew my blanket over me and soon fell asleep.

III

I had now been in the prison of the Cheka a week. I had become somewhat inured to the tension and to the passage of time — a passage broken by the occasional chopping of wood, the brief daily routine of cleaning our cell, the daily changing of the guards, and the occasional appearance of a new prisoner or the disappearance of an old one. A new prisoner was always an occasion for learning the news of the world outside and of introducing him to the various *divertissements* which Louis was always contriving; but I found it best not to let my mind wander to the fate of those who disappeared. Some, we

knew, were free; but the destiny of others, especially those who disappeared during the night, we could only conjecture. To some, freedom; to others, another prison; and to some, a disappearance for all time. There were no trials: one was awakened and told to come; was led somewhere distant from the city, where one was given a spade and told to dig; and then undress; an injection of numbing opiate in the fleshy part of the neck to quiet the struggle; a shot; the earth raked over the hole into which the body had fallen; the clothes divided, and next day sold in the market. Here relatives might by chance come across them and thus gain the only knowledge of his fate.

Louis had been put here for a small civil offense; and although it was not likely that he would be executed, he had no idea how long his incarceration would last. He was always full of optimism, and he was constantly deriding the soldiers and joking with them. This had caught their fancy so that he often received small favors from them. His lightheartedness sometimes annoyed the more sullen of the prisoners, and he was sometimes interdicted from speaking by the chief; but it never failed to strengthen my flagging spirit, and he was constantly encouraging me by assurances that I should soon be free. When I should be, he wanted me to go to his wife and see if she needed anything and tell her not to worry. He wanted me to take her some condensed milk for the baby.

Almost daily the church bells rang and they never failed to put some new hope in me. Their music soothed and comforted me, and I would sit long in expectancy of them. At times they seemed joyous, riotous; at others, their music was wild or sad. Sometimes it was a chant the striker seemed to be playing, sometimes the sprightly music of an opera; but always there was to be felt the imperial and benign message of the Church calling to its own and asserting its unquenchable spirit.

I had many long talks with Nicholas — about the hopes for his country, about the fate of the Church, but never about himself. In spite of the injustice and precariousness of his own situation, he was remarkably free from malice toward the Communists. He regarded them as children, as fools, as beasts or villains; but he looked upon it all as the natural outcome of the sins of the Tsarist system and as only a phase in the great struggle the Russian people were waging to gain complete control of their destiny. He was full of deep patriotism and manifested a passionate resentment against the acts of the Allies toward his country, especially in their encroachments in what he considered the Russian sphere of activity in the Near East. I questioned him about the Church. Toward it his attitude was one of contempt and devout veneration mingled. The icons were frauds, and he laughed at the ignorance of the priests.

'But the people love them, and to them they mean something. Let the Bolsheviki tear down every church in Holy Russia, the people will not resist. We have a better understanding than you of the meaning of humility, the humility of Christ. It is more powerful than any expressed resentment. Though a red flag wave over every cathedral in Russia, the Church lives and watches over its children. Yes, lives, lives, freed from the shackles of tradition and superstition.'

His chief worry was for the fate of a large collection of rare Afghan laces which he had amassed in years of travel in Transcaspia.

'The Bolsheviki wish to encourage art, and the opera at Tiflis is still as good as at Naples, but they are igno-

rant and careless of art objects, and they stifle everything creative.'

One night I heard the guard enter and lead him out. I waited, horrified, but in about an hour he returned. His face was, as ever, calm, but I detected a slight quivering as he lay down by me. He laughed, however, and whispered, —

'What do you suppose they wanted? They asked me about you, whether I thought you a *contrebandier*. I laughed and said, No. They said they did n't think so either. And then they told me my case has been fully examined and that in a few days I am to go to Archangel. Archangel, where the snow is a verst deep, where I may live free, so long as I do not leave Archangel. And so the Government does not have to give me even black bread; if I starve to death or freeze in the snows, the Government may say that they have not done it. *Tavarish*,' clutching my blanket, 'if you get out before I am taken away, go to my brother, I pray, and tell him to send me my sealskin coat when they next allow food to be brought in. I may need it.'

I thought long about Nicholas, until I fell into a horrible dreaming sleep. But next morning he seemed even calmer and more vivacious than usual. During that day there was put among us a poor fellow whose condition was more pitiable, and who for the time drew me away from the case of the Russian noble. He was a young German, pale and nervous, who had been brought in from another cell, where he had been alone for five months past, and had seen no one but his guard. His diet during this time had been only the black bread and pale tea which the Government gave. Previously he had spent six months in solitary confinement in that terrible cellar in Moscow and he was now so weak that they had finally put him in with us, where he might find slightly more nourishing food and something to reawaken his lagging interest in life.

He had been connected with the German consulate at Tiflis, and was on his way back to Germany by way of Moscow, when he was suddenly arrested and imprisoned. His name on the register had been changed, so as to deceive any official inquiry by the German Government. I wrote his name in the lining of my shoe, and promised to get word to his people when I was released. But that night something happened which threw grave doubts on any hopes I had for release, or at least put it off indefinitely. And when I was finally released, it was only to learn a few days later that he had been among the ninety-four who were executed in Tiflis when the Communists went through their prisons and decimated the list in a terrible reprisal for the assassination of a local commissar.

IV

I had fallen into a deep sleep that night, and the last thing I had heard was the change of guard and the monotonous counting of the prisoners: —

'*Ahdine, dua, tri* —'

I do not know what time it was when I was awakened by a rough shaking and pulling on my blanket. I turned, to see the heavy form of a soldier and bayonet silhouetted against the pale outline of the window. The soldier said something in Russian, which I knew meant for me to follow him. As I slipped into my shoes and overcoat, I quietly awakened Louis. He was immediately alert.

'Louis, they are taking me away. In case I don't come back —' But I did not finish. I realized with a thud that his case was as hopeless as mine.

Going ahead and followed by this stolid figure, I was made to march out

into the courtyard and then into a passage opposite. After several turns a door opened and I stood before a rough desk, behind which sat an officer in the eternal green cap and a man dressed as a sailor, who spoke to me in broken English: he was the interpreter.

'What is your name?' he asked.

My mind vaguely turned on the foolishness of the question as I told him.

'What are you doing in Russia? Where were you in December, 1917 — in November, 1920? Are you a Communist? Who was your father? Have you ever been exiled by the former Russian government?'

I answered all his questions as best I could, and the answers were all written down in a big form which I was afterward to sign. I was examined and cross-examined for what seemed ages, until my mind was thoroughly fagged. The officer finished his grueling. A moment's silence; then he burst out, —

'We have evidence that you are a member of the American secret police. The papers we have found on you indicate as much. What have you to say?'

'Have you had the papers translated?' I asked.

'We have not had them all translated yet. It is difficult. But one of the cards is yellow, and resembles those which all police agents carry.'

'But have you not questioned the Americans here in charge of the relief work? Surely you can trust them, and they will tell you who I am.'

'All the Americans are spies, no doubt,' he said. 'Else why are they carrying on this relief work? It is to get into the country to report, and to carry on the capitalistic propaganda. Your country has no love for the Communists.'

'At any rate, you will remember that I am an American citizen.'

'Yes, we remember.'

The guard led me back. The sky was beginning to turn gray, and against it the bare branches of a tree stretching above the wall made a great scrawling silhouette. I felt, rather than heard, the key rasp in the lock, and somehow I found my pallet. But I was too disturbed to sleep. Espionage. I remembered the words of Nicholas, and they drummed sickeningly in my ears.

'If they thought you a spy, you could expect nothing, neither trial, nor sight of your friends, nor priest.'

There was light enough in the chamber to distinguish faintly the forms of the huddled sleepers. A wisp of morning breeze, brought in as the door opened, set some of them to coughing slightly. Louis was awake and spoke to me.

'Louis,' I whispered, 'they think I am a spy.'

'I know it; don't worry. They think we are all counter-revolutionaries. Ye must get word to yer friends, so that they will know what to do. Here's a pencil. Take good care of it, for it's the only one on the place as far as I know. Write a note as small as ye can and give it to me, and I'll see that yer friends get it.'

Obeying him, I went over to the window and wrote a note on a greasy bit of paper in which food had been sent in. It was brief, anonymous, and stated only this new development. When it was finished I gave it to Louis.

That morning at the woodpile a stick of wood flew up and landed at the feet of one of the guards — the same one, I noticed, who had asked me for the cigarette. Louis went after it, and as he did so he brushed against him. That night he told me how he had sent the note.

'The soldiers are good fellows, only they are dirty; and they know how hard it is for us. But you have to be

careful, for they are paid to tell on one another.'

But the cheerful genius of Louis no longer reassured me. Dim forebodings weighed on me like heavy lead. The church bells were ringing outside, and for the moment they lifted me out of my despair into the exaltation of another world. But they soon ceased and I seemed more oppressed than ever. In the middle of the night, the door of the cell was hurled open, and the commandant stood before us flanked by a squad of soldiers.

'Someone here sent out a letter,' he roared. 'Who was it!'

Louis interpreted what the man had said, and as he did so, he quietly gripped my leg. The other prisoners, terror-stricken, were silent.

'Search the place,' the officer commanded.

I realized with horror that I still had the pencil in my pocket. There was no time to conceal it now. Fearfully, while the soldiers were engaged with the others, I drew it out and slipped it into my trouser cuff. Soon a greasy soldier was feeling all over my body and running his fingers into all the pockets of my clothing. He exuded a vile smell and, as he bent over, the dirty peak of his cap grazed my face. He finally grunted and turned his attention to another, and I breathed in relief. The commandant and his soldiers finally withdrew, mumbling.

This was only a respite. Presently two guards reappeared and led Louis out. A moment later, we heard, even back in our cell, a bull-like roar. Then a series of yells, but they seemed more in anger than in pain. The prisoners pressed around the window to catch, if possible, any words that might reach us. Finally, Louis appeared: the door was flung open and he was hurled into our midst panting, triumphant. The prisoners enveloped him with a torrent of questioning, which was to me an incoherent babbling.

'Oh, the dirty cowards!' he yelled. 'They were trying to make me tell who had sent the note. They think that I know, because I am the only one that talks to the soldiers. They tried to put me in the "little room," but I cursed them and told them I would n't, and they were afraid to touch me. They know there is revenge. Oh, they call this a government of the workingman, but if it is, why do they torture poor fellows like us, who have never done anything! The cowards! But they let me go.'

His tirade was interrupted by the appearance again of the commandant with his soldiers. He shouted something in Russian, and the soldiers started toward Louis. Louis jumped back in the bunk and caught the sides with his hands so as to brace himself. Then he raised his legs and began to kick, meantime filling the room with oaths and yells. The soldiers could not come at him except at the cost of a blow from those powerful extremities, and they hung back. The commandant yelled an order, and the soldiers fixed their bayonets.

'Oh, ye dirty cowards!' shouted Louis in English, forgetting himself in his excitement; 'why don't ye come at me like men!'

'Louis,' I called, 'I'll tell.'

'No ye don't,' he shouted, more excited than ever. ''T would never do. Let them go. They're cowards, I say, they're cowards. For God's sake, don't tell. It will ruin us all.'

The soldiers had raised their bayonets, but Louis only swung his great legs more viciously.

'Oh, oh, oh!' he yelled in mingled Russian and English, 'cowards, cowards, cowards!'

The commandant issued an order, and the soldiers suddenly desisted.

The door clanked behind them and we were left alone.

'I told ye they were cowards. They were afraid to take me.'

All was quiet the next day, and Louis was not afterward disturbed, as I later learned. I often wondered at this peculiar element in the character of our captors. When I thought of their brutality and their callous indifference to human suffering, their leniency in this case was amazing. Perhaps it was because they had unconsciously taken a liking to him, as all the rest of us in the cell had, and in their lordly indulgence had let him go; perhaps because, as Louis said, they were cowards at heart, and maintained themselves only because of the great passivity of the Russian people, affrighted when they met real and determined resistance.

That night I was taken to Tiflis. Before I left, Louis slipped me a note on which was finely written these words, —

'Be of good cheer. We are doing all we can.'

V

That journey was another illustration of the paradoxes that existed under the rule of the Bolsheviki. Although I had never been shown the slightest consideration while in prison, I was here treated as an honored guest. There was one other prisoner with me, and our guards were not common soldiers, but green-capped officials. We traveled in the finest compartment the train afforded. It was upholstered and fairly clean, but the only light was from a tallow candle which one of the officers produced.

The train started off, after much ringing of bells, and the two officers proceeded to make themselves and us as comfortable as possible. They took off their side arms — all they carried — and hung them up, produced cigarettes, and offered them to us, and then began to engage us in a lively conversation. One of them spoke Turkish, with which I was familiar, and my prison companion spoke French.

After a while the train stopped at a large station where a 'Buffet' sign was hanging out. Both the officers descended, leaving us quite alone, and presently brought back a large slab of fat pork, some black bread, and a bottle of wine. These they spread out on the seat, and invited us to eat. This strange conduct on the part of our captors caused me to take hope. Perhaps I was going to my freedom. 'Be of good cheer,' the note had said. Perhaps they had succeeded in arranging for my release, and this was part of the necessary routine — to be taken to the seat of government. I gnawed at the fat pork, and even the black bread had a savory taste.

'What do you think of the Communists?' one of the officers began.

I gave a noncommittal reply.

'Only those should govern who produce,' he continued. 'See this,' — producing a small cigarette-lighter, — 'I made that, every bit of it, myself, with my own hands. I am a mechanic. I formerly worked for the Relief, when Haskell was here. One of the officers said he would take me to America, where I could earn four dollars a day, for I am a good worker. But I would not go. I hardly get that much a month, besides my rations, but I would rather stay here where the workingman rules, than go to your rich country, for here I am working for the Cause, working to make the Revolution a success.'

'Is it a success, your revolution?' I ventured.

'Not yet, it is still disorganized, and the workers have yet to perfect themselves in the art of government. But we are learning.'

'Why do you not allow prisoners trials, and why do you imprison them secretly and without warning?'

'We arrest men secretly and quickly, so that they may not have a chance to escape beforehand; and we keep them hidden so that we may investigate their affairs without interference, and so that they may not be able to hire false witnesses to tell us lies.'

'Then you trust no one.'

'In Russia trust does not exist.'

The candle began to gutter, and the wick sagged in a way to threaten our illumination.

'The candles are no longer good,' complained the officer. 'The chief of the Government candle factory is not an honest man. Before, if a man did not make good candles, he lost trade. But the Communists will remedy this, even though it cost one of their members. He will be arrested soon, and his accounts examined. If it is found that he has cheated the Government,' — and he drew his index finger in a crook, 'ping!'

I was on the point of suggesting a return to the time-worn method of securing efficiency; but the candle by now barely flickered and it became necessary to spread our blankets. The back of the seat was swung upward and horizontally, making a sort of padded shelf. One of the officers climbed up on this and fell asleep. I was given the seat on which to spread my roll, my companion spread his blanket on the floor, and the second officer curled up in the corner. In a few minutes all were breathing heavily except myself. It was too new an experience, this being escorted under guard, with both guards asleep, and with their arms hung up where either prisoner might take them at his leisure. The window was tightly fastened, as in all Russian trains in winter, but the door sagged open and creaked as the train rounded the curves of the valley. The train stopped at a station dimly lighted with dirty incandescent globes, and the usual wretched crowd struggled into the third-class wagons ahead. After an interminable wait, the bells rang and the train glided into the darkness. There was no jar: in spite of the decrepitude of the coaches the trucks beneath moved silently, and I marveled at the wonderful construction of these Russian railways that still operated smoothly and efficiently after five years of neglect and disrepair.

I wondered at the indifference of the guards to their prisoners: whether it actually meant that we were on our way to freedom; whether it was another illustration of that childlike simplicity of mind that I had observed throughout the East; or whether it was a subtle offer to us to attempt an escape, with certain consequences. My companion had taken it all quite calmly and as a matter of course, and I must have adopted the first-named conclusion for in my wondering I soon drifted into sleep.

VI

The Tiflis prison was worse than the one at Batoum. I seemed to be in a horrible pit, like that described by Poe, which every day contracted, until in the end I and all of us should be crushed between its relentless walls. I had now lost all expectation of succor from my friends, since I was sure they did not know where I was. There was nothing to be anticipated from our captors: in their eyes I was a spy. I no longer had the friendly raillery of Louis to cheer me, or the religious calm of Nicholas. I did not even hear the cathedral bells, which all along had been to me the symbols of the free world without. There were a thousand men in these prisons, twenty in our cell, and they sat with that vacant stare of

men who live without hope. Above, on an upper floor, sat the Commission Extraordinary, which each night voted and determined who before morning should be led out to that secret place away from the city, there to dig their graves and lie in them. My soul withdrew into itself, and I sank back into the comatose state of those around me. Only my dreams were pleasant: by some psychology that inner mind still glowed bright, and each night brought me pictures of home and America, until I lay long hours inert that sleep might come to transport me to another world.

One glimpse of the world outside we had. On one side of our cell, and against the roof, was a window. This gave out on a street; but in the street outside a board screen had been set up so that no one might look through. This board screen had got slightly out of place, so that through a slight aperture at the side one might see what passed at a distance.

One of the prisoners sat constantly upon an upper bunk looking out into the street. On certain days his wife passed with their little child. We could tell when they passed by the way his face lighted up. One day his place was left vacant. Thereafter I sat on the bunk and looked out.

It was but a few days until Christmas, and people were passing bearing tiny trees. This was in spite of the proscription of the Communists. One day I saw two figures approaching whom I knew to be Americans. I could not call out, for the guard would have come and shot down into the cell. He had done this on one previous occasion. I remembered the story of Blondin and Richard — how Cœur de Lion had been rescued by a song. I started whistling the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' This song was unfamiliar to the Russians and attracted no attention among them; but the two figures turned and looked intently toward the window. They gave no sign of recognition, however, and soon passed on. I was more hopeless than ever.

A day or so later the guard came and led me before Moghilevsky, who was the president of the Cheka.

'You are the American who was arrested for carrying contraband, is it not? Well, you are a spy. Your papers are quite suspicious, and we are unable to translate them. But one came today who explained their meaning, and we have now decided to free you. You may go.'

When they had given me back every piece of gold which they had taken, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and a document with a red seal, which said I might leave the country, and when I was on board a greasy little Greek vessel bearing me to Constantinople, I let my mind consider in relief the experience through which I had passed. I had carried the message to Louis's wife, I had sent Nicholas his cloak, and I still carried in the lining of my shoe the unavailing message of the poor German. I wondered what it was that had saved me from the fate that was his. I had been in prison on the most serious charge known to the Communists: there had been no official representation of our Government; and had there been, it is doubtful whether the Cheka would have respected it. But I am convinced that, in the end, it was the American flag, which here did not march at the head of an army column or fly at the masthead of an embassy, but before a little band of harassed and often discouraged relief workers and over orphanages and relief stations, — the emblem of life to some thirty thousand orphans and uncounted refugees, — that finally moved the Cheka in their decisions and fluttered between me and their fury.

REALITIES AND EUROPE[1]

BY GUSTAV CASSEL

I

It seems to be very difficult for human beings to acquire an adequate conception of what is going on in their own time. Naturally this difficulty increases in times when events reach such gigantic proportions and the situation in the world changes as rapidly as it has during the last few years.

The difficulty depends partly on the general inertia of the human mind, which reveals itself in the fact that even the individual is very much bound up with his old ideas and predominantly disposed to follow his old ways of thinking.

This inertia, however, is always a much stronger factor in the psychology of the masses, and it is strengthened to an extraordinary degree by the system of political parties, which drives us to judge each phenomenon in the first instance from the party point of view, and to adopt our party standpoint long before we have had time to observe what is going on, or to form a sufficiently clear conception of the reality we have before us.

To this general difficulty is now added the fact that the present reality is by no means agreeable; that what is actually happening differs very considerably from what, according to settled public opinion, ought to happen, and from what political doctrine has, year after year, taught people was bound to happen.

The difficulties in the way of recognizing a disagreeable reality must reach their extreme in the cases where this reality seems to reduce ideals, for which people have been willing to make the highest sacrifices, to empty illusions, or where the actual results of these sacrifices are just the opposite to the high aims for which they were made.

Under such circumstances it is only natural that people's insight into the reality in which they live becomes inadequate; that people experience the utmost difficulty in adapting their judgment and their actions to the actual situation; and that public opinion, even where it is most advanced, is apt to remain some distance behind the actual development of events.

We must take account of all these adverse circumstances if we wish to understand how it is possible that the world should stand so completely disoriented before the real course of events, as without doubt it does at present with regard to what is called the Reparations question.

The leaders of the world once had much to say about the abolition of 'Militarism' — can we wonder that people now refuse to believe the evidence of their own eyes, when they

[1] An article giving the French point of view upon the questions discussed here appeared in the June *Atlantic* under the title, *France and the Ruhr*, by Abel Chevalley. — The Editor.

see Europe more and more given up to the rule of military dictators? It was promised that the world should be made 'safe for democracy' — now public opinion refuses to recognize the fact that important parts of Central Europe are being brought to a condition which differs very little from slavery.

People used to be frightened at the idea of a coming supremacy of Germany, and during the long sequence of hard years strained every nerve to crush her — it is natural enough that they should now be extremely unwilling to recognize for themselves that by such action they have only contributed to a most extraordinary development of military despotism on the continent of Europe. We once believed in a lasting peace as the result of the Great War — it is very disappointing indeed to be told that the peace which Central Europe has obtained is nothing but a continuance of hostilities calculated to bring about the extinction of a people even more than actual war itself.

Still, whether palatable or not, it is absolutely necessary that we should begin to see the truth. The actual development of events has, particularly during the last year, become so extremely serious that everybody must begin to feel it to be imperative that he should know exactly what is going on.

II

The first thing that strikes a student of after-war politics is the quite disproportionate importance that has been given to the question of the debt which the war has left behind it. People have paid so much attention to the problem of payment for the reconstruction of Europe that reconstruction itself has been hampered. To a large extent the measures which have been taken to enforce payment have even been purely destructive in their effects, and have thus directly counteracted the general work of reconstruction. For the world as a whole these questions of payment are altogether subordinate to the all-important interest that the world's productive machinery should be set going once more and be brought to work up to its full capacity.

People sometimes believe that the costs of the war and of Reparations form a burden on future generations. This is not so. The costs of the war were paid during the war, and the costs of the Reparations have been paid as the Reparations have been carried out. In a social community all present burdens must be borne by the present time. What is left to future generations is only the payment of debts by one class of people to another or by one country to another. But the difficulties of such payments, great as they may be, all belong to the problem of distribution of income among the members of the community, and this problem is always of secondary importance in comparison with the great task of increasing the total income of the community.

All that the peoples of the world are accomplishing by their incessant struggles over the payment of debts is the very considerable diminution of the social dividend and the hampering of a very much needed development of the productive resources of the world. It is doubtful whether any class or any country is winning anything by this struggle, but it is quite certain that the net losses are very severe and fall upon some peoples with an absolutely crushing weight.

The struggle is at present very much a struggle about the reasonableness of the claims and about the debtor's capacity to pay. People ask for such re-

duction or redistribution of the debts as seems necessary in view of the paying capacity of the debtors. Under such circumstances it seems strange that the world should expect a solution of the problem of indebtedness from the payment of immense sums by the weakest of the great countries concerned.

This singular idea has made the settlement of the Interallied debts dependent upon the payment of a German indemnity, which everybody knows to have been fixed very much above what Germany can ever be expected to pay, and naturally still more above what she can pay now. This brings into the problem of Interallied indebtedness an element of unreality which influences the whole discussion and makes a reasonable settlement almost hopeless.

France has now adopted the position that Germany must first pay fifty billions of gold marks, of which France shall have twenty-six billions to cover her Reparations, and that only what Germany can pay France over and above that sum shall be used in the payment of France's debts to her creditors, Great Britain and America. It is clear to everybody that Germany will never be able to pay anything like such sums. Even if Germany were relieved of all other payments, she could not, as we shall see presently, afford to pay France the sum of twenty-six billions of gold marks.

The French defense of their position is the general formula that France cannot pay if Germany does not pay her. The moral strength of this formula, however, is somewhat weakened by the fact that Germany is called upon to pay, although she has been forced to give up all her claims on other countries, and in addition has been deprived of nearly all resources which could have been used for international payments.

Of course a debtor cannot generally refuse to pay because he cannot collect his own claims. The big sums which Great Britain and America advanced to France during the war were real loans, by no means subject to the condition of an Allied victory, and, naturally, still less to the condition that it should be possible to extract from Germany in payment to France alone, first, a sum of twenty-six billions of gold marks, and then, over and above that, a sum to cover France's obligations to her allies!

No doubt it will be very difficult for France to pay her debts if she can get nothing out of Germany. But a reasonable settlement of the French debt to Great Britain and America could be expected with more justice if France would reduce her enormous expenditure on occupations, armaments, and subsidies, — in themselves an implicit threat of the military domination of Central Europe, — and if she showed any sign of doing what she could to satisfy her creditors.

For the friends of peace this experience of the value of war debts is in one sense rather encouraging. It will certainly not be so easy in the future to make people enthusiastic for war, when it is known that the enemy's promises to pay are empty phrases when he has once been crushed, and that the very crushing of the enemy will cause serious and widespread economic disturbances, with incalculable economic losses even for the victorious countries. Nor will it be so very easy to get advances from friendly Governments, since it has been proved that such loans, even in the most favorable case of a complete victory, are not acknowledged to be morally binding. When even a victorious country is sure to come out of the struggle more or less ruined, the prospects of war will not seem very tempting. If the experiences

we have now gathered about the after-war value of war indebtedness can do anything to prevent wars for the future or to limit their extension, something is undeniably gained for the preservation of peace.

It is not the place here to discuss what moral strength France's claims to payment for devastated provinces may have had originally. The claimant who does not himself do everything in his power to facilitate the payment of the debt can hardly reckon upon sympathy or help from outsiders. The policy of France in the present case has rather been such as directly to hinder Germany from paying.

The coöperation of German labor, German organization, and German capital for the reconstruction of the devastated provinces, which would have been the most natural solution of the indemnity question, has been rejected. Payment by export of commodities has for years been hampered by extra customs duties laid on the importation of German industrial products; while at the same time Germany's balance of payment has been weakened by the forced importation of French articles of luxury. The paying capacity which Germany might still have had she has had to spend in supporting the military occupation of her country by France.

But this is not all. France has, since the end of the war, systematically worked for the political and economic weakening of Germany. In this France has endeavored to strike at the very basis of German economic life, that is to say, her coal supplies. First France took the Saar district; then it was France who was responsible for the extremely fatal division of Upper Silesia; and finally she has occupied even the last of the most important of the German coal districts, the Ruhr. Day after day M. Poincaré repeats that an industrial renaissance of Germany is a danger which France, and of course also the rest of the world, must fight by every possible means!

The truth is that the claimants of an indemnity from Germany have never been able to make up their minds as to whether they wish to have an indemnity or to have Germany completely crushed.

In France shortsighted protectionist interests have united themselves with that policy of fear and revenge. The result has been the devastation of Germany as a working economic organism, which has culminated in the occupation of the Ruhr, by which the very heart of German industrial life has been hit.

This extreme action of the policy of exhaustion has definitely destroyed the prospects of indemnity payments by Germany.

But the consequences of this act of violence are even more far-reaching. The highest authorities on law of the British Crown have declared the Ruhr occupation to be not justified by the Treaty of Versailles. If this is true, the whole occupation has the character of a war of aggression, and then, clearly, Germany must be entitled to an indemnity for this war and for the frightful disturbances it has caused in Germany's economic life.

It is certainly not to the interest of the world, and at any rate not to the interest of debtor countries like France herself, that International Law should be so interpreted that, in order to enforce payments from its debtors, a creditor country has the right to occupy with its military forces part of the debtor's territory, to sequestrate private property in such territory, and to subject its population to a condition of slavery. The argument that this extension of the rights of a creditor country, although inadmissible in general

International Law, has been created by the Versailles treaty, particularly in favor of the victorious countries, seems to be a singularly bad way out of the dilemma which France has created by her action. For if the Versailles treaty had really included such a clause, the whole treaty would in the world's conscience stand out as a *pactum turpe*, imposing upon the defenseless party a *laesio enormis*. How much moral strength such a treaty could retain in the long run, anybody may judge for himself.

III

Let us now consider the question which is at the bottom of the whole struggle, namely, what can Germany pay? Everybody knows that Germany's paying capacity was originally fantastically overestimated, and that even the sum eventually fixed by the London ultimatum, 132,000,000,000 gold marks, very much surpassed anything that Germany could conceivably pay. It seems now to be generally admitted that only the A and B bonds, representing together fifty billions of gold marks, can be seriously taken into consideration as realities, whereas the C bonds, representing the remaining eighty-two billions, are nothing but air. Still France insists upon regarding these C bonds as an asset which may be used as an object of exchange in the negotiations with her allies.

How much Germany can in reality pay is still an open question, and obviously a question of central importance for the whole European problem. For, clearly, whatever moral or legal right the victorious countries may have to claim an indemnity from Germany, all endeavors to get more than Germany can pay are futile, and all measures to enforce such payments must be regarded as extremely harmful, both to the object of securing the highest possible indemnity, and, by their disturbing influence on the world's economic and political life, to the general welfare of the world.

Under such circumstances a scientific investigation of Germany's paying capacity seems to be the only way out of the political struggles, and Secretary Hughes's proposal, that the whole question be referred to an international body of experts, was therefore very natural and sound.

There is, however, a danger that the difficulties attending such a calculation are underestimated. In fact, Germany's paying capacity is no given or fixed quantity, which we can sit down and calculate on the basis of available data. The first thing we have to take account of in studying Germany's paying capacity is that this capacity is a variable quantity, very much dependent upon the way in which Germany is treated by her creditors. If, from the first moment, Germany had been allowed freely to develop her production and her exports and retain her navy and her international trade-organization, and if Germany had had a reasonable prospect of being able, by hard work and great sacrifices, to free herself from her obligations, no doubt Germany would have had a considerable capacity to pay indemnities.

True, already before the war, Germany had a surplus of imports over exports. But 'invisible exports' and interests and dividends from foreign investments filled up the gap and created a certain surplus available for fresh investment abroad.

After the war, an annual paying capacity could have been established, on the one hand by increased efforts in production and increased exports, and on the other hand by a lowering of the standard of living of the German people.

The first development has not been allowed to take place. On the contrary, Germany's productive capacity has been so much reduced, particularly by the fatal lowering of the efficiency of German labor, and her export facilities have been so severely curtailed, that the value of exports has gone down from about eleven billions of gold marks in 1913 to about four billions in 1922.

It has proved impossible to reduce the imports in the same proportion. In spite of the very far-reaching reduction in the standard of living of the German people, a reduction which for important classes has already overstepped the borders of starvation, the value of imports surpasses that of exports. The balance of trade for 1923 shows a deficit of 2,300,000,000 gold marks. During the last few years this adverse balance seems to have been made up by the sale of securities and real estate, but primarily by the sale of German marks abroad. The latter extremely unsound source of income is now no longer available. The great problem of the present moment is, how it will be possible for Germany to pay for her necessary imports. If, as is most likely, sufficient means of payment cannot be found, a further reduction of consumption in Germany is unavoidable. But such reduction would doubtless mean a catastrophe involving actual starvation for millions of people. Under such circumstances it is of course pure nonsense to speak of Germany's capacity to pay.

The figures giving the value of German foreign trade are, of course, not quite reliable, nor could they ever be in a country not having the slightest stability in its standard of value. But the results arrived at are no doubt in the main valid. This can easily be seen if we take account of the weight statistics of exports. German exports of iron and iron manufactures in 1913 amounted to a monthly average of 541,000 tons. In 1922, this average had been reduced to 221,000 tons. But under the Ruhr occupation the figure has been forced down to 143,000 tons in April, 1923.

A corresponding reduction, though not quite to the same extent, has taken place in the export of machinery, electrical supplies, dyes and dye-stuffs. The considerable pre-war surplus of coal exports has for 1922 been converted into a surplus of imports (leaving out the 16,000,000 tons delivered for Reparations account).

It will immediately be clear to anybody that such a reduced export is absolutely insufficient even to pay only for Germany's most necessary imports. Germany's power of competition in foreign markets has also, particularly during the last few months, been very much curtailed, and is now so weak that the prospects of a speedy revival of German exports are practically *nil.*

The truth, which can no longer be concealed, is that, by the action of the victorious countries, and particularly by the policy of France, but also as a result of the social disintegration which has taken place within the country itself, Germany has been brought to the point of starvation, and that it will require the most vigorous efforts to save the German people from a most frightful catastrophe. Already important classes of the German population are reduced to such misery that they are continually dependent upon foreign benevolence.

Under such circumstances it is strange, to say the least, that people should expect a solution of all the difficulties of Europe by what is called a settlement of the dispute between France and Germany about the Ruhr

question. This seems indeed to be the most empty of all illusions. Of course, Germany can give way in the matter of passive resistance and such things, and accept every condition France chooses to impose upon her. But she cannot thereby acquire any paying capacity, and there will be no solution of the problem.

If we wish to get a true conception of what the payment of a big external debt really means, and under what conditions such payment is possible, we need only to study the British debt to the United States. Without doubt the payments on this debt, now agreed upon, involve very large sacrifices for Great Britain. An English authority, J. M. Keynes, describes the burden of the American debt in the following words: —

> We shall be paying to the United States each year for sixty years a sum equivalent to two thirds the cost of our Navy, nearly equal to the State expenditure on Education, more than the total burden of our pre-war debt, more than the total profits of the whole of our mercantile marine and the whole of our mines together. With these sums we could endow and splendidly house *every month* for sixty years one university, one hospital, one institute of research, etc., etc. With an equal sacrifice over an equal period we could abolish slums and re-house in comfort the half of our population which is now inadequately sheltered. *The Nation and the Athenæum, August* 4, 1923.

Still, the sum to be paid yearly, about thirty-five million pounds, is only little more than one half of the value of British exports for one month — about sixty million pounds. Thus we may conclude that the obligation to pay annually to a foreign country the value of half a month's exports is a heavy burden.

Great Britain can face this burden and solve the problem of acquiring a sufficient amount of foreign exchange, because she has such important invisible items in her international balance of payment, that she is able to pay the yearly sum of the American debt out of a surplus of this balance and still have a sum left for fresh investments abroad.

In the German balance of payment there will, for the future, be very little in the way of such invisible items. An eventual indemnity, therefore, must be paid out of a surplus of exports over imports. Now it is generally very difficult for a great industrial country to establish a surplus in its balance of trade. Countries which export mainly raw materials and agricultural products may do so, but industrial countries generally show a deficit in their balance of trade.

We can, therefore, hardly say that we have any experience proving the possibility of a great industrial country establishing a surplus solely by exporting more than it imports. But even if we assume that this will be possible in the case of Germany, we may take it for granted that the surplus cannot be any great percentage of the exports, probably not much more than ten per cent.

Therefore, if Germany should be able to pay an annual indemnity of, say, one billion gold marks, we must assume her to have reached an export of, say, eleven billions, requiring an import of, say, ten billions. With such an export the annual payment of one billion means the payment of a full month's amount of exports, which, as there are hardly any invisible items to be drawn upon, must represent an extremely heavy burden.

The question how much Germany can pay, is, as we see, primarily the question, Are the victorious countries, and is the world at large, willing to allow Germany such brilliant economic

development as would be required to bring up her exports to something like eleven billions of gold marks yearly? If the annual sums often mentioned in discussions on the Reparations question should be paid, German exports would have to be increased very much above the sum named. Nobody can say that any such development, in view of the experience hitherto gathered, is very probable. At any rate, it can certainly not take place within the next five or ten years.

IV

The complete ignorance of what international payments mean is doubtless a very prominent feature in that French policy which pretends to have no other aim than to enforce payments from Germany. But there are also other features of this policy, which make it evident enough that the extraction of payments is not the sole aim, but that this desire is very much mixed up with the desire, not only to prevent a restoration of Germany to economic and political health, but even to destroy the country still more, and keep it in a permanent state of misery. When the indemnity is fixed at such a sum that it can never be paid, and when the sums actually paid are squandered on occupations and other costs entailed in collecting the debt, with the effect that the debt is practically never diminished, in spite of the complete exhaustion of the debtor, then, clearly, we have to do with the policy of a usurer, framed to keep his victim in a state of permanent indebtedness, extracting yearly as big payments as possible, but never allowing the capital debt to be written off. Germany's permanent indebtedness affords France an excuse for permanent interference and permanent control.

True, we have been given the assurance that it is not a part of French policy to incorporate German territory. But this does not exclude an occupation and an exploitation proclaimed as destined to last until sums have been paid which it is most obviously impossible for Germany to pay so long as her most important industrial districts are occupied. And such a permanent exploitation of a foreign territory is, after all, at bottom a much worse thing than the old-fashioned method of conquest and incorporation.

Still there are signs which show clearly enough that the aims of the French policy of destruction go further, namely, to the splitting up of Germany into those small provincial states which made up Germany before her modern unification. As the whole of the German economic development after 1870, as well as the increase of her population since that time, has depended on the transition from mediæval to modern state-construction which took place in 1870, any attempt at dissolving Germany again would mean forcing the country back to the economic conditions prevailing before 1870, and therefore, so far as we can see, to reducing her population to something like what it was at that time.

But for a policy the real significance of which is to reduce by starvation a highly civilized population in the midst of Europe by some twenty million people, no citizen in the civilized world, and particularly no American citizen, can assume the slightest share of responsibility.

The pernicious effects of the French treatment of Germany, and particularly of the Ruhr occupation, are by no means restricted to Germany. The modern world is so much a unit that the paralyzing of one of its most important industrial centres cannot but be severely felt by all other members of the great trading community. Some few particular interests may find en-

joyment in the relief from competition, but for the world at large there is a loss in the efficiency of the productive machinery and therefore unavoidably a loss of income and well-being. The buying capacity of Central Europe has been reduced to an alarming extent by the policy of exhaustion and destruction which has been carried on since the end of the Great War. The result has been a considerable impoverishment of large districts which used to sell food and raw materials to Central Europe. Thus the buying capacity of these countries has been diminished, too, and industrial countries organized for supplying such countries with industrial products have seen their power of selling seriously reduced.

At the same time, the whole carrying trade of the world has suffered, and commerce and banking have suffered likewise. In some industrial countries these adverse effects have been so great that unemployment has become a social evil of the first order, the financial burden of which threatens to become more and more unbearable. Year after year Great Britain has had to care for an army of unemployed of between one and two million people. The devastation of British economic life which is measured by such figures is certainly not less serious than the war's devastation of French provinces, which probably has not required that more than some hundred thousands of workers be drawn from their ordinary occupations. Naturally, the whole of the world-wide economic depression cannot be debited to the account of France's destructive policy. But certainly Great Britain has very good reason to complain of the great additional difficulties which the French policy undoubtedly causes in a situation already in itself precarious enough.

Great Britain must necessarily be very anxious to have things put in normal order again on the European continent, and this anxiety is shared by a number of other countries, both industrial and agricultural.

Under such circumstances it is very distasteful, to say the least, to find French policy actually aiming at an exploitation of this anxiety, and asking to be paid for abandoning her terrorist régime. But this is just what is being done when the giving up of a destructive policy, by which even France herself suffers, is made the subject of such conditions as the canceling by other Governments of their very legitimate claims on France, or the guaranteeing through international finance of the payment to France of a German indemnity.

Of course, the other participants in the indemnity, and also the United States as a large creditor, lose their prospect of ever getting paid by a Germany which the French policy has reduced to complete misery. But this loss to others is for the French politicians only an asset more on their side in the bargain they expect to make. Naturally, such a policy cannot count on much sympathy from former allies who have made the most severe sacrifices on behalf of France.

The first question we have to put to ourselves when trying to analyze the value of a political programme is this, Is it in accordance with the general trend of evolution and progressive civilization, or is it against it? If the latter is the case, the policy in question will surely have to be corrected by the future, and is therefore simply burdening history with a repetition of its own work.

Let us apply this test to the present French policy. The splitting-up of Germany into several countries is clearly a step backward, which the future will have to make good. The progress of Europe has, since the end of

the Middle Ages, been identified with the creation of great national units. The fact that Germany, like Italy, was some centuries later in this development than France and England, does not make her national unity a less essential need.

The future of Central Europe lies in the creation of great political and economic organizations, and every policy which aims at drawing up more frontiers on the European continent, or at accentuating the political antagonism and the economic isolation which such frontiers mean, is a retrograde policy, pregnant with untold sufferings for future generations, which will have to take up the work of constructive progress once again.

It is equally clear that the ruining of a great industrial organization, which has been generations in building up, is a retrograde policy which must be corrected by future generations, and which therefore entails a mad waste of the resources of humanity, and a serious set-back to the general progress of the world.

The very methods of suppression and violence which have taken the place of solidarity and peace denote in themselves a most serious set-back in the development of civilization. It will perhaps take the work of generations to build up again what has already been destroyed of ideal values by these methods. Such methods are, moreover, terribly contagious. Already Italian politicians seek to defend Italy's violent and lawless action against Greece by alleging the action of France in the Ruhr as an example!

If we are to develop in future anything like civilized relations between nations, we must most emphatically reject the idea that one country, for the sake of punishing another country, has the right to take a part of the latter's territory, and to expose the population thereof to any kind of injuries and humiliations. It is necessary to safeguard the human rights of such populations, which cannot be made responsible for quarrels of their countries.

Americans are asking what America can do in this situation, and sometimes are even eager to free America from all responsibility in the matter. But undoubtedly America has a responsibility. The United States took part in the great European struggle — perhaps a decisive part. America fought for the high ideals of humanity and freedom. Now, when the victory has largely proved to have been an illusion, when the ideals for which the war was fought are trampled down more recklessly than ever, and when the future of civilization is more seriously threatened than ever, it is impossible for America to withdraw and say that this is a thing that does not concern her. Economically even America is concerned when a great consuming power is annihilated, and the world's trade is disorganized. America's dependence upon the world's market, and therefore upon the world's prosperity, is doubtless a much more important reality than many Americans imagine.

Still, it is not in the first instance economic ties that bind America to the rest of the world. The ideals of humanity represent a common good for all nations, and the duty of guarding and developing these ideals more than anything else binds the world together into an indissoluble unit. Of this unit the United States forms a part, and, by virtue not only of its wealth and power, but also of moral traditions, a very important part. America once fought a great fight for the abolition of slavery, and it is therefore impossible for America to stand by and renounce responsibility when slavery in new and worse forms is being reintroduced.

The actual question is, therefore, What can America do? People are generally inclined to underrate the power of moral force in such a situation as the present. If public opinion in the United States stood absolutely united in an unconditional condemnation of the French policy of exhaustion and suppression, this opinion would represent a moral power which could not be neglected. But every American speaking or writing on the present subject ought to realize how much the authority of American opinion is weakened by even the slightest support given to what is wrong and disgraceful.

America also has strong material weapons for giving weight to her opinion. First of all she can say to France, *Pay us!* Pay us instead of squandering your resources on submarine and air armaments against former allies and on military subsidies to new allies! Pay us instead of destroying by costly occupations every possibility, both for yourselves and for others, and particularly for us, of ever getting any payment out of Germany! If you cannot pay, at any rate do not destroy our own and the world's trade and well-being by your short-sighted policy against your own debtor!

It must once and for all be made quite clear to France that the claims of the United States on account of the money they have advanced are not mere idle words, but are meant to be taken seriously. If France asks for consideration and grace, America may reasonably answer: 'Well, we will show you the same consideration and grace you are showing your debtor.' France could indeed in this connection very appropriately be warned not to expose herself to our Lord's severe sentence upon the unmerciful servant: 'Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant, even as I had pity on thee?'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE REFLECTIONS OF A FRIVOLOUS GRANDMOTHER

April 24. — To-day is my birthday. No — I will not tell. I will say with Mme. de Sévigné, 'Is it a thousand years since I was born?' I confess that, since forty arrived at my door, I refuse to tell my age. 'I am very old. I am forty,' said Mr. Buckle, on the occasion of that birthday. Times have changed since that mournful cry; but most of us are still dragged reluctant to our birthdays after forty. And anyway, what is the use of looking forty, and pleading guilty to sixty-five? With Don Quixote, 'I would fain cherish my dreams.' Old age is always the vanishing point. Like Sidney Smith's Shepherd Boy, I fail to take in the fact that I shall *ever* be old. My sympathies are all with George Eliot, who thought 'old age the least interesting of human phenomena.'

Only sentimental poets have given old age its halo. I confess that I cannot bear 'the nodding, nid-nodding time.' One crowded hour of glorious youth is worth a hundred years of Age's Cathay. Willingly I would search over the world for Hawthorne's lost Fountain of Youth if, like his three old gentlemen

and the old lady, I could be young again for one half-hour. Not with the youth the scientists promise, with their transplanted monkey-glands, and snake serums — out upon such galvanic, frog-jumping youth! No, in some 'jeweled cave of joy,' fed from hidden springs of hope, I will look for Hawthorne's Fountain. From its golden rim, I will draw waters charged with youth, and fill again my empty urn with their sparkling draught.

I am putting a good face on it, you see, whistling to keep my courage up as the shadows lengthen, snatching at every gracious flower within my reach before real old age comes on, old age with its extinguished passion, its languid curiosity, when the last tame scenes of the play are on the boards.

To-day I bought a spring hat. It is a thing 'for to admire and for to see'— though I am not quite so mad about it as to leave a dying request to have it buried with me in my coffin, as did a poor soul I read about in the paper. That seems to me the deepest pathos. It might have been her first real hat, and not a 'hand-me-down.' My hat is properly black; but it has an adorable facing of *blue* straw under the cottage brim, and flat roses of a silky, iridescent blue on top. Jane, who was with me, advised one with black ribbon and black grapes. But we elders know what we want. We are like the birds, intuitive, and should be let to find our own way.

'What a rum thing Time is, ain't it?' says the astute Mr. Roker. Time, that strange, inexplicable, flowing river, always the same river but the water never the same. You are the same identity who in the 1850's raced like the wind across the meadow of your uncle's farm, stooping to pluck the great purple violets hiding in the long grass, and the pink spikes of Ladies' Delight. The same who, with perspiration running down her nose, struggled breathless through strangling vines of wild grape, up the bluff-side. I can smell it yet — the fragrance of those wild-grape thickets. If there is anything more intoxicating than the wild grape in bloom, I have not met with it. The Volstead law ought to be amended to include that heavenly odor.

Yesterday an officious street-car conductor amiably offered to assist me down the steps. I was annoyed. I confess too that envy and wild regret rise in my heart, when I see a young woman come in to dinner in a gown whose black, dusky softness lies unrelieved against the whiteness of a neck that is unafraid, and unrivaled by the string of pearls that caress it. Alas, I must veil with lace or tulle the once ivory column, and bolster up the sagging tissues with a black velvet band.

September 2. — To-day I visited a beauty parlor. I had never been in one before. Well — if you must know — just over each ear my hair is really gray, and I thought perhaps — Well, I did n't.

Old ladies are pretty — a great many of us; but not with the beauty of the beauty parlors. Often you will see the delicate color flushing an old cheek as soft as rose petals; but it is not *vinaigre de rouge*. Yes, there are pretty old ladies. I mind me of one now, in a lavender gown, with a bunch of Marie Louise violets (she did not call them a *corsage*) on her breast, and the violets were not lovelier than she. Yes, the eternal feminine is still strong at seventy, and we shall forget the charm of exquisite, dainty apparel when 'that Ægean isle forgets the sea.' Years ago, when the fashion of wearing white shoes first came in, my soul longed greatly for a pair; but I feared they were too youthful for me. One day, looking out of the window, I saw a white-haired old lady, many years my

senior, tripping by in a white suit *and* white shoes. You may be sure grass did not grow under *my* feet, till they were shod in white shoes.

My back porch overlooks the 'garden enclosed' of a neighbor grandmother; and almost any morning from May to November, you may see her at work there. 'The pleasures of the garden,' says Cicero, 'are not hindered by any extent of old age.' So Cicero consoled his advancing years, and so my neighbor. She digs her troubles into the black, friendly earth; and they come up rose-red hibiscus, great spicy peonies, in a midsummer flower parade. A gay bevy of hollyhocks flaunt their rose, lemon-color, and wine hats, like bridesmaids going up a wedding aisle; while an irregular line of larkspur lifts high its blue, blue spikes. A rambler rose hangs its intriguing clusters over a white trellis and calls, 'Look at me!' Zinnias spread their tawny orange and russet pink, like the brown and red of a Venice sail; while proud and haughty dahlias lift their regal heads to carry all before them.

Is it not enough to be alive, even at seventy, to bring such a miracle to pass? Alas! must I confess it — I simply turn tail and run when I turn up cutworms and snails.

My cousin Sue often says to me, 'Why don't you get a cat, Anthea? Lots of company for you.' Sue had her big Persian cat, Peter, in her lap. If I had a Persian cat, — which thank goodness I have n't, — his name would be Ahasuerus or something, certainly not Peter. I confess to a cold heart for cats; though almost I was persuaded to one, after reading *The Fireside Sphinx* — that tender and beautiful tribute of Agnes Repplier's to Agrippina. But the spell of it was broken, when I went to look at a house for rent, where had dwelt a woman with eight cats. Even the 'jewel eyes' of Agrippina could not overcome that sight. No, I am as cold as the cat; and selfishly prefer my easy chair for my own occupancy.

> Cold eyes, sleek skin, and velvet paws,
> You win my indolent applause,
> You do not win my heart.

I refuse to submit to your subtle but treacherous charm.

I am all the time getting appealing letters from the Republican Woman's Club; so to-day I went to one of their luncheons. They are getting lined up for the fall campaign, and I very nearly got roped in to serving on a committee. There is an impressive array of elderly women, prominent in public life; and I have no quarrel with this diversion for those who like it or are fitted for it. But when it comes to running for Street Commissioner or the Park Board, I prefer literally to 'let George do it.' I confess to another reason. Politics are bad for wrinkles, and I don't want any more. Over a hundred years ago, Addison remarked in the Spectator: 'There is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. Indeed, I have never known a pretty woman in politics, who kept her beauty for a twelvemonth.' I confess this made a great impression on me. I wonder if Lady Astor or Miss Paul ever read The Spectator.

February 20. — It feels like spring to-day. A wonderful thing has happened. An old flame, of my girl days, came to see me. We had not met for fifty years — since he went away to college. He had fine eyes, and they are fine still. He kissed me when he went away — very softly. He certainly has perfect manners. — I wonder — Pshaw! What would Jane say! No, no! I am all with Sophocles, who, on being asked in extreme old age if he were still a lover, exclaimed, 'Heaven forbid! I am only too happy to escape from that!' Yes, truly it is good to be done with it all, — free from the fever

and the fret, — and yet, and yet — I would I were not come to that peaceful time 'whose calmer kisses wake nor smile nor tear.' But who can live life over? I must be content with the *andante* movement, and leave to youth the *allegro vivace*. At least we have our memories — lovely, if pale, asphodels of the heart.

> As the Moors in their exile, the keys treasured still,
> Of their castles in Spain, so will we; and no fear
> But the doors will fly open whenever we will,
> To the prime of the Past, and the sweet of the year.

And at least we can have friends — 'the daily bread of the heart,' as someone has fondly called a friend.

And so I will not shiver at the black footprints of Age across my frosted land. Rather, I will emulate old Dr. Johnson, who, when roused at night by the revelry of roysterers under his window, put his head out, and calling, 'Boys, are you there?' went down and joined them. A fine *gaité du cœur* is the true philosophy. Let me present a smiling, if wrinkled, front to Old Age.

Last winter, in California, I was so carried away with the Book-Caravan idea, — then new to me, — that I came perilously near buying a ravishing white milk-wagon, which daily stopped at our door, and replacing its equipment of cans with a stock of books selected under the personal supervision of Mr. A. Edward Newton. The climate was favorable to this enterprise, and it failed only because an eighteen-year-old granddaughter, an expert motorist, refused to accompany me as chauffeur, on the ground that 'people would look at us!'

No! all is not lost while there are books. In my wooden house of Age, still shines a golden room of books. 'Let 's think on our marcies, Chloe,' said poor old Uncle Tom in a time of sore trial. So I would fain think on mine, and remember my books, when I am at the tag end of everything, looking back, back, as I ride the galloping horse of Time, to the Land of Old Age. No — with my books I can yet warm my hands at the fires of life, even though they leap no more in the wind of Youth. Still can I see Queen Guinevere riding in the pleasant month of May, 'clothed all in green, as she rode Maying through the wood in great joy and delight.' Still can I travel back the Long Trail, to the scenes of my youth; and perhaps find, at the foot of the rainbow of dreams and memories, my pot of gold.

AN EXILE'S GARDEN

Though my garden is but a dwarf plot, it should be used for vegetable growing, so frugal housewives told me on my arrival: was I not, they argued, in a city where small cabbages cost ten cents apiece? But I, then as now hard pressed by nostalgia, could heed no such suggestion; for a flower garden I knew I must have — a garden where with mute though none the less acceptable speech sweet blooms would endure, to speak to me of beloved, far-off England.

I filled my garden with well-tried friends; they are all there: massed rockets and campanulas oft-blooming, radiant sun-kissed marigolds, wide-eyed Shasta daisies, and, in the central place of honor, clustered sweet peas which race skyward. Not so their tendrils: these claspers, escaping from their legitimate supports, fling right and left slender fingers, to the embarrassment of the dignified poppy and blushing lychnis round whose necks they coyly twine. Shy violas adjoin edging rocks from which drip creeping plants; hard by them are pink, blue, and white Canterbury bells, which, with finger stalls outstretched, offer resting-places to wearied, toil-worn insects. Here in

exile I find scant leisure for dalliance during the hot hours; but in England I have often counted minutes while a bee slept secure within some velvet fastness.

Now, the day's toil at an end, I sit on my verandah and look down upon my garden. I see the hollyhocks straining to reach the top of the fence: they doubtless remember that the foxgloves gained that height and saw a larger world; why, they ask, should not they, also? Beneath me, the iridescent humming bird is darting pointed beak into the multicolored nasturtiums fringing the lavender bush, which sends up to me a faint perfume. For remembrance, as the rosemary? In England I had a lavender hedge.

As wingèd flowers, the Swallowtail butterfly, the Camberwell Beauty, the gallantly attired Admirals flit from border to border: and there is a Painted Lady gliding like a ship with furled sails over the flat whorls of the sedums and sweet Williams. Ah! she is away, and with gorgeous wings outspread sits flaunting herself in the face of the departing sun. He, unperturbed, pursues his decorous trend, and she, suddenly realizing that she has established herself too close to the bird-bath round which a crowd is twittering all agog for prey, is up and off. It was in England I last saw a Painted Lady.

The rooks are cawing in the oaks beyond my garden, and from off the trees' densely covered branches come canaries to swing to and fro on the stalwart stalks of my perennials. By a company of stocks, where are crumbs, sparrows quarrel, to disperse with alacrity as down a hawk suddenly swoops. All but one: he is dazed, and recovers only to creep feebly under the shelter offered by a bushy chrysanthemum. A hawk never ventured into my English garden. . . .

The long day is closing. Comes Evening in company with Twilight, who, having extinguished the last lamp of the afterglow, descends into my garden, in her train a wailing wind. I watch the antirrhinums sway toward the godetias, the godetias toward the drooping flax, the flax toward the mignonette. The wind — the East Wind, which also has made the long journey from England — wafts toward me the scent, in passing, and then hurries on. Is she, too, exiled? I fear so, for listening I can hear her moan as she sighs and sobs out her loneliness in the dark spaces of the neighboring firs.

ON IMPULSE

Impulses are pixies that splash in black water. They are shooting stars that flare and tumble earthward in an instant. They are orchids that hang their palpitating blossoms on the blackness of deflowered trees. And these pixies, these stars, these orchids, with their white and gold and lavender, are all that lend color and movement to the drab pattern of life. They are the brilliant warp whereof the gray woof is reason.

On impulse we do those things that we remember, and still remember, in the monotony of many succeeding years. They are the bas-reliefs and the high reliefs of our level days; they cause the only actions that we cannot regret; for it is impossible sincerely to regret anything that has once for a moment struck a little train of golden sparks, kindled a sudden fire of happiness. Indeed, we should be much more and oftener light-hearted if we did not fear to yield to impulse when it urges us. How much better, for example, if we ate our meals when we would, if we dared feast delightfully on soup for breakfast and cereal for lunch! But man is a rational animal, and instead of eating when he feels hungry he must

sit down willy-nilly to three meals a day: and he must eat cereal for breakfast and soup for dinner.

To be sure, there is a story of an Oriental prince, who was traveling in England, and in whose honor a great feast was given one night. The guests were assembled, a delicious and spicy meal was smoking in the kitchen; but the prince — the prince never appeared. The next day some one of the guests saw him, and said, 'But, your Majesty, you were ill? You did not come to the feast that was held for you.' And the prince said simply, 'No; I was not hungry.'

What uncivilized truthfulness, what barbaric logic! Not to eat merely because he was not hungry! What an unpardonable social blunder!

But the prince was only obeying the same unconventional impulse that has tagged at the heels of us all on one occasion or another — a 'poodle-esque' impulse, with shaven body and tasseled tail, that hid behind our feet and lurked in mortal terror beneath our chair, recovering only enough courage to lick the figurative blacking from our shoes, and spoil our glossy self-respect! For in truth, restrained and muzzled impulses develop a gnomish sort of hydrophobia: they romp through the mind and cut mad capers, they wag deceitful tails when it is only the polite muzzle that restrains them from showing their fangs in a hideous growl.

And after all, if for one day we should follow all our delightful, disgraceful whims, would not the memory be pungent enough to outlast and outsavor any possible consequences? To speak the truth impishly all day long: 'No, I did not have a good time; your party was stupid, and you are the homeliest woman I have ever seen; why must you have parties?' 'No, that joke was not funny, and I refuse to laugh; and even if it were, it dates from the youth of my ministerial great-great-grandfather.' 'You are quite irresistibly adorable, and I shall edify Main Street by clasping you in my arms and kissing you here and now.' Or to start for a musty walk with a musty acquaintance; to remark suddenly, 'Well, what *did* the crocodile have for breakfast?' To snap your fingers in the astounded musty face of your acquaintance, and go fishing, a solitary radical, from the green banks of a little river, throwing a silvery enchanted line into the sunset-colored water! Or, indeed, to do anything unconventional, amazing, rude; for these are picayune examples, only points of departure, at best. Anyone with imagination — or impulses — can heighten, intensify, expand them.

The difficulty is that people are pitifully limited in their conception of these dartling desires. They forget the close-woven connection that binds impulse to its Siamese twin, imagination. They forget that Nature and Poetry are the foster parents of both of the fantastic pair; that the soul of caprice is lyric, as the heart of imagination is wingèd. They do not realize that impulse is creative as reason is destructive, that imagination is an artist, whereas intellect is an artisan. In brief, they worship at the Mammon altar of common sense; and the flowery pagan shrine of impulse wastes its sweetness and sheds its neglected roses. Anathema on the rational! The curse of a thousand black witches shaking their gnarled fingers at the world, and crying maledictions, imprecations, vituperations! Analyze all beauty, all adventure, all desire, and find at its heart — impulse! Is not a pixie the whim of a poet, an orchid the caprice of a moonbeam, a falling star the impulse of a God?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

F. Lauriston Bullard for the past fifteen years has been connected with the *Boston Herald*, for the last four as their chief editorial writer. His article opens an *Atlantic* discussion which we intend shall be pursued forcibly and with vigor. ¶All who enjoy Dickens and Christmas can enjoy them both all over again by reading **A. Edward Newton** on the 'Greatest Little Book in the World.' Mr. Newton's last volume is *Doctor Johnson — A Play*, published last spring by the Atlantic Monthly Press. **Griffis Marsden**, a new *Atlantic* contributor, is a California woman who writes us to ask why it is that men have it so much on their minds to prove women are not geniuses. No woman ever bothers to write so critically of 'the manly virtues'! But it is time, she thinks, that a woman did, and tackles the job forthwith.

* * *

Through a journalistic career of many years, **Bruce Bliven** has been gathering the materials for his paper on 'Changing Journalism.' Starting on the editorial staff of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, he later joined the staff of *Printers' Ink*, and afterward held on the *New York Globe* positions as editorial writer, managing editor, and associate editor, leaving that paper when it was bought by Mr. Munsey. ¶Sailors at sea enjoy their Christmas as do other people, and **Arthur Mason**, an old sailor himself, draws his story of a sea Christmas out of the memories of forty-odd years of sea roving. **Archibald MacLeish**, for some years a lawyer in Boston, is now a poet in France. His new book of poems will be published in the spring by the Houghton Mifflin Company. **Neil Forbes Grant** is foreign editor as well as 'Director of Music, Art, and Drama' for the *Morning Post* of London. One might guess he is a Scotsman. **Charles Boardman Hawes** died on July fifteenth of this year. He was best known for his stories of the sea and of Yankee ships in the China and African trade. Maurice Francis Egan in his *Confessions of a Booklover* referred to that 'gem of excitement and illusion, *The Mutineers*.' His last book, *The Dark Frigate*, was published in October, and at the same time an announcement was made by the Atlantic Monthly Press of 'The Charles Boardman Hawes Prize of $2000 for the best manuscript of an adventure story of the same general character and excellence as the tales contributed to American literature by the late Charles Boardman Hawes.'

* * *

Mrs. Elinore P. Stewart is the Woman Homesteader whose letters in 1913, 1914, and 1915 were well known to *Atlantic* readers. **William Douglas** is one of the younger poets, who has found scope for originality in the old verse forms. ¶A teacher of English at Whitman College, Washington, **M. D. Penrose** broadcasts in this month's *Atlantic* a message which will be of interest to teachers everywhere. **G. B. Mackenzie** is a short-story writer, a Scotsman, and a graduate of Oxford University. He served with the British army during the war, and has lived most of the time since in France. **Charlotte Kellogg**, wife of Dr. Vernon Kellogg the biologist, tells in this number of the *Atlantic* some of her early school-teaching experiences in California — still half pioneer — when she like many another young schoolmistress was 'not eighteen.' ¶A familiar poet and novelist, **Sarah N. Cleghorn**, is the author of *A Turnpike Lady*, *The Spinster*, *Portraits and Protests*. **Philip Cabot** deals in this issue with holding the faith whose winning he told of in the August *Atlantic* under the title 'The Conversion of a Sinner.' That his life and thought has never followed the channels of conventional religious service or worship lends these papers an unusual interest. Mr. Cabot has been a successful promoter and manager of public

utility corporations, and a banker. His major interest at present is the remarkable revival of preaching services at King's Chapel, an ancient Unitarian church of Boston. The next Ingersoll lecture at Harvard will be delivered by Mr. Cabot. Ingersoll lecturers have included in times past among other distinguished thinkers and scientists, William James, Josiah Royce, and Sir William Osler.

* * *

Mark O. Prentiss, an American industrial engineer who went to Constantinople for the Near East Relief, was at Smyrna during the capture and burning of the city, and was charged with the evacuation of refugees by the United States naval authorities. He had ample opportunities — which he improved — for talking with Mustapha Kemal and the other Turkish leaders. ¶Joint author of 'The Blood of the Martyrs' which appeared in the *Atlantic* in July 1922, **Elgin E. Groseclose** is an American missionary to Persia. **Dr. Gustav Cassel** of the University of Stockholm has a wide European reputation as an economist and has served on a variety of official commissions in connection with Reparations. He is the author of *Theory of Political Economy*, *The World's Monetary Problems*, and other volumes. Lloyd George has spoken of him as 'one of the most brilliant economists in the world.'

* * *

In 'What Shall We Do About It?' (October *Atlantic*), Mr. Haywood draws a number of vivid portraits of citizens who are highly virtuous in all respects, save bootlegging. But should he not have added the picture of the judges and respectable business men who buy from the bootlegger? This question is asked by Frederick S. Dickson, who sends us some of the best paragraphs we have read in the enormous correspondence which has come our way since we started the discussion.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Haywood's query, 'What shall we do about it?' was well worth the asking and must be answered sooner or later by the rest of us. It is admirable in tone and deserves its place at the head of the October number, but he is palpably in error when he declares that none of his violators of the law 'would hesitate a moment in calling a halt, if they saw or knew of any infraction of any other criminal law.' He does not state this as a fact but merely urges it as an opinion, and in doing so mars his argument, because it is against human nature. Last summer my attention was called to the case of a game-warden who added to his scanty income by distributing smuggled liquor to his neighbors. 'Of course,' said my informant, 'any guide may now fish where he pleases, take as many as he will, and gather in a deer before the season opens, for the warden dare not inform on him, fearing he will himself get in bad.' In this the warden may have been unjustly accused but the statement carried conviction because it had behind it the human nature which Mr. Haywood's dictum lacks.

The writer has described various types of law-breakers; Charley, who is now well dressed and successful, whereas he was but lately shabby and a failure; the well brought up ex-soldier, who was restless and unhappy but is now content and comfortable; the Italian maker of excellent claret, who cannot see why not; the old salt, who thinks those who object are hypocrites, and is constant in his attendance at church; and the lonely farmer, with his applejack, and the State policeman who called and enjoyed the decoction. These are the people he portrays, all of them smugglers, or bootleggers, and all of them prosperous, and unhampered, but he fails even to mention the chief offenders, the class of criminal that gives life to this illicit trade, the men who buy this smuggled and tainted liquor, and pay big prices for it. They are quite well aware that it is their money that makes this evil trade possible, their money that is used to corrupt government officials. They are not only the chief criminals, but they are by far the most numerous class. These men excuse and palliate their participation in crime by pointing out the unfair and illegal acts of the professional prohibitionists. They claim, very properly, that they were willing to forego all liquor during the continuance of the war, and so supported a law to that effect, but when the war ended before the date set for the law to be enforced, it was sheer dishonesty to claim that the war was not yet ended, when all the world knew that it was. This was all true enough, but however tricky the prohibitionists may have been, however unlawful may have been their acts, it does not justify us in flouting what is now the unmistakable law of the land.

Obviously the bootleggers would lose their very profitable trade if their customers refused to buy; but how can we hope to enforce a law when we make it so profitable to disobey it? An acquaintance in Washington asked a boot-

legger for a bottle of Scotch and was told, 'I cannot get it just now. Stocks are low and it is as much as I can do to supply Congress.' It is clear that when Congress is in session the enforcement agents relax their vigilance. At another time it was claimed that supplies intended for Washington had been diverted to the Middle West, where there was a cry for the liquid and a promise of higher prices. To-day the supply seems steadier and the ruling prices somewhat lower. In New York everyone who wants it seems to have it, even at the most modest functions. One host supplies cocktails at a dinner and when a return is made the bootlegger has a new customer. If one refuses to buy he will find his social intercourse greatly restricted. This attitude while general is by no means universal, and I know one good woman who has since her youth been in the habit of taking a glass of sherry or Madeira at her dinner. She is in her seventies now and the indulgence could do her no harm, yet since this law went into effect not a drop of wine has appeared on her table. There may be other similar cases but I know not one.

The fact that this law affected trade was merely incidental, for the object was to prevent drinking and abolish drunkenness, and millions conspire to evade it. Well, what *shall* we do about it? We may detest the saloon but even it is not as bad as the deplorable condition that confronts us.

FREDERICK S. DICKSON.

It is interesting to note how immediately this *Atlantic* article was followed by a national revival of the discussion of Prohibition.

That the youth of the country is not without definite views on 'What Shall We Do About It?' is clear from this letter from a high school where Mr. Haywood's article was made the subject of an English theme.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I found the high-school student's reaction to Mr. Haywood's article 'What Shall We Do About It?' pertinent and revealing. I enclose some papers which were written in class without previous discussion or preparation other than the reading of the article itself.

The opinions expressed are in answer to the following questions: —

1. Why is the article impressive and convincing?
2. For which of these lawbreakers do you feel the greatest contempt?
3. For which do you feel some sympathy?
4. Is the total effect of the article to make the reader more inclined to condemn violations of the law or to question the merit of the law itself?
5. What is most to be deplored — (*a*) the fact that the law exists, (*b*) the fact that the law is violated, (*c*) the kind of people who violate the law, (*d*) the general attitude of the public toward the violation of the law?

Tabulating the answers in a class of twenty-five boys and girls of average high-school age and intelligence, all felt that the article was convincing because it presents facts; fourteen expressed the greatest contempt for 'Charley,' seven for the soldier, three for the State police, one for the Italians; nine felt some sympathy was due the Italians, seven felt some sympathy for the soldier, six felt some sympathy for the old sailorman, two for the farmer and one for 'Charley'; twenty-three expressed the opinion that the total effect of the article was to make the reader question the merit of the law, while only two thought that the article would make the reader more inclined to condemn violations of the law. Fourteen expressed the idea that the general attitude of the public toward the violation of the law is most to be deplored; five thought that the existence of the law is most to be deplored.

IRENE A. COFFIN.

BERKELEY HIGH SCHOOL
Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

Here is a Roman Catholic reply to Katharine Fullerton Gerould's article 'Divorce' in the October *Atlantic:* —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Please let me supply some theological information to Mrs. Gerould. It is entirely wrong to describe the Catholic Church's teaching on marriage as 'asceticism pure and simple.' It is perfectly true that the Church regards religious celibacy as a higher *state*, but it does not follow at all that she looks on marriage as 'a concession to the weakness of the race.' It does not follow, in other words, that because better is better, good is not good.

The Church's insistence on the sanctity and dignity of marriage has been constant since her conflicts with the falsely 'spiritual' Gnostics and Manichæans to the present day. Her teaching in regard to the sacramental character of Christian marriage, completely explicit in mediæval times, was implicit from the first. The

same writers, Tertullian, Saint Jerome, Saint Augustine, who may seem to speak slightingly of marriage when they are primarily concerned with praising virginity, can be also quoted in praise of the married state. Incidentally, Tertullian cannot be taken as a witness to Catholic doctrine after he had joined the heretical and rigoristic sect of Montanists, whose view of marriage was much lower and who condemned second marriages as an abomination.

If Mrs. Gerould wishes to find an extensive collection of quotations in praise of marriage from mediæval religious writers she should consult Chapter 22, Volume IV, of Lamond's Translation of Grisar's *Life of Luther*. Even the natural marriage of non-Christians is described by Leo XIII as having God for its author and as possessing from the very beginning 'a something holy and religious, not extraneous but innate, not derived from man but implanted by nature.' In short, the Church has always defended the sanctity of marriage just as strenuously as she has maintained the superior sanctity of religious celibacy.

Two facts in regard to the latter doctrine need to be emphasized. In the first place those who are called to the higher state are in a minority. In the second place those who are not so called can attain to the highest degree of personal holiness in the married state, not by 'a minimum of passion,' but, to a great extent, by the special and peculiar graces which the sacrament confers. The reasons for the Church's teaching in regard to the relative dignity of the two states, considered as such, need not be here discussed. They do not include any such quasi-Manichean contempt for the body as Mrs. Gerould describes. 'The Unknown Eros' of Coventry Patmore is a thoroughly Catholic poem whose author received nothing but emphatic approval from the contemplative monks whose friend he was.

T. Lawrason Riggs.

* * *

Following Mr. Rossiter's article, 'Three Sentinels of the North' (July *Atlantic*), a convention of farmers and business men was held in New Hampshire to discuss practical measures for building up the state. A committee was appointed and money raised for a careful survey of the state's resources. Real results these, and still the discussion persists.

Dear Atlantic, —

After reading Mr. Rossiter's appeal to the Sentinel States of Northern New England to call to their service their half-million sons and daughters, now living elsewhere, I am moved to ask 'Why not enlist, also, the multitude of grateful people from other states who derive lengthened lives and renewed vigor from summer homes or annual sojourns within these states?'

One modest and immediately practicable form of first aid to sentinels would be saving the babies who die, before their first birthday, from preventable causes, to the number approximately of thirty thousand in each decennial census period, and their mothers of whom far too many die each year from causes directly related to childbirth.

These lost children are native citizens. Mr. Rossiter's figures suggest that they are largely of native parentage. Here then is a loss of population grievous in itself and injurious to the whole nation.

In 1922 there died, according to the preliminary figures of the United States Census, before reaching the first birthday, in Vermont 550 babies, in New Hampshire 1779, and in Maine 1503, all told 3832. In the three states the infant mortality rates for 1922 are, Maine 87, New Hampshire 80, and Vermont 73. An infant mortality rate is the number of babies in each 1000 born alive who die before their first birthday.

In the same year, 1922, two Western Sentinels, Minnesota and Washington kept their rate down to 58 and 62 respectively. New Zealand in 1921, the latest year for which figures are yet accessible, achieved a rate of only 48 deaths among one thousand children born alive.

Saving babies' lives requires, fortunately, no spectacular, costly crusade. In Canada, nursing homes are placed in accessible spots. A physician attached to each cares for mothers who come to the home, and their newborn children, so acquiring special skill and continuous practice. From these centres, along ever-improving roads in ever-cheapening motor-cars, public health nurses carry instruction and service to isolated homes.

Because the legislatures of Maine and Vermont will not meet before 1925, Federal aid in these states will be unavailable meanwhile for organizing baby clinics and conferences as parts of local centres of interest and instruction. Here then is an immediate, urgent opportunity, alike for distant sons and daughters, and for grateful 'summer folk,' to initiate or finance local baby-health centres where none yet exist, to strengthen the funds of the present centres, and in general to coöperate with the child-hygiene bureaus, to the end that the children of the Sentinels may be preserved for our Republic.

Florence Kelley.

A Boy and His "Ad"

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.
STRONG BOY, orphan, 17 years old, ambitious; no experience; willing to do anything; must have position at once. Address C. G., Box 51, Worl

WILL your boy be in a fix like this a few years from now—just when he should be going to college or a vocational training school?

The "Want Ads" of the newspapers tell many a heart-breaking story of mere children thrown into the terrific competition of the working world, without training, without equipment.

Look through the "Help Wanted" columns in the newspapers and read advertisement after advertisement beginning "Expert", "Competent", "Educated", and then ending up with either "big pay" or "high salary for the right man".

* * * *

You do not want your child to take a back seat in life. You do want him to be a leader in his chosen line.

Just about *one* family in *three* can afford to enter their boy in high school and only *one* family in *fifty* can see him clear through college.

Now what are you doing to make it possible for your boys *and girls* to get a good education? How are you going to have the money ready when you must have it—in 15 or 10 years, or sooner? Colleges and all kinds of schools cost money.

* * * *

Then why not do these essential things and do them now?

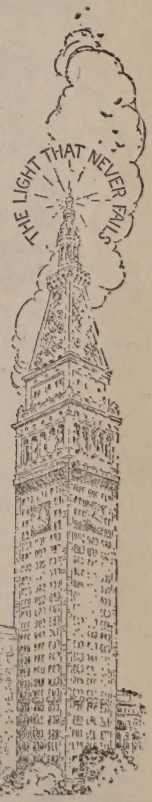
1st—Find how much it will cost to give your children the kind of higher education you want them to have.

2nd—If you have the money now, put it aside.

3rd—If you haven't the money, figure out a way of saving for your Education Fund.

4th—Begin now—this week—to lay aside the first small installment.

The mere fact that his father and mother are making a sacrifice for him, is likely to inspire any red-blooded boy to *make good* and get ready for his big opportunity. The pride of knowing that your children are to have their chance will more than pay you for what you do. Plan now—carry out your plan.



Here is the significant story of the children who enter the 5th grade of the public schools of the United States. Only 63 of each 100 graduate from grammar school—13 from high school—and 2 from college, according to Bulletin No. 34 of the U. S. Bureau of Education.

By giving your children the kind of training they need, you will make them happier, more successful men and women, and your country will be the richer for your contribution of better citizens.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will arrange, if you like, to supply your boy (or girl) with funds needed, in case of your untimely death—or if you live, for that matter. If interested in this phase of the question, write for booklet describing our Educational Fund policy.

But in any event begin now to prepare for what you must do *in case you live*. Statistical records prove that of the parents who read this page most of them will live for fifteen years or more, but failing to make early and proper preparation will be unable to carry out their present good intentions as to educating their children.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

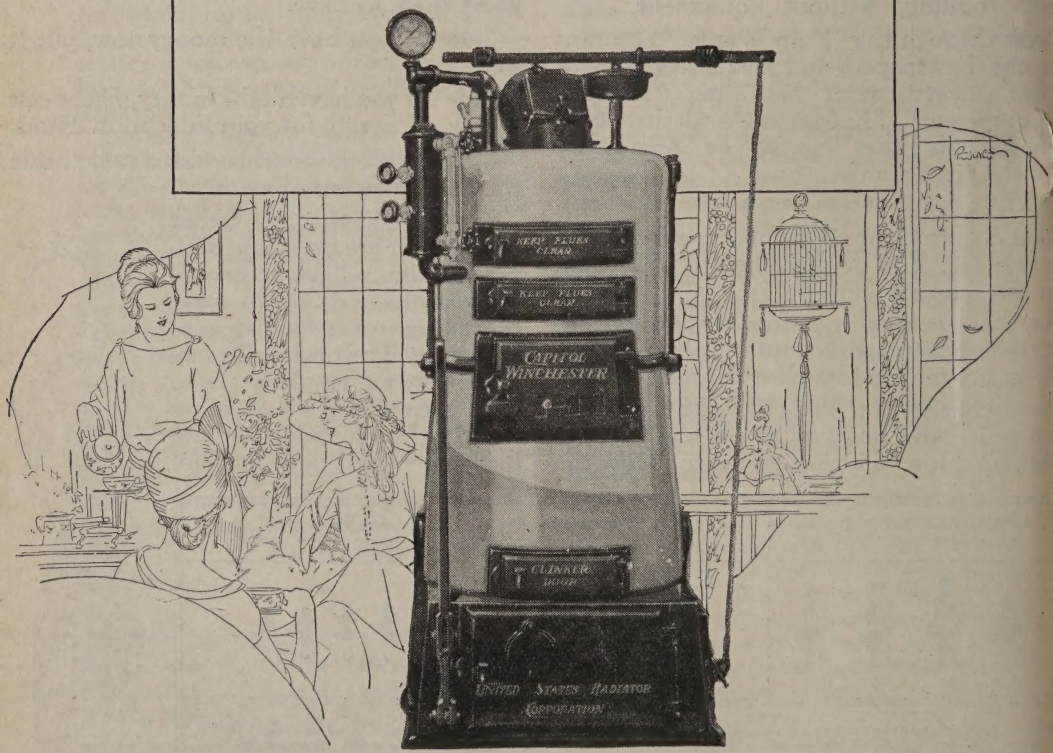
Capitol Boilers

With men or manufactured products the most important thing to consider is reputation.

It is no task at all to design and build boilers that look well in blue prints and on the floor of a show room.

But it is a very different matter to make boilers that hold the confidence and respect of users for thirty years.

That is why so many Heating Contractors specify Capitol. They know that every boiler with that nameplate must live up to a reputation.

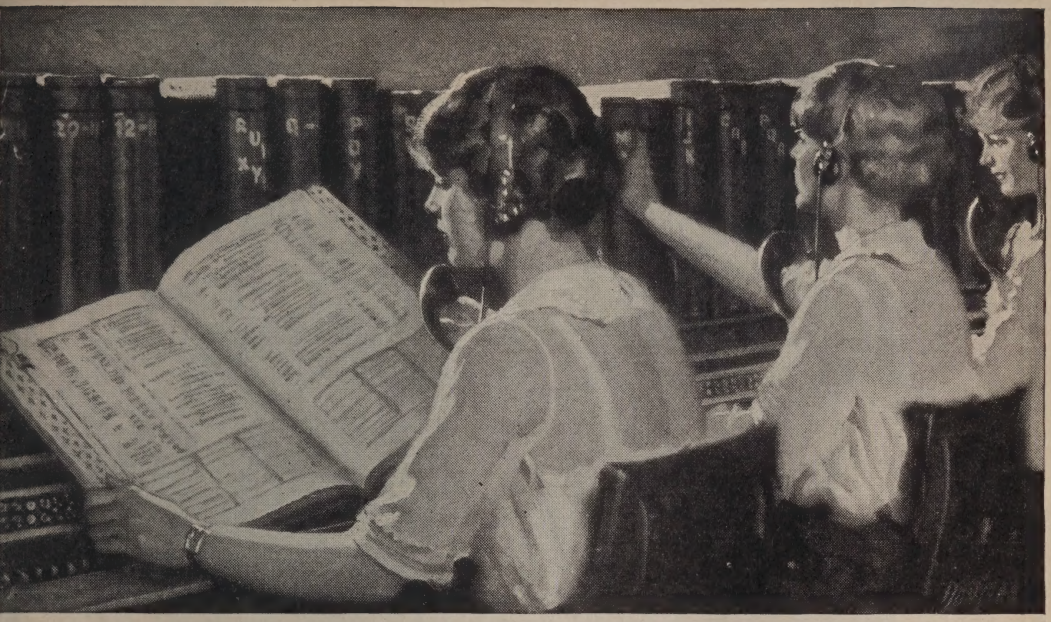


UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

Branch and Sales Offices

*Boston
*Springfield, Mass.
*Portland, Me.
New York
*Brooklyn
*Harrison, N. J.
*Philadelphia
*Baltimore
Buffalo
Pittsburgh
*Cleveland
*Columbus
*Cincinnati
*Detroit
*Chicago
*Indianapolis
*Milwaukee
*Minneapolis
*Des Moines
*Omaha
*St. Louis
*Kansas City
*Seattle
*Portland, Ore
*Louisville

*Warehouse stocks carried at points indicated by star

Crossroads of Conversation

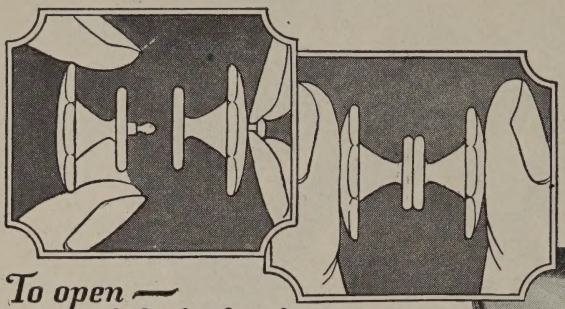
Could the telephone directory in the hands of each subscriber be revised from hour to hour, there would be no need for the information operator. But the directory cannot at one time list all subscribers. Even during its printing and binding, thousands of changes take place in the telephone community. New subscribers are added to the list. Old ones move their places of business or of residence.

Though their names are not listed on the directory, these subscribers must be connected by the highways of speech with all others in the community. To supplement the printed page, there must be guides at the crossroads of conversation.

Such are the information operators, selected for their task because of quickness and accuracy, courtesy and intelligence. At their desks, connected with the switchboards in central offices, they relieve the regular operators from answering thousands of questions about telephone numbers that would otherwise impede the rendering of service. If they are asked for numbers already in the directory, service is retarded.

"Information" stands for the most complete utilization of telephone facilities.

"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward better Service



Closes like this and
Stays locked

To open — lift the knob

An *Up-to-date Gift*

HE'S hoping for a pair of those popular new Sta-Lokt Links. The kind that press together, lock and *stay locked* until you lift the knob. Then they open easily—instantly. Sta-Lokt is the *perfected* separable cuff link. There are many two-piece links, but only one Sta-Lokt. Be sure and ask for it by name. From $1.50 to $7.00 a pair. Your jeweler will be glad to show them to you. Write for folders of Sta-Lokt designs, including the new Cuff-Line shape.

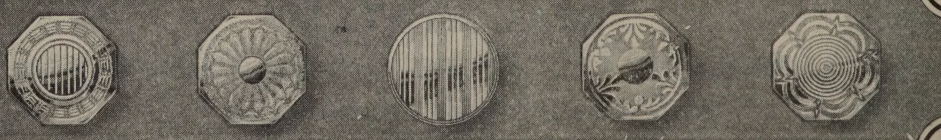
Pair illustrated has solid gold tops. In handsome gift box, $7.

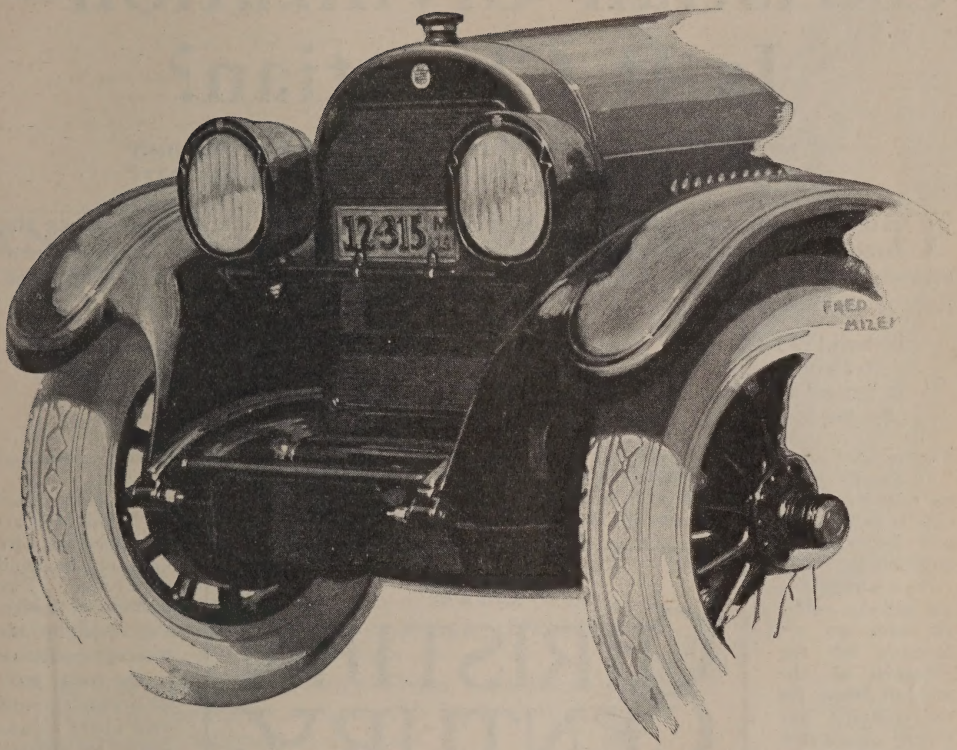
TRADE MARK STURDY CHAINS

STA-LOKT Cuff Link

TRADE MARK PATENTED REGISTERED

J. F. STURDY'S SONS COMPANY
MANUFACTURING JEWELERS
ATTLEBORO FALLS, MASS.
Makers of Sturdy Chains and Bracelets for fifty-eight years





Ask what you will of the New Cadillac—a steady drive, a sudden burst of speed, a positive stop,—*its resources are equal to your inclinations.*

CADILLAC

V-63

Expect Great Things

Christian Civilization—Is It Christian?

After Nineteen Hundred Years Has Christianity Seriously Modified the Pagan Character of Human Society?

THIS question was put to a group of the most influential social students in the American church, all of them leaders and close advisers of the various social service movements in all the denominations and the Federal Council of Churches. Among them are:

Bishop Francis J. McConnell,
F. Ernest Johnson,
Charles A. Ellwood,
Alva W. Taylor,
Harry F. Ward,
Samuel Z. Batten,
Ross L. Finney,
Albion W. Small,
Arthur E. Holt,
Herbert H. Shenton,
Edward Alsworth Ross

Their answer is an amazing revelation!

In a series of articles they declare with surprising unanimity that our so-called Christian civilization is *based upon and shot through and through with utterly pagan implications.*

Our workaday life and our public life have not yet seriously felt the influence of the mind of Jesus. On the contrary, our society dominated by Christian men is found to be governed by rules which are non-Christian, anti-Christian, flagrantly pagan.

If these pagan rules and principles remain unrevolutionized, says Professor Albion W. Small, "*the goodly fellowship of the Apostles could not operate our present industrial system and make its workings just.*"

These churchmen agree that it is vain to ask men to be Christians in industry or politics and at the same time accept pagan ideals, motives and methods as their rules of action.

No such concerted analysis of the moral character of our social order has ever before been attempted in the light of the mind of Christ. The position of leadership held by the writers—officials in the social service organizations and close counsellors of officials—makes their articles an authentic expression of the slowly forming

SOCIAL CONSCIENCE OF THE MODERN CHURCH

These articles will appear in successive issues of The Christian Century beginning shortly. Thoughtful people, inside and outside the churches, will wish to follow this epoch marking discussion.

The CHRISTIAN CENTURY

A Journal of Religion

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, AND HERBERT L. WILLETT, *Editors*

Published Weekly — Four Dollars a Year

Send In Your Subscription At Once!

Foreign Postage Extra — ***Take Your Choice of These Coupons***

Twelve Weeks for $1.00

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY
508 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find $1 for a twelve-weeks' acquaintance subscription to The Christian Century.

Name .....

Address .....

A.M.

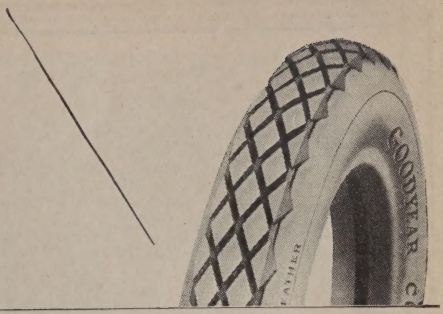
A Great Book With a New Subscription

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY, 508 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Dear Sirs: Please enter my name (a new subscriber) for a year's subscription to The Christian Century, at your regular rate of $4.00. I will remit upon receipt of bill and you will please send me without extra charge a copy of ☐ "Seeing Life Whole," by King, or ☐ "Christianity and Social Science," by Ellwood, or ☐ "Revised New Testament," by Goodspeed, or ☐ "Toward the Understanding of Jesus," by Simkhovitch, or ☐ "Religious Perplexities," by Jacks, or ☐ "What Christianity Means to Me," by Abbott, or ☐ "Ambassadors of God," by Cadman, or ☐ "Religious Foundations," by Jones, or ☐ "Religion of the Social Passion," by Dickinson, or ☐ "The Call of Christ," by Willett, or ☐ "Lincoln and Others," by Clark.

Name .....

A.M. Address .....



INSURING YOUR FAMILY'S SAFETY

No motorist who has felt the security of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread under his car needs to be told its special advantages.

He knows how firmly, how surely, the big, thick keen-edged blocks of this great tread take hold on any surface.

He knows how powerfully they put traction under the drive of the engine, and safety under the pressure of the brake.

He knows how stubbornly they clutch and cling on slippery streets or roadways, digging through to solid footing and a safe stop.

The Goodyear All-Weather Tread does these things incomparably well simply because it is scientifically designed to do them.

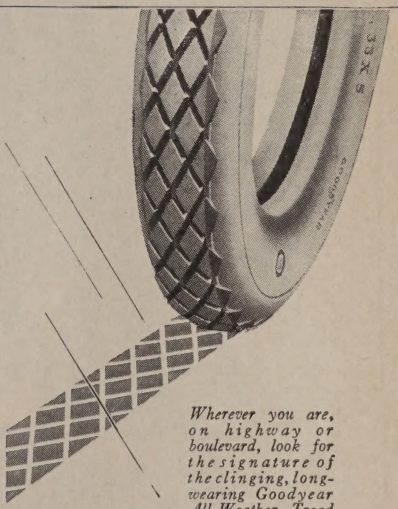
Its blocks are made wedgelike, so shaped as always to present right-angled resistance to the direction of skidding; they are self-cleaning, for continuous efficiency.

On the *new* Goodyear Cord Tire the All-Weather Tread now is made from an extraordinarily dense and enduring rubber compound, affording even longer wear.

Its deep-channeled symmetrical pattern combines the utmost in economy with maximum tractive power.

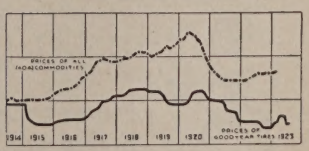
For your own and your family's safety you ought to have All-Weather Tread Goodyears on your car.

Costing no more than other good tires, they are one of the best forms of insurance you can have.



Wherever you are, on highway or boulevard, look for the signature of the clinging, long-wearing Goodyear All-Weather Tread

A GOOD TIME TO BUY GOODYEARS



Over the past ten years Goodyear Tires have been steadily improved. Despite this, prices on Goodyear Tires have consistently been kept below the average price level for all commodities, as the above chart shows. Although Goodyear Tires today are better than ever before, Goodyear prices are 45% below those of 1920, and 39% below those even of 1914. This is a good time to buy Goodyears.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

THE EXQUISITE FLAVOR OF

BAKER'S COCOA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Makes it the favorite beverage to serve at all afternoon and evening social affairs.

Baker's Cocoa is of very high quality, made only from high grade cocoa beans, by a strictly mechanical process, no chemicals being used, which preserves the natural flavor, aroma and color, and retains a much larger proportion of cocoa butter or fat than is found in inferior grades.

MADE ONLY BY

WALTER BAKER & COMPANY LTD.

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

CANADIAN MILLS AT MONTREAL

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

Holeproof Hosiery

HOLEPROOF offers women a sensible combination in hosiery that can be found in no other makes—long wear and beautiful appearance.

Some hose may equal Holeproof in appearance but they lack the phenomenal durability that has made Holeproof famous. Others may approach Holeproof in wearing quality, but at the sacrifice of fine texture and sheerness.

If you are interested in getting hosiery that will give extraordinary wear and at the same time is sheer and beautiful, ask for Holeproof.

At all good stores—in many styles, in all approved colors. Silk, silk-and-wool, wool, silk-faced, and lusterized lisle. Styles also for men and children. If not available locally, write for booklet and prices.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario

© H. H. Co.

The set you start today can grow through the years to come. Added pieces always match.

IVORY
Pyralin
DU BARRY

The ideal gift of Pyralin toilet-ware is a complete set which can be purchased in any material, pattern or decoration.

the name-stamp means the gift is genuine

The Pyralin name-stamp on each article cannot but add to the satisfaction of giving, and to the appreciation of the one who receives—for it is a guarantee of full value, of life-long beauty and usefulness. Sold by leading stores everywhere.

IVORY
AMBER
SHELL

Pyralin

The graceful La Belle Pattern is here illustrated in Shell Pyralin. Also made in Ivory Pyralin and Amber Pyralin.

DU PONT

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. Inc., *Pyralin Dept.*, Arlington N.J.
Arlington Company of Canada, Montreal, Canada

"Gifts that Last"

Solid Gold
Square Bag with
Inlaid Mesh

When it is time for the Christmas walk, will your gift go with her?

If you have given her a Whiting & Davis Mesh Bag there is no question. Its shimmering beauty, its usefulness, the envied air of smartness it lends her costume, make it far too precious to leave behind.

Exquisitely hand carved frames and the sheerest of mesh in Solid Gold and Sterling Silver. And don't forget little Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags delight the hearts of Tiny Maidens.

Whiting & Davis Mesh is used in the beautiful mesh scene in Irving Berlin's New Music Box Revue, staged by Hassard Short and presented by Sam H. Harris at the Music Box Theatre in New York.

Created and Made in America

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY
Plainville Norfolk County Massachusetts
Canadian Factory—Sherbrooke, Que.

Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags

© Whiting and Davis Co., 1923

MESH WHITING & DAVIS CO BAGS

Painted by F. R. Harper for Story & Clark *Copyright, 1923*

This is the sixth of a series of paintings illustrating a modernized version of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man" of which this is—

DECLINING YEARS

When *your way* of life is fallen into "the sere, the yellow leaf," you will turn to music for ultimate joy and consolation. Music alone can offer you comfort for your sad moods—joy for the happy moods—rest and peace when you are tired. Underneath old troubles may fret, but for the nonce life is golden. *Music's most ideal medium is found in the little grand.*

The STORY & CLARK *Little Grand*

is an instrument you can well afford. With its many fine qualities—purity and sweetness of tone, beauty and finish of construction—you have a piano that will become the most precious heirloom of all, one to be handed down to your children and grandchildren. As years go by, your Story & Clark little grand will bring you peace and deeper understanding. For its gift is golden music!

Near-by is a Story & Clark dealer who will gladly show you the several styles of Story & Clark pianos and player pianos and from whom you can purchase one on terms within your income

INSTRUMENTS OF FINEST QUALITY SINCE 1857

THE STORY AND CLARK PIANO COMPANY

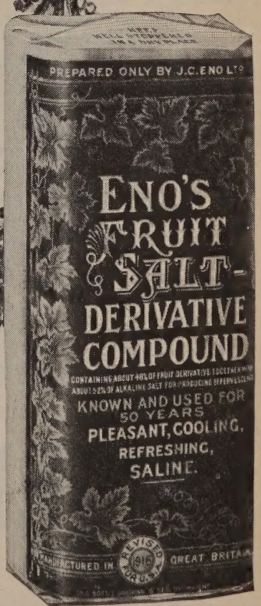
GENERAL OFFICES 315-317 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Yuletide's Cheerful Spirit

IT is the season of the year when all should enjoy in its fullness, the cheer, the pleasure and gladness which permeates the world. It is the season when the gloomy outlook which darkens so many lives and spoils so many simple pleasures should be dispelled.

How can you be cheerful, play, work or enjoy the beauties of life about you if you are oppressed by the subtle nagging symptoms of indigestion, headache, depression and weariness.

Just a teaspoonful of ENO's in a glass of water will clear your blood stream and give you a new and happier aspect. It is a sparkling, refreshing, clean-tasting, health-giving draught which can always be relied upon to dispel the clouds of depression caused by faulty elimination. And the zest of life will stay with you if you drink Eno's the first thing in the morning or the last thing at night.



ENO's FRUIT SALT—
DERIVATIVE COMPOUND

as a laxative, has the pleasant, purifying properties of fresh, ripe fruit and is equally effective.

At All Druggists: "Handy Size," 75c; "Household Size," containing twice the quantity, $1.25. If, for any reason, you cannot obtain ENO's "Fruit Salt" locally, send remittance to Sales Agents who will see that you are promptly supplied.

Sales Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
171 Madison Avenue, New York — Toronto, Sydney, Wellington

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, England

The words "Fruit Salt" and ENO, and the design on the label, are protected by registration in U. S. A.

START THE DAY RIGHT WITH ENO'S

Cook Books are enemies

of teeth and gums

THE DENTISTS of the United States are engaged in a daily struggle against the cooks.

For the most delicious conceits of the cook books are, in general, exactly the kind of food that is doing the greatest harm to teeth and gums.

Soft and creamy, the food which you eat daily does not give one-tenth the stimulation, the exercise, which rough, coarse food once gave.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Lacking stimulation, lacking a good healthy circulation of blood, gums are growing less robust, and tooth troubles, traceable to the gums, are increasing all the time.

Dental authorities are not insensible to this condition. Today they are preaching and practicing the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth. Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

In stubborn cases they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgetably good. Send for a trial tube today.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

A trial tube, enough for ten days, will be sent on request. Please write to Bristol-Myers Co., 63 Rector St., New York, N.Y.

Look Inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS NEW YORK STANDARD TRADE MARK

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

Fine Parts Make Fine Pianos

THE Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action is a *part* used in making a piano—a *vital* part governing both tone and touch. Since 1874 it has been recognized by the entire piano making industry as the *finest product* of its kind in the world.

Naturally, you do not find this fine action in pianos of mediocre quality. Therefore, if you wish to be certain that you are obtaining a piano, player or reproducing piano of artistic worth and reliable construction, see that it contains the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action.

Look for the octagonal trade-mark (shown above).

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano—Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action.

Table Covers for Mah Jong

Well made of green, heavy felt, to exactly fit any 30 inch card table top. Has ample, divided pockets on four sides to hold counters. Convenient, practical, ideal gift. Shipped parcel post paid anywhere in U. S. Send check or M. O.

$5.00

Beach Co., 904 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

An Atlantic Gift Card

HOLY NIGHT

By Florence Converse

A Christmas Masque for presentation by young children — and the quaintest of Christmas greetings. Among the Dramatis Personae we find The Lamb, who "weareth a sheep's skin, or a white coat, and a little tail that he may frisk by a string what time he bleateth," and the Ox and the Ass — "These two be only heads of pasteboard, which do lean out of window. It needs but one boy that shall speak for them twain, and knod the head of the Ox and wag the Ass his ears." 35c

Three cards with envelopes to match for one dollar

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

WHERE FINE CARS CONGREGATE

With the advent of each new winter season, the supremacy of Lincoln closed cars becomes more pronounced.

It is not alone that the number of these cars is noticeably increasing. As a matter of fact, the attainment of large production records has not entered into the plans for them.

But the type of service for which they are employed in increasing volume is conclusive proof of their preferred standing in the public esteem. Fair examination reveals that it is the people whose approval is most significant who are lending impetus to the use of Lincoln closed cars for personal transportation.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Four Passenger Sedan

L I N C O L N

EXHIBITED AT THE NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOWS

A Gift that's valued

Watch his face light up when he opens the case and lifts out a real man's pipe, with a mouthpiece of genuine

BAKELITE

Handsome pipes and holders of this beautiful, tasteless, non-absorbent material, may be had in any good smoke shop.

Simple designs in amber colors for those who are conservatively inclined; others with silver and gold mountings, and in rich, jewel-like colors that are sure to please those of more lavish taste.

A pipe or holder with a mouthpiece of genuine Bakelite is always a welcome gift—and one of recognized worth.

BAKELITE CORPORATION
247 Park Avenue
New York

BAKELITE
REDMANOL
are the registered Trade Marks for the Phenol Resin Products manufactured under patents owned by
BAKELITE CORPORATION

THE MATERIAL OF A THOUSAND USES

Smart Styles for Young Men

STYLE 520
made in
Brown Calf

RALSTONS are designed especially for the red-blooded young men who are exacting in their style demands and fastidious and discriminating in their dress.

They always reflect the latest note of style tendencies without descending to freakishness. For sound values and good fit they are a market standard.

Most styles $9.00. Some a little more—some a little less.

RALSTON SHOEMAKERS
975 Main Street Brockton, Mass.

Send for Fall Style Book

Ralston

SCIENCE STEPS IN—*at last* to Rid *Your* Premises of Rats and Mice

SCIENTIFICALLY prepared and tested RATIN *Bacterial Culture* causes a disease among Rats, Mice (and Field Mice) who then infect and destroy one another. SANITARY — the Ratin disease tends to force rodents outdoors to die. HARMLESS — to human beings, poultry and domestic animals. Extremely simple — easily applied on cubes of bread soaked with Ratin. Readily eaten by rodents without suspicion.

Used and recommended by homes, farms, estates, zoological gardens, hotels, hospitals, camps, communities, railroads, warehouses, factories, etc., throughout country and by five European governments.

PROOF

The campaign that we have been making against our rats with the aid of your "Ratin" preparation is now practically at an end. Not only have the rats got the worst of it, but the wonder of it is that they all seem to be dead. This is the first time that any rat extermination scheme has really worked out here with unqualified success. It has done everything that you represented that it would do. Our keepers have been amazed and delighted by the wholesale manner in which it has slaughtered the hordes of rats that we have been steadily fighting for twenty years.

(*Signed*) NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK,
Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday, *Director*.

Ratin preparations shipped everywhere by Parcel Post. YOUR inquiry answered promptly with full details and further proofs. Pin this announcement to your letterhead, hand to you secretary or mail a postal to nearest office.

THE RATIN LABORATORY, INC.
116 Broad Street, New York

30 N. Dearborn St., *Chicago*
603 E. Lake St., *Minneapolis*
407 Am. Exp. Bldg., *Memphis*
2230 9th St., *Berkeley, Calif.*
2 Park Square, *Boston*
Firemen's Bldg., *Newark, N.J.*
711 Manhattan Bldg., *Kansas City, Mo.*

A WORLD WIDE SERVICE

Men died like flies

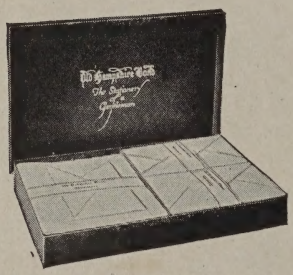
The Great Pyramid was built, according to Herodotus, by the bitter toil of 100,000 men for twenty years. Men died like flies.

The world *does* progress. A modern skyscraper goes up in a fraction of a year—workmen furnishing the skill and General Electric motors the muscle.

Wherever hard, gruelling tasks can be lifted from human shoulders by electricity, human life is enriched. General Electric Company designs and manufactures machinery by which electricity is generated and put to work.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

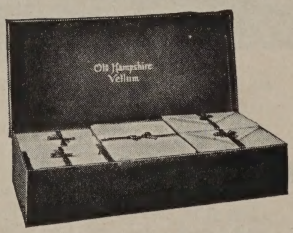
Old Hampshire Stationery
The "Write" Gift



Old Hampshire Bond

"The Stationery of a Gentleman"

No. 529. The box illustrated above contains one quire—24 sheets and envelopes—of Royal Club size. A highly appropriate gift for a man—at a moderate price Price, the box, $1.50.



Old Hampshire Vellum

"A Stationery of Distinction"

No. 626. Popular with ladies. Contains four quires—24 sheets and envelopes each of Royal Club, Regent, Duchess Gold Edge Cards with envelopes, and Princess Correspondence Note with envelopes. Price, the box, $4.50.

Old Hampshire Stationery is offered in numerous other boxes, for both men and women, at $1.50 to $8.50 the box.

Sold wherever fine stationery is found. If your stationer cannot supply you, we shall be glad to oblige on receipt of remittance.

A usable packet of Specimen Sheets and Envelopes will be sent on receipt of 10c.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY

Fine Stationery Department F

South Hadley Falls, Mass.

fear!

Are you self-conscious about the impression you make on people?

FEAR is probably the greatest handicap anyone can have in life. It keeps you from being your own real self—from doing your downright best and from getting on in life as you should.

Personal appearance has a lot to do with the way you feel. Clothes count, of course. But still there is one thing so many people overlook—something that at once brands them as either fastidious or careless—*the teeth.*

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Only the right dentifrice—consistently used—will protect you against such criticism. Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. The first tube you buy will prove this to you.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And, moreover, just as Listerine is the safe antiseptic, so Listerine Tooth Paste is the safe dentifrice. It cleans yet it cannot injure the enamel.

What are your teeth saying about you today?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, U. S. A.

A Notable Comment

on

THE SPIRIT OF THE GARDEN

By MARTHA BROOKES HUTCHESON

Mrs. Samuel Sloan, *President of the Garden Clubs of America*, writes of this new book: —

"I consider it a very valuable addition to garden literature, and it will be an inspiration to many. I am so happy that in this book Mrs. Hutcheson brings to the minds and to the hearts of the American public the necessity for more sentiment, more mystery, and more atmosphere in the garden, — something sadly lacking in this country. Her illustrations also are charming, and most fitting."

With an Introduction by Ernest Peixotto
Profusely illustrated, boxed, $8.50

An Ideal Gift for the Garden Lover

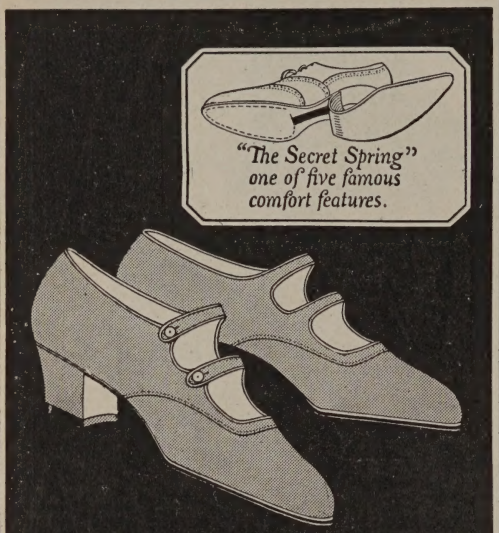
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

Just what I wanted—A Kodak

Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up
At your dealer's

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*

A STYLISH SHOE MADE COMFORTABLE



Charming Style
—in a comfort shoe

THAT age-old desire of the fashionable woman for a shoe of exquisite beauty combined with *unrestrained comfort* is perfectly realized in the new Fall Styles of Dr. Kahler's Shoes.

Particularly charming is a series of smart strap slippers reflecting the new preferences of Paris. This vogue, so appealing, has more than surface beauty and graceful lines to commend it; it has the five famous Dr. Kahler comfort features which not only ease and strengthen the foot but bring a springiness to the step that makes walking a pleasure.

Dr. Kahler's Shoes are on sale in all principal cities. Write for booklet "The Feet and their Clothing" and name of Dealer in your City.

LOUNSBURY-SOULE CO., INC., NEW YORK

DR. KAHLER'S SHOES

The World's Most Famous Comfort Shoe

A Gift of Distinction

Personalized Stationery

100 Sheets and 100 Envelopes Engraved with Name and Address $2.95

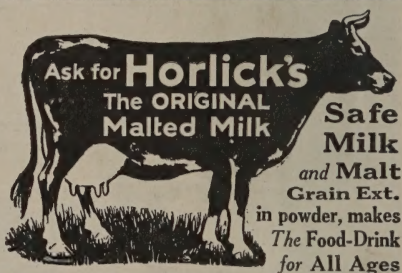
Correct Sizes. Single Sheets 6¼ x 10— Folded style 5½ x 6⅞. Envelopes to match.

The solution of your Xmas Gift problem. A fine useful present reflecting good taste and consideration. Box of 100 sheets and 100 envelopes exquisitely embossed at top center of sheet and on envelope flap, sent prepaid for $2.95. Do not confuse this with ordinary printed note paper; by our process-engraving the letters are raised; paper is fine Vellum, sheets are full size. Choice of Black, Blue or Gold embossing, White or Gray paper, Single or Folded Style. Send check, money order or currency; 20 cts. extra west of Miss. Print carefully wording to be embossed. If desired, Xmas card will be enclosed bearing your name and box shipped direct.

THE COVINGTON CO.
Dept. K, 110 West 40th St., New York

We guarantee finest quality and will gladly refund your money if not satisfied. Order Now—Don't Delay.

Special Group Offer
3 Boxes $8.25
4 Boxes 10.50



Safe Milk and Malt Grain Ext. in powder, makes The Food-Drink for All Ages

Avoid Imitations—Substitutes

An Atlantic Gift Card

Fiddle-Faddle Customs

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

"Wherein is Described Abundance of Fiddle-Faddle Stuff, Raw Heads, Bloody-Bones, Hobgoblins and such like Horrible Bodies — Eating, Drinking, Kissing, & Other Diversions — Witches, Wizards, Conjurers & Their Merry Pranks — Fairies, Spectres, Ghosts, & Apparitions with many Curious Memoirs of Old Father Christmas — 1740." *Sixteen pages, seven illustrations, and a sprightly cover design of gayly tripping youths and maidens.* 35c

Three cards with envelopes to match for one dollar

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

Don't let sore throat interfere with your winter pleasures

Check sore throat *this* way

SORE throat is a nuisance. It usually comes at just the time you want to feel your best—maybe when there is a big party scheduled; a skating trip, tobogganing or something else.

Besides the inconvenience, sore throat may often be a danger signal of some more serious ill to follow. Many illnesses have their beginning with disease germs that may enter the system through the mouth and throat.

There is one simple, safe and pleasant way to guard against troubles of this kind — by using Listerine systematically as a mouth wash and gargle.

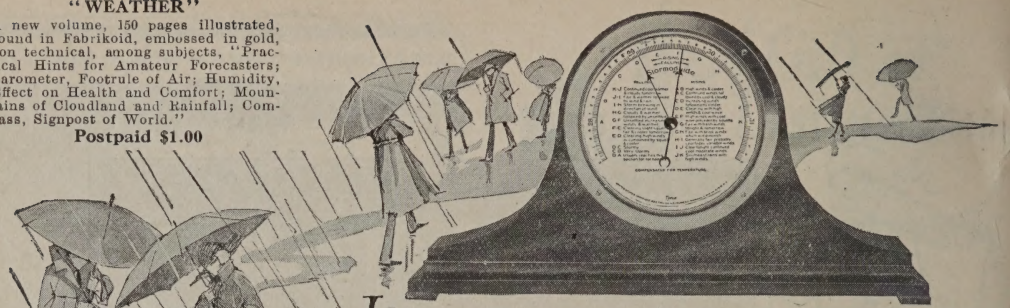
For half a century this valuable preparation has been recognized and recommended by physicians as a safe household antiseptic.

Moreover, when you use Listerine this way you effectually combat that other embarrassment that so many people are guilty of, both socially and in business—halitosis (the medical term meaning unpleasant breath).

When you make Listerine a regular part of your daily toilet routine, you *know* your breath is right and you know that you are guarding yourself against troubles that may start with throat infection. It is a good thing always to have it handy in your bathroom. Listerine has dozens of other uses; note circular with each bottle. — *Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE *—the safe antiseptic*

"WEATHER"
A new volume, 150 pages illustrated, bound in Fabrikoid, embossed in gold, non technical, among subjects, "Practical Hints for Amateur Forecasters; Barometer, Footrule of Air; Humidity, Effect on Health and Comfort; Mountains of Cloudland and Rainfall; Compass, Signpost of World."
Postpaid $1.00



It's owner becomes his own weather forecaster.

Stormoguide 2554, as illustrated, has a 5-inch silvered metal dial set in a 7-inch frame, mahogany stand, 14½ inches wide at base. Highly polished.
Price - $50.00

The dial gives all advance weather probabilities simple as a good clock tells time. Confusing weather words "fair, change, stormy," eliminated.

This weather mentor makes an acceptable gift for your friend's home, an invaluable equipment for your own. Decorative with its exquisitely finished mahogany frame and graceful lines, but more—the performance of a weather service.

If for any reason your dealer cannot supply you with a Stormoguide one will be sent direct upon receipt of price—postpaid and safe delivery guaranteed.

Taylor Instrument Companies Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.
Canadian Plant: 110-112 Church Street, Toronto
There's a Tycos or Taylor Temperature Instrument for every purpose

The Tycos Stormoguide

B 150

AMERICAN STATIONERY

Of all Christmas gifts, none is more tasteful than this. The *original* printed type of note paper—for informal correspondence and household business uses. Noted for its sterling quality. Used in better homes everywhere. Name and address printed on National Bank Bond in rich, dark blue ink Size of sheet 6 x 7; envelopes to match. Sold only by mail from Peru, Indiana. No branch plants. Special facilities insure prompt service. Order a package now. Remit with order — or, if inconvenient at the moment, we will ship C.O.D. West of Denver and outside of U. S. add 10%.

The American Stationery Co.
1213 Park Avenue, Peru, Indiana

200 Sheets
100 Envelopes
PRINTED WITH ANY NAME AND ADDRESS
$1.00 POSTPAID

THE AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.,
1213 Park Avenue, Peru, Ind.

Send me a pack of 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of American Stationery to be printed as shown on attached slip. (Note: To avoid errors, write or *print* copy plainly.)

MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT WHOLLY SATISFIED

Atlantic Gift Suggestions

[FOR YOUNGER FOLK]

DAVID THE DREAMER
By RALPH BERGENGREN
Author of *Jane, Joseph, and John*
A quaint blending of prose and verse, accompanied by something really new in illustrations by a young Rumanian artist, Tom Freud. $2.50

JANE, JOSEPH, AND JOHN
Delightful child life verses with captivating illustrations in color by Maurice E. Day. *Boxed.* $3.00

MANY CHILDREN
By MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER
Verses in which grown-ups as well as children will delight. *Illustrated by Florence Wyman Ivins.* $1.50

UNCLE ZEB AND HIS FRIENDS
By EDWARD W. FRENTZ
Out-of-door tales, containing bits of natural history, childhood adventure, and fellowship with animals. *Illustrated.* $1.50

ZODIAC TOWN
By NANCY BYRD TURNER
A book of verses and prose that younger children will love. *Profusely illustrated.* $1.50

At All Booksellers, or
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

The FIFTH Avenue Building
200 Fifth Ave.
New York

First Impressions

AN OFFICE and its appointments are the habiliments of a business—outward signs by which it may be judged. A visitor's first impressions of a business may come from such evidence of its prosperity as the location, furnishings and atmosphere of the office.

Occupants of The Fifth Avenue Building mutually profit by association with conspicuous success. Drawn together by the common bond of leadership, they contribute to and share alike in the air of prosperous activity characteristic of the building.

Many of the occupants consider it an additional advantage to furnish their offices in keeping with the high commercial or professional standing of their firm. The spacious, high-ceilinged, well-lighted, airy offices of The Fifth Avenue Building are exceptionally well adapted to artistic treatment.

The building is ideally located. At the intersection of two world-famous streets, and facing Madison Square, it affords the added prestige of a well-known address.

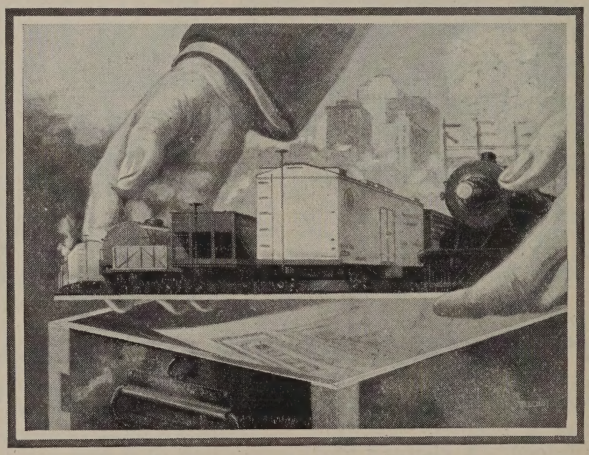
THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING

Broadway and Fifth Avenue, at Madison Square, New York

"More than an office building"

A FINANCIAL MEETING PLACE

¶ In the pages immediately following, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY groups the announcements of banks and bankers, with particular reference to those which offer a service in Commercial and Investment Banking. We believe it is to the interest of our readers to present such advertisements in this manner and, on our part, we undertake to accept, for this Department, only such announcements as, in our judgment, are submitted by firms and institutions which, through their character and experience, are worthy of the confidence of our readers.



Empire Builders—in your safe deposit box

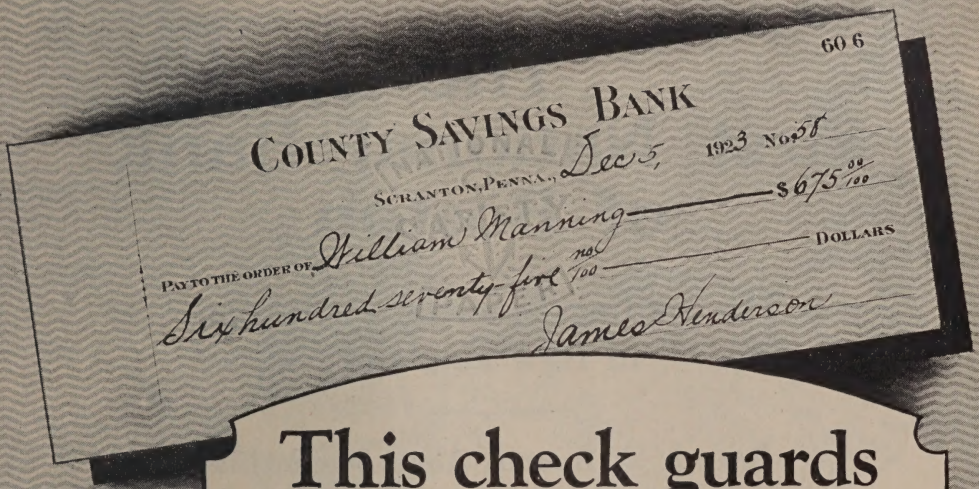
THE railroads are physically built to fetch and carry men and freight. They are financially built to go forward and expand with funds borrowed from investors like yourself in the form of bond issues.

Like all the bonds we offer to investors, every railroad bond we recommend has first been put through a fact-searching test. Only when the facts indicate sound values are we willing to say, "This bond meets our standard — we recommend it."

If you are an investor you should receive our Monthly Offering List which contains a broad selection of well secured bonds. Current copy will be mailed on request.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

The National City Company
National City Bank Building, New York
Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the World
BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES



This check guards your bank balance

You never worry about your valuables in a bank's safety deposit vault, which modern construction has made burglar-proof.

Your mind can be just as free from the fear of check-fraud, if your checks are on National Safety Paper.

National Safety Paper

protects *all* the writing on *both sides* of your check. An attempt to alter it with chemicals, eraser, or knife instantly produces a conspicuous white spot or stain in the paper.

National Safety Paper has been adopted by more banks than any other form of check-protection. In New York, for instance, over 80% of the banks and trust companies use it.

Are your checks on National Safety Paper? If not, ask your bank for this protection.

We have prepared a book for you on "The Protection of Checks." Write for your copy.

George La Monte & Son, 61 Broadway, New York
Founded 1871
National Safety Paper is also made in Canada by George La Monte & Son, Ltd., Toronto

The First National Bank of Boston

The leading financial institution in New England

Branch at Buenos Aires, Argentina
Branch at Havana, Cuba
Special Representative in London

Resources $300,000,000

Why Florida Securities Pay 8%

IT is simply the working out of the law of supply and demand—a case of competitive bidding for a needed commodity—and in this case the commodity is capital. Florida is bidding for outside capital in large amounts for the development of her natural resources. Vast acreages of year-around farming land must be reclaimed; factories are needed; seaport facilities must be enlarged; winter resort accommodations must be increased. Of all the cities of Florida, none offers better investment security than Miami. Write today for descriptive booklet and full particulars regarding our 8% First Mortgage Bonds.

THE FILER-CLEVELAND COMPANY

MIAMI, FLORIDA

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Required by the Act of August 24, 1912

Published monthly at Concord, N. H.

NAME OF —	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
Editor, ELLERY SEDGWICK	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
Business Manager MACGREGOR JENKINS	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
Publisher MACGREGOR JENKINS	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
Owners:	
ELLERY SEDGWICK	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
MACGREGOR JENKINS	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
MABEL C. SEDGWICK	14 Walnut St., Boston, Mass.
ALICE D. JENKINS	Dover, Mass.
REGINALD WASHBURN	254 Salisbury St., Worcester, Mass.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: Boston Five Cents Savings Bank.

Signed MACGREGOR JENKINS, *Publisher.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1923. MARY A. LYONS, *Notary Public.*

[SEAL] (My commission expires March 3, 1927.)

The Spirit behind the Custom

In the country store of days gone by, upon the occasion of the seasonal purchase of the family clothing, the store-keeper, as an expression of appreciation of the business just transacted, surprised each child in the family by presenting him with a bulging sack of candy.

The spirit of giving unexpected personal attention survives at The Continental and Commercial Banks. As evidence of our appreciation of the business of our customers, we endeavor to surround each transaction, whether large or small, with unusual promptness, a little more care than is absolutely necessary,—in short, we attempt always to render—

"An Extra Measure of Service"

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

Resources More than $500,000,000

68 Years Proven Safety

No Need to Worry

About General Market Conditions When You Own Greenebaum Bonds

Ownership of Greenebaum First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds means complete freedom from the effects of general market conditions. The sound values behind these securities — and their recognized stability — make them an ideal investment for people who haven't the time, nor the knowledge required, to be continually "watching the market."

Send for Folder

Why Greenebaum Bank Safeguarded Bonds are known as "worry-proof and carefree investments" is explained in our new folder, *"More Conservative Bonds."* It will pay you to write for your copy today; merely use coupon below.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

Ownership identical with Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Co.—Combined resources $35,000,000

FOUNDED 1855

Oldest First Mortgage Banking House

CORRESPONDENT OFFICES IN 300 CITIES

Use This Coupon 412

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company
La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago

Without obligation, please send me a copy of your new folder, *"More Conservative Bonds."*

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Greenebaum Bonds-100% Safe Since 1855

SEATTLE and the Pacific Northwest as an investment center

WITH the rise of Seattle and the Pacific Northwest into a place of importance in the commerce and industry of the country, thereby creating a new investment opportunity, there has been an increasing demand for information about this most inviting investment center.

A copy of this folder will be mailed on request, with information about

7% FIRST MORTGAGE Real Estate Bonds

Denominations: $100. $500. $1000.

on income-producing properties in the Pacific Northwest

For 33 years we have served our clients with profit to them and without loss to any investor

W. D. COMER & CO.

Established 1889

BONDS & MORTGAGES

1222 Second Ave Seattle Washington

MAIL FOLDER TO

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

"THE LADIES!"

A Shining Constellation of Wit and Beauty

By E. BARRINGTON

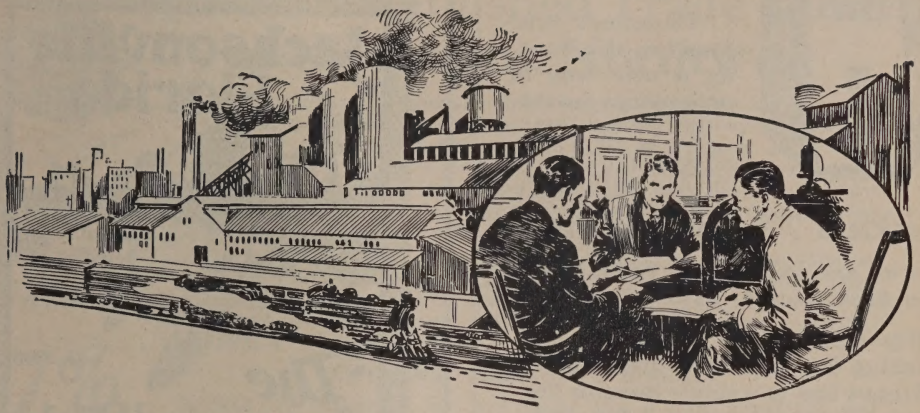
E. Barrington's aim in the writing of these sketches was to transform certain fleeting glimpses of historical tradition — often so much more "reliable" than "sober history," into the portraits of those men and women whose personality these traditions have concealed, perhaps even more than they have revealed.

Poignantly appealing are these portrait sketches. Yet so delicately wrought that only their reading can make clear their unique charm. — *Boston Transcript.* $3.50

Illustrated with reproductions of old-time portraits.

At All Booksellers, or

The Atlantic Monthly Press - Boston (17), Mass.



"Shall we hold back—or go ahead?"

THE EXECUTIVES of a manufacturing company were confronted with an important question concerning production. Should they hold back—or go ahead?

"Wait!" said one. "I have been talking with our bank. They are sending us a survey of conditions which contains more facts than we have been able to gather, and a study of the bearing of these facts on the production schedule we have under consideration now."

Decisions can be made accurately only when all the facts are known. The Equitable is in touch, day by day, with changing conditions in many localities and industries. Its officers are trained to interpret the facts and apply them to specific business plans and problems.

Thus we frequently are able to help a commercial customer to eliminate guesswork in deciding some problem relating to production, selling, or organization.

Officers of manufacturing and mercantile companies whose growing business requires a more comprehensive banking service are invited to consult us.

THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

UPTOWN OFFICE
Madison Ave. at 45th St.

37 WALL STREET

COLONIAL OFFICE
222 Broadway

FOREIGN OFFICES

LONDON: 10 Moorgate, E.C. 2
Bush House, Aldwych, W.C. 2
PARIS: 23 Rue de la Paix
MEXICO CITY: 48 Calle de Capuchinas

Importers and Traders Office
247 Broadway

DISTRICT REPRESENTATIVES

PHILADELPHIA: Land Title Building
BALTIMORE: Calvert and Redwood Sts
CHICAGO: 29 South La Salle St.
SAN FRANCISCO: 485 California St.

Thousands have found in this booklet a new way to accumulate wealth.

A Riskless 7% Investment

approved and recommended by the South's oldest MORTGAGE INVESTMENT HOUSE

Fifty-eight years' experience in making first mortgage investments without loss to a single investor lies back of every issue of Adair Protected Bonds. These bonds, secured by first mortgages upon selected improved property, such as office buildings, hotels and apartment houses, are created, safeguarded, approved and recommended by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House.

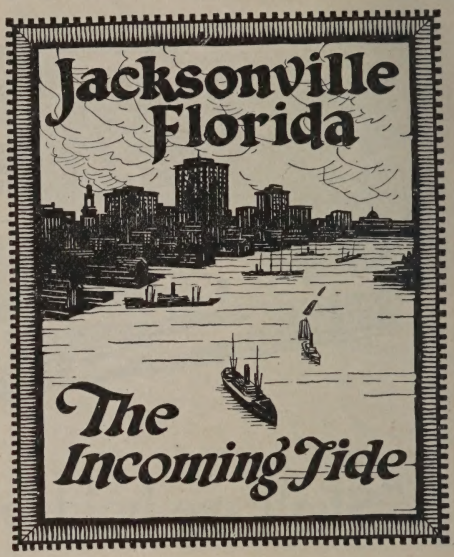
You take no risk when you invest in Adair Protected Bonds, and because of the liberal interest yield, it is possible for you to greatly increase your income and to accumulate wealth at a rapid rate.

If you own securities which are not yielding you a sufficient return, if you are interested in saving a portion of your earnings, or if you are looking for the best investment for your savings—you should know more about this riskless 7% investment.

Right now—while you are thinking about it—write to us in Atlanta giving your name and address quite plainly, and we will gladly send you an instructive investment booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds."

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO.
225 Healey Building ATLANTA

ADAIR PROTECTED
First Mortgage BONDS *on Real Estate*



The incoming tide of industrial and commercial advancement in Jacksonville is attracting the eyes of men with vision and capital.

In domestic and foreign freight movements, as a manufacturing and distributing point, in commercial importance and in building activities, Jacksonville, Florida, is one of the fastest growing cities in the southeast. It also ranks fifth among southern cities in bank clearings.

The time to invest is before the incoming tide reaches its flood. The place to invest is where values promise sure and steady increase. Investigate Jacksonville and you will find it to be the city where your money legitimately will earn more.

"Investment Opportunities in Jacksonville, Florida"

is an illustrated booklet which gives facts and figures that show the increasing importance of Jacksonville to a territory with a population of over 8,000,000.

It points out the tide of development and expansion just setting in, and indicates many opportunities for safe and profitable investment. Your name and address will bring you a copy.

City Advertising Department
Room 10 J, City Hall
Jacksonville, Florida

An Old Established Trade Route of the Pacific Northwest

An Unusual Investment Yielding

7%

REPLACING an inadequate ferry system which has been in continuous operation for 32 years, the *Columbia River Inter-state Bridge*, now under construction between Hood River, Oregon, and White Salmon, Washington, is a vital unit of an old established trade route. It connects the famous Hood River apple valley with the lower Yakima valley, making possible the shortening of the trade route of this valley to the shipping center, Portland, Oregon, by seventy miles.

The First Mortgage Serial Gold Bonds, secured by the entire physical properties and assured earning power of this bridge, offer an investment of combined safety, security and the attractive interest yield of 7%. The bonds are coupon form, maturing 1926 to 1938, in denominations of $1000, $500, $100.

Complete Illustrated Booklet

Without any obligation, we will gladly send a fully illustrated and descriptive booklet 500-A covering all factors relating to this exceptional investment. Write today for copy. Use coupon below.

Founded 1892

Wm. P. Harper & Son

Municipal, Corporation, Mortgage Bonds

Hoge Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

WM. P. HARPER & SON, Seattle, Wash.
Please send without obligation your booklet "Columbia River Inter-State Bridge Bonds." (A)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

8 Tests of Bond Safety

From our 38 years of financial experience we have devised Eight Tests that insure absolute safety for the money you invest. These eight tests will show you the safe way to increase your income—through a higher yield.

"How to Select Safe Bonds"

A postcard or letter will bring you a copy of our book, "How to Select Safe Bonds," with "Eight Tests of an Investment." For 38 years no investor has ever lost a penny on an investment purchased from George M. Forman & Company—a record that is unsurpassed. Send today for your copy of our interesting book.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY, Dept. 1312
105 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.
"38 Years Without Loss to a Customer"

THE NOTION-COUNTER

A Farrago of Foibles

Being Notes About Nothing, by Nobody
Illustrated by Somebody **Dedicated to Everybody**

THE title of this little book, and its fitting cover of flowered cretonne, suggests that it is an offering of pure relaxation and witty comments. With its clever drawings and bright, challenging essays and anecdotes, it is most commendable for your own light reading or as a remembrance for a friend, especially one who may be "shut in" or depressed. Not for long can one resist the humor and keenness of such random reflections as those upon "Millinery Madness," "My Wife's Check-Book," "Parables in Motors," and "What Kind of a Snob Are You?" — *Worcester Telegram.*

$1.00

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR

The Atlantic Monthly Press - Boston (17), Mass.

Established 1899

ESTABLISHED in Cleveland in 1899 as underwriters and distributors of investment securities, we have found it necessary to enlarge our facilities from year to year to meet the increasing demands of the great industrial territory of Ohio and the Middle West until today our organization is national in scope.

OTIS & CO.

CLEVELAND

New York Detroit Denver
Cincinnati Toledo Columbus
Akron Colorado Springs

Fifteen Years Investment Protection

A Safe Deposit Box

will guarantee you against the loss or theft of your bond and stock certificates, but it will not guarantee you against the depreciation or disappearance of the funds those certificates represent. The only insurance against this danger is wise initial investment and careful, constant study of the ever changing conditions which affect your security holdings.

Moody's Ratings will indicate to you the wisdom of investing in any particular issue. But Moody's can do much more for you than that: we can exercise the vigilance over your holdings which security requires but which you yourself have not the time or equipment to give. Keeping our clients' money at work, advising them what to buy and retain, informing them of developments bearing upon their stocks and bonds, continuously protecting them—these are all features of our Service.

Our booklet 101-A will explain to you the facilities we are providing for thousands of America's wisest investors.

MOODY'S
INVESTORS SERVICE
JOHN MOODY, President
35 Nassau Street, New York City
Boston Philadelphia Chicago Los Angeles

Nothing to Sell But Service

First Mortgage Loans On Atlanta Real Estate

Many American investors, including the leading insurance companies and financial institutions of the United States, have learned that the laws protecting real estate loans in Georgia, are admirably adapted for the purpose.

Our real estate loan operations are confined largely to the Atlanta Section of North Georgia, the center of which is Atlanta, the capital of Georgia, and the most important financial and industrial center South of the Potomac and East of the Mississippi, showing the largest and most continuous growth in bank clearings, building permits and population among the cities of this section.

Clients in thirty-seven states of the Union and several foreign countries will confirm our statement, that no client of ours has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest on any real estate loan negotiated through us.

We are now offering both INDIVIDUAL FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS in practically any amount from $1,000 up and FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS in denominations of $250, $500 and $1,000; all at the attractive rate of 7% per annum; for a term of five years, interest payable semi-annually; the real estate security in each case being two-for-one.

For detailed information we shall be glad to send to investors, without cost or other obligation, several interesting booklets describing our methods and this as a field for investment, as well as many facsimile testimonials from satisfied clients and our current investment bulletins.

TILSON & McKINNEY
212 Palmer Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

The
ATLANTIC MONTHLY
PRESS
is offering

The Charles Boardman Hawes Prize of $2,000

for the best manuscript of an adventure story received before October 1, 1924. For details address

The
ATLANTIC MONTHLY
PRESS
8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

INVESTMENTS

WE are members of leading exchanges and maintain offices in six prominent cities. An extensive wire system keeps us in intimate touch with security markets throughout the country.

Each of our offices, in New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Providence, and Portland, is thoroughly equipped to render financial service of the highest character.

Commission Orders Executed

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON
PORTLAND
PROVIDENCE

Investment Securities

Founded in 1888

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
DETROIT

Members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges

Investors' Library

"Mortgage Loans, the Ideal Investment," offered by Tilson & McKinney, 212 Palmer Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

"A Systematic Plan of Saving," a booklet explaining the partial payment plan for the purchase of first mortgage bonds of the Pacific Northwest. Offered by W. D. Comer & Company, 815 Second Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

"8% and Safety," a booklet explaining the reason for 8% securities based on improved real estate in Florida. Offered by The Filer-Cleveland Company, Miami, Fla.

"Current Offerings," a booklet describing First Mortgage investments in Washington, D. C., yielding 6½% to 7.13%, that have back of them a record of no loss to any investor in 50 years. For copies address The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"How to Build an Independent Income," a booklet, illustrated, which shows how investors have much to gain by the compounding of 6½% to 7.13% interest on first mortgage investments in Washington, D. C. Offered by The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"A Convenient Outline of Trust Department Services." An outline of the services of our Trust Department. Valuable to those contemplating a trust relationship with a financial institution as it enables them more specifically to find the particular form of trust to fit their needs. Offered by the Equitable Trust Co., 37 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

The Iron Man in Industry *by Arthur Pound*

A most interesting book—one certain to be discussed with heat. Most of the debate will turn on Mr. Pound's proposed remedies. These are large issues, issues of the sort that call for thoughtful study rather than debate. Even the readers most inclined to question Mr. Pound's position must acknowledge that he has stated a problem of great moment with rare effectiveness.—*New York Evening Post.* **$1.75**

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR

The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston (17), Mass.

A Systematic INVESTMENT PLAN

SOUND electric and gas securities offer one of the most attractive forms of investment available.

Thousands of large and small investors have used our Monthly Investment Plan by mail to build up systematically, a strong, conservative list of securities.

It is safe—simple—convenient.

Send for booklet DM-208, describing this plan

H. M. Byllesby and Co. INCORPORATED

208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO

NEW YORK
111 Broadway

BOSTON
14 State St.

Forty-one Tests for Safety

SAFETY is the fundamental requirement in investment. Time is the one sure test which fixes not only the safety of the security, but the character of the offering house as well.

S. W. STRAUS & CO. was founded more than four decades ago for the purchase and sale of safe investments.

Years have come and gone, with wars, panics, and periods of both depression and of great expansion.

Year by year the test for safety has been applied, with the result that our slogan, changing only by the number of years it chronicles, now reads, 41 Years Without Loss to Any Investor.

These years and the record each has brought forth are forty-one tests which clearly guide you to safe investment. At this time, Straus first mortgage bonds are available in $1,000, $500 and $100 denominations, yielding 6 and 6½%. Call or write for literature describing these bonds—backed by 41 years of tested safety. Ask for

BOOKLET L-1328

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

Est 1882 Offices in 40 Cities Incorporated

STRAUS BUILDING
565 *Fifth Avenue*
at 46th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
6 North Clark Street
at Madison St.
CHICAGO

79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

41 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

© 1923—S. W. S. & Co., Inc.

Investors' Library

THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, in connection with its Financial Advertising Department, wishes to encourage this by the publication of the following list of booklets, which, it is believed, should prove useful to those readers who are concerned over the problems of the investment of their surplus funds.

It is recommended that readers write directly to the investment Houses, making request for such booklets as seem most likely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may suggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *Atlantic Monthly* readers.

"Bonds and How to Buy Them," an interesting booklet enumerating the important features in securities with which investors should be familiar. Offered by Otis & Co., 216 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

Protected Bonds. A booklet, "57 Years of Proven Safety," explaining methods used in making and selling Adair Protected Bonds. Helpful to investors. Offered by Adair Realty & Trust Co., Atlanta, Ga.

"Common Sense in Investing Money," a booklet containing a statement concerning real estate mortgage bonds, of interest to investors. Offered by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

"Monthly Investment Plan," financial independence through the purchase of high-grade securities on a ten-payment plan. An interesting and attractive booklet. Offered by H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

"Shawmut Service," an interesting booklet setting forth the many-sided service rendered by a present-day big-city bank. Of much interest to business men. Offered by the National Shawmut Bank, Boston, Mass.

"Getting the Most from Your Money." Investment involves method. Some follow one plan, some another. This booklet sets forth plans and suggestions useful to men and women who take more than ordinary interest in their investment problems. Offered by Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

"A Booklet Describing Equitable Service"; Equitable Trust Company, 37 Wall Street, New York City.

"Choosing Your Investment Banker," a worth-while booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to look for in their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Systematic Savings Plan," a pamphlet which discusses the partial payment method of buying real estate mortgages. Offered by Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

"For Buyers of Bonds," an interesting booklet for buyers of investment securities. It explains many of the facilities of a large bond house, and describes the financing of nations, cities or corporations. Offered by The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York.

"Hides and Skins and the Manufacture of Leather," a booklet giving information of interest to investors in connection with one of our great industries. Offered by the First National Bank, Boston, Mass.

"Public Utility Bonds." Brown Brothers & Company, 59 Wall Street, New York, have issued a circular of 30 of the better known public utility bonds, affording a wide variety for selection with yields ranging from 5.16% to 7%. Copies of this circular will be sent on request.

Buying Investment Stocks: *Atlantic Monthly* readers may secure full information about the sale and purchase of investment stocks by addressing Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress Street, Boston, Mass., or 42 Broadway, New York City.

"Municipal Bonds of the Pacific Northwest," a booklet which describes the process of issuing Northwestern municipal or local improvement bonds. Offered by Wm. P. Harper & Son, Seattle, Washington.

"How to Select Safe Bonds," an instructive booklet describing various kinds of bonds and what measures the investor may take to be sure of the safety of his funds. Offered by Geo. M. Forman & Company, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Banking Service: All forms of banking service, commercial, investment, and fiduciary, are rendered by the Continental & Commercial Banks. Full details will be furnished upon request. 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

A booklet which reviews present opportunities for bond investors

THE PRESENT LEVEL of bond prices marks one of the infrequent periods when standard bonds can be purchased to yield more than the normal rate of income.

With general business on a sound basis, we believe that now is decidedly a good time to take fullest advantage of the opportunities which the present bond market affords.

The new edition of "Safe Bonds for Investment" selects for your consideration outstanding values in Public Utility, Industrial and Tax-Exempt Bonds.

Send for This Booklet

You will find it more helpful than the ordinary list of bond offerings, because of the informative comment it contains relating to the present bond market in general and to the principal types of bonds specifically.

Write for Booklet 19Z

HALSEY, STUART & CO.
INCORPORATED

CHICAGO 201 S. La Salle St. | NEW YORK 14 Wall St. | PHILADELPHIA 100 S. Broad St.
BOSTON 82 Devonshire St. | DETROIT 601 Griswold St. | ST. LOUIS 319 N. 4th St.
MILWAUKEE 425 E. Water St. | MINNEAPOLIS 610 Second Ave., S.

Come to Washington *for* 6½% and Safety

IN Washington, the Nation's Capital, the first mortgage investor finds an unusual degree of safety and stability. Strikes, crop failures and business depressions do not disturb its activity or its growth. The business of Government *must* go on.

Washington is thus the only city in America which has directly back of it the tremendous influence of the United States Government in improvement and development.

Our First Mortgage Investments, strongly secured by improved, income-producing property in Washington, D. C., will pay you 6½% net over a period of years when interest rates are likely to be much lower than they are now. In addition they carry State and Federal tax-free features which increase the yield to 7.13%.

All issues are sold in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, outright for cash or under our Investment Savings Plan. This plan pays from 6½% to 7.13% on all partial payments and carries our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE of principal and savings bank interest should you, for any reason whatsoever, be unable to complete your purchase.

Mail the attached coupon today for booklet, which gives full information

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 50 YEARS

The F.H.SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

FIRST MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS
SMITH BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Please send me your Booklet D-1

Name .....

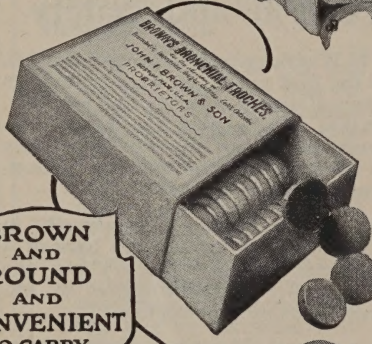
Address .....

Stop that irritating Cough!

CARRY in your vest pocket or hand bag a handy package of Brown's Bronchial Troches—Brown's Bronchial Troches are not a confection, but a most effective remedy which quickly overcomes bronchial irritation and tickling in the throat. Used for over 70 years by prominent vocalists and speakers. Quickly clears the throat and gives prompt relief from hoarseness, coughing and distressing asthmatic troubles. Absolutely safe to take because they do not contain opiates or any harmful ingredients.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

General Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc., New York, London and Toronto



BROWN AND ROUND AND CONVENIENT TO CARRY

At All Druggists

In 3 size packages

BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES
COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGES

What's Coming this WINTER?

Will business pick up—or slump?
What will happen to prices?
How about the credit situation?

The Babson Barometer Letter, just off the press, gives you the unbiased facts together with scientific forecasts—that you may judge coming conditions and govern yourself accordingly.

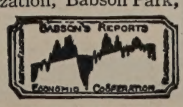
If you'd like a copy of this Special Report, gratis,

Tear Out the MEMO — NOW!

Babson's Reports
ON BUSINESS

MEMO for Your Secretary

Write Babson Statistical Organization, Babson Park, Mass., as follows: Please send, without obligation, copy of your Barometer Letter No. Z-22 and booklet *"Steady Business Profits"* explaining the Babson Method.



An Atlantic Gift Suggestion

Joys of the Road

A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY IN PRAISE OF WALKING

Compiled by Waldo R. Browne

WHETHER you journey with Hazlitt, or tramp with R. L. S. or study nature with John Burroughs, or enter into the joys of the open road with the others included in this little book, you will feel refreshed in mind and body and spirit. In the hundred small pages the true spirit of the open breathes and lives and the reader will find himself preparing to join what Burroughs calls "The noble army of walkers," even as he tucks the book into his pocket. — *Bookseller & Stationer.*

Illustrated, 75 cents

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, INC. A.M. 12-23
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find.....and mail, postpaid,
JOYS OF THE ROAD

Name .....

Address .....

Since 1839

RUSSWIN

DISTINCTIVE HARDWARE

IN these great buildings where smooth working, durable and beautiful hardware is an essential—there you will find *Russwin.*

And the very qualities that have led architects of national reputation to specify Russwin Hardware for their finest buildings also make Russwin pre-eminently the hardware for the home.

"To Russwin-ize is to Economize"

Russell & Erwin Manufacturing Company

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

New Britain, Connecticut

New York
San Francisco

Chicago
London

Some noteworthy buildings equipped throughout with Russwin Hardware

Army and Navy Bldg., Washington
Cleveland Discount Bldg., Cleveland
Hanna Building, Cleveland
Singer Building, New York
Houlder Building, Buenos Aires
Standard Oil Bldg., San Francisco
Powell Building, New Haven
Chicago Trust Co. Bldg., Chicago
Inter Zone Building, New York
R. H. Macy Building, New York
Dexter-Horton Building, Seattle

Pennsylvania Hotel, New York
Plaza Hotel and Annex, New York
McAlpin Hotel and Annex, New York
Alamac Hotel, New York
Statler Hotels, St. Louis and Detroit
Hotel Traymore, Atlantic City
Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia
Hotel Sherman, Chicago
Drake Hotel, Chicago
Rienzi Hotel, Chicago
William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh
Seelbach Hotel, Louisville
Francis Marion Hotel, Charleston, S. C.
Bon Air Hotel, Augusta, Ga.

Post Office, Birmingham, Ala.
Supreme Court and Library, Salem, Ore.
Custom House, San Francisco
Temple of Justice, Olympia, Wash.
Municipal Building, New York
New York Public Library, New York
City and County Bldg., Pittsburgh

American Consulate, Rio de Janeiro
Chattanooga Memorial Auditorium
University Club, San Francisco
Kansas City Athletic Club
Elks Club, Omaha
Y. M. C. A., Hyde Park, Ill.
Brooklyn State Hospital, Brooklyn
Manhattan College, New York
Orlando State Bank, Orlando, Fla.
Weaver High School, Hartford, Conn
Missouri Pacific Hospital, St. Louis
Nat'l Bank of Japan, Tokio
H. C. Frick Residence, Prides Crossing, Mass.
A. O. Trostel Residence, Milwaukee
C. Oliver Iselin Residence, Brookville, L. I.
Arthur Curtis James Residences, Newport and New York City

Make Your Little Girl Happy with an

Add-a-pearl

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NECKLACE

The family and friends will keep it growing

Additional pearls for the Add-a-pearl necklace are sold only on this card

ASK YOUR JEWELER

Globe-Wernicke

is holding this new book for you!

SEND FOR IT

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me, without charge, your book—"Unusual Decorative Effects for Bookcases"—which is illustrated throughout with new ideas in home decoration—FREE.

Name_____

Address_____

Town or City_____ State_____

B 25-12

Globe-Wernicke SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

Beautiful **TILES**

Tiles are expressive. Ideas of patterns, color scheme and general effect may be worked out to perfection when they are used. No limitation in decorative treatment. Add to the artistic value of Tiles the element of permanence—and Tiles prove highly practical while possessing unequaled beauty.

Consult your architect and dealer about Tiles, or write to

Associated Tile Manufacturers

330 7th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

"Fills a real need"

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Abridged by

EDITH FREELOVE SMITH

PARENTS will find that Edith Freelove Smith's abridgment of *The Pilgrim's Progress* meets a real need. In this version of John Bunyan's classic we have the story without the doctrinal theology of the seventeenth century. Children love *The Pilgrim's Progress*, but they always have difficulty when they read it for themselves, on account of the long theological discussions. Sometimes parents, too, have difficulty in cutting it as they read it aloud to their children. The editor has done this task for them admirably, without marring the quaint diction and simple vigor of the author.

The illustrations, which are from silhouette drawings by Harriet Savage Smith, are numerous and delightfully in the spirit of the text. — *Boston Traveler.*

$1.50

At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

Germ-spreading crowds, a dust-irritated throat—in these lie the beginning of most dangerous infections

The throat ⇌ the culture-bed of disease—*When exposed to crowds or dust—during epidemics — or when your bodily resistance is low — protect yourself with this most modern form of throat prophylaxis*

YOU cannot isolate yourself from germs. A single cough, a sneeze, fills the air about you with millions of these potential breeders of colds, influenza, and many dangerous diseases. In a crowded room or street car the air is so thick with them that you would have to stop breathing to avoid them.

In the warm, moist membranes of the throat, germs find their ideal breeding-place—especially when irritated by dust, the raw inflamed surfaces then being filled with the blood and lymph on which germs feed and grow.

To find a really effective way of preventing disease by checking this growth of germ life in the throat has long been the study of medical science. That is why Formamint, as soon as it appeared, attracted the interest and received the endorsement of scientists all over the world.

Formamint is the most modern, the most scientific form of throat prophylaxis—safe, dependable, pleasant, convenient.

When dissolved in the mouth, Formamint tablets liberate a powerful germicide which, combining with the mouth fluids, penetrates to every crevice in which germs can lodge. It is so compounded that it cannot injure the most delicate tissues — yet it absolutely destroys germ life.

Unlike any other form of throat prophylaxis, Formamint protects you at the very moment when infection is most likely to occur. Whenever you are tired or run down, in crowds, or whenever you are exposed to infection, you can carry Formamint with you.

Get a bottle today. All druggists have it.

Formamint
GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLETS

When exposed to colds, influenza or any other disease; during epidemics; when tired or run down or when the throat is raw or sore, dissolve a Formamint tablet in the mouth every one or two hours.

To enable you to test the efficacy of Formamint, we will send you a pocket case containing five Formamint tablets on receipt of 4 cents for postage. Address Bauer Chemical Co., Dept. E-2, 113 W. 18th Street, New York City.

Will a
YELLOW KING
Rule the World?

OUT of the mysterious depths of little-known Asia comes this amazing prophecy: A yellow-skinned king will rule the world! He will rise to power as hordes of his willing subjects hurl themselves on a war-weakened Europe.

It seems improbable and absurd—yet a traveler through Central Asia reports that the idea of Asiatic supremacy is spreading with alarming rapidity. "It is more than probable," he writes, "that the white race will be obliged to reckon with the influence of the now only legendary King of the World."

Read about the Yellow Menace in the December Century, "The King of the World." It is one of the most astonishing developments since the outbreak of the World War. Besides this remarkable article, there are six other splendid features typical of the new Century Magazine.

The Century is a magazine for people of intelligence and appreciation. It is found in homes of culture and in the hands of thinkers. It is an outstanding achievement in magazine editing—entertaining, instructive, beautifully printed and illustrated.

Subscribe to the Century by the year, so that you will not miss any of the attractive numbers. A year's subscription is a welcome gift at Christmas. Use the coupon below. Send it in now so that the presentation card will arrive in time for Christmas Eve.

Seven Features for December

The King of the World, *by Ferdinand Ossendowski.*
Moses; A Miracle of Mercy, *by Lincoln Steffens.*
Some American Cross Sections, *by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman.*
Mahatma Gandhi, *by Romain Rolland.*
The Box-Office Girl, *a Story, by Arnold Bennett.*
Phantom Adventure, *a Story, by Floyd Dell.*
The Man Who Kept a Diary, *a Story, by J. C. Squire.*

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

Liberal ~ Literary ~ Amusing

THE CENTURY COMPANY A-6
353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

For the $5 enclosed, please send the Century for one year, with a gift card, to

Name.....

Address.....

Name of Giver.....

"The Fine Upstanding Figure of a Man!"

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN YOUR FEET

Akron, O., Shumaker Shoe Co.
Allentown, Pa., H. Leh & Co.
Baltimore, Md., N. Hess' Sons
Bay City, Joe the Shoeman Co.
Bethlehem, Pa., M. E. Kreidler & Son
Birmingham, Ala., D. & H. Rich
Boston, Mass., 32 West St.
196 Washington St.
Brooklyn, N. Y., 310 Livingston St.
Buffalo, N. Y., C. H. Barton
Butte, Mont., Delphin-Doney Shoe Co.
Cedar Rapids, Ia., The Killian Co.
Champaign, Ill., W. Lewis & Co.
Charleston, W. Va., May Shoe Co.
Chicago, Ill., 29 East Lake St.
40 No. Clark St.
77 Jackson Blvd., W.
Cincinnati, O., 38 East 4th St.
Cleveland, O., 927 Chester Ave.
Columbus, O., 18 East Broad St.
Davenport, Ia., Harned & Von Maur
Dayton, O., Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver, Colo., Fontius Shoe Co.
Des Moines, Ia., 509½ Sixth Ave.
Detroit, Mich., 126 W. Fort St.
36 W. Grand River Ave.
Duluth, Minn., 21 N. 4th Ave., W.
Erie, Pa., Trost & Lacey
Findlay, O., L. E. Snyder
Fort Wayne, Ind., Lehman Shoe Co.
Fort Worth, Texas, McKee's, 404B Houston St.
Grand Rapids, Charles Trankla Co.
Hartford, Conn., 695 Main St.
Harrisburg, Pa., 19 North 4th St.
Huntington, W. Va., Northcott, Tate Hagy Co.
Indianapolis, 207 Guarantee Bldg.
Joliet, Ill., Hutchinson Shoe Co.
Kansas City, Mo., J. J. Fontius & Sons
Lewiston, Me., D. H. Day
Lincoln, Neb., Speier & Simon
Los Angeles, Cal., C. H. Fontius
Louisville, Ky., 421 W. Walnut St.
Lynn, Mass., J. A. Gagnon, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wis., 128 Wisconsin St.
Minneapolis, Minn., 39 S. 7th St.
New Haven, Conn., Eli Boot Shop
New Orleans, La., Imperial Shoe Store
New York City, N. Y., 23 West 35th St.
137 West 125th St.
29 West 46th St.
Newark, N. J., Hausman's, 813 Broad St.
Newport, R. I., Richard Bullock, Inc.
Oakland, Cal., 520 16th St.
Omaha, Neb., J. J. Fontius & Sons
Peoria, Ill., Eugene Kepler
Philadelphia, Pa., 38 S. 17th St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 517 Grant St.
Portland, Me., Dean Bros.
Portland, Ore., 372 Morrison St.
Providence, R. I., 385 Westminster St.
Rochester, N. Y., 47 Clinton Ave., North
Sacramento, Cal., W. F. Frieseke
St. Louis, Mo., 313 N. 8th St.
St. Paul, Minn., 48 E. 6th St.
Salt Lake City, J. J. Fontius & Sons
San Diego, Cal., C. H. Fontius
San Francisco, Cal., 687 Market St.
Schenectady, N. Y., Lindsay Boot Shop
Seattle, Wash., Buck Shoe Co.
Sioux City, Ia., Ben Schulein
South Bend, Ind., Paul Kuehn
Spokane, Wash., Curry, Fortner Co.
Springfield, O., Charles Baldwin Co.
Steubenville, O., K. R. McCoy
Superior, Wis., Lightbody Wingate Co.
Syracuse, N. Y., 416 So. Salina St.
Tacoma, Wash., 756 St. Helens Ave.
Terre Haute, Ind., J. Bernheimer
Toledo, O., 509 Madison Ave.
Tulsa, Okla., Lyons Shoe Store
Uniontown, Pa., Campbell-Hathaway Co.
Warren, O., Frank & Wolkoff
Waterloo, Ia., Fox Shoe Store
Wheeling, W. Va., M. H. & M., 1047 Main St.
Wilkes Barre, Pa., C. Walter & Son
Worcester, Mass., Mark F. Cosgrove, 54 Main St.
Youngstown, O., Proctor Hall Co.

For Men—Women—Children

ALERT READINESS—the straight-backed poise, energetic swing and buoyant step that (regardless of age) can be every man's most prepossessing assets—are *all lost* if your FEET are not kept alive—vigorous—uncomplaining. Cramp them in stiff-arched, unnaturally-shaped Shoes, and weakened muscles, deformed bones, irritated nerve-centers and strangled circulation take inevitable toll of the entire body—*head to toe.*

But don't wait for pain or "flat-foot" to prove this to you. Until he has worn "GROUND-GRIPPERS" no man ever fully realizes what a great HELP his Feet can be to him in getting the most and best from life. There's still more to be had from that wonderful body of YOURS than you imagine! Why not let the comforting fit and strengthening FLEXING action of these world-famous "Natural-line" Muscle-Developing Health Shoes *bring it out?*

And note the INTELLIGENTLY HANDSOME STYLE you get with this refreshing comfort and invigoration!

[*If you are interested in personal efficiency, write us at once for our FREE BOOK—"What You Should Know About Your Feet!"*]

GROUND-GRIPPER SHOE CO., INC., 88 Linden Park St., Boston, Mass.

Ground Gripper

Widely Imitated Never Duplicated

WALKING SHOES

For Men—Women—Children

The new *modified* "Ground-Gripper" Boot Also comes in Oxford

The World's Greatest Child Specialists Will Advise You—

Famous physicians, each a specialist in his subject, contribute to The Delineator's Happy Child Department where your problems are helpfully and authoritatively discussed.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt

America's foremost child specialist (Physician-in-chief, Babies' Hospital, New York City).

Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw

famous authority on hygiene (recently President American Child Hygiene Association).

Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart

who is to dentistry what the Mayo Brothers are to surgery (Director Rochester, N. Y., Dental Dispensary).

Dr. William Park

bacteriological expert and authority on diphtheria (Professor bacteriology and hygiene, University and Bellevue Medical College).

Dr. Owen Lovejoy

noted child labor expert (general secretary National Child Labor Committee).

Yet this great service—which you will find only in The Delineator—is but one of its many splendid features which include the best in

Fashion

The latest styles from Butterick, style leaders of the world.

Fiction

By such famous authors as Kathleen Norris, Brand Whitlock, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Zona Gale.

Home Making

Conducted by *Martha Van Rensselaer* (selected by the League of Women voters for her work in Home Economics as one of America's twelve greatest women).

—and Other Articles

Articles by noted experts on beauty, health, home building, interior decoration, etiquette, Better Homes, child welfare and other vital subjects combine to make The Delineator a magazine of service, entertainment, education, and help to any woman.

And all this for twelve months, a whole year, for only $2.00—the price of a single novel.

Do you worry about planning meals, selecting new clothes, about your children, etc.? The Delineator specializes in these and other problems.

The DELINEATOR

It is a real, worth while Christmas present—one you'll enjoy and remember, one that'll entertain, advise and help you.

Just fill out coupon and mail — *today.*

Dept. D.A.

Butterick Publishing Co.
Butterick Building
New York

Gentlemen:

I enclose $2.00 for a year's subscription to The Delineator to be sent to the address below.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

ST. NICHOLAS

The Magazine for Boys and Girls

The gift that will reach youthful hearts

FOR Christmas give your boy or girl the joyful companionship of St. Nicholas. It is a gift that will reach their delighted hearts.

St. Nicholas is one of the most beautiful and entertaining periodicals published for young people. Month after month it comes to them, teeming with features that inspire the budding imagination: absorbing stories; helpful, instructive articles; historical sketches; discussion of current topics. Profusely illustrated from cover to cover, its every page sparkles with interest.

You will be thankful for the wholesome influence of St. Nicholas when your boy and girl grow to manhood and womanhood. St. Nicholas teaches them how to live. It stirs youthful ambition and develops character. It gives them the right start in life. It provides the wholesome, clean entertainment you would want your boy and girl to have at the most impressionable period of their lives.

Special Christmas Offer

To make it easy for your family to enjoy the delights of St. Nicholas, we make this offer: *Twelve monthly issues of St. Nicholas with one book of your own choice, all for $5.*

The coupon below, properly filled out, brings the book, the first number of St. Nicholas and a beautiful Christmas Gift Card. Send it in to-day so all may arrive before Christmas Eve.

COUPON **ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE**

Subscription Dept. AG-11 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is $5. Please send St. Nicholas for one year, and the book checked below, to

Name.....

Address.....

Giver.....

(Check the book wanted)

☐ The Pussy Cat Princess
☐ The Complete Radio Book
☐ Driftwood
☐ Biography of a Silver Fox
☐ The Fortunes of the Indies
☐ The Crimson Sweater
☐ Curly of Circle Bar

(If magazine alone is wanted, enclose $4)

Are You Contented?

AN enterprising publication recently asked thousands of farmers' wives this most personal question: "Are you contented with your lot?" In 94 per cent. of all cases the answer was "Yes, decidedly."

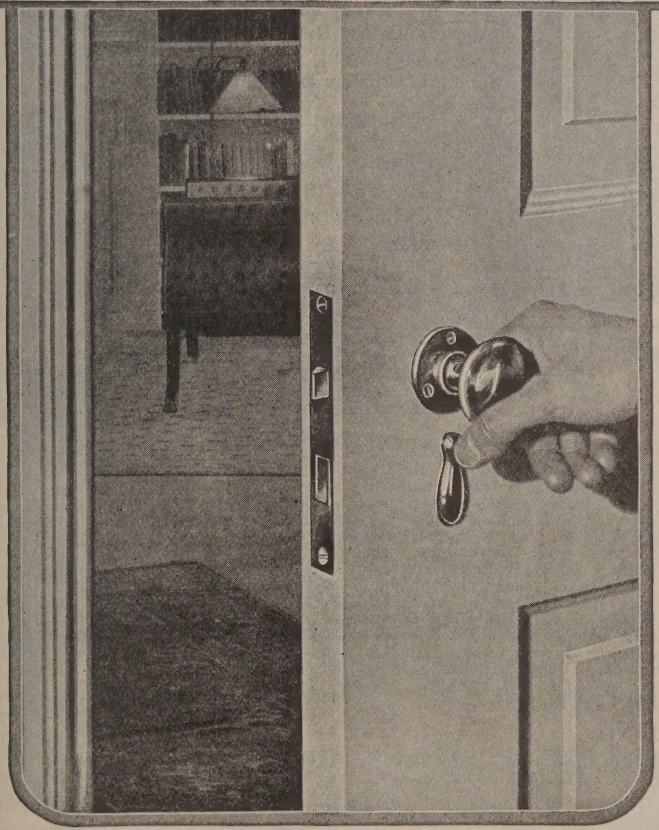
Yet, only a decade ago farm life meant drudgery. To-day the washing-machine and electric iron make quick work of what used to be a formidable task. New utensils speed up the preparation of meals. Dish washing is disposed of in short order. Vacuum cleaners lend their most effective aid. Running water, better cleansers and innumerable household helps lighten, quicken and improve the work.

That is what *advertising* means to women on the farm. It has brought them countless appliances which help in their work, better conditions in their homes, add to their pleasure and increase their interest in life.

Advertising means as much to *you*. Advertisements published in these pages continually tell of many conveniences and comforts that you might otherwise miss.

Read the advertisements. It pays

SARGENT
Locks & Hardware



Even a door knob may express your good taste in decoration

ONLY after your home is completed and your furniture is in place can you realize fully the wisdom of having chosen hardware that is appropriate as well as secure.

Consider this trim Sargent knob of solid bronze with its quaint "tear drop" escutcheon. These designs, inherited from Colonial days, are in complete accord with the white paneled door and the studied simplicity of the interior.

There are Sargent styles to agree with every architectural and decorative plan—escutcheons, door knobs, cylinder locks and various kindred hardware. All are beautifully designed, and as lasting as the home.

Before you start to build, send for the Sargent Book of Designs and with your architect select the locks and hardware which will add most to the beauty and convenience of your new home.

SARGENT & COMPANY

Hardware Manufacturers 34 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.

The Spangle That Could Be A Tear

"There were three heads in one bed above the pulled coverlets. Sheets that had been washed in one water without blueing. Two brown heads, Ellie's and Little Bill's. And then Teddy's. The Baby. . . .

"Every night Millie, hurting there beside her three and Big Bill over in his big bed on the other side of the room, grunting to her through the shag of his enormous mustache."

Such is the scene in which Fannie Hurst, America's foremost short story writer, paints her powerful word picture of the Christmas which to Millie seemed a "spangle that could be a tear." Just a short story, yet compressed within its narrow limits glows all the warmth of mother-love stirred to its deepest depths by the weight of human misery. In the Christmas number of

THE BOOKMAN

Edited by John Farrar

A Magazine for Well Informed People

To those unacquainted with THE BOOKMAN, let us say that it is unlike any other magazine.

Why? Because more writers of note are gathered together during the course of a year in the pages of THE BOOKMAN than in any other magazine. Authors take particular pride in bringing their work before the readers of THE BOOKMAN because they know that these readers mould public opinion about books and authors.

And so, you will find in THE BOOKMAN each month representative short stories, provocative essays, informed criticism, clever verse. And you also find interesting bits about authors that will bring you nearer to them, take you behind the scenes with the men and women who are making literary history today, make you know them and their work better.

The drama, both spoken and screened, has its share too in the columns of THE BOOKMAN; and for the children (likewise the parents desirous of guiding young tastes along proper literary lines) are helpful suggestions for reading.

Glance over the December contents and judge for yourself, then take advantage of the opportunity presented below.

OTHER FEATURES

HAMLIN GARLAND
The author of "Main Travelled Roads," "A Son of the Middle Border," etc., writes "Pioneers as City Dwellers," a study of modern living conditions.

PADRAIC COLUM
A legend for children by this most whimsical of modern tellers of folk and fairy tales.

RUPERT HUGHES
The author of "Souls for Sale" and "Within These Walls" gives here his "Defense of the Magazine Serial."

MARGUERITE HARRISON
Mrs. Harrison, whose travels and thrilling experiences in Russia and elsewhere are well known, here gives a picture of "The Bolos and the Arts."

ANNE CARROLL MOORE
A survey of Christmas books for children.

HERVEY ALLEN
Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. A long narrative poem, with an introductory essay, "Saga of Lief the Lucky."

THOMAS BEER
A critical study of Frank Swinnerton.

THE SKETCH BOOK
Light essays by Archibald Marshall, Hilair Belloc, Keith Preston, Homer Croy, and others.

A NEW SERIES
"What the New Critics Think of the Classics." Reviews of noted books of other times as if they had been published today.

And others.

MONEY-SAVING CLUBS

(Order by club number)

THE BOOKMAN is on sale at all newsstands at 40 cents per copy; the subscription price is $4.00 yearly. You may have it in combination with any of the magazines listed below at $3.50. These magazines are also offered at lowest rates.

	The Bookman	Reg. Price	Our Price
1.	With Atlantic Monthly	$8.00	$7.50
2.	" Harper's Magazine	8.00	7.00
3.	" Review of Reviews	8.00	6.50
4.	" World's Work	8.00	7.00
5.	" Scribner's Magazine	8.00	7.00
6.	" The Dial	9.00	8.00
7.	" The Nation	9.00	8.00
8.	" Asia	7.50	6.50
9.	" Country Life	9.00	8.00
10.	" Century Magazine	9.00	8.00

USE THE COUPON

THE BOOKMAN
244 Madison Ave., N. Y. City

For the enclosed $.....enter the subscriptions listed in Club No.....

Name .....

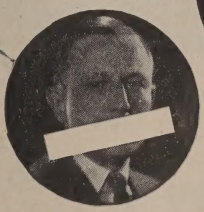
Address .....

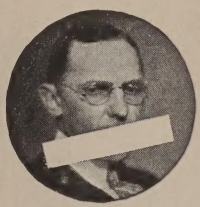
City ..... State .....

If you wish to subscribe for THE BOOKMAN singly, send $4.00.

A.M. 12-23

The odds are 4 to 1 against you





Bleeding gums herald Pyorrhea's coming

When the gums bleed, be on your guard.

That's Nature's warning of Pyorrhea's coming.

The odds are 4 to 1 against you, for Pyorrhea strikes four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, menacing their teeth and undermining their health.

At the first sign of bleeding gums, consult your dentist. Then brush your teeth, morning and night, with Forhan's For the Gums, a scientific dentifrice that, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress.

Forhan's For the Gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Used as a dentifrice, it will keep your teeth white and clean and your gums firm and healthy. It is pleasant to the taste. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste — it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

Women Who *Know* Choose This Hotel

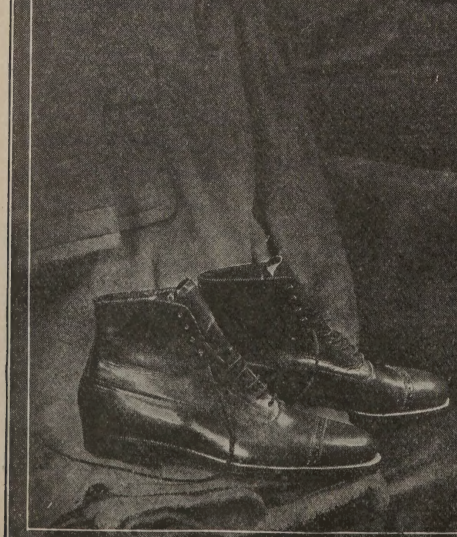
A popular, convenient, exclusive hotel for women traveling alone or with children. A hotel that chaperones the young girl. Splendid accommodations for women's conventions. Restaurant open to the public. Rooms $1.50 to $6.00 a day. No tipping. Send for booklet.

GRACE DODGE HOTEL
Union Station Plaza
WASHINGTON, D.C.

A common-sense evidence — on quality footwear — that the shoes are made for the wearer's convenience — *Shoe Lacing Hooks.*

Your retailer can sell you shoes with lacing hooks.

Insist on having what you want!



DR. JOHNSON
A Play
By A. Edward Newton

IN Mr. Newton, Dr. Johnson has found his best possible interpreter for the twentieth century. He would have been rash, indeed, who should have predicted that a man living at this late date could have resuscitated and rehabilitated Dr. Johnson as Mr. Newton has done in the four acts of his play. Not that the good old doctor had vanished in any except the literal sense. Boswell has seen to that. But the shabby, eccentric, gruff, and yet kindly old man who shambles through these pages is as real as your nearest neighbor, as much a friend as your best chum. He is no more of the eighteenth century than of the twentieth. That is the wonder of Mr. Newton's feat. He has given Dr. Johnson to the present generation. And that is no mean accomplishment.

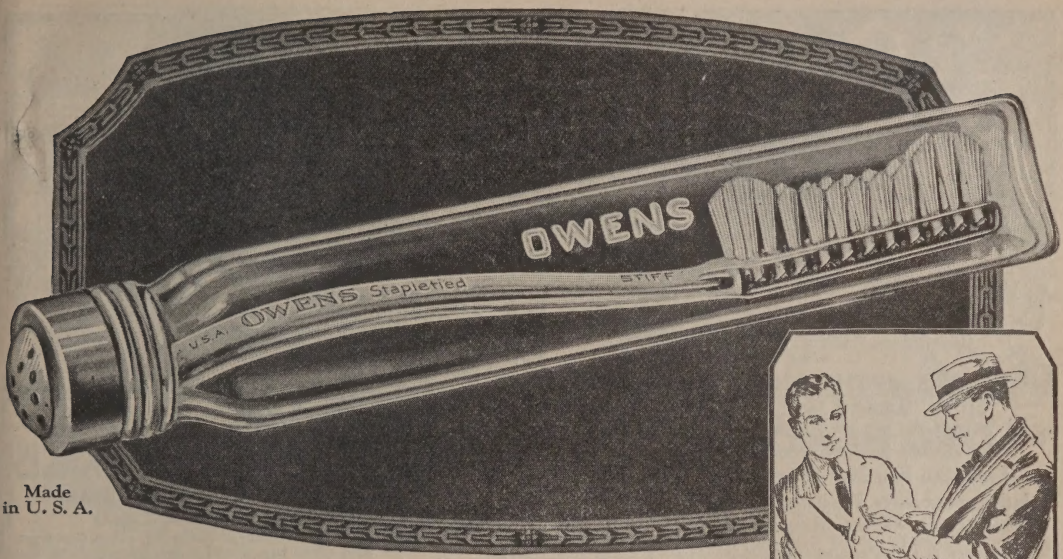
The book is all, and more, than the highest anticipations led one to expect. — *Christian Science Monitor.*

Eight half-tone illustrations and a frontispiece, in color, of Dr. Johnson

$3.50

At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.



Made in U. S. A.

Protected

from a very bad habit

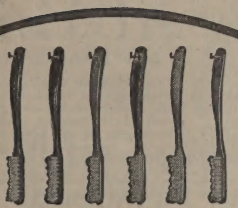
Haven't you often noticed how many people pick up and examine tooth brushes in a store, thoughtlessly rubbing their fingers over the bristles?

This is a dangerous and unsanitary habit, for your tooth brush, especially, should come to you clean and protected.

The Owens Stapletied Tooth Brush does! It is attractively packed in a clear, sparkling glass container. You can see the trim, handle, bristles — everything, without exposing the brush to handling, dust or dirt.

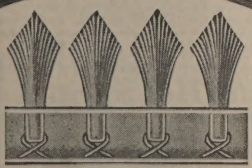
You'll like the new Owens features! The trim has been approved by many dental authorities as the best all-purpose design ever devised. The brush is small and shaped to the curve of the teeth, with wide-spaced, wedge-shaped bristle tufts that clean every part of the teeth thoroughly.

Look for the Owens Stapletied Tooth Brush *in the glass container.* It costs no more than ordinary tooth brushes — 30, 40 and 50 cents each; in child's, youth's, and adult's sizes.



Six Colors

White, Red, Green, Blue, Purple, Amber. An individual tooth brush for each member of the family. You can tell your own brush at a glance.



Stapletied

Each bristle tuft is permanently tied into the handle by a small, hidden staple. This improved method practically eliminates danger and nuisance of bristles coming out in the mouth.

OWENS

Stapletied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT and TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

1907 1923

appears every month in the United States exclusively in

THE QUALITY GROUP MAGAZINES

ATLANTIC MONTHLY-CENTURY-HARPER'S-REVIEW of REVIEWS SCRIBNER'S and WORLD'S WORK, In THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE in Canada

Send postage for advice where and how to go. The right hotel etc

For space and rates in our departments write to

THE WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc 8 Beacon St, Boston, Mass, U.S.A.

LONG BEACH CAL.

LONG BEACH

Population Now Over 122,000

Industries, Commerce, Population Soaring

Building Permits, *first nine months* 1923, $18,176,203, against $14,100,000 for the *entire year* 1922. Bank clearings, first nine months 1923, $316,525,036.35 as compared with $171,102,097 for same period last year. Annual Payroll (Industrial and Commercial) nearly $17,000,000. City owned oil wells assures industries cheapest fuel. *Many opportunities await you* at Long Beach, California's Important Seaport, Fast Growing Industrial and Manufacturing Center, Celebrated Seaside Resort and Beautiful Residential City, where there's neither extreme heat or cold. For folder and valuable data, write Chamber of Commerce, Long Beach, Cal.

LOS ANGELES CAL.

HOTEL CLARK

LOS ANGELES
POSITIVELY FIREPROOF
CLOSE TO EVERYTHING

Head quarters for travelers from all parts of the world. 555 rooms, Eur. plan. Write for folder and rates. F. M. Dimmick, Lessee, Hill St., bet. Fourth and Fifth, Los Angeles, Cal.

OCEAN PARK CAL.

MERRITT JONES HOTEL

OCEAN PARK California

-the Noted all-year Seaside Resort-14 miles from Los Angeles. Surf bathing, Golf, all sports. Mild Delightful Climate. Eur. Plan. Reasonable Rates. Folder.

SANTA BARBARA CAL

SAN YSIDRO RANCH

California's Famed Foothill Resort

Nestled in the foothills among the Orange Groves, overlooking Valley and Sea. Elev. 600 feet. Furnished Bungalows, 2 to 7 rooms. Central Dining Room. Electricity, hot and cold water. Surf-bathing, Tennis, Horseback Riding. 6 miles from Historic Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. For Folder, address San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara, Calif.

BERMUDA

HOTEL BELMONT, BERMUDA

Bermuda's finest views. Golf (18 holes), tennis, bathing, boating, fishing, cycling, etc. Excellent service and cuisine. Moderate rates. For booklet, address The Manager.

Hotel Inverurie

On the shore of Hamilton Harbour. Open throughout year

Finest bathing, boating, tennis, golf. Attractive rates. Booklet. Write Stanley S. Howe, Mgr.

Write for booklet and rates

Refined family hotel. All conveniences, excellent cuisine. R. H. Buckler, Mgr., Hamilton, Bermuda

The Imperial, Bermuda

NASSAU—BAHAMAS

Nassau

Eternal June within easy reach! World-famous bathing — 18-hole golf course — sailing — fishing — tennis — fine hotels — attractive English Colony — equable climate — the charm of a foreign land, near at hand. Come to Nassau to rest and play!

Write for Booklet—

Nassau Development Board
Munson S. S. Co., Ward Line, N. Y. City, Canadian Merchant Marine, or any Tourist Agent

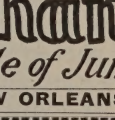
Bahamas

"Isle of June"

NEW ORLEANS LA.

New Orleans

The Paris of America



The St. Charles

One of America's Leading Hotels
ALFRED S. AMER & CO., Ltd. Proprietors

A bit of Old New Orleans

"OLE MAMMY" CREOLE PRALINES

Made Fresh Every Day

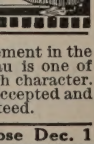
In St Charles Creole Kitchen mailed all over the World

1 DOZ. IN SEPARATE BOXES $1.75

TEN PRALINES PACKED IN COTTON BALE $2.25

INCLUDING POSTAGE AND INSURANCE

ADDRESS — ST. CHARLES SOUVENIR DEPT.



The appearance of an advertisement in the columns of Where-to-go Bureau is one of the surest indications of its high character. Reliable propositions only are accepted and their integrity is fully guaranteed.

Jan. Where-To-Go forms close Dec. 1

SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

FACING UNION SQUARE
SAN FRANCISCO

The preferred stopping place for travelers the world over. Situated in the heart of the city's business and social activities.

THOS. J. COLEMAN, Manager

CLIFT HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

Every room an outside room with bath. Service thoughtful and distinctive. Location convenient to theatres, shops, boats and trains. San Francisco's newest fine hotel. Write for folder and rates.

SAN FRANCISCO
HOTEL
STEWART

Close to the best theatres, stores, restaurants. Tourists recommend it. Meals are famous. Excellent accommodations at moderate rates. Write for "Seeing S. F." folder and rates.

Where-To-Go is in more than three-quarters of a million homes monthly, comprising the 650,000 persons in North America who pay income taxes on $5,000 a year and over.

HOT SPRINGS ARIZONA

Castle Hot Springs Hotel

HOT SPRINGS, ARIZONA

Finest winter climate in the world. Forty miles from Phoenix. Golf. Tennis. Seventy-five saddle horses.
Lithia and Radio Gas hot springs, one hundred and twenty degrees hot. Fine orange grove.

Open December fifteenth.

Write for Booklet. W. W. Brown, Man.

TOMBSTONE ARIZONA

BAR O RANCH

SOUTHERN ARIZONA

Spend your vacation riding horseback on a real cattle ranch in the beautiful Dragoon Mountains. Easily accessible; comfortable living quarters; excellent food; hunting; special trips; cowboy round-ups, etc. Open all year. References given and requested.

HARRY C. KENDALL, TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONCLUDED

TAMPA FLA.

TAMPA HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY FLORIDA

Thriving commercial-resort, hub of Florida's West Coast. Unique among American cities, historic, colorful, subtropical. Hustling port-gateway to Panama and Isles of Southern Seas. Famous Spanish restaurants, wonderful fishing, bathing, boating, and other motor sports. Gasparilla Carnival, Midwinter Fair, regular boat excursions to other interesting resorts. Health restoring balmy weather. Four golf courses. Many other sports. Open air band concerts. For play, rest, recreation, and investment, write L. I. Young, Board of Trade, Tampa, Fla.

NEW YORK CITY

109-113 W. 45th St. **Hotel St. James** Times Sq. N. Y. City. Midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway. An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well-conditioned home. Much favored by women traveling without escort. 3 minutes' walk to 40 theatres and all best shops. Rates and booklet on application. W. JOHNSON QUINN.

HOTEL HARGRAVE

West 72d Street, N. Y. 300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet.

PINEHURST N. C.

Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA

CAROLINA HOTEL NOW OPEN

HOLLY INN AND BERKSHIRE OPEN IN JANUARY

GOLF—RIDING—MOTORING—TENNIS

DRIVING—SHOOTING—RACING

For Reservations or Information address

General Office, Pinehurst, North Carolina

SUMMERVILLE S. C.

GOLF superb 18 hole course | A Great Winter Resort **Pine Forest Inn** | **GAME** A Hunter's Paradise

Write to **W. E. SENNA**, Mgr. Address until Dec. 10, **PLYMOUTH INN, Northampton, Mass.** Everything modern. Historic surroundings. First-class livery, driving and riding horses. Hotel opens Dec. 15. Bklt

ST. PETERSBURG FLA.

St. Petersburg

invites you

Enjoy winter in **The Sunshine City.** Have rest or sport in this glorious climate between Tampa Bay and the Gulf of Mexico.

Golf, fishing, bathing and other sports. Open-air concerts. Varied accommodations. For information and booklet, address:

D. F. Eddy
Chamber of Commerce
St. Petersburg, Florida

DAYTONA FLA.

DAYTONA Says Come Enjoy Its Sunshine

With health-giving climate, semi-tropic scenery, world's finest beach and many compelling attractions, Daytona, "In the Heart of Sunnyland," invites you to a real Florida vacation. All water sports, tennis, roque, two concerts daily.

Daytona is a focal point for Florida travel. You can reach any section in 12 hours. Accommodations are ample, reasonable. For booklet write **Chamber of Commerce,** P. O. Box 2516, Daytona, Florida.

ROCKLEDGE FLA.

NEW INDIAN RIVER HOTEL

ROCKLEDGE, FLORIDA

Personal direction of Horace R. Shares.
Season—January 7th to May 1st
The last word in hotel construction.
Golf, tennis, swimming pool, ocean bathing, fishing. White employees throughout. Exceptional orchestra. Booklet.

TOURS

CRUISE TOUR

To Wonderlands below the Equator

Let's be "rolling down to Rio" and melt the winter into June.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

5th Annual Cruise Tour

To **SOUTH AMERICA**

Sixty-seven days of amazing and delightful travel, visiting

Cuba, Panama, Peru, Chile, across the Andes, Argentine, Uruguay, Brazil, Trinidad, Barbados

From NEW YORK, Feb. 2d, on splendid S. S. Essequibo (Pacific Line). Memorable shore excursions with distinguished local receptions. Every detail in expert hands. A complete change and glorious winter holidays assured.

Write today for Booklet

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL DEPT.

65 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Winter Tours to Egypt

Holy Land, Turkey, Sicily, Greece, Italy and North Africa

Highest Class—Lowest Price
Sailings January 5, 16, and February 23

Spring Tour to China and Japan

Write for details:

Bureau of University Travel
Box 66 Newton, Mass.

When writing to these advertisers will you please mention The Where-to-go Bureau. It will be greatly to your advantage to do so

To enable Where-To-Go to give you the best travel advice, please tell us precisely what section of the country you are interested in. State very plainly whether you desire woods, mountains, sea shore, lakes, city, or country. Hotels, camps, farms, or boarding houses, & rates desired.

PRO VITA MONASTICA

By Henry Dwight Sedgwick

MR. SEDGWICK makes a plea for the monasticism which is not of necessity so remote as most of us seem to believe from our hurried, crowded lives, — for the occasional hour of solitude which gives a man a chance to look into his own soul and to stand face to face with himself. Clearness and dignity are the characteristics of the author's style. The effect of the whole is like a visit to a dim cathedral which you find free of other worshipers. — *Boston Herald.*

Cover design from an ancient missal. $3.50

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR

The Atlantic Monthly Press - Boston (17), Mass.

FINDING YOUTH

By Nelson Andrews

HOW many of us, whether we are forty, thirty, or even twenty-five years of age, have not failed in some philosophic moments to wonder what we shall be like and what we shall find life like, at sixty? Harvey Allen, according to the narration of Nelson Andrews in this absorbing little book, declares the fountain of youth, like the kingdom of heaven, to be within us. His record of his experiences at sixty years of age, is straightforward, simple, even homely, and it carries conviction in every word. — *Springfield Republican.* **$1.00**

At All Booksellers, or

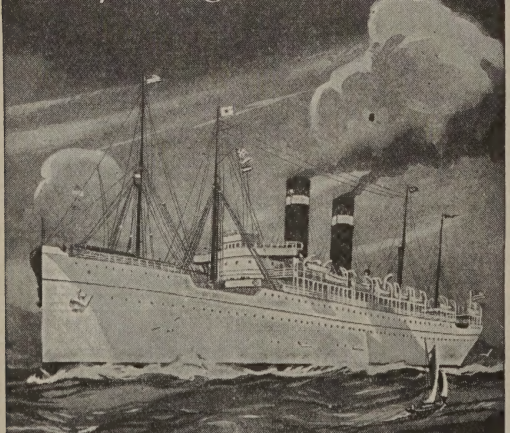
The Atlantic Monthly Press - Boston (17), Mass.

COAST to COAST

fast service by sea

New York–California

Splendid transatlantic liners. A call at gay Havana; through the Panama Canal to Los Angeles, San Francisco. Fifteen delightful days. Regular Sailings.



PANAMA PACIFIC LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York
127 South State St., Chicago
550 Market Street, San Francisco,
or any authorized steamship agent.

Egypt *and the* Mediterranean

Color, warmth, beauty, mystery! Alexandria, Monte Carlo, Algiers, Gibraltar—names that conjure up a world of colorful romance—places that offer a world of pleasure. See them all—and many more fascinating cities—on a skilfully directed voyage de luxe.

The White Star Liner *Adriatic*—January 5 and February 23. The Red Star Liner *Lapland*—January 16 and March 5.

West Indies

Leave winter behind and follow the summer sun to the age-old cities of the Caribbean. See gay Havana, Trinidad, Bermuda, Kingston, San Juan. See the Panama Canal. Twenty-nine glorious days of interesting relaxation.

White Star Liner *Megantic*—specially constructed for cruising—January 23 and February 26.

All sailings from New York

For detailed information apply to No. 1 Broadway, New York, or any authorized steamship agent.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE

along the seashore
and in the foot-hills
—all winter in

California

Santa Fe superior service and scenery, plus Fred Harvey meals—your assurance of a pleasant trip there—Pullmans via Grand Canyon National Park—open all the year.

Santa Fe

Fred Harvey
"all the way"

Mail this

Mr. W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traf. Mgr. Santa Fe System Lines
1163 Railway Exchange, Chicago.
Please mail to me the following Santa Fe Booklets
CALIFORNIA PICTURE BOOK—GRAND CANYON OUTINGS—
CALIFORNIA LIMITED
Also details as to cost of trip

A Temple Camp Pitched Beneath the Shadow of Fifty Centuries.

THE Temple Tours took more people from America to Europe in small personally conducted groups during 1922 and 1923 than any other tourist agency in the world.

Send for Illustrated Booklets:

No. 9 : Tours to *Egypt* and *Palestine*. (Sail January, February and March.)
No. 10 : Describing our tours to *Europe* for 1924.

Boston, Mass.
65 Franklin Street
New York
350 Madison Ave.
London
17 Shaftesbury Ave.
W. I.

TEMPLE TOURS
Make Travel Mean More

Chicago
Chicago Temple
San Francisco
573-39th Avenue
Paris
9 Place de la Madeleine

See the Ancient Glories of the Mediterranean

MAGNIFICENT Cruise under Canadian Pacific management on the *"Empress of Scotland"* (25,000 gross tons), sailing from New York, January 14, 1924. Everything Canadian Pacific standard—there is none better.

14 days in Palestine and Egypt at an inclusive rate. Fascinating shore excursions. Visits to ancient Rome, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem; picturesque Algiers and Tunis; Madeira, Cadiz, Gibraltar; Naples, Monaco, Lisbon. Southampton and London—on the way home. Costs no more than a first-class hotel. Fares $300 up. Limit 600 passengers. All details looked after by competent representatives. For particulars ask your nearest Canadian Pacific agency.

Canadian Pacific
IT SPANS THE WORLD

Mediterranean Cruise

NEW YORK—Madison Ave. at 44th St. CHICAGO—40 N. Dearborn St.
MONTREAL, CAN.—141 St. James St.

COOK'S
TRAVELERS' CHEQUES
In Dollars or Pounds Sterling
SAFETY - LIQUIDITY - CONVENIENCE

Holders enjoy all the inestimable advantages inherent in our network of 150 offices and our world-wide banking connections

New York

Chicago · Philadelphia · Boston · San Francisco
Los Angeles · Montreal · Toronto · Vancouver

An Atlantic Gift Card

Christmas at Bracebridge Hall

WASHINGTON IRVING'S story of the feasting and the frolicking of a real old English Christmas. Sixteen pages full of the savory fragrance of crackling logs, and steaming pies, and the brimming Wassail Bowl. *Quaintly illustrated.* 35c

Three cards with envelopes to match for one dollar

The Atlantic Monthly Press - Boston (17), Mass

Summer this Winter in Hawaii!

Have you ever said to yourself, "I want to see Hawaii some day"?

The time has come for the fulfillment of that desire—a beautiful realization of a haunting, beautiful dream. It is easy now, requiring little time and money.

Travel conveniences are modern and luxurious. Set forth any day, assured that every moment of your adventure will be filled with delightful experiences.

Three or four weeks and $300 or $400—that outlay will give you the round trip from any Pacific Coast port and permit much sightseeing. The cost covers all travel and incidental expense. To fully enjoy the Islands' charm you'll want to stay there longer, however. Good hotels at reasonable rates on all islands. The voyage, 5 to 8 days, depending on route taken, over calm summer seas, is in itself an enjoyable holiday.

Swim and surf at Waikiki Beach; see Kilauea Volcano in Hawaii National Park; cruise through indigo seas between emerald islands where waterfalls tumble over cliffs in rainbow-shot white mist; motor through dreaming gardens of scarlet, pink, yellow, violet and vermilion tropic bloom; feast on luscious tropic fruits. You'll hear Hawaiian music at its source and best; play golf, tennis or any other outdoor sport you fancy, in a climate as near perfect as Nature can make it.

THEY SAY OF HAWAII:

Dr. Charles W. Eliot:
"—the pit of fire (of Kilauea) is one of the most wonderful things in the world."

Viscount James Bryce:
"—wish I could spend the rest of my days in a spot so favored."

Lord Northcliffe:
"—just a scrap of Paradise dropped down by a lucky fluke into the middle of the Sea of Endless Summer."

Joaquin Miller:
"—a string of pearls, if you please—a string of rare and precious pearls in the sapphire center of the great American sea."

Acquire a home, if you wish, on one of the shining coral beaches or garlanded mountain heights, and become a citizen of America's island territory—a land as truly a part of the United States as any present state in the Union.

Go NOW to your nearest travel, railway or steamship agency and arrange for the trip; or fill, clip and mail coupon below for our new illustrated booklet, "Hawaii—Eternally Enchanting"; also the newest monthly issue of Tourfax, containing detailed data for visitors to the Islands.

AMPLE STEAMER ACCOMMODATIONS

Go and return at your own convenience. Ocean liners sail weekly between the islands and

San Francisco — Los Angeles
Seattle — Vancouver, B. C.

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU, 586 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, or 850 Fort Street, Honolulu, Hawaii, U. S. A.

Send me your booklets described above.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Frank's

Annual
Cruise de Luxe
to the

Mediterranean

Limited to 450 Guests
(About Half Capacity)

By Magnificent New

Cunard S. S. "SCYTHIA"

Twin-screw Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons
Sailing January 30, 1924 — 67 Days
Repeating the complete success of the 1923
similar Cruise, same steamer, visiting

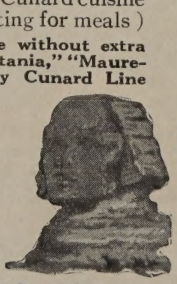
Egypt — Palestine

Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafes, two elevators, gymnasium, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals)

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S. S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria," or any Cunard Line steamer.

Rates, deck plans, itinerary, and full information on request. Prompt reservation advisable.



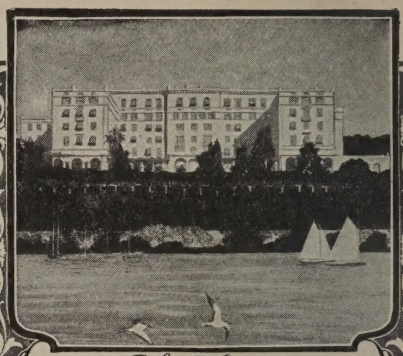
Also De Luxe Tours to Europe

FRANK TOURIST CO.

(Established 1875)

542 Fifth Avenue
New York
Paris

219 So. 15th Street
Philadelphia
London

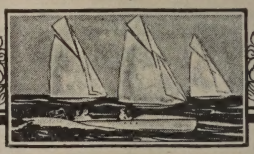


The Hotel BERMUDIANA

The Bermudiana, opening in January, is the most modern and best equipped hotel in Bermuda.

Fireproof, built of steel and stone, it embodies all of the newest approved features in hotel construction and service. All facilities for golf, tennis, riding, driving, bathing, fishing, sailing, etc.

For reservations, or booklet, address John O. Evans, Manager, The Hotel Bermudiana, Hamilton, Bermuda, or Furness Bermuda Line, 34 Whitehall St., New York.



The Osceola-Gramatan Inn

Invites guests of quality and refinement to
A winter haven in Sunny Florida

Set in a beautiful orange grove, this new Inn with private cottages offers every attraction of a southern winter home without its cares. Modern construction, tastefully furnished, catering to people of refinement, particularly families. Cottages rented in whole or in part with full hotel service. Fine golf, motoring, fishing, bathing. Special rates for prolonged stay. Opens December 15th.

DAYTONA, FLORIDA

Amelia Peabody Tileston *And* Her Canteens *for the* Serbs

Edited by her mother, MARY W. TILESTON

THERE are certain qualities of character and soul which every New Englander prays may never perish from his stock. He will therefore read with deep joy and pride the story of this daughter of Massachusetts, the pioneer in canteen work among the Serbs. These letters, written by Miss Tileston to her family and friends, are edited with rare discrimination by her mother, author of the widely known "Daily Strength for Daily Needs."

An interesting article concerning Serbia and the War prefaces the letters.

Dark green cloth binding, stamped in gold
Illustrated, $2.00 postpaid

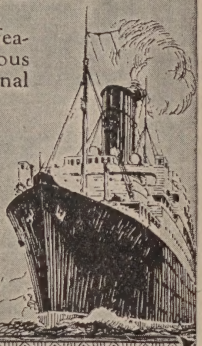
The Atlantic Monthly Press - Boston (17), Mass.

to EGYPT by CUNARD

The new S. S. "TUSCANIA" of the CUNARD and ANCHOR LINES *sails from New York February 16th,* arriving in Egypt at the height of the season and offering a travel opportunity rare, fascinating, and full of appeal:

A SUPERB panorama en route; ports of call include Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monte Carlo, Naples, Athens, Haifa, Alexandria — returning via Naples and Monaco.

A NEW steamer, unsurpassed in construction, equipped with every modern feature for passenger comfort; an oil-burner—eliminating coaling at the various ports. The traditional world-renowned Cunard service and cuisine. Optional shore excursions, well-planned and interesting.



***Choice of One-way or Round-trip Bookings*—the complete Round-trip—returning via England—constitutes a consummate**

CRUISE—TOUR to the MEDITERRANEAN,

most attractive, as to points visited—as to time required—as to expense involved. *Full information on request. Apply promptly.*

CUNARD and ANCHOR

STEAM SHIP LINES

25 Broadway New York **or Branches and Agencies**

Everybody loves a new hotel

THE SYLVANIA

Philadelphia's newest and most beautifully furnished hotel will fulfill your expectations of hospitality, good food and fine service.

J. C. Bonner, for many years associated with the management of Ritz Hotels, is Managing Director of the Sylvania.

FRANCE *via Cherbourg*
ENGLAND *via Southampton*
GERMANY *via Hamburg*

Across the Atlantic

DISCRIMINATING travelers enjoy distinctive luxuries of service and accommodation on the palatial steamers RESOLUTE, RELIANCE, ALBERT BALLIN, and DEUTSCHLAND.

Equally comfortable though less elaborate are the splendid one-class cabin ships, CLEVELAND, MOUNT CLAY, HANSA, THURINGIA and WESTPHALIA, offering excellent accommodations at moderate rates.

Write for "Booklet EA" and full information.

UNITED AMERICAN LINES
(HARRIMAN LINE)
Joint Service with
HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE
39 Broadway, New York
171 W. Randolph St., Chicago 230 California St., San Francisco
or local steamship agents

THE LUXURY CRUISE TO THE
MEDITERRANEAN
PALESTINE - EGYPT
Leaving New York
FEB. 6th, 1924

Under personal management of Holland-America Line. Third Cruise of the famous "Rotterdam"

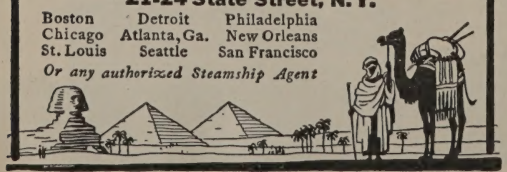
The ROTTERDAM
24,170 tons reg., 37,190 tons displt. Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standard of service and management on board.

65 days of delightful diversion.

Itinerary includes Madeira, Portugal, Spain, Algiers, Tunis, Greece, Constantinople, the Holy Land and Egypt, Italy and the Riviera. Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stopover in Europe. Cruise limited to 500 guests.

Illustrated folder "A" on request.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
21-24 State Street, N.Y.
Boston Detroit Philadelphia
Chicago Atlanta, Ga. New Orleans
St. Louis Seattle San Francisco
Or any authorized Steamship Agent



Clark's Famous Cruises
First-class, at reasonable rates, including hotels, drives, guides, fee etc. Experienced management and staff. Ask for program.
Four Months **Around the World Jan. 15** $1,00 up
Specially Chartered Cunarder "Laconia" (oil-burner), 20,000 ton
Sixty-five days **Mediterranean, Feb. 2** $60 up
Specially chartered White Star Liner "Baltic," 23,884 tons.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New Yor

An Atlantic Gift Suggestion

A Glance Toward Shakespeare
By John Jay Chapman

MR. CHAPMAN seems like a man who has walked into a movie show around the corner and seen the whole vast Shakespearean pageant. This movie sense, if one may call it so, this show sense, this keen swift suggestion of an immediate contact, thrills and sparkles everywhere in Mr. Chapman's book. Prejudices are laughed at. Tradition and reverence are tossed and tousled with the gay carelessness of Shakespeare himself. — *Gamaliel Bradford.*

$1.25

At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

Round South America —Tours

Special Reduced Rates

TWO months of glorious adventure! Cruising through tropical seas. Shore excursions to ancient Spanish towns. Visits to Inca land, the cities of South America, and over the Andes Mountains—a never-to-be-forgotten ride. Sailings from New York by palatial "E" Steamers, 14,350 tons displacement, built especially for the tropics.

EBRO, Jan. 5th - ESSEQUIBO, Feb. 2nd

Write for Illustrated Booklet

PACIFIC LINE

THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

SANDERSON & SON, INC., Agents

26 Broadway, New York 607 Boylston St., Boston

117 W. Washington St., Chicago

MEDITERRANEAN

Cruise and Tour de Luxe

S. S. ADRIATIC—Feb. 23,—83 days

Special feature trip—visits to 9 countries—20 important cities—6 day auto tour in Palestine and 14 day tour in Italy—6 days up the Nile. Aeroplane, Paris to London. Party limited to 25 members—expert leadership. Itinerary: Algiers, Athens, Palestine, Italy, Egypt, Switzerland, France, England. Best hotels, first-class throughout, private automobiles—all expense, no extras. Detailed circular on request.

Consolidated Cruise Service

Write for our Booklet of 20 Cruises

FRANCO-BELGIQUE TOURS CO., Ltd.

(American Company)

1478 Broadway, New York

London Paris Brussels Naples

CONSOLATION

By Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon

Written out of the poignant experience of her own great loss, Mrs. Bacon's article is like a steadying hand to those groping in the darkness of bereavement, and offers a gospel of faith and hope which reaches all hearts.

75 cents

At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street - Boston (17), Mass.

THE BEST in TRAVEL

THE MEDITERRANEAN

(1) A CRUISE sailing February 9 on the "Reliance", visiting the essential lands of South Europe and North Africa—with several exclusive features

(2) TOURS TO EUROPE, starting in the late winter, visiting according to the itineraries, Sicily, Italy, Spain, the Riviera, Provence, etc.

(3) "INDEPENDENT SERVICE", making all arrangements in advance for visits of any desired duration in the important Mediterranean countries

ROUND THE WORLD

(4) A CRUISE, sailing Eastbound January 19 on the "Resolute", visiting the "standard" Asiatic countries as well as the South Sea Islands

(5) TOURS TO THE FAR EAST, with luxuriously planned itineraries in India, Ceylon, Burma, the Straits Settlements, the Philippines, China & Japan

(6) TOURS TO JAPAN-CHINA of varying duration, to North and South China, Manchuria, the Philippines, Hawaii, Korea and Japan

SOUTH AMERICA

(7) TOURS TO SOUTH AMERICA—Peru, Bolivia, Chile, the Argentine, Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay—the Inca Ruins and the Iguazu Cataracts

NEXT SUMMER (1924)

(8) A CRUISE TO THE NORTH CAPE, sailing June 26, 1924, on the palatial Cunarder "Franconia", visiting Iceland and the fjords of Norway

Booklets and information concerning any of these fields will gladly be forwarded

Raymond & Whitcomb Company

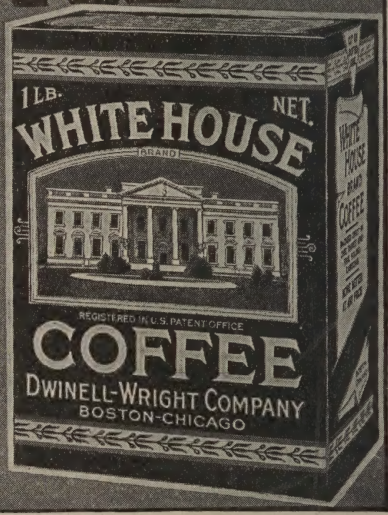
Executive Offices, 22 Beacon St., Boston

17 Temple Place, Boston
225 Fifth Ave., New York
1338 Walnut St., Philadelphia
112 So. Dearborn St., Chicago
657 Market St., San Francisco
458 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

Make him understand. Give your grocer a STANDING ORDER to send you nothing but

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

You will then be sure of good coffee all the time and always the same. Packed in the *inexpensive* but *efficient* double sealed *container* that gives your coffee money a new buying power.



White House Teas will convince you of their superior value. Order by Brand name, White House "Formosa-Oolong," "Orange Pekoe," etc. Five popular varieties in quarter pound and half pound sealed canisters.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY

Principal Coffee Roasters BOSTON CHICAGO

Vapo-Cresolene

Est. 1879

"Used while you sleep"

The value of vaporized Cresolene for coughs and colds has been fully demonstrated during the past forty years. Cresolene is today the most widely used remedy for spasmodic croup and whooping cough.

When children complain of sore throat or cough, use at once.

Sold by druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 45A

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

62 Cortlandt St., New York City

or

Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Americans by Adoption

By Joseph Husband

Introduction by William Allan Neilson
President of Smith College

THE lives of nine distinguished foreign-born Americans, treated in terms of what they did for society, rather than in terms of what they acquired, of fame or wealth, for themselves. Their lives contributed an important element to the life of America; their stories make valuable reading for other foreign-born citizens, and for students generally.

Girard
Ericsson
Agassiz
Schurz
Thomas
Carnegie
Hill
St.-Gaudens
Riis

Trade Edition $1.50 School Edition $1.00

The Atlantic Monthly Press
8 Arlington Street, Boston

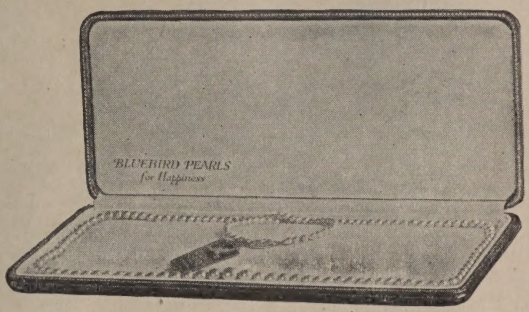
Bluebird Pearls for Happiness

THOSE who judge the beauty of all pearls by their knowledge of the natural gems are proud to present BLUEBIRD PEARLS as Christmas gifts.

Valued as fine reproductions, but prized even more highly for their inherent beauty, BLUEBIRD PEARLS convey an incomparable tribute of thoughtfulness. A Guarantee Certificate accompanies each strand.

Prices from $400 to $10.
(slightly higher in Canada)
Bluebird Pearls are obtainable only at jewelers

THE HENSHEL COMPANY
10 East 34th St., New York City



Combination No. 60
The rare depth and iridescence of the most expensive natural pearls. Platinum safety clasp with brilliant diamond. Leather case tooled with 22kt gold.
20 inch—$75.00 24 inch—$85.00 30 inch—$95.00

Send for our free instructive leaflet, "How To Select the Pearls Most Becoming to You."

All the other gifts are forgotten when they see how easy it is to coax those joyful Yuletide tunes out of the melodious Hohner!

HOLIDAY HARMONY

"There is no music you enjoy like the music you make yourself." That's as true of your friends as it is of you. Give them Hohners for Christmas—no other gift at the price will give half the pleasure. The Hohner is a whole orchestra in itself—it makes real music—sweet, tuneful, delightful music. Anybody can learn to play it in an hour. Ask the dealer for the Hohner Free Instruction Book; if he is out of them, write "M. Hohner, New York." Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere; 50c. up.

"Own Your Own Hohner"

HOHNER HARMONICAS

GUNN

For HOME and OFFICE

Artistic Designs—Various Finishes, Convenient Removable Doors, Non-Binding, Run on Roller Bearings. Write for Book of Styles, Mailed Free. Dealers Everywhere.

THE GUNN FURNITURE CO.
Grand Rapids, Michigan
30 Years Builders Sectional Bookcases and Office Desks
NEW YORK SALESROOM: —11 East 36th Street

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL — *January 1924*

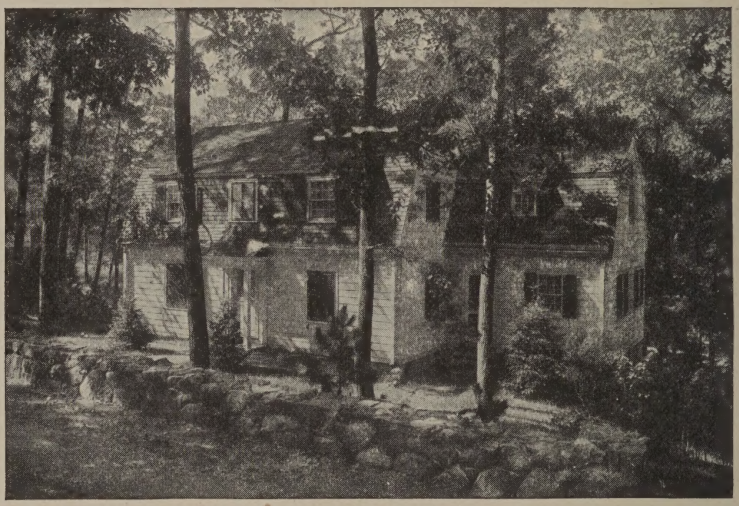


ILLUSTRATION FROM THE JANUARY HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

THE good 'Early American' days of being snow-bound around the family hearth have gone by, but there are still hours during the snows and blows of winter when we moderns may dream, and plan, and build imaginary structures in the embers. We are all apt at this time to make schemes for improving the house in which we live, or to plan the home where we hope sometime to abide; we, and our children, our servants, motor car, books, flowers, furniture, and hobbies.

The January *House Beautiful* will be a pleasant companion for these creative hours. It will stimulate hopes of building, inspire fresh dreams of a blooming garden, and help you with suggestions for those individual decorations which, after all, make or mar the perfect whole.

The house, the sun-porch, the garden, all have articles of their own. Delightful, unusual things for collectors are fascinatingly described, and in this number begins the amusing diary of a 'Commuter' which is written with gentle satire and humor. It is sympathetically illustrated with pencil sketches as whimsical as the text. Included in the January number will be:

Sculpture in the Home — Collecting Hemerocallis — Chalet Fleuri: An Old Cottage of Normandy — A Small Lot Well Planted — In Quest of Quilts — Building with Stone — On Chic French Wallpaper — Furnishing the Sun-Porch — Garden Accessories — The Diary of a Commuter — Sleep Insurance: Well Constructed Beds and Durable Bedding — A House in Weston — Temporary Quarters.

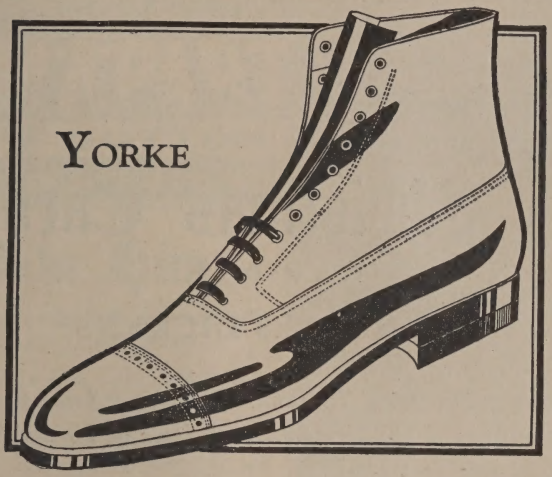
THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC. A.M. 12-23
Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed is $1.00* for Five months' Subscription, or $3.00** for 15 months.

NAME _____ STREET _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

**Foreign postage 45c extra, Canadian postage 20c extra* ***Foreign postage $1.25 extra, Canadian postage 65c extra*



YORKE
Trim, conservative lines, wrought in tan or black calf and Australian kangaroo at $9 to $10, depending on your preference in colour.

TWO HUNDRED TONS OF GOOD LOOKS A DAY

EVEN if your car carries you over the long trips of the day, you probably walk your full two miles. Most men do.

With each step your body weight has tried to distort the smart design of your shoe. By nightfall a hundred tons have challenged the leather and the workmanship in each shoe.

If your shoes fit, they will resist that strain without opposing it. BOSTONIANS are notably good looking throughout their extra life. They couldn't be so unless their style had been reconciled to your foot shape before you put them on.

At $7 to $10, they were long since reconciled to your notion of what a good shoe ought to cost, and there's a BOSTONIAN merchant in your town worth visiting. May we send you a booklet called "Feet First" which contains several likeable fall styles?

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

$7 to $10

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER CO., BOSTON AND WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

"The Greatest Little Book in the World"

A Christmas Carol

[IN PROSE]

By CHARLES DICKENS

A facsimile of Dickens's Christmas classic as it first appeared in the book published by Chapman and Hall of London in 1843

A. EDWARD NEWTON has written a special introduction from which the following is quoted:

"I have always resented this book being got up in modern fashion, however beautifully illustrated, printed and bound; nor should it be read in a large volume out of a 'set,' or expensively bound in leather. No, as my friend Dr. Johnson has said, 'a book that can be held easily in the hand and carried to the fireside is the most useful after all,' and this is especially true of the 'Carol,' which is a fireside book, if there ever was one. . . . Buy two copies of it, one to give away and one to read, as the season rolls around. And when you come to know it, by heart almost, so that it begins to sing the moment you turn its pages, you will come to love the music of this Carol and in a spirit of Christmas will exclaim with Tiny Tim: 'God Bless Us Every One.'"

The accurate reproduction includes not only the Victorian binding and typography of the first edition, but also the color and pen-and-ink illustrations through which John Leech made his contribution to the immortality of the story.

"Buy two copies of it, one to give away and one to read"

$2.00

(Read A. Edward Newton's article on "The Greatest Little Book in the World," on page 732 of this magazine.)

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, INC. A.M. 12-23
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find.....for..... copy / copies of
A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Name..... *City*.....

Street..... *State*.....

KUM-A-PART
UFF BUTTON

"the snap that lasts a lifetime"

Give Him

Kum-a-part—the button for soft cuffs that clicks open, snaps shut.

He will like it on sight and wear it for years—appreciatively.

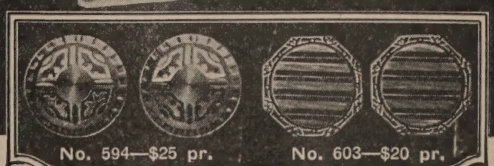
New, smart designs await your choosing at jewelers and men's shops. Up to $25 the pair.

But watch out for flimsy imitations. It's a Kum-a-part only if this name is on the back. Look and be sure! It's bad enough to *buy* an imitation; certainly you would not *give* one.

Send for Booklet and Correct Dress Chart "R"

The Baer & Wilde Company
Attleboro Massachusetts

Exclusive makers of Kum-a-part Kuff Buttons and Belt Buckles



Dramatic Episodes in Congress and Parliament

By Ethel Hedley Robson
Grade Supervisor, Chisholm, Minn.

A BOOK primarily for the history class, although its presentation of dramatic events of history in play form trains the student in public speaking as well, and grounds him in patriotism and parliamentary law. Miss Robson has found a means of making history vital and intensely interesting to students, as it too seldom is in classes where the old-fashioned methods prevail.

Price $1.25

Youth and the New World

Edited by Ralph P. Boas
Central High, Springfield, Mass.

TO acquaint young men and women with the problems that concern America is the purpose of this book which includes a number of notable essays reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*. It has been successful in encouraging individual thought and expression among high school and college students. The editor contributes an *Introduction* which is helpful and practical.

Price $1.50

ATLANTIC TEXTS, our new catalogue of educational books, will be mailed to any address on request to the Educational Department, Atlantic Monthly Press, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Atlantic Book of Modern Plays

Edited by Sterling A. Leonard
University of Wisconsin

FIFTEEN short plays, representing contemporary American, English and Irish dramas are included in this collection, used not only in college courses but by various unacademic groups. Harold Chapin, Lady Gregory, Eugene O'Neill, Percy MacKaye, Yeats, Synge and Dunsany are among the authors. An *Introduction* on the reading of plays, a detailed bibliography of modern plays, notes on dramas and dramatists, and questions for discussion add to the book's value.

Price $1.50

Fact, Fancy, and Opinion

Edited by Robert M. Gay
Simmons College

PROFESSOR GAY has collected from books, magazines and newspapers, a large number of short articles, examples of successful contemporary writing. The selections deal with subjects within the student's experience or comprehension, in a style which he may reasonably hope to equal. Professor Gay contributes a very valuable *Introduction*, in which he states his own theory of writing and gives directions for its application.

Price $1.25

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
Educational Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

A GIFT *that* LIVES

Happiness
Friendship
Guidance
Manners
Taste
Fancy

Obedience
Consideration
Honor
Truth
Thrift
Patriotism

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK *The* CHILD'S MAGAZINE
For Children from Three to Ten

MAKES GOOD AND HAPPY CHILDREN

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK is the *voice of happy* childhood. Once introduced into a home, it stays there until the little readers grow up to older magazines. It is *the* resource thoughtful American mothers have been seeking. More of a book than a magazine, it is carefully planned to answer the need of the active child mind. It requires no censorship, and may be relied upon to interest, companion, inspire, and instruct. Little John Martiners are normal, clean minded, interesting, patriotic little citizens.

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK is printed in two colors on tough stock, and is so strongly bound that it is practically indestructible. It has a gay cover and there is a picture on every page. It covers the gamut of juvenile interest, from nonsense to Bible stories, from fairy tale to biography.

IT IS *NOT* A LUXURY, for it *dresses* the child mind with humor, good taste, appreciation of the finest in art and reading, wholesome wisdom, and a love of clean FUN. It *feeds* the child spirit with reverence, loyalty, honor, purity, high ideals, and the fundamentals of character that make up the sum of a finer and happier man and womanhood.

ITS PRICE PER YEAR IS $4.00

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK GIVES HAPPINESS AND—

Countless Pictures in color and line	*Plays to Act*	*Poetry and Jingles*	*Songs to Sing*
Games to Play	*Fairy Tales*	*Classic Tales*	*Fables and Myths*
Things to Do	*Nature and History*	*Clean Fun and Nonsense*	*Puzzles and Games*
	Bible Stories		*Friendly Comradeship*

SPECIAL OFFER TO THOSE USING THIS COUPON

A GIFT
that lasts fourteen happy months and *lives a lifetime*

Christmas Is Coming

Every little Subscriber receives a jolly *Introduction Card* from John Martin, and a charming

CHRISTMAS CARD

which carry out the intensely personal character of the magazine.

It Solves a Christmas Problem For You

FOURTEEN MONTHS FOR $4.00

JOHN MARTIN
33 West 49th St., New York

This offer expires December 31st, 1923, and is for new subscribers only.

I am interested in your SPECIAL OFFER. Attached you will find $4.00 (Foreign and Canadian $4.50) for *Fourteen Months'* Subscription to John Martin's Book (The Child's Magazine) which please send to

Child's Name .....

Address .....
[Street, City, State]

Donor's Name .....

Address .....

A
Dec. 1923

CERTAIN LaFayette owners were previously content only with motor cars costing a great deal more than the LaFayette.

Others had thought they were satisfied with automobiles somewhat lower priced than the LaFayette.

To the first, the LaFayette represents an economy free from any suggestion of compromise.

To the second, the LaFayette represents a degree of excellence and value that less money cannot buy.

To both, the LaFayette yields a superiority of performance that is unmistakable and sustained.

Steadily the conviction that the LaFayette is one of the world's finest motor cars is finding wider and wider acceptance as the experience of LaFayette owners becomes known

LAFAYETTE MOTORS CORPORATION
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

LAFAYETTE

L.C.Smith

Ball Bearing THROUGHOUT

n redily c
n readily c

As long as the typewriter is operated by human hands, errors will occasionally creep into the work it does. One of the many exclusive features of the L.C.Smith Typewriter is the ease and neatness with which corrections can be made.

Sometimes a letter is left out of a word so placed that no more space is available for correction. The half-space feature of the L. C. Smith Typewriter effectually solves the problem of inserting an extra letter in the existing space. Many other L. C. Smith features are described in an unusual booklet, "The Greyhound of the Office". Write for a copy.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—SOLD EVERYWHERE

Swifter ~ Silenter ~ STURDIER

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

Established 1818

4th & Chestnut Sts.
Philadelphia

59 Wall St., NEW YORK

60 State St.
Boston

Public Utility Bonds

WE have prepared a list of 30 public utility bonds of the larger, well managed companies, that offer investors an excellent yield with a sound margin of security. The properties described are located in growing territories in various parts of the United States. Their record of earnings over a period of years has been exceptionally favorable. The list affords a wide variety for selection, with yields ranging from 5.15% to about 7%. Copies will be furnished to investors upon request.

A Century of Service

BROWN, SHIPLEY & COMPANY

Established 1810

Founders Court, Lothbury
LONDON, E. C.

Office for Travelers
123 Pall Mall, LONDON, S. W.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.